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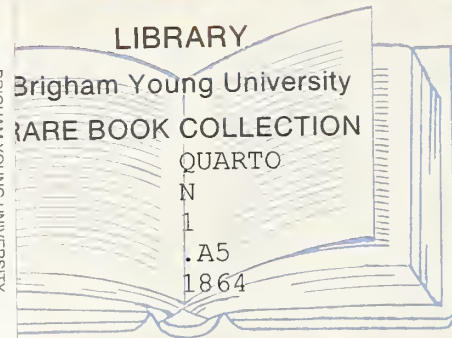
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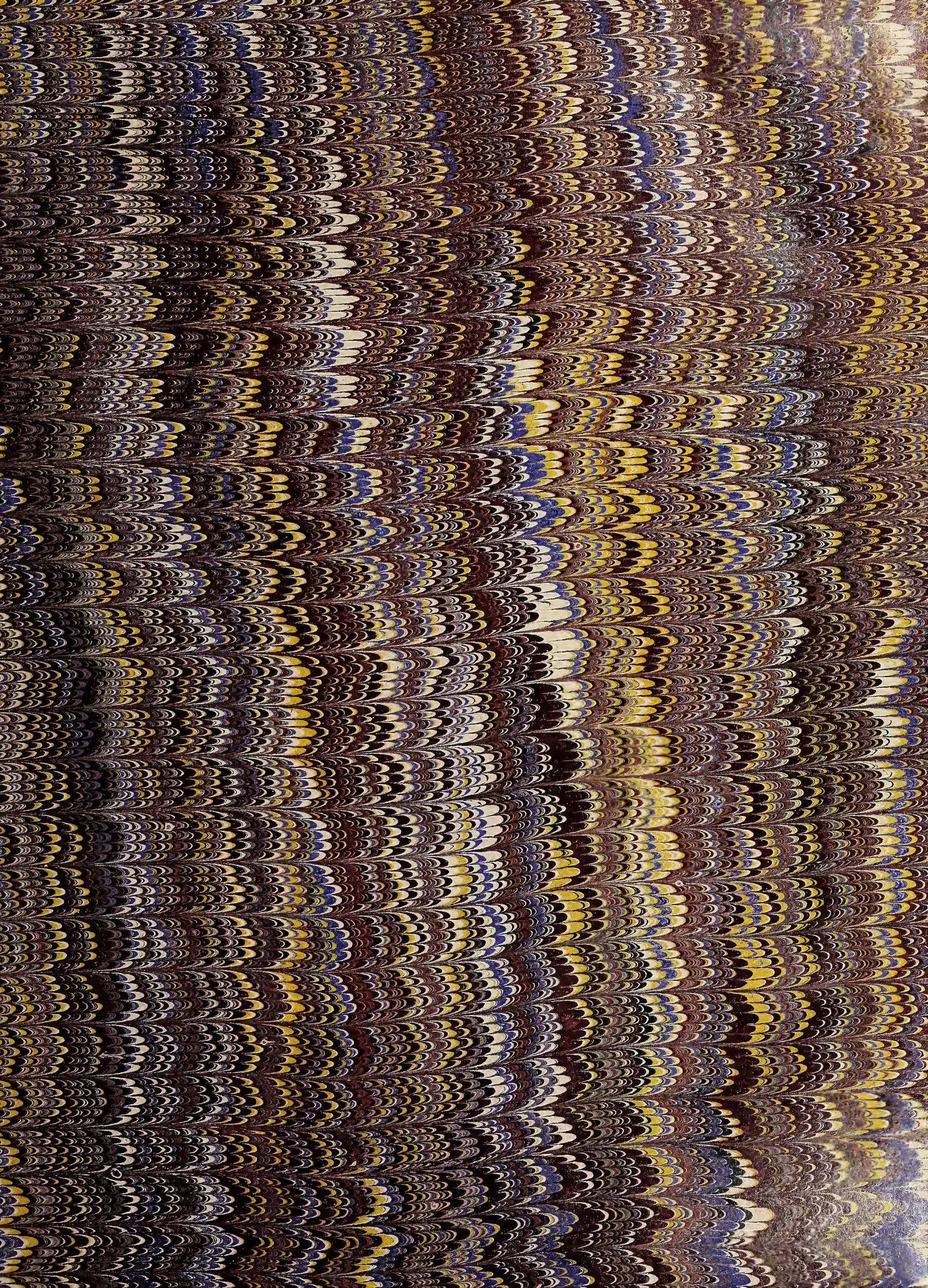
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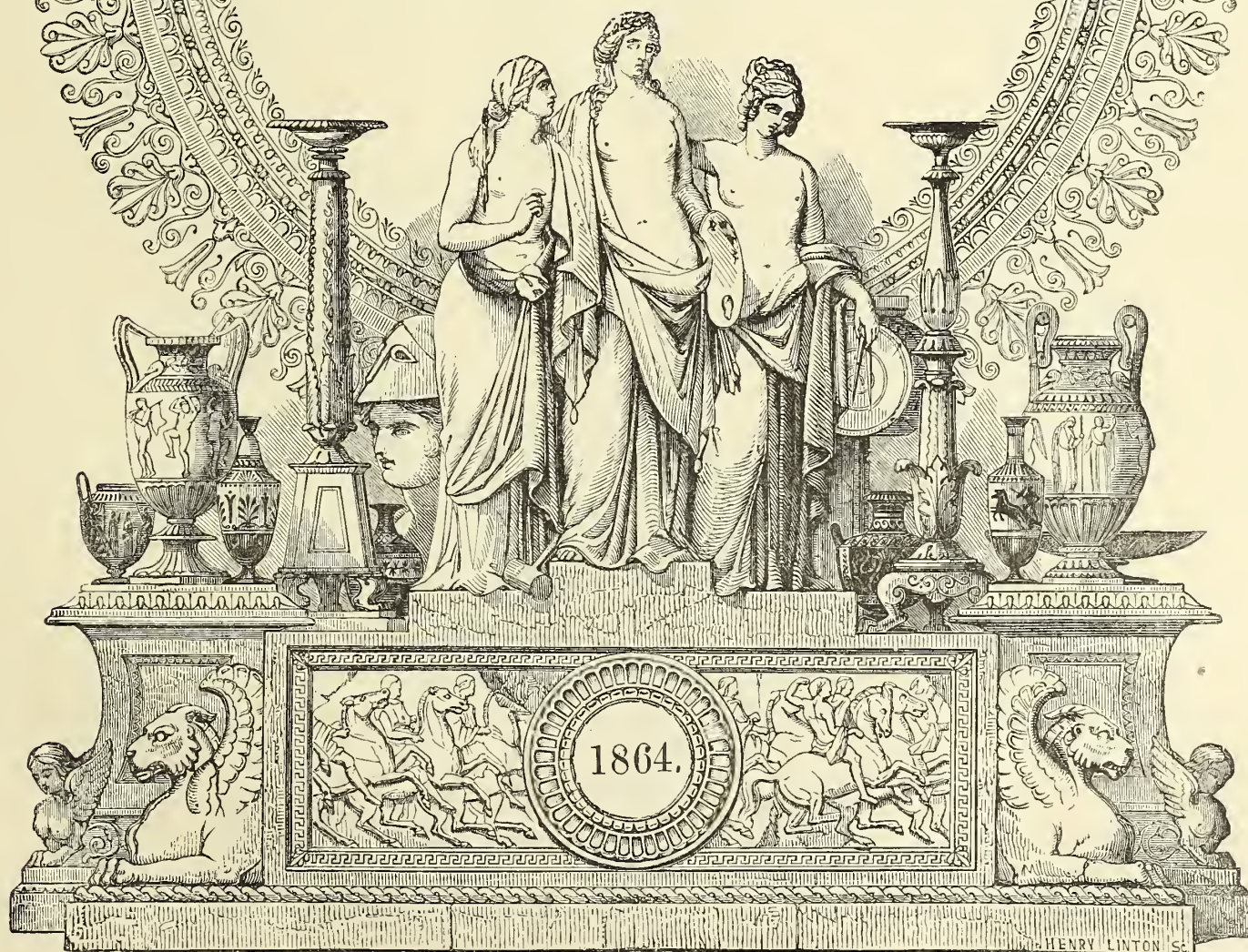


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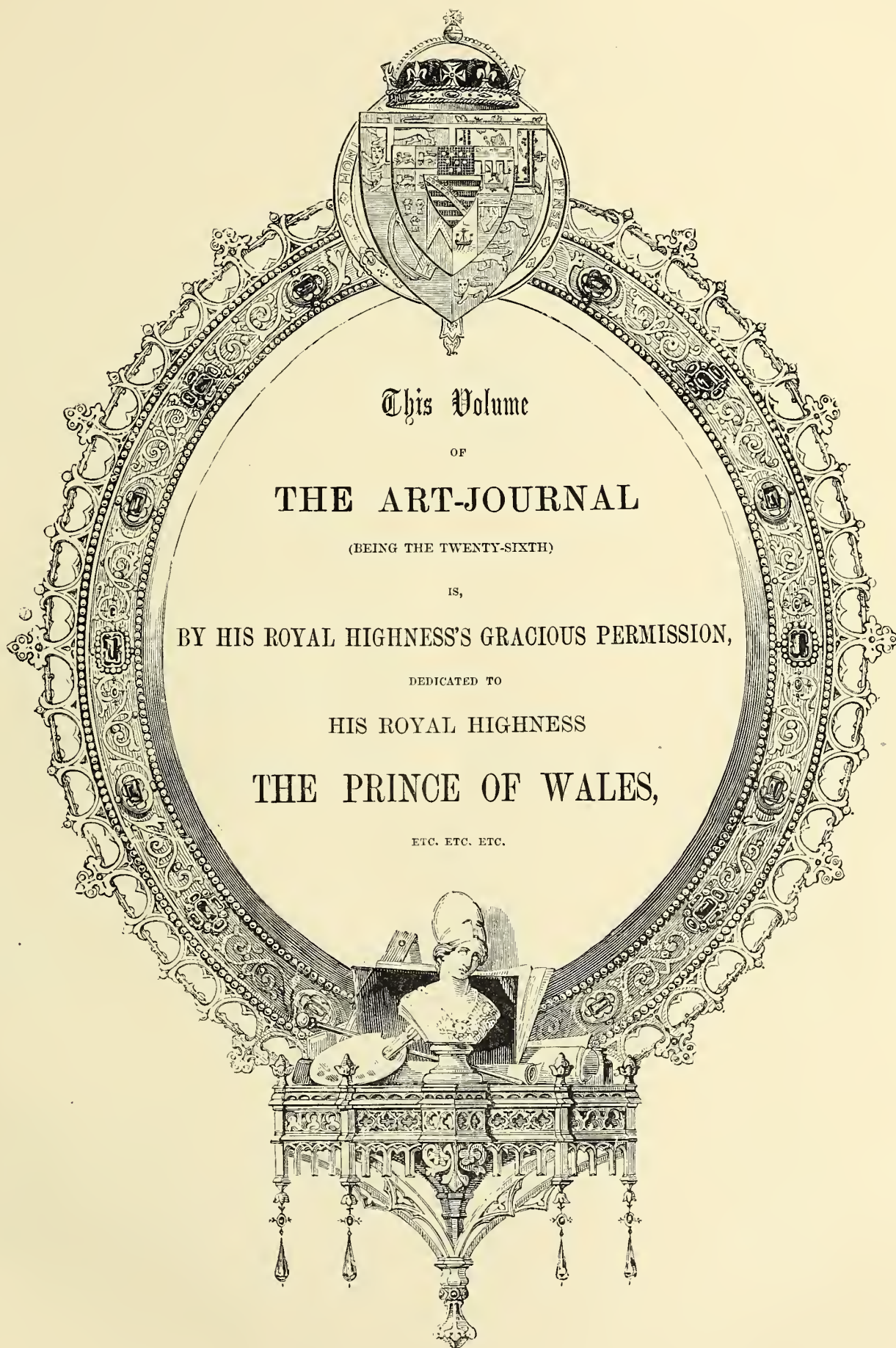
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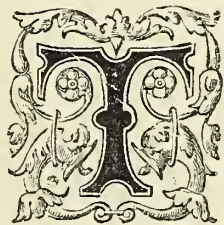


LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1864.

ON THE
PRESERVATION OF PICTURES
PAINTED IN OIL COLOURS.PRINCIPALLY IN REFERENCE TO VARNISHING, AND ON
EFFECTUALLY PREVENTING THE "CRACK."

BY J. B. PYNE.

INTRODUCTION.



THE principal, if not the only motive, which has operated in determining the writer of the following article to make it public, is the frequent appearance of the "crack" in modern pictures. This has caused him continuous regret, felt with different degrees of intensity from the first year of his novitiate to the present time, and during which period he has witnessed some serious as well as ridiculous instances of this unfortunately very general blemish. In some instances, and in compositions consisting of small figures, a deep and ragged rut has traversed whole lines of faces, the features of which have been so small, and the fracture so wide, as to perfectly dissociate mouths from noses, noses from eyes, and eyes from each other, separating their upper from their lower portions, and otherwise affecting to different extents the minor passages of the picture. One of the most noted instances, and one well known to the members of the profession, occurred in a portrait the size of life, in which an eye had descended from its orbit and continued its roving propensity until it fairly lodged itself in ridiculous proximity with the corner of the mouth. This picture was at the time undergoing exposition at Somerset House, the former gallery of the Royal Academy, and the accident which furnished so much merriment to the public was incontestably due to the use of one of the most mischievous materials ever introduced to the executive of the art—wax!

Now had this picture been prematurely varnished, that is, varnished previously to consigning it to an exhibition, the eye had kept its original place, the public had been deprived of a laugh, and the picture had merely submitted to the "crack."

The space of an article of this description does not allow (even if the statement would be read) of an enumeration of all the instances of this character occurring in the experience of the whole life of a painter. A fair use of a pair of good eyes, with an average amount of solicitude for the affairs of Art generally, will enable any reader to exculpate the writer from any attempt at exaggeration, although he has selected one

very extraordinary case, and such a case as would not require the aid of prophecy to predict an ultimate extraordinary and handsome instance of cracking.

It is in cabinet-sized pictures that the mischief of cracking becomes most apparent, and for the reason, that to see a cabinet or easel picture a close proximity must be taken. Here all the *bizarerie* of the blemish, the wreck of the work, is obtruded on the spectator; while in large canvases the mischief, though present, is comparatively unseen; as to enjoy a comprehensive view of the picture a distance must necessarily be taken which precludes the discovery. Here is another point which becomes worth observation. A moderate crack on a large work (being in about the proportion of a "snip" to a small one) conduces in some measure to its improvement. The minute and sharply-defined "snip" on a small or moderate-sized picture is universally allowed to be a great ornament, augmenting the clearness of its colouring just as much as the snipped porcelain acquires an additional clearness in the exact proportion of its minuteness and its sharpness. This single characteristic is a sure warranty for the soundness of the process used in the production of cabinet pictures by most of the old masters, and proves the healthy and vigorous condition of the work, much in the same manner as the ruddy and streaked cheeks of an old man indicate his hale and sound constitution.

In pictures, it is only when degenerating into the slovenly and ragged channel or crack, that the defect becomes objectionable and challenges the irritable criticism of the connoisseur, who may be thoroughly aware at the same time, as regards a modern painting, that there exists no possible necessity either to paint it in such a manner, or to leave it in such a state, as to suffer from cracking, or to be at all injured by varnish, which last is both intended and calculated most materially to preserve it.

If it may be allowed that the pictures of the present day show less disposition to crack than those of from thirty to one hundred years back—it is attributable to the almost universal terror of varnish, which has led many to eschew it altogether. Turner's directions were, "Never varnish my pictures," and other artists still defer the operation for many years. Many of the pictures sent to the late Great Exhibition at Manchester were thus refused the advantages of varnish until from their dry, meagre, and impoverished appearance varnish was found an indispensable concomitant to their exhibition. The consequent breaking up on that occasion of so many of the works exhibited, proves, that dry and impoverished as they were, they were still unfit to receive varnish, and would perhaps (as Turner considered his own works) never bear it without imminent danger under frequent and sudden changes of temperature.

It is this state of things which from early life up to the present moment had determined the writer to fathom the depth of these disasters, and, at the same time, enable him, with his *colaborateurs*, to escape them in future. It is found to be the simplest thing in the world; and it is saying very little to state, that from about the sixth year of his practice up to 1863, he has not had to regret the cracking of one single picture, except as regards about half a dozen, on which memoranda were entered, with an appended query as to whether, in the experimental portion of the pictures, they would crack. Thus, then, and from these motives alone, he would offer to the profession and the public the experience of his forty-two years' endeavours to avoid the "crack" in

pictures. He is at the same time perfectly aware that among the profession many will implore to be let alone, and to be allowed to fight their own battles in their own way, and to take their own time about it, without intervention. But he also feels that there exist opposite interests, and that the public who pay sums of money for the pictures produced under this liberal non-intervention principle—from five pounds to six thousand pounds sterling—have an incontestable right to expect, at least, that the pictures themselves be made moderately durable. It is thus, then, that he breaks through the otherwise salutary rule of non-intervention, on a perfectly exceptional point for his basis, with the hope that some adept in chemistry may take up the project, and dissipate the possible errors of one whose "one book" does not necessarily include chemistry.

There is so much difference of opinion in existence on the subject of varnishing or not varnishing pictures, as a means of promoting their durability, and, at the same time, so much difference, as a pure matter of taste, as to whether a work be or be not improved in appearance by the presence of a varnished surface, that it becomes quite essential to have some certain and reliable grounds to guide our taste in one case and our policy in the other. There is on this, as on nearly every other subject, no one general rule without its exceptions, and which may be equally applicable in all cases, and it will be easy to make this apparent to the average understanding by enumerating some few cases that bear on the subject.

Every painter should know whether his picture has or has not constitutional merits equal to the bearing of varnish, and also at what distance of time from the date of its completion it may admit of its application. He should also have the common honesty to declare it to the first purchaser. Turner had this honesty, and at once dissuaded the holders of his works generally from varnishing them at all. It may be said that Turner's palette, as well as his capricious execution, were sufficiently exceptional to render this dissuasive absolutely necessary. True; but unfortunately many others have been proved to be equally profligate, though less honest. Most persons imagine that at "a certain age," say a year, any picture may be varnished with perfect safety. This is not, however, though it should be, the case. One picture may be ripe for varnishing in a year from its completion, and it ought to be so with all; yet such is the carelessness with which many, if not most, works are conducted, and such the inattention to what may be called intercleaning in the course of execution, that no specific time may be named at which varnish might be applied without the risk of causing the pictures to crack. The late extensive exhibition of modern pictures in Manchester, and the very recent International Collection in London, have shown abundant proofs that there is no time to be named at which, as a general rule, a picture can be varnished with safety, and that it must depend entirely on the construction of it and the materials used—whether it has or has not been submitted in the course of its being painted to continual intercleanings. If a picture has been scrupulously intercleaned before every day's repainting, so as to effectually remove the oleic skin constantly depositing between the time of the first coat up to that of the ultimate finish, a simply painted picture would be thoroughly ripe for the reception of varnish in about six months from its completion, if not less. If the painting be of complicated structure, with numerous repaintings, and occasional changes of vehicle,

it may, with the necessary intercleanings, and occasional cleanings after completion, be still fit for the reception of varnish in twelve months from its completion. The best auxiliary for the absorption of any unremoved oleine, and for anticipating or hastening the ripe period, is "the transparent ground."

There is in the very nature of oil painting an absolute necessity for varnish, whether the pictures be or be not afterwards placed under glass. The pictures take some time to dry; after drying they take a much longer time to harden. By the time they are thoroughly dry and tolerably hard, they will have become what the painters call "sick at surface;" and this sickness at surface commences immediately after the last day's painting, and gradually and considerably increases up to about twelve months from the time of their being completed. The ultimate result is, that a work turned out from the easel fresh, brilliant, luminous, transparent, and forcible, subsides into a more or less universally dull, monotonous, and dry surface; the whole suffering to a certain extent, but the rich and transparently painted passages more so than those opaquely executed, and to the amount of say a hundred per cent., or in about the proportions of 1:2 between the transparent and opaque passages. This "sick at surface" characteristic of a new painting is a natural and inevitable result of painting in oil. It must occur to the fairest and most scrupulously and cunningly painted work. The oldest, and consequently hardest ground may have been selected to paint on, the purest oil and the finest colours used; but the Nemesis closely following the hours after the completion of a work condemns it to this "sick at surface" deterioration, as surely as the twelfth or eighteenth month comes round. There is no escape. What is the cure? Varnish! But not immediately, nor without preparation.

Nothing has been said in the last paragraph, and purposely, on any of the extraneous sources of a still greater deterioration operating through the medium of a charged atmosphere, and they are many. These ever-present sources of an extra deterioration of surface exist to a greater or less extent all over the world, even in the comparatively fireless Italy. Indeed, the hotter and drier the climate, the greater is the quantity of one class of deteriorants that infest the atmosphere, and attach their smallest particles in large quantities to a picture surface, which holds a tack sufficiently strong to attach them, so long as there remains any power in the picture to exude the oleine, the expulsion of which, both by the pressure attaching to the action of attraction by cohesion, as well as that of atmospheric pressure—the last of itself, being more precisely measurable, amounting to one ton per square foot. To form some proximate idea of the amount and nature of this deteriorant, let your servant omit, for one morning only, to dust and wipe the furniture, the within-reach mouldings, projections, and the heads of low picture frames, and it will at once excuse the amount of importance assigned to this heterogeneous picture veil. But add to it the circumstance of perhaps living in a cold climate, and burning coal fires, and a very natural surprise will be felt that any picture in its first year's soft condition should be able to escape without a total eclipse.

Have still a little more patience to read another paragraph before quitting this subject, and at the end of it the mind in retrospect will be able to take in at a glance the maximum of adverse influences which civilisation itself exerts in a war against one of her civilisers. Imagine yourself and your pictures in not only a coal-burning country,

where laws are instituted against smoke, but in Manchester or London, the one a huge carnival of tall chimneys, and the other a huger carnival of short ones, from whence people escape into the country smelling of soot; where soot itself forms a common though latent staple; where you eat soot, drink soot, and wear soot, and the occupants of which, in common with the poor negro, might be called a "sooty race." While in either of these cities, examine your drawing-room mirror, which, if not cleaned during the last fortnight or month, will be found veiled with an opaque film not at all easy to remove, from the fact that the first deposit was coal-tar, and the immediate surface room-dust. If this be the case—or, I should rather say, as this is the case—with so admirably hard and polished a surface as a mirror, what may be expected of a new and unvarnished picture, with a surface continually receiving and attaching fresh supplies of the permanently undrying oleine, the material of all others most calculated to receive and permanently attach the myriads of fugitive particles wafted to it?

These, then, are what may be called both the natural and artificial influences which operate as a temporary deterioration and veiling of the surface of the fairest and soundest painted picture. A collector may well be excused for wishing, though prematurely, for the varnishing day to arrive, in order to clear the face of his favourite from the haze and mist under which it is half lost to him. He has, perhaps, waited the full twelve months without venturing to do more than fan the picture with a handkerchief, or dust it with a brush of peacock's feathers. Instead of which, it had better have been thoroughly washed once a week during its invalidship, with pure warm soft water, and afterwards well rubbed to dryness with a soft linen cloth, preparatory to a much brisker, or rather a much heavier, rubbing with chamois leather, so as first to disturb and then pull off, an invisible pellicle of tough oleine, constantly accumulating on the surface of all oil-painted works, during the first or second year from the time of their completion.

To demonstrate clearly the necessity of this treatment, and a much more serious and complete removal of this oleic skin previously to varnishing, it will be requisite to trench a little into the province of painting, a subject more completely handled in another paper, under the title of "The Palette made Easy," by the same writer.

How far it may be requisite for an amateur or collector to educate himself, the one for the occasional production of a work, and the other for the permanent possession of the works of others, may be a question. That, however, the painter of the nineteenth century does not commence his education at the right end is beyond all doubt. His matriculation should be in an indenture of apprenticeship to a house painter. His graduateship should be the result of the knowledge of the material, which knowledge may be acquired as well in seven weeks or seven months as in seven years. Thus an historical or landscape painter should also by implication be a first-rate house painter, as the greater should contain the lesser. That this healthy preparation does not take place, and that no equivalent substitute is resorted to, take the following passage from a conversation on the subject of vehicles, held between the late Sir David Wilkie and another painter of great eminence still living. Sir David said, "They call it oil painting, do they not?" "Certainly," replied his friend. "Then," rejoined Wilkie, "the more oil you use the better." If men of this high stamp commit errors, or even entertain errors of this description, what may

not be expected from men of less general attainments!

It is impossible to a man of an honourable mind not to feel some little anxiety as to the permanence of that state in which he bids adieu to a picture, and delivers it into the hands of a collector, in return for a certain consideration. He must feel some degree of responsibility, and that such responsibility increases in the exact ratio of his increasing reputation. Should he, therefore, neglect or refuse to prepare himself to meet it, he must submit to see his otherwise fairest creations, those which he might justly (as works of invention) consider as his gold, transmuted to lead; firstly, from their material constitution, and ultimately by the ignorance, necessities, false taste, and presumption of an uninformed picture mender. Many of Turner's finest productions have already undergone this humiliating transformation, and are now, both in appearance and value, more like the last-mentioned base metal than gold.

The real business, however, is, at present, not so much to indulge in regrets as to what has occurred, as of securing for still unvarnished works all the chances of permanence that may be yet possible to them; for it is not time alone that will fit some paintings for receiving varnish. To do this, and, at the same time, give a fair opportunity for the mind of the varnisher to become thoroughly convinced of its necessity, it will be first requisite to put in a clear and distinct light the nature of the materials used in the production of a work in oil, the process of their drying, and the changes operated on them chemically and mechanically in acquiring by these means their ultimate and permanent condition. Without this would be to ask perfect acquiescence in a mere dictum, a thing not to be expected by the most egotistic reformer in this age of free trade in everything.

First of all, an oil painting, though generally considered to be so, has no more pretension to be considered homogeneous than is furnished by the fact of all the pigments being prepared in oil, the oils themselves varying to a considerable extent, and the comparatively solid pigments varying even more than the oils. It must be taken into account here that all the pigments under admixture with water dry equally well in that material alone. Immediately on the introduction of oil, however, every individual pigment assumes a different character, some few drying readily in as little as eleven hours, and some few absolutely refusing ever to dry, while others require so long a time to dry, that they spoil under atmospheric impurities before arriving at the drying point.

The oils which operate all this disturbance in the drying of pigments have a common constituency of oleine, sometimes glycerine, wax, resin, and other substances either liquid or solid, in too small proportions to be entered as calculable constituents. Our present business lies with the presence of the oleine. It is the one substance only with which we have to do battle, although it is, at the same time, the one indispensable material to the constitution of oils in their liquidity; the ladder, in fact, without which a liquid oil had never been attained, and no one had ever been an oil painter, but which as necessarily must be kicked away as soon as possible after doing this service. Sugar of lead is found to be the best suited substance for this ungrateful task, and which, by increasing the cohesive attraction between the more solid constituents of the oil and the pigment, together with atmospheric pressure, effects a displacement, and ultimately a dislodgement of the fluid, subtle, and permanently undrying oleine, accompanied by a portion of the semi-friendly stearine; the stearine, having far less solidity

than either resin or the particles of pigment, suffering itself to be carried along with the freer current of the oleine to the surface, and there forming a constantly increasing deposit of a semi-oleic and stearic character.

About twelve months are considered equal to exhausting the supply of oleine in ordinary cases; about which time the picture becomes what may be called soundly dry, and fit to receive a varnish without injury to its future state, provided that, previously to varnishing, the oleic surface be first completely removed. In order that this be perfectly done, it should be placed in the hands of an intelligent painter of great experience, and remain there from a fortnight to three weeks. In this time his business should be to first of all thoroughly wash it with a sponge and hot water. The water should be soft, though not made so by the use of any alkali, and of a sufficient heat to give the hand used great inconvenience or pain in continuing its immersion. This will materially induce the oleine and stearine to liquify or soften, and enable it to undergo removal without disturbing the picture surface, which will be in a much sounder and harder state than the oleic surface itself. Dredge on to the wet surface, while at its greatest heat, a mixture of one-third fine pumice dust or pumice flour, and two-thirds of fine oatmeal, intimately mixed, in sufficient quantity to gently cover the picture surface, but not quite obscure it. Let it remain on the surface until the water shall have cooled down to about 80° Fahr. The object of dredging on the pumice mixture while the picture is still hot is, that the sharper and harder particles of pumice shall have an opportunity of inextricably bedding themselves in the oleic pelicle during its softened and unresisting state, operated by the hot water. This, in ordinary cases, will have occurred to a sufficient extent by the time the water shall have cooled down to 80° Fahr.; then apply the sponge and water with a gentle friction during the space of about seven minutes for every square yard of canvas or picture surface. After this treatment wash off clean with water alone, constantly freeing the sponge from all impurities as the process continues. When the picture is perfectly cleansed by this mode, dredge on to it some pure oatmeal by itself; rub it gently on the surface by means of the same sponge, and put it by for about three or four days: this will give ample time to discuss the motives to this procedure, and put in a clear light its safety. Its safety will be sufficiently indicated by this fact, as regards the different states of a picture at different stages of its existence. Its first state is dry, but tender; second, tough; third, tough and hard; fourth, still harder, but no longer tough; and the fifth, brittle. During the first period the state of a picture is analogous with that of lead or copper, in its relation to metals; its particles may be easily displaced, though difficult to detach. As a general rule, the newer a work the tougher it will be, the more adapted to receive friction without injury, and the less adapted to receive a solvent, such as soap, alkalies, essential oils, spirits of wine, &c. On the other hand, the older a work, the harder or more brittle will it be, the less adapted to receive friction, and the more adapted to receive the action of a solvent.

These are the only motives for adopting friction for cleaning a new, and solvents for an old, picture, and quite apart from the hardness or softness of a varnish. If a picture a few years old has been varnished with copal, or with what may not be removed by friction, it will inevitably sustain great injury by the removal of the varnish. This is some-

times done by a rash repairer, but never without rendering necessary so extensive a repainting as seriously to affect the integrity of the work.

But to return to our picture recently laid under a coat of fine oatmeal. In applying this preparation in the manner directed, the motive for avoiding boiling water is, that this would make a paste of the oatmeal, and paste is capable of producing a crack, sometimes in an incredibly short time, and that the newer a painting be, the more susceptible is it to this injury. When, then, the picture has lain about four days under this preparation, wash it again in hot water, thoroughly clean the surface with a cooler one, and reapply the oatmeal in the same manner, and put it by for another four days. Repeat this process every alternate four days for about the space of a fortnight, at the end of which it will be found that the water, when even applied cold, will go over the surface easily without "cessing," which will be a proof in itself that the work may be varnished with safety. If, however, at the end of this time a picture pertinaciously cess after the last or thorough washing, rest assured that no continuation of the process will be of any service. Hang it up again for more age; a six months added to the first twelve will, in all probability, enable it to present itself in quite another condition, while the process it has already undergone will have merely precipitated its perfect state, by opening the pores for the freer exit of the oleine, the presence of which at the expiration of the additional six months will be indicated by the violent cessing of the first water applied. Indeed, this action will be found to take place after three or four days; the opening of the pores, in consequence of the discipline it has undergone, would cause a much freer discharge of oleine to the surface, and cause a similar increase in the cessing. This is proved by the behaviour of a tolerably new work, on which it be intended to repaint. The surface cesses as a matter of course; but it being necessary to scrape down some particular part (perhaps for the introduction of a figure), the scraped part does not cess at all. An inexperienced person would say, "You go into the very body of the picture, into the actual reservoir of the oleine, where cessing might be expected to intervene with a vengeance!" But no such thing, and quite the contrary. Oil, and oil pigments, commence drying from the bottom or ground, and, like a healthy wound, heals as it proceeds; and the proof lies in the fact, that those scraped parts (provided the picture be not too new) never cess. This may be a circumstance very little known; but oil pigments commence attachment, or drying (which, if not identical, are strictly analogous), at some sound base, or at points furnished them by some purely unchemical molecules used in the pigment to procure firm drying, such as silice, glass, pumice, sand, and others more or less useful; glass of the character of that used for mirrors and all cut work answering every purpose, and being, from its soft nature, easily reduced to the state of a perfectly fine pigment between a porphyry slab and muller. It is, then, perfectly fair to assume that in six months half the depth of a fairly-painted picture in oil will be dry and freed from oleine, and that in twelve months (with an occasional cleaning either with pumice, pumice and oatmeal, or oatmeal alone) the remaining half will be soundly dry also, and fit to receive a varnish under the above management.

It is another perfect delusion to imagine that any particular temperature is required, in which to safely varnish a picture. It may

be conducted in the most perfectly efficient manner at any temperature ranging between 100 and short of the freezing point, under any amount of moisture short of a dense fog, where dew would be deposited in sufficient quantity to bead the varnish, and may be afterwards suspended to dry in a room full of washerwomen, in a carnival of suds and steam, without the least impediment to its perfect drying.

After a picture has been treated for varnishing strictly in accordance with the foregoing directions, or in any other manner and with any other materials conducing to the same end (the thorough removal at, or after, the proper time, of the superficial oleine), it may be varnished, with the most perfect certainty of immediately drying without any tack supervening. The varnish, again, may be thick or thin, old or new, or thinned by means of highly rectified turpentine, to the amount of at least 100 per cent. without causing any difference in the ultimate drying.

The following incident came within the early experience of the writer. A country gentleman and collector bought a figure picture, by Bird, of Bristol, and received injunctions not to have it varnished under twelve months. At the end of the stipulated time, a carver and gilder was sent for, who undertook to frame the picture—all very well and perfectly right; but, unfortunately, undertook also to varnish it (the work by this time having become very "sick at surface"). He very carefully washes the work with warm water, and at the same time, by the same process, removes the immediate superficial dust, at the improvement caused by which he feels very much delighted, contemplating with much equanimity similar pleasure in the purchaser, when he delivers the work. He then, after an over-scrupulous allowance of an hour to dry, and an equally over-scrupulous raising of the temperature of his room to 60° Fahr., varnishes, with a broad, thin, and very soft varnishing brush. (By-the-by, it is a very strange thing that up to the present day, which is erroneously considered to be an essentially practical one, all varnish brushes are made of a soft and, consequently, weak hair—camel hair for the preference—broad, and thin; the most efficient brush for the purpose being one made of a superior hog's bristle, broad, and what the trade calls "plump." By the weak and ordinary brush, much more varnish is necessarily applied than may be required, and that unnecessary large quantity refuses every effort to spread it equally, and inevitably leaves the surface deformed by what is called varnish clouds.) He is very scrupulous, again, in employing the identical varnish which has dried any number of times soundly and firmly in the space of half an hour on all sorts of old pictures, and gradually gets into a maze of bewilderment when, at the end of one, two, three hours, the next morning, and the day after, he finds the picture still under a heavy tack, more than sufficient to receive gold leaf. He then, slowly and painfully going over the experiences of his past life of varnishing, suddenly bethinks himself of a failure of the same sort that had befallen him before, and for which he had found a remedy (under the advice of a portrait painter) in a second coat of varnish. This is added, which, with the first, completely floods the picture in a sea of varnish, and the restorer reassures himself on perceiving, by the end of the second day, that the picture has only a slight tack, which he flatters himself will "go off," and makes one of Major Longbow's sage memoranda—"N.B. The first coat of varnish never dries on modern pictures." *

* To be continued.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF DAVID PRICE, ESQ.,
REGENT'S PARK.

ALICE LISLE.

E. M. Ward, R.A., Painter. F. Heath, Engraver.

THE atrocities perpetrated by the royalist troops after the suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, in the reign of James II., were for many long years bitterly remembered in the west of England, where they were committed. Monmouth was defeated, in 1685, at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, and, ten days after, expiated his offence against an arbitrary, weak-minded, and priest-ridden monarch, by a death on the scaffold attended with more than ordinary suffering; while at Exeter, Bridgewater, Taunton, Wells, Dorchester, and other places, the gibbet numbered its victims, adherents of the unfortunate prince, by scores, some hanged without trial by the king's commanders, the Earl of Feversham and the barbarian Colonel Kirke, and some condemned after a show of trial by the infamous Judge Jefferies, whose very name has always been regarded as a dishonour to the judicial bench.

Few cases excited at the time—and continue to do so to this day, wherever the story has been read—more commiseration than that of Lady Alice Lisle, widow of a man who had taken part in the death of Charles I., and was held in high esteem by Cromwell. This lady was, however, a royalist, and had sent her son to do battle for James against Monmouth. It so chanced that, after the engagement at Sedgemoor, John Hickes, a non-conforming divine, and Richard Nelthorpe, a lawyer who had been outlawed for his share in the Rye House Plot, sought refuge at her house. "The same womanly kindness which had led her to befriend the royalists in their time of trouble, would not allow her to refuse a meal and a hiding-place to the wretched men who now entreated her to protect them. She took them into her house, set meat and drink before them, and showed them where they might take rest. The next morning her dwelling was surrounded by soldiers; strict search was made, and Hickes was found concealed in the malt-house, and Nelthorpe in the chimney." Lady Lisle was brought to trial for harbouring the fugitives, condemned by Jefferies, who twice was compelled to threaten the jury because they would have acquitted her, and was executed; thus adding another to the long list of atrocities perpetrated by the "unjust judge."

From this historical incident Mr. Ward has painted one of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament; the picture here engraved, and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1858, is the original finished sketch for the fresco. In the foreground is the venerable lady, resting on her walking-stick, and listening with serious but not sorrowful countenance to the charge brought against her of concealing the rebels: before her kneels a handsome young girl, probably the widow's companion, for history makes no mention of any daughter of Lady Lisle, and, besides, her dress is not that of a person of station; she is deprecating the violence of the soldiers, whose faces are the warrant for any act of tyranny and brutality. This group is very spirited in conception, and most striking in individual expression. In the background, to the right, a trooper threatens with instant death, if he resists, the lawyer Nelthorpe, who has just been dragged from his hiding-place; and in the extreme background, to the left, Hickes is being pinioned by another of James's soldiers. The narrative is throughout sustained with great power in the delineation of character, and consummate ability in its artistic character. The interest of the composition is centred in the principal group, but the introduction of the others seems necessary to the right understanding of the subject. The small picture from which the engraving was taken is, as is usual with Mr. Ward's works, very brilliant in colour, but not of a character easily transferable to black and white. Mr. Heath has, however, made the most of somewhat unmanageable materials.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE National Gallery has opened after the recess with considerable additions, especially twenty-two pictures contributed by the Queen, in accordance with a wish of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort. The pictures are small, and nearly all of the German and Low Country schools, and as examples of rare masters, are valuable links in a historical series. In the Dutch and Flemish room a screen has been placed, on which is hung the greatest part of the contribution, consisting of—'St. John in the Island of Patmos,' and 'St. Christopher carrying the Infant Christ across a River,' both by Patenir (Patenier), in the early manner of Dutch landscape composition, with figures. This painter is but little known even on the Continent: in the German collections there are but few specimens of his works; one is at Berlin, and a 'Flight into Egypt' at Munich: he is supposed to have been born in 1480, and died in 1548. A 'Portrait of a Lady,' by Schoorel, of the Dutch school, whom we know, not very favourably, from his attempt to restore Van Eyck's altar-piece in 1530; An 'Ecce Homo,' by Roger Van der Weyden; and a 'Head of the Saviour,' perhaps a study for one of his Crucifixions. He was a pupil of Van Eyck, but this is not pronounced in his works. A 'Portrait of a Monk,' by Hugo Van der Goes, another pupil of Van Eyck, well known by his widely distributed works: this study affords but meagre evidence of his powers. A 'Madonna and Child,' ascribed to Margaret Van Eyck, the sister of John and Hubert, who professed miniature painting rather than oil. There is a small 'Madonna and Child' at Kensington Palace attributed to her, but the manner of both pictures is posterior to that of the Van Eycks. 'Mary Magdalen,' by Hendrik de Bles, of the Flemish school (1480–1550), is a very careful study, admirable for its time. De Bles was a pupil of Patenier, and excelled his master in figure painting. A 'Virgin and Child in a Landscape,' by Cornelius Engelbrechtsen, is very fully and carefully painted. This artist was a follower of Van Eyck; but he has not limited himself to the simplicity of his model: hence, his figures do not reach the force and substance of those of the Van Eycks. A 'Madonna and Child,' by Memling; a third example of Patenier, being a 'Crucifixion' with St. John and the four Maries, a much more important work than the smaller landscapes already mentioned, and so different from them as not to suggest the same hand.

'The Presentation in the Temple,' by the master of the Lyversberg 'Passion,' has a richness, lightness, and variety far in advance of the period (1480) about which it may be supposed it was painted. It is at Cologne that we most fully make the acquaintance of this painter, as there we find his masterpiece, a 'Deposition,' with wings, painted, perhaps, about 1489 at Cologne, of which school this unknown was one of the stars.

In addition to this is another work by Schoorel, a 'Holy Family,' a 'Portrait of a Lady,' ascribed to Sigismund Holbein—a head with white drapery, extremely hard. 'St. Peter and St. Dorothy,' by the master of the Cologne 'Crucifixion,' brilliant and sound, but the figures are stiff; this artist was living in 1501. Another work by Hendrik de Bles is called 'Calvary—Christ on the Cross;' and the last production of the northern schools is 'St. Matthew, St. Catherine, and St. John,' by Master Stephan, who was the pupil of Master Wilhelm, the first reputed painter of the school of Cologne. Master Stephan flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century; and the next celebrity of that school was the master of the Lyversberg 'Passion.' A 'Madonna and Saviour,' by Pinturicchio; a 'Virgin and Child in Glory,' by L'Ingegno. Besides this valuable presentation there have been acquired by purchase a 'Trinity' by Pesello, called 'Pesellino' (1422–1457), of the Tuscan school, in which God the Father is represented as supporting the cross on which the Saviour has died; a 'Holy Family,' by Lanini, of the Milanese school, painted in 1539; and by Bellini, 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' the whole constituting an addition to the public collection which is well worthy of a week's study.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER-COLOURS.

THE second annual exhibition of sketches held by this society was opened to private view on Saturday, the 28th of November. As a whole, the exhibition is not so interesting as that of last year; not that finished pictures are desirable on occasions of this kind, but that important subjects, and subjects rendered important by generous treatment, are perhaps less numerous. It will be matter of regret should anything interrupt these annual exhibitions; to a large class they are preferable to the summer gathering of finished pictures; but it is to be feared that the admiration of the lovers of sketches is not so profitable to the society as that of the lovers of pictures.

The exhibitors divide themselves into three classes—those who only sketch and whose sketches are pictures; those who finish and whose sketches are not pictures; and those whose sketches and finished works are both pictures. F. W. Burton's 'Death of Jehoram' (2 Kings ix.) is really a grand conception. There is little in the sacred text to help the artist to detail, yet the drawing is sufficiently and appropriately full. Mr. Burton has consulted just enough, and without pedantry, of both the Greek and the Nineveh remains. The subject is rubbed in with chalk, touched here and there with a brush, and left in such a state that it is felt that further elaboration would spoil it. Gilbert exhibits a standard-bearer—'The Christian Knight,' and some very charming first ideas for pictures already painted. W. Goodall's 'Study for Le Reliquaire,' is higher in purpose than anything he has hitherto done. Carl Haag has sent ten subjects, nearly all as carefully worked as his usual drawings. The sketches of Frederick Tayler scintillate with a light entirely their own. These are nearly all figures for compositions, drawn at once without being retouched. Duncan sends nine from his rich portfolios, all of them valuable drawings made out of very slight material. Neither Harding nor Topham has contributed. By Birket Foster are many small drawings and sketches of infinite beauty; and by Jenkins there are some half-dozen landscape sketches, of much original force; this is a sudden change from the French coast women he has so long painted. Holland's sketches are so numerous and varied, that scarcely any visitor can see them without recognising some locality well known to him. By Joseph Nash are also many drawings, the cunning finish of which cannot possibly be carried further. As we learn from his landscapes, Dodgson has abandoned the graceful garden compositions in which he stood alone. Several of W. Hunt's sketches seem to have been made years ago, so different are they from his present works. Of T. M. Richardson's selections, many of those grouped in frames are so bright and effective, that nothing could improve them. Miss Gillies is a liberal contributor of picturesque figures. Gastineau and W. C. Smith have sent more than any other members; their works, very different in feeling and manner, be it said, show almost every phase of landscape scenery. The architectural subjects by E. A. Goodall are carefully wrought drawings, as also are those of S. Read and those of J. Burgess. With three exceptions, all the members and associates support the exhibition. Thus, besides those mentioned, there are figure-subjects by A. D. Fripp, Oakley, J. M. Wright, H. P. Riviere, Smallfield, &c.; and landscapes and others by Newton, Branwhite, G. A. Fripp, Naftel, S. P. Jackson, H. B. Willis, &c. If these exhibitions are successful, other societies will be incited to do likewise. As we have observed, there is a large proportion of elaborated drawings here; this, in many ways, is scarcely fair to those who exhibit veritable sketches, although many of these can afford to continue to maintain the proposed character of the exhibition. The plan is as yet only on its trial, but the novelty of the thing—for we may so speak, even with a lively remembrance of the sketch exhibition opened some years ago—the novelty, we say, of the proposal is so attractive, that its abandonment will now be a disappointment to an extensive circle of the real lovers of Art.



E. M. WARD, R.A. PINXIT

ALICE LISLE

FROM THE COLLECTION OF D. PRICE, ESQ.

F. HEATH SCULPT.

THE PROTO-MADONNA.

A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE.

IN the year 1829 a Greek monk, in the prime of life, but suffering from acute pulmonary disease, was found in a sadly helpless condition lying in a Bedouin hut. The travellers whom this sufferer thus fortunately encountered, themselves European pilgrims in Palestine, charitably took the sick man with them, and with some difficulty succeeded in conducting him first to Cairo and then to Alexandria. At the earnest entreaty of the still suffering monk, one of the travellers, who had already taken the lead in rendering him the opportune aid he so greatly needed, undertook to complete his work of charity by bringing Father Isaac (for such was the sick monk's name) with him and his companions to Europe. On the third day of their voyage to Ancona, the party encountered a violent storm, the effect of which upon the sufferer was so severe that the kindly efforts of his benefactor failed to prolong his earthly existence. Having bequeathed to his benefactor his only property, a large leathern pouch with its contents, Father Isaac died on the 21st of July, 1829, and was buried at sea. On the 10th of August the survivors safely reached Ancona, from whence the poor monk's legatee at once proceeded to Rome. He had imagined that Father Isaac's leathern pouch had been thrown, very shortly after his decease, with his bedding into the sea; but, when at Rome, it was found that this legacy of the grateful Greek had escaped, and was safely preserved amongst the other packages of the traveller. Then at length the new proprietor of the leathern pouch determined to open it and to examine its contents. This was done, when, with a very few most humble articles of clothing, there were discovered two Greek books of prayer, a metal cup, black with what appeared to be rust, an early metallic monstrance containing twenty-four small pieces of bone with Greek inscriptions, and, packed carefully by itself, a picture painted on metal, representing the Virgin Mary with the Infant Christ; the outlines of these figures could scarcely be traced out, in consequence of a thick covering of a hard black substance. In a small box also there were some ill-made rosaries; and a piece of parchment and a paper, both of them inscribed with Greek characters, were there, attached to an old book-cover.

Such was the inheritance—at first sight not a very attractive or a very promising one—of the heir of Father Isaac. The evident antiquity of some of the relics of the poor monk induced their new proprietor to institute an investigation into their true character, in order, if possible, to ascertain their real value. The evident eagerness with which a dealer in works of early Art sought to purchase the picture, the monstrance, and the cup, convinced the possessor of them of the propriety of making further inquiries, before he permitted these early works to pass from his hands. And it was well that he adopted and acted upon such a resolution. The dusky cup (or small bowl) proved to be of silver, and a work of the earliest Byzantine period; while the monstrance, which was also of silver, and richly gilt, belonged to the fifteenth century; and the pieces of bone that it contained, as the inscriptions set forth, were relics of saints and martyrs who had perished in the Holy Land.

Cardinal Mezzofanti, to whom this singular little collection was then shown, expressed the greatest interest in each object, and offered to purchase the whole for a considerable sum. This offer was accepted only so

far as concerned the monstrance and some other curious relics, which their possessor had purchased at Jerusalem. The cardinal, though unable to obtain possession of the picture, advised that it should be cleaned. This operation, however, was postponed until the contents of the parchment and the paper had been deciphered—by no means an easy task, which, however, was accomplished at that time at Rome; and this translation, then produced by an eminent antiquarian scholar, having subsequently been subjected to severe critical examination, has been pronounced accurate.

The parchment contains a testamentary document, written in the Greek character, apparently of the fifteenth, or perhaps of the sixteenth century, and it bears the name of Azarias, probably, like Father Isaac, a Greek monk. Some portions of this MS. are no longer legible, but, after several sentences which testify to the deep religious feelings of the writer, this document runs thus:—"Give to thee, my brother Zacharias, all that I possess. . . . I give thee the holy cross, which I love, &c. . . . I give thee the holy face of Jesus Maria Hodegedria, which the holy Evangelist Luke has finished, which I love, and in which I die, as the holy Mother of God has died in it. Pray, as I pray, until death, then wilt thou be freed from all venomous disease, and from all their enemies. They will not find thee, as the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, and Jesus were not found by the accursed infidels, because they were concealed in a stone case, and covered with water for eight hundred years, in Constantine's well, where they were discovered by the pious brothers Nicola and Elias. . . . I give thee the cup, which I love, and drink from it," &c. &c. This document ends thus:—"I pray for thee and for thy sins, through Jesus Maria Hodegedria, to eternity. . . . Thy brother Azarias."*

Brief pious ejaculations, written in the same character, are on the paper which was with the parchment.

At Paris the owner of these relics learned the art of picture-cleaning. In the first instance he was enabled partially to remove from his picture the hard crust that had been indurated upon its surface, thus disclosing the figures and a dark background painted with black arabesques in oil, and also several fragments of Greek inscriptions upon the back of the plate. Subsequently further experiments led to the entire removal of the arabesque work (which was a mere coating, intended, as it would seem, to conceal the original ground), when a beautiful gilt ground appeared, covered with inscriptions that afterwards were discovered to be written in old Chaldaic. Whatever coating still adhered to the figures and to the inscriptions upon the back of the plate was removed at the same time. In this restored condition, free from speck or any kind of injury, this picture still remains in the hands of the friend of Father Isaac, who so unexpectedly became his heir, Colonel Szerelmey, of Clapham.†

This picture is painted on a plate of cop-

* This remarkable document—the will—was lent by Colonel Szerelmey to Sir Charles Barry, who placed it in the hands of one of his learned friends for investigation. Soon afterwards Sir Charles Barry died, and all the inquiries and researches of Colonel Szerelmey have failed to ascertain the name of the person to whom it was thus handed, notwithstanding that he has repeatedly advertised in the *Times* and elsewhere, entreating its return. Possibly the publicity thus given to the fact may lead to its recovery, a matter of very deep importance to Colonel Szerelmey.—ED. A.-J.

† Colonel Szerelmey, a distinguished officer formerly in the Austrian and Hungarian service, a naturalised British subject, is greatly respected by men of science, as the inventor of the indurating and preserving processes in operation at the Houses of Parliament, and of many other useful inventions.

per, in size ten inches by eight. It represents Maria Hodegedria, "the Guide," that is to say, with the Infant Jesus. We have given, on the succeeding page, a fac-simile engraving, most carefully drawn from the original itself, as far as a fac-simile was possible. On the opposite page we give other fac-similia of the inscriptions which accompany this unquestionably most remarkable picture, just as they appear on the back of the painted portraits. The colouring of the original is distinguished by its depth and richness, and it still remains vivid and delicately wrought as at the first. The Virgin herself is represented wearing a dark red garment, embroidered with small stars, and the kerchief which is twined about her head is of the same colour. The under garment of the Infant Jesus is white, having over it a gold-coloured mantle.

The inscriptions, which are executed in a light brown colour upon the gilt background of the picture itself, about and above the heads of the figures, have been unanimously declared by the most learned Hebraists to be genuine examples of the most ancient Chaldaic that is known to living philologists. And so also the other inscriptions, which are on the back of the picture, have been pronounced by the highest authorities to be equally genuine examples of the several periods to which they refer. And we may here add that infinite pains have been taken to compare these inscriptions with other very ancient MSS., and in every possible manner to bring them to the test of the most searching and rigid examination.

The inscription in the Chaldaic character upon the front of the picture has been translated as follows:—"My spirit rejoiceth in the God of Israel; mine eyes have seen Jesus Maria; may the devices of my heart be acceptable to Jesus Maria. Anoint my head with oil, and give peace to thy servant Luke in the sight of Jesus Maria. Jesus Maria give strength to thy servant Luke to proclaim thy name." And the title, "Jesus Maria Hodegedria" (signifying Jesus, the Son of Mary, the "guide," or nursing mother), written in the same character, appears upon the kerchief on the head of the Virgin.

The back of the picture, which is painted green, is faithfully represented in our engraving on page 7. It is evident, accordingly, that these inscriptions were written at different periods and by different persons; and it is also sufficiently obvious that these persons were possessors or guardians of the picture itself. These inscriptions do not occur in chronological order on the original plate, and, indeed, the earliest is in the centre of the group. The first and earliest, from its internal evidence, has been assigned to the apostle-evangelist, St. John himself. The name of Polycarp next succeeds. Inscriptions bearing the names of the Empress Helena and of Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem, her contemporary, with the name also of Constantine, continue the series. Dracilianus, the Praetorian prefect, perhaps, mentioned by Macarius; Eudoxia, the wife of the Emperor Theodosius; and Modestus Duaces, Abbot of the Theodosian convent at Jerusalem from 614 to 634, succeed to one another. And finally, in Greek characters of the seventh century, an inscription records the sinking of the picture in some cistern, in the hope that so it might be saved from the Saracens, who then had conquered and taken possession of the Holy City. Each of these inscriptions has been shown to accord with the form of expression and with the character in use in its own time.

Such is the picture that we have designated the PROTO-MADONNA, and such is the evidence by which this picture maintains its own right to such a title. It has been seen

by the highest personages in both the Greek and the Latin churches, and it has been sought for with equal zeal by them all. Of

its great antiquity there can be no reasonable doubt, and its relative value is established also beyond any questioning or cavil.

Who Azarias, the maker of the parchment "Will," may have been, we know not; equally unknown are the finders of the long sub-



THE PROTO-MADONNA: A PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO ST. LUKE.

merged relic, Nicola and Elias. How the picture was transmitted from Zacharias, to whom it was bequeathed by Azarias, to the

monk Isaac, who died, and was buried in the Levant between Alexandria and Ancona, has not been recorded. What may be gathered

from the other inscriptions speaks for itself, and it also appeals to the corroborative evidence of the ancient character of the writ-

JANUARY.

1	F.	New Year's Day.
2	S.	Moon's Last Quarter. 7h. 39m. A.M.
3	S.	<i>Second Sunday after Christmas.</i>
4	M.	Institute of British Architects. Meeting
5	Tu.	
6	W.	<i>Epiphany. Twelfth Day.</i>
7	Th.	Lecture at the Architectural Association.
8	F.	
9	S.	New Moon. 7h. 45m. A.M.
10	S.	<i>First Sunday after Epiphany.</i>
11	M.	Hilary Term begins.
12	Tu.	
13	W.	Cambridge Lent Term begins. [Meeting.
14	Th.	Oxford Lent Term begins. Soc. of Antiqs.



15	F.	Moon's First Quarter. 11h. 6m. P.M.
16	S.	
17	S.	<i>Second Sunday after Epiphany.</i>
18	M.	Institute of British Architects. Meeting.
19	Tu.	
20	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [Meeting.
21	Th.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
22	F.	Lecture at the Architectural Association.
23	S.	Full Moon. 10h. 2m. P.M.
24	S.	<i>Septuagesima Sunday.</i>
25	M.	
26	Tu.	
27	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [Meeting.
28	Th.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
29	F.	
30	S.	[Oh. 7m. A.M.
31	S.	<i>Sexagesima Sunday. Moon's Last Quarter,</i>



Designed by W. Harvey.]

[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN JANUARY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

DURING the present year it is intended to furnish in this journal a short notice of the current month, and some of its capabilities for Art-work. Not being a practical artist, though loving Art most sincerely, and thinking it to be a manifestation of the highest aspirations of human nature—the instinctive worship of the Beautiful, and therefore of the Maker of all beauty—I do not pretend to use any of the technical terms of Art, nor presume to dictate to artists what they are to see, or paint, or carve. All that I can hope to perform is, to mention some of the many beauties which each returning month unveils to our view; to call attention to the furred and feathered tribes, the creeping things, and fluttering insects that inhabit our islands, and give to the landscape the charm of life; and, in short, to indicate just those things which make me feel the keenest dissatisfaction with my own lack of artistic skill.

January! What does this bleak, cold, windy, snow-clad month present, and what shall the artist do in it? I suppose that in this, as in most other occasions of life, the answer depends very much on the character of the respondent. There are some who seize every opportunity of making holiday, of easing their labours, and of living an idle life, when their particular work is not obtruded upon them; while there are others who always find the day too short for them, and would be glad of a supplementary month or two at the end of the year. If one kind of work fails, another imperiously demands the hand to do it; and there is not one hour, unpropitious as the day may seem, when something may not be done—something which makes no present show, but which bears its fruit in the after-time.

Thus the earth does her work in this cold winter month, while she seems to be sunk in lethargy, her trees stripped of their foliage, her soil buried under the snow, and her waters locked by the frost. Yet, in truth, she is working as hard in January as in the warmest and blithest time of the genial summer-tide. She is preparing for the coming year, and elaborating with the minutest care the details of that wonderful robe of beauty which she intends to display throughout the remainder of the year. Silently and unseen she is drawing from the depths of her own being the luxuriant foliage, the tender petals, and the varied hues which will soon clothe her with loveliness indescribable; and deep in the recesses of the soil she urges and directs an array of mighty forces, such as none can appreciate, and few even suspect.

We are accustomed yearly to see the brown-ridged corn-fields change their hue and assume a delicate green, and we know that the change is caused by the myriad grass-blades that peer above the soil. But who ever thinks of the work that has been done in each tiny buried grain, and of the aggregate power which is exerted when these little tender shoots push themselves into life, and aspire towards the sun? Why, the mere mechanical force which is expended in a single corn-field, would have sufficed not only to launch the stubborn Leviathan, but to raise bodily that iron mass and held it in the air. If you doubt this, just walk into the woods, and you may see a huge log which you cannot lift, or a great stone which you can barely stir, pushed out of its place, and raised from its bed, by some fragile fungi which a baby could crumble into flakes between his tiny fingers. Even the power required to force the sap of an ordinary elm, or oak, or poplar, as high as the topmost leaves, is almost incredible. It is

difficult to put the case in a simple light, so complicated is the process through which the sap rises. Perhaps the reader may form an approximate conception of the mechanical powers which are constantly being exerted in the natural world, by the fact that, if human labour were to be substituted for the mechanism by which the sap ascends, a strong man and a force-pump to each tree would scarcely supply the requisite power.

See what marvellous chemical powers are brought into operation beneath the surface of the earth. How the dew-drops, that insensibly condense upon the foliage, and the showers that fall pattering from the clouds, sink together into the ground, and mix with the soil! How they take up the invisible gases that breathe themselves over the surface of the earth, and carry them downwards into its dark recesses, there to enter a laboratory such as no chemist can hope to possess, attracting, repelling, refining, and distributing with unerring certainty the infinitesimal particles that support the life of each plant. I have often thought how wonderstruck we should be, could our eyes only pierce the hidden secrets of the earth, and watch the wondrous works which are continually enacted beneath our feet.

Therefore, O artist, whether of brush, or chisel, or pen, emulate the example set by the mighty mother, and let each hour see its appointed work completed.

Still, though there may not be much outdoor work in January, there is some. There is the snow, for example, whether spread wide and smooth over rolling downs, heaped in masses by the wind, or held in the outstretched arms of the forest trees. But it is in those places where the wind has full play upon the snow, that its beauties are best shown.

I have seen snow carved by the mere gusts and eddies of the wind into such fantastic shapes that it looked like a landscape from the Arctic regions of dreamland. Here was a sea, bounded by a craggy and precipitous coast, over which hung great caverned rocks, and on the shore of which lay vast boulders, smooth and rounded as if worn by much rolling in the waves below. In one place, the shore was cut into numberless channels, intricate, labyrinthine, and steep-sided as the fiords of northern Europe; then the whole idea would be changed, and the snow was heaped together in hills and mountains like miniature Alps, with sharp, steeple-like peaks shooting up here and there, and traversed by crevasses just like those of the mountains which are so strangely simulated. It is true that the tallest pinnacle was not much more than five feet in height, that the crevasses were not more than an inch or two in width, that the cliffs were but a yard or two in depth, and the boulders below them no larger than cricket-balls. Yet, when transferred to paper, and a few miniature travellers inserted in the drawing, with ladders and ropes, and alpenstocks complete, they assumed a marvellous grandeur, and looked quite as majestic as if the originals had been measured by miles and furlongs, instead of feet and inches.

There is certainly something strangely fascinating about snow, as there is with running water, and even the footprints that mark the track of the shivering pedestrian across the field, possess a decided, though indefinable interest. If we were natives of a hot country, where snow is never seen, we should be greatly struck with the extreme beauty of the snow-clad landscape. Even the savage inhabitants of tropical lands, whose minds seem quite incapable of comprehending the beauties of nature, have been known to throw off their usual apathy when they saw snow for the first time, and to stand, lost in silent

amazement at the wonderful sight presented to their view.

Ice, again, displays such marvellous beauties as no painter's hand can hope to delineate. Look, for example, at a cascade which has been seized by the iron hand of frost, and bound in icy fetters, and see what a magnificent sight it presents. There are translucent pinnacles like spires of crystal, pendulous pinnacles drooping from above to meet them, all white towards their bases, and transparent towards their tips, and looking like a limestone cavern in which the stalactites and stalagmites have been changed into crystal by some fairy's wand.

I scarcely know whether the frozen fountain is more beautiful in light or shade. In the one case it glitters with every rainbow hue, the sun's rays penetrating through the lucent masses, and being broken into a thousand coruscant scintillations of ruby and emerald, and sapphire and topaz, and every colour for which the earth has not found a gem, nor its inhabitants a name. In the other case, the delicate clusters of icy pinnacles (from which assuredly the old Gothic architects borrowed some of their most exquisite conceptions) shine out against the dark background, white, ethereal, and pure. Even with a few dashes of black ink upon a white paper they can be expressed with a wonderful force and fidelity.

With some exceptions vegetable life is absent, but the ivy still hangs its green masses from the forest trees, or clusters its lithe branches round the ancient walls of some ruin or antique cottage, forming a home and a shelter for many a bird, and holding out its circlets of dark berries for their winter's sustenance. Other evergreens, the holly, with its armed and varnished leaves, and its bunches of coral-red berries, the yew, the cypress, the pine, and the ilex, still keep their foliage, and offer a lovely contrast to the bleak and bare scenery around them. A winter garden planted with such trees would have a beautiful effect, and confer an incalculable boon upon thousands of the feathered tribes.

But even the dismantled boughs and perished leaves have their beauty. The withered ferns, for example, present wonderful gradations of soft hues, passing from green through many a shade of yellow, red, and brown, and so do fallen leaves and withered grasses. An artist friend of my own, some of whose delicate drawings have found a place in the *Art-Journal*, is in the habit of collecting and bringing home large quantities of these very objects, to be studied in bad weather, when he cannot use his implements in the open air. There are drawers containing a mixed assemblage of such "rubbish" as a careful housewife would congratulate herself on detecting and burning; dead leaves, bits of lichen-covered branches, acorns, shells of beech-nuts and chestnuts, fir-cones, and, in fine, specimens of the *débris* to be found under trees or hedges in the winter time. As to fern leaves, there are enough of them to thatch a small cottage. Also there are insects in plenty, the slight-bodied, gaily-coloured butterflies, the fat, sluggish moths, and the polished beetles gleaming as if cut from burnished metal.

Mosses and lichens ought properly to be studied in the open air, for they will neither keep their colour nor their form when removed from the situation in which they have grown, or, at all events, they cannot be preserved for any length of time, even with all appliances of air and moisture. Now is the time for studying the anatomy of the trees, and learning their characteristic contours before they again hide their shapes under their green robes.

Foliage is oftentimes rather in the way than otherwise, and conceals the true figure of the tree, as over-abundant dress hides the contours of the human form. Sometimes, too, it interferes with charming little views of cottages, ruins, and other picturesque objects; so that the artist must perforce make his sketches in the winter at the risk of freezing his toes and stiffening his fingers with the cold. Some persons are subject to a kind of superficial paralysis when exposed to cold. The whole form seems to shrink, the limbs and joints lose their pliability, and the lips refuse to form articulate words.

For those who can endure the chilly air, and whose fingers are not stiffened by the frost, there are some wonderful scenes on many of our great tidal rivers, where the land is cut up into creeks and inlets, where great mud-banks spread over miles of surface, and where the sea-birds and other aquatic members of the feathered tribe come to feed.

How they patter over the mud, covering it with deep impressions of their feet; how they turn this way and that way, their bright black eyes glistening like polished jet-beads; how readily they see, and how eagerly they pounce upon, anything which lies on the shore, and which they fancy to be eatable. Sometimes two birds will make a simultaneous rush at the same morsel, and, instead of picking it up, begin to scold each other outrageously, each deeming itself the injured party, and expressing its opinion of its adversary in language which, to judge by the intonation, must be of a character that, if intelligible, would render both parties liable to heavy fines in a court of justice. The whole figure of the bird is transformed while it is thus excited, and its mouth in particular looks just like that of an ancient gargoyle. Perhaps, in the midst of the altercation, a great black-backed gull stalks slowly up, deliberately swallows the disputed morsel, and solemnly stalks back again.

Then there are the hooded crows keeping near the land, and picking up many an unconsidered trifle. Sometimes they may be seen rising and falling, or "tacking" and wearing "over one spot, and then you may be sure that a drowned dog, or dead sheep, or some such dainty, is below them. I do not say that the dead dog is picturesque, though the skeleton of a dead camel is so, but the crows are picturesque enough, as they hover about the spot, displaying themselves to the very best advantage, and assuming an inexhaustible variety of attitudes. Then you will have the great flocks of sandpipers speckling the shore, or rising into the air, and sweeping along like grape-shot hurled from some gigantic but silent cannon, while the curlews fly straight and swift across the water, wailing as if in dire distress; and ever and anon a kingfisher darts along like an azure arrow, and a heron comes slowly flapping his way on his wide pinions.

The unassisted eye may not see all this, and much more besides, which our limited space will not permit me to describe; but with the aid of a good telescope and a little practice, the artist may survey the feathered groups at his ease, and watch them as perfectly as if he too wore feathers instead of broadcloth, webbed feet instead of boots, and were by some enchantment transformed for the time into that wonderful "white bird with red bill and feet," of which Scheherazade seemed to think so much, but which must have been the common laughing gull of our own island. Often have I longed for the artist-hand while watching these scenes of life and beauty; and it is in hope of inducing some skilled master of the brush to undertake the task of depicting them that I now call attention to them.

THE CHURCH AT EPHESUS.

BY THE REV. J. M. BELLEW.

A PROPER study of the ruins of Ephesus has never yet been made. The overthrow of the monuments of various ages has been so complete, the confusion has been so utter, and the alluvial deposits and marshes at the mouth of the Cayster have made the place so unhealthy, that excavations among the ancient remains have been both disheartening and dangerous.

But despite this, the Englishman who sits at home at ease, and only reads of Ephesus, will be apt to say, "Surely there must be the foundations of the temple. Though the temple may be destroyed, the mighty substructure must remain." This is possibly, or rather probably, true. It may be quite true that the basement on which an edifice of such magnificence and colossal proportions was raised cannot have entirely disappeared; but it may be equally the fact that not a trace of it may meet the eye at the present instant. Certain it is that the temple proper has utterly disappeared. How, first of all, are we to account for this? The answer is, that the contiguity of the building to the sea and to the harbour were the origin of its ruin. The Byzantine emperors gave orders to carry off from Ephesus whatever was fitted to adorn their new capitol. Unfortunately the orders could be too easily obeyed. It may be that in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, we even now gaze upon some of the costly pillars of the Temple of Diana, that we vainly search for in Ephesus herself. In addition, there is no doubt that the establishment of Christianity in this city was one leading cause of the destruction of its monuments of antiquity, because the early Christians regarded Ephesus as the great focus of paganism, and the moment they became powerful the temple was closed. Abandoned by them to destruction, its materials would doubtless be soon applied to other purposes. We know as a historical fact that the fabric still existed to the year A.D. 268, when it was pillaged by the Goths. This is the last mention we find made of a structure which had excited the admiration of the world. What were its subsequent fortunes we can only conjecture. It is most probable that the same earthquakes that did such terrible havoc among the Roman territories in Asia Minor also completed the ruin of this famous shrine, already prepared to yield to the visitations of convulsion by having its great pillars and most costly enrichments removed elsewhere. Let us add to these circumstances two other facts. The village which adjoins the ruins of Ephesus is known by the name Aiasolouk, which some writers state to be a corruption of the words *Ἁγίος θεολόγος*, and to be a lingering record of the Evangelist St. John. The derivation of the name seems exceedingly far-fetched and improbable; but however that may be, Aiasolouk stands upon a circular hill at the extremity of the plain—inland—similar to its neighbour the hill Prion. Upon the crest of this hill there is a castle; around it are masses of overturned work, and some highly decorated pieces of carving. There are remains of an aqueduct at the foot of the hill, which are constructed out of ancient fragments, rich with inscriptions. There is a ruined mosque contained within the precincts of the present mosque, and this ancient building consists entirely of white marble, being supported by four gigantic granite pillars, which tradition says were derived from the Temple of Diana.

The castle, the aqueduct, the mosque, have all been built out of the remains of ancient Ephesus; and the castle was erected by the Byzantine emperors, who used many antique bas-reliefs in its construction—things which Turks never cared for nor understood. Here, then, we have abundant evidence that Ephesus, at a very early date of the Christian era, became a mere quarry. Its treasures were carried off to Constantinople; its masonry was used for the fortification of Aiasolouk, and probably of many other neighbouring fortifications. When these facts are known to us, it becomes more easy to realise the total demolition which the Temple of Diana has suffered. For the final blow to its greatness we have to

turn to the days of Tamerlane, A.D. 1403. After the fall of Smyrna this conqueror spent thirty days in Ephesus for the purpose of destroying the remains that had escaped former disasters. The reader will admit that the story of desolation is now complete.

From the top of Prion the basin of the inner harbour, or lake (but which is now become a morass, in consequence of the silting of the slime, and deposit of sand brought down by the Cayster), may be distinctly traced; as also the line of the Attalean embankment, the masonry of which was denominated "inertum," consisting of various shaped and sized stones cemented together.

When the mouth of the channel was open, the flux and reflux of the sea necessarily cleared away the slime brought down from the hills by the Cayster. Once the scavenging of the sea was prevented, the deposit increased; it grew into soil, and thus by degrees firm ground has been established some feet above the original level of the plain. Beneath this deposit probably, and somewhere beyond the margin of the reedy marsh—once the inner harbour—the foundations of the Temple of Diana now lie buried.

It ought to be mentioned that on the eastern side of the marsh, there are the remains of a very extensive ruin, which Hamilton ("Researches, Asia Minor," vol. ii. p. 24) considers may be the remains of the foundations of the temple, which may have stood upon a base thirty or forty feet high. The ruins in question are very extensive, but there is one strong objection to their ever having belonged to the Temple of Diana, which is, that they are manifestly *within the walls* of the city of Lysimachus, whereas we know positively that the temple was beyond the boundaries of the city. It had the privileges of asylum, or sanctuary, which Alexander extended to a stadium, or one-eighth of a mile. Mithridates, by shooting an arrow from the angle of the pediment, extended the asylum beyond the stadium to the distance that the arrow reached. Mark Anthony again extended the *bounds of the sanctuary*, but as his limit comprehended a portion of the city, and the concession proved very inconvenient, it was annulled by Augustus Caesar.

The situation of the ruins which Hamilton speaks of, seems too near to the site of Ephesus, in fact, too completely enclosed within it, to admit of a circuit of one-eighth of a mile being drawn around it, as intervening ground between the temple and the city. Those who are interested in the subject, would do well to turn to Hamilton's "Researches," and weigh the arguments which he uses in favour of this mass of ruin, particularly as there is a very strong paragraph in Dr. Smith's "Dictionary" in support of Hamilton's opinion. Differing as the writer does with the opinion of Hamilton, and agreeing with Arundel, Chandler, and Texier, the subject is one always open to discussion, and, archaeologically, of the greatest interest. Even if the ruins in question could be shown to be the base of the temple structure (and they certainly exhibit huge blocks of marble), we should be little advantaged as regards the temple, of which not one stone standing on another is to be seen.

Standing upon Mount Prion, and looking westward towards the sea, we have the platform of the city stretched out beneath us, bounded on the immediate left by the range of Corissus, crowned with the fortified wall of Lysimachus, and terminating seaward with a lofty tower, which is now commonly known by the name of the "Prison of St. Paul." Immediately under us, constructed in the side of Prion, and a little to the left, are the remains of the once famous Theatre, into which the people rushed when they had been filled full of wrath by the address of Demetrius, the silversmith, who made shrines for Diana (Acts xix). This theatre, despite the removal of its marble benches, is still in sufficient preservation to enable us to appreciate its grandeur. It was, and is, the largest theatre in the world, its diameter being 660 feet, or 40 feet larger than that of the Colosseum. It could easily contain 57,000 people, while the largest English theatre will not hold 4,000. The proscenium has entirely vanished, as well as the seats. Many of these may be traced in the masonry of the castle at Aiasolouk, the letters upon them denoting the different eunici. Pocock was able to trace four vomitoria. The

modern traveller cannot trace one. Some ruins, and particularly a piece which stands boldly erect in front of Prion, are supposed to mark the site of the Theatre Gymnasium.

Upon the right slope of Prion stands the ancient Stadium, which, though easily traced, is now reduced to an equal state of ruin with the theatre. This enormous structure measures 900 feet in length, and to convey a correct idea of its ground plan, it may be compared to the letter U, or to the ordinary shaped magnet. Great as was the accommodation of the theatre, that of the stadium was far greater. It was capable of seating 76,000 people. Tier upon tier of this superb structure rose upon the hill-side of Prion; the actual building upon the side of the plain being kept lower than that on the Prion side, in order to exhibit the arcades and porticos to those entering the city from the north. The races were run in the area below, which was about 200 feet broad and 700 long. Pausanias says that the races were sometimes six, sometimes twelve courses round this area, *i.e.* about a mile and a half, or three miles, as the case might be. Adjoining the stadium to the north there are considerable ranges of ruin, which are considered by Falkener to be the Stadium Gymnasium. This seems doubtful, as the plan of the building is very peculiar. It is much to be regretted that the purpose of this building cannot be satisfactorily ascertained, since its foundations being artificial, and built on the city wall, in order to raise it above the adjacent plain to a level with the rising platform of the city, afford extensive opportunities for a study of the architecture of Ephesus. The ruins seen in the plate (in front of Prion) have most probably belonged to the vast pile of the Agora, and the Forum. The double portico, the columns placed at intervals, as described by Vitruvius, may be traced, but to restore this immense wilderness of ruin to form and shape is utterly impossible. Nothing but the most extensive excavations, undertaken at heavy cost, could ever inform us of the exact outline, and shape, and probable purpose of this wide field of architectural slaughter. We may with great confidence assume that the greatest public buildings of Ephesus, the courts, the market-place, the senate-house, were situated here, for the mass of ruin prompts the assumption. It is now an inexplicable labyrinth.

Beyond this mass, again, are the monster foundations of which Hamilton speaks, and which are here designated the Great Gymnasium. He does not, however, mention the subterranean chambers which still exist under this ruined pile, and which have been inspected by various travellers. A staircase in one of the piers descends to a great depth, conducting to a series of small chambers, which communicate again with long corridors, through which clear, pure water is found to flow. These subterranean galleries, used as aqueducts, seem to strengthen the supposition that the building above was the Great Gymnasium. As a remain in a perfect state of preservation, these vaults are beyond all doubt the most interesting study in Ephesus. They must, however, be examined with great caution, for not only is the passage through them in some places very bad, but they are extremely intricate, and ought never to be entered except in the company of some guide who is familiar with them.

Under the slopes of Corissus there are still to be seen the remains of one out of the multitude of temples which we know existed at Ephesus. It is a Corinthian temple, and correct drawings of its various parts will be found in Chandler's "Illustrations." It is the temple already alluded to as dedicated to Cæsar. Its length is 130 feet, width 80 feet. The portico is of marble, and exhibits four columns 46 feet high.

In speaking of Ephesus, Pliny has made the remark that it would take a book to describe the temple alone. The same remark may be made of the ruins of the city. Nothing less than a book would serve to describe them, and since a most able and interesting book has been written upon the subject, the writer would refer those who are in search of the fullest information, to Falkener's "Ephesus, and the Temple of Diana." It is satisfactory to find that the opinion held by the writer, as to the utter disappearance of the Temple of Diana, is also held by Falkener, as it is by the most accurate of continental travellers,

Texier, to whose opinions and conversation in discussing various topics regarding the ruins of Ephesus, Sardis, and Pergamos, the writer is much indebted.

In speaking of the various ruins already alluded to, no mention has been made of the Odeum, or music hall, and the remains of the Opisthopleprian Gymnasium, which lie over against Corissus, to the south of the theatre. The gymnasium alone in Ephesus were so numerous, that it is probable we may trace them among the piers and arches adjacent to every public building in the place. Description, therefore, in a limited space becomes impossible. We read in history of a number of temples, such as the temples of Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Ceres. Of these, and a great number more, the Corinthian Temple above spoken of is now the only distinct remain.

As regards the present state of preservation, beyond a doubt the most interesting remain at Ephesus is the so-called wall of Lysimachus, stretching for a mile and three quarters along the crest of Corissus towards the west, and terminating in a square building or tower, which commands all the plain, vulgarly known by the name of "St. Paul's Prison." This building is the most attractive edifice in the Ephesus of to-day. It is probably far older than the time of Lysimachus. Both it and the wall (and the towers which are dotted along its course) are of Persian origin, and were used by Lysimachus in the defence of the city. This wall is in many places twenty feet high, and excellently built out of the stone which the quarries of Corissus provided. Extending from opposite the theatre on Mount Prion to the Prison of St. Paul, along the range of the hills, it is a prominent object from every part of the ruins of the city. Its towers and sally-ports are particularly interesting in their construction.

It is in vain that we now look for the once famous Church of St. John, which is historically stated to have stood upon Mount Prion, and beneath and within which was the tomb of the apostle. Its direction and position have been spoken of by various ancient writers, but their descriptions are too uncertain and contradictory to admit of any identification of the spot. There is a church which still exists, in a ruined condition, not far from the Great Gymnasium, which there is every reason to believe was the Church of St. Mark. The nave of this church is as large as that of St. Paul's Cathedral, and yet amidst the majestic surrounding structures it must have looked insignificant. It is extremely disappointing to the Christian traveller to be unable to trace the Church of St. John. If a remnant of it could be identified, it would become at once one of the most sacred spots of the East, for not only should we know the place beneath which the apostle's ashes are mingled with the dust, but we should also identify the ground on which the third great council—the Council of Ephesus—was held under Theodosius II., A.D. 431, to condemn the Nestorian heresy (*ἀδελφισμός*, "not dividing the substance"), when the Nestorians refused to denominate the Virgin as the Mother of God, and insisted upon calling her merely the Mother of our Lord.

Around Mount Prion, on the eastern side (removed from the city), are several tombs, which remind the traveller of those which are seen in the rocks at Petra. They are cut into the solid face of the hill, and look like ovens. The remains of the dead have been pushed into these tombs, which have been fastened at the mouth with large stones. Among them it is probable was the grave of Timothy, the first Bishop of Ephesus; and among them likewise, tradition has it, was the tomb of the Virgin Mary, who, having been taken to his own home by St. John, accompanied him when he came to Ephesus, and lived and died here.

But the eastern side of Mount Prion presents to the traveller other objects of interest. Chief of these are the ancient quarries which supplied Ephesus with its marble. These are hollowed out of the hill, and are approached through deep avenues, with strange and gloomy windings. In the quarries are many caverns, out of which the marble has been hewn. The water drips from the ledges above, and the wild flowers twine around the yawning mouths of these solemn and

solitary quarries. Here, then, we have the very workshops of the city, out of which its grandeur was carved! Upon many a ledge of rock the marks of the mason's tools are left still distinct and plain on the face of the stone, though it is sixteen hundred years since those quarries were used. In the time of Christ they had for centuries yielded up their treasure to adorn the city. Three thousand years ago they were probably as busy with the hum of men, and rang with the blows of the hammer as cheerily as any English quarry does to-day. The moralist may sit and muse with purpose in the quarries of Ephesus.

Hard by is a spot which some travellers have tortured their fancy into believing might be the Church of St. John. It is nothing else than a cave, but a cave around which the romance of history has gathered. This is the Cave of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, the tradition regarding which Mahomet has introduced into the Koran, in "The Chapter of the Cave." Every one is familiar with the story of the seven young Christian men who, flying from the persecutions of Diocletian, in the third century, and accompanied by a dog, concealed themselves in this cave, and there falling asleep, slept for two hundred years. When they awoke, and entered the city, they found themselves in a Christian town, where everyone was a stranger, and everything was strange. The same day they died, and were buried in seven tombs in this cave, an eighth being given to their faithful dog Keimetch, for whom the Mahometans have found a place in paradise. The Turks hold the Seven Sleepers in great reverence, and number them among the faithful children of the prophet. Among Christians they are traditionally known by the names, Constantinus, Serapion, Maximilianus, Johannes, Martinianus, Malchus, and Dionysius. Wherever the story of the Seven Sleepers arose—and it was probably derived from heathen tradition—it is certain that no traveller will visit Ephesus without taking a glance at the gloomy cavern that the Turk holds sacred, as the place of their last and longest sleep.

But we need not to have recourse to tradition, in order to invest Ephesus with poetic interest. It is so intimately associated with ancient history, and so closely connected with that of the early Christian Church, that we have but to recall the names of Cyrus, Croesus, Lysimachus, Cæsar, Alexander, Anthony, and again of St. Paul, St. John, and Timothy, to find enough material for the loftiest and most solemn poetic reverie. The ruins of Ephesus are an epic written in stone. "Thy works, thy labour, and thy patience" are honoured by the evangelist, and written on the pages of ecclesiastical history. A long line of bishops, whose names and succession are preserved, have presided over this church, which still struggles on, and sustains a miserable existence. Of Ephesus in its decline and fall little need be said. The adjoining Turkish village of Aiasolouk has been erected out of its remains. The mosque, the castle, the aqueduct, and mounds of ruins around, show that Ephesus was dismantled when this Turkish settlement was made. The Mahometans took possession of Ephesus in the reign of Alexius; they lost it in 1266, and regained it in 1283. In 1308 it surrendered to Sultan Saisan, when the new town sprang up at Aiasolouk, built upon the hill on which it now stands, about a mile north-east of Mount Prion. In 1402, Tamerlane revelled in the work of destruction; since which date, as a city having a name and place in the busy history of modern centuries, it has ceased to exist. The ruins, as we now see them, are for the most part Roman in their character; but even in the Roman we see only the restoration of the Grecian; while in the so-called wall of Lysimachus and Prison of St. Paul, we probably look upon a structure raised when the Persian satrap ruled in Ephesus. But a railway has reached it, and modern civilisation is already inoculating it with the virus of mercantile enterprise. No one can foretell what may be the future history of the place: it may be destined to revive, and become busy once again with the hum of men; but its glories will ever be in the past, and ever will recall the shrine of Diana, and the beloved disciple whose daily admonition to the Church of Ephesus was, "Little children, love one another."

OBITUARY.

FREDERICK LEE BRIDELL.

OUR number for September last contained a brief notice of this artist's death. But his genius was of an order so rare, and his loss to Art is so great, that we may be excused for returning to the subject. The premature close of the life of a man of genius is always sad, but it is so in a pre-eminent degree when it comes before he has had the time or the opportunity to make his genius felt, or to secure the recognition which alone compensates to the artist for years of lonely struggle and nervous exhaustion. Raphael, Shelley, Keats, and others, it is true, died young; yet had they lived to a good age, could they have made their "heritage of fame" one jot more secure? In their case there is little to regret. But the annals of Art, could they be written, would tell of many a hand palsied in the prime of its power, just when the mastery over the materials of the art had been gained, and when the strong poetic soul had begun to show with free and fluent pencil how nature was mirrored within it, and how well and wisely it read and could interpret the deep significance of

"The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That have their haunts by dale, or piney mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths."

Not a few such pass away, leaving a name utterly unknown, except, it may be, by some stray connoisseur. Others, like Bonington and Müller among painters, or Schubert among musicians, rise rapidly into renown; but only when recognition comes too late to quicken the pulses or lighten the heart of the men who have done so much for the enjoyment of others. Of this number, we fear, was Mr. Bridell; for although within a certain circle his works were known and appreciated, the time had not come when his fine powers, which latterly were ripening with striking rapidity, must have forced a general recognition, and placed him in the very foremost rank of poetical landscape painters.

Frederick Lee Bridell was born in Southampton, in November, 1831, of respectable, but not wealthy parents. He very early showed a talent for painting, and at the age of fifteen began life in his native town as a portrait painter. His early efforts were wholly unassisted, for at that time Southampton had not the means of supplying even the elements of an education in Art. While Mr. Bridell was still in his sixteenth year, his works attracted the attention of a picture cleaner and dealer, visiting Southampton, who induced him to enter into one of those engagements by which young men of real power have not unfrequently bartered for a bare subsistence brains, time, and health. Whether Mr. Bridell's engagement was of this one-sided nature we do not pretend to say. It secured for him, at all events, the means of a prolonged study abroad, the fruits of which were conspicuous in the artist's best works. But, on the other hand, a mistaken view of self-interest on the part of his employer kept him back from the London public long after he ought to have been winning a place among the artists of the British school.

It was not till 1859 that Mr. Bridell exhibited in London, when he produced a marked impression by his fine picture of 'The Coliseum by Moonlight,' exhibited in that year at the Royal Academy, and again last year at the International Exhibition. There was in this picture the unmistakable presence of an eye that looked at nature with the sympathies of a poet, and a hand that dealt with what it undertook in a fashion of its own, and that no common one. The impression then made Mr. Bridell fully sustained by his subsequent works. A visit the following year to the North Italian lakes resulted in several noble pictures. These were eagerly sought after by the lovers of Art whom circumstances threw across his path. Mr. John Platt and Mr. Josiah Radcliffe possess two specimens of a very large size, while Mr. Theodore Martin and others may be mentioned as the owners of many smaller pictures from the same field, all distinguished by consummate truth, combined with poetical and perfectly original treatment. There was

nothing small or trivial in Mr. Bridell's representations of nature. He did not fritter away your attention upon the foliage of a fern or the details of a fence. He placed the grand panorama of plain, forest, lake, mountain, and sky, vividly before you; made you look at it with his eyes, contemplate it with his mood, and feel the influences of the whole scene as he himself had felt them. He was not one of those men who are "put out by nature." On the contrary, he obviously never feared to grapple with her either in her coyest or her grandest moods. His sketches demonstrate this. But it is impossible to look at his pictures and not to feel that at his easel, and while his imagination was most active, nature was ever before his eyes, and that he was bent to fix her varied features upon his canvas with that individuality of stamp which is their subtlest charm, but for which so many are content to substitute merely conventional types. In his painting of skies and clouds in particular, Mr. Bridell seems to us to occupy a place among British artists only second to Turner. Some of his earlier works may be open to the charge of heaviness in treatment, but this defect cannot be alleged against any of his later pictures. We have present to our minds as we write several which bear the same place in our memory as the actual sunrises and sunsets, twilights and moonlights, of which every observer of nature carries a store in his memory, as revelations of beauty never to be forgotten. In the shifting aspects of the clouds, in the gorgeous hues of the dawn and twilight, in the trailing vapours of lake and mountain, Mr. Bridell obviously revelled. He possessed the rare art of preserving in his colours all the transparency and airy lightness of reality. His best pictures impress us with the same sense of beauty and completeness as fine poems, or a fine strain of music; and we speak from personal experience when we say that a picture in his best manner will make you forget that you are looking at it in a London room, and lose yourself in the solemn sweetness of after sunset upon the Lake of Como, or a summer dream of the olive-clad slopes of wind-swept Soracte.

Unfortunately for his fame, most of Mr. Bridell's best works have never been exhibited. Chief among these is a landscape of an important size (painted in emulation of Turner, as Turner had previously painted in emulation of Claude), illustrative of Spenser's description in the "Faerie Queen" of the Temple of Love. It was commissioned by Mr. Wolff, of Bevois Mount House, Southampton, and justifies the artist's ambitious hope of rivalling, without imitating, his great predecessor. Mr. Wolff was among the first to appreciate the rising genius of Mr. Bridell. He bought largely of him, and his collection, containing, among others, 'The Coliseum,' is fine and important enough to merit the title of "The Bridell Gallery," which Mr. Wolff has given it. This gentleman, we believe, courteously allows lovers of Art to inspect his collection. Another large picture, entitled 'Sunset on the Atlantic,' exhibited six years ago in Liverpool, produced an impression there which has never been forgotten. This picture also has not been seen in London.

In 1858 Mr. Bridell married in Rome the daughter of Mr. W. J. Fox, then member for Oldham. The lady is herself an artist, and their union was one of those rare marriages of sympathy almost ideal. For some time past it had been painfully apparent to Mr. Bridell's friends that his health was seriously shaken. He continued, however, to work on hopefully, and contemplated making another visit to Rome this autumn, to carry out a design for a series of landscapes illustrative of the rise, grandeur, and decay of Rome, which he had long had in contemplation. To this series his 'Coliseum,' shrouded in gloom and shadow, with malaria mists veiling its base, would have formed, as he intended, the appropriate close.

Mr. Bridell died of consumption at the early age of thirty-two. His frame, naturally sensitive and delicate, had, we fear, been overtasked. In his passionate enjoyment of his art he seemed to forget that the body has its claims as well as the spirit; and even after the dilated pupil and hollow cheek gave token to his friends of the insidious bane that was sapping his life, we have

known him go on working at his easel without intermission for periods that would have taxed the energies of the strongest man. Two of his latest pictures were painted for the last Royal Academy exhibition, but were returned. This, as all the world now knows, was no disgrace. Disappointment it certainly was. He bore it bravely, but we shall not soon forget the pang we felt when, as he showed us with a half timid satisfaction these beautiful pictures, and told us of their rejection, we looked at the worn face and the eager eyes, to which disease had already begun to give a painful brightness, and thought that this perhaps last chance of reading his success in the admiring eyes of his fellow-men had been denied him by the miserable selfishness of those who thrust out true Art from the walls of the Academy to make room for vulgar commonplace, and repetitions of effects that have been stale for years. It is easy to understand how little pictures, so full of bold originality, could be appreciated by those who have long since lost sight of nature in the tricks of a vicious mannerism. But in that great school of poetic landscape Art in which Turner, Constable, and Müller, are the leaders, and which has its representatives among Frenchmen in Daubigné, Rousseau, Français, Ziem, Flandrin, and others, Mr. Bridell had already taken foremost rank. Had he lived, he must have earned a European reputation; and numerous and fine as are the works he has left, his early death is, in the interests of Art, deeply to be deplored. We have only to add, that in manners Mr. Bridell was simple, amiable, and modest. Firm without self-assertion, sincere without being obtrusive, we can believe he was beloved by his friends, as most certainly he was respected by those whose knowledge of him was comparatively slight.

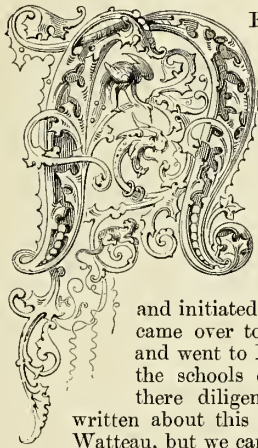
MR. GEORGE MOSSMAN.

By the death of Mr. George Mossman at the comparatively early age of forty, Scotland has lost one of her most enthusiastic and promising sculptors. Although born in Edinburgh, Mr. Mossman was early removed to Glasgow, where he commenced his artistic career under his father, who had been, we believe, a pupil of Chantrey. After studying for a length of time in one of the local schools of Art, Mr. Mossman produced some sketches in plaster, indicating so great an aptitude on the part of the young artist, that a wider field was sought for the development of his capabilities. He was accordingly entered a student of the Royal Academy, where he laboured hard for three years, carrying off in that time the highest prize for modelling the academy had to bestow. During his residence in London, Mr. Mossman received the most flattering recognition of his powers, not only from Behnes and Foley, under both of whom he studied, but from Woolner and Millais, who were at this time fellow-students along with him. The earnest night and day application, however, with which he pursued the study of his Art, told seriously upon an organisation never very robust. The result was, that after his return to the North—rest and quiet being pronounced indispensable—Mr. Mossman scarcely handled a chisel for the space of four or five years. Meanwhile he had joined his studio to that of his accomplished elder brother, John (the sculptor of the Peel statue in Glasgow), where he worked, as health permitted, diligently and lovingly, up to the last hour of his life. The amiable and child-like character of the man is reflected to some extent in the works he has left behind him—the chief of these being a life-size figure of 'Hope,' a noble statue, giving evidence of a true genius, but unfortunately only half finished, death having overtaken the artist in the very midst of his labour. Some of the smaller works of Mr. Mossman exhibit the same painstaking study, as, for example, a half-size figure of Hogg's "Kilmeny;" a group from Motherwell's poem of "Jeannie Morrison;" an exquisite group, small size, 'The Wayside Flower;' 'A Girl Bathing,' life size, &c. Altogether it may be inferred from what Mr. Mossman has done, that had life been spared him for a few years longer, he would have had a fair chance of rising to fame in the higher regions of ideal sculpture.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXVIII.—GILBERT STUART NEWTON, R.A.

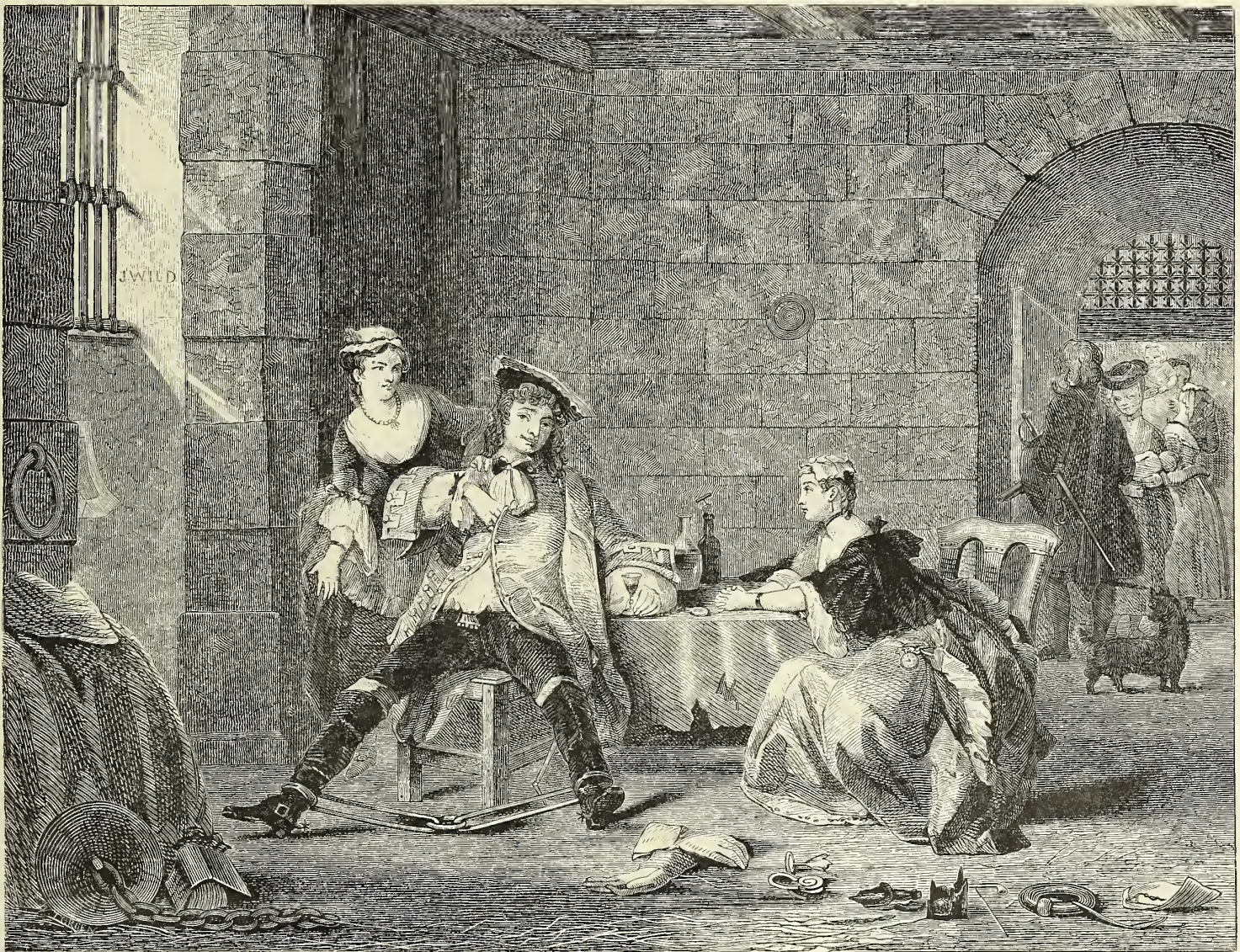


NEWTON, like Benjamin West—a biographical sketch of whom was the last introduced into this series—came to us from America. He was born, in 1794, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his father held a post in the commissariat department of the British army. Newton was more fortunate than his countryman West, in that he met with no opposition in early life to the pursuit of what he had set his heart upon; for his maternal uncle, after whom he was named, Gilbert Stuart, a portrait-painter of some reputation in America, took his nephew to reside with him in Boston, and initiated him into the mysteries of his art. In 1817 he came over to England, left it again after a short residence, and went to Italy, returning to us in 1820. He then entered the schools of the Royal Academy, attending the classes there diligently and assiduously. Some critics who have written about this artist, speak of him as adopting the style of Watteau, but we can trace no similarity in his works to those of the French painter, except as to subject—garden scenes: in the manner of treating them we do not see the slightest resemblance. Among the earliest of his pictures which directed public attention to him, were 'The Forsaken' and 'The Lovers' Quarrel,' both engraved in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1826. A humorous scene from one of Molière's comedies,

'M. de Pourceaugnac, or the Patient in spite of himself,' was exhibited at the Academy in 1824, and another of a similar kind, called 'The Dull Lecture,' in the year following. But a work which attained far greater popularity than any that preceded it, was that engraved on this page, 'CAPTAIN MACHEATH UPBRAIDED BY POLLY AND LUCY,' from the *Beggars' Opera*, a drama which has entirely passed out of the repertory of modern theatrical managers. The gay highwayman, now a prisoner in Newgate, is visited there by two of his former female companions, and in answer to their reproaches or expostulations, he sings them the old well-known song, "How happy could I be with either." The picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1826, is quite Hogarthian in character, but has greater refinement of manner and expression. The picture was bought by the late Marquis of Lansdowne, not by the Marquis of Hastings, as stated by Mr. Sandby, in his "History of the Royal Academy," and is at the family mansion, Bowood House.

'The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina,' from "Gil Blas," appeared at the Academy in 1827, and was purchased by the Duke of Bedford for the sum of five hundred guineas: it was engraved in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1831. In the following year we find Newton exchanging the humorous for the pathetic in his 'Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia.' The passage illustrated is this:—"I entreat, woman, that my words may now be marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. . . . The kindness of heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example." The spirit of the text is well sustained in this excellent composition; the good vicar's habitual kindly-looking face is turned almost to sternness while he rebukes his weak and vain wife for her unmotherly reception of the deluded girl, who stands by trembling at the recollection of her own misdoings and the misery she had entailed upon her home. This picture was also bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and is at Bowood.

In the year that witnessed the exhibition of this work, Newton was elected an Associate of the Academy. The first picture contributed by him



Engraved by]

CAPTAIN MACHEATH UPBRAIDED BY POLLY AND LUCY.

[W. Green.]

after his attaining that rank, was, 'Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn.' "At the moment my landlord entered my chamber with a flambeau in his hand, lighting in a lady, who seemed more beautiful than young, and very richly dressed; she was supported by an old squire, and a little Moorish page carried her train." The subject does not afford much scope

for the delineation of character, but the artist has well used what there is, while he has availed himself of the opportunities afforded by the rich and varied costumes of the figures to employ great brilliancy of colour.

'Shylock and Jessica,' the former giving to the latter the keys of his house, was exhibited in 1830, a picture in which the two characters are

well delineated, and are painted with great care and delicacy. It was bought by the late Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, who placed it in his country mansion at Stoke, near Windsor. In the adjoining room to that wherein it hung at the Academy, was another picture by Newton, 'Yorick and the Grisette,' the same which is now in the Vernon Collection at Kensington: it was engraved some years ago in the *Art-Journal*. A third painting was also contributed that year, the 'Abbot Boniface,' of Scott's "Monastery:" "He was gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers." Leslie relates an anecdote relating to this picture, which, by the

way, is a capital realisation of the jovial ecclesiastic. Newton was intimate with Sydney Smith, and, writes Leslie, "I happened to be in Newton's room when Mr. Smith came in to sit for his portrait. He looked, in the arm chair, very like Newton's picture of 'Abbot Boniface,' and indeed he suspected Newton of taking a hint for the portly figure of the abbot from him. 'I sit here,' he said, 'a personification of piety and abstinence.'"

'Portia and Bassanio,' now national property, the gift of Mr. Sheepshanks, was contributed to the Academy in 1831, in company with another, one of our engraved illustrations, 'LEAR ATTENDED BY CORDELIA AND THE PHYSICIAN.'

This is by far the most important picture of a historical character painted



Engraved by]

LEAR ATTENDED BY CORDELIA AND THE PHYSICIAN.

[W. Green.

by Newton. Shakspeare represents the king on a bed in a tent in the French camp, but the artist has adopted the situation in which he is generally "put on" the stage, and has seated him in a chair. The grouping of the three figures is fine and dramatic, yet natural. The sad, earnest, and inquiring face of Cordelia is turned upwards to the physician, as if she would read in his countenance the result of her father's malady, mental and bodily; there is an appeal from her loving heart, showing itself in looks more eloquent than words, that he would not, by any unfavourable expression of professional opinion, cast aside all hope of recovery. It is no small proof of Newton's powers, that with such a tendency to humour as most of his works display, he could throw so much true pathos and deep feeling as

this picture exhibits. The light and shade are managed with great skill; the former falling most effectively on all the heads, so that the expression of each is seen at once.

'THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY,' is engraved from a picture in the possession of Mr. S. C. Hall. We have no record of its date, nor of its having ever been exhibited. It is evidently a comparatively early work; but is a well-arranged composition, excellent in colour, and the sentiment of the subject is cleverly sustained.

In 1832 Newton was elected a member of the Royal Academy, but he only exhibited one picture, 'Abelard in his Study,' after he reached that position. Towards the end of the following year, he showed unequivocal

signs of insanity, and was removed to a private asylum at Chelsea, where his friend Leslie, who was in America when he heard the sad news, visited him on his return to England. "On calling to see him," writes Leslie, "in October, 1834, he showed me many pencil sketches, and one begun in oil. The subject of the oil sketch was the widow of Lord Strafford showing her son his father's portrait. He told me that Lord Strafford was not executed, but vanished from the scaffold, and was still living; that he was the same person as Lorenzo de' Medici, who had appeared in the world many times in different characters. With the exception of this flight his con-

versation was rational. . . . I took care that all the materials required for drawing and painting should be placed in his room; but he never again sketched or painted." Rapid consumption supervened on mental aberration, and he died in August, 1835, his mind having partially recovered its healthy state a few days only before his death.

Newton was not a painter of great originality or power; but his works are characterised by much elegance both in design and execution, and are most carefully finished, though not highly elaborated. His female figures, especially, are graceful in form and action—witness the two in the



Engraved by]

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

[W. Green.

'Machcath' picture—and in expression convey the sentiment they are meant to embody. As a colourist he must be placed in a high rank, his paintings

being, in general, rich, transparent, and harmonious in tone, and very effective in the distribution of light and shade. JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

SINCE our last notice, the corridors of both Houses remain as they were. There are, however, nearly ready two or three panel frescoes, which will be placed in a few weeks. The light in these corridors is so defective, that some of the panels are in the dark, inasmuch that it would have been all but impossible to have painted them in their respective places. It is unnecessarily subdued by the windows being thickly impasted with white or grey paint. For this there is now about to be substituted coloured glass, which, as far as the pictures are concerned, will be no improvement, for when the sun throws the strong prismatic hues of the glass on the wall, the effect will be to reduce the pictures to mere black and white.

Mr. Maclise's picture of 'The Death of Nelson' advances steadily day by day. We described the composition at its commencement some time ago, from the finished study in oil, and it may now be said that certainly more than one-third, perhaps nearer a half, of the work is completed—the most wonderful instance, perhaps,

known in these days of rapidity in the unassisted labours of one man, for it must not be forgotten, that in the upper part of the picture, which consists almost entirely of the rigging of the *Victory*—not as she is now, but as she was in her sea-going trim nearly sixty years ago—the artist has not only had to address himself to a department of study to which he is a stranger, but to shake out of the dust of half a century the antiquated gear of our ships of the last war. We say that the labour of this part of the picture must constitute nearly half the work, for when Mr. Maclise is dealing with the material on the deck, he will proceed perhaps even more rapidly than he has done, as being entirely at home with the groups and figures. He works from his oil picture, which, having been most maturely considered, and as carefully painted as possible, he proceeds to transfer to the wall without faltering and without change. If there be any difference, the mural painting looks brighter than that on canvas. The extent of the picture is equal to that of the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, and all the figures are of the size of life. It would be difficult to assign a term to the labours of the artist on this production, but at the rate at which he works it

is probable that it will be completed at the end of the next summer.

Mr. Maclise, in his evidence in the late inquiry relative to the Academy, stated that he would be glad of assistance such as that of pupils of which the continental painters have so largely availed themselves in public works, but the training and condition of our artists in such aid is not to be had. Mr. Herbert, it has been stated, destroyed a very great portion of his work from the uncertain results obtainable by his method of working, that is, pure fresco. He has, therefore, adopted stereochrome, or a modification of it—the process of Mr. Maclise's practice. When we speak of "pure" fresco, we mean the application of the colour to the wall without the intervention of terra-verte, as recommended by Vasari. In Italy there are remaining but few "pure" frescoes, all having been painted on a wash of terra-verte, which renders execution on such a surface comparatively easy. The frescoes in the staircase of the House of Lords were painted, we believe, on a wash of terra-verte, but had they been even genuine fresco, we do not believe that even that would have saved them from the decay to which they are gradually yielding.

THE PROGRESS
OF
ART-MANUFACTURE.
ART IN IRON.

THE fine example of wrought iron work we engrave on this page is from a design by Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., and has recently been executed, under his superintendence, by Messrs. Hart and Son. It is scarcely necessary to add that the execution of this design is such as to bring out and to do full justice to the conceptions of the artist by whom it was produced. Our engraving, carefully executed after an excellent photograph, gives so vivid a representation of this very fine work, that any detailed or lengthened verbal description of it is rendered unnecessary.

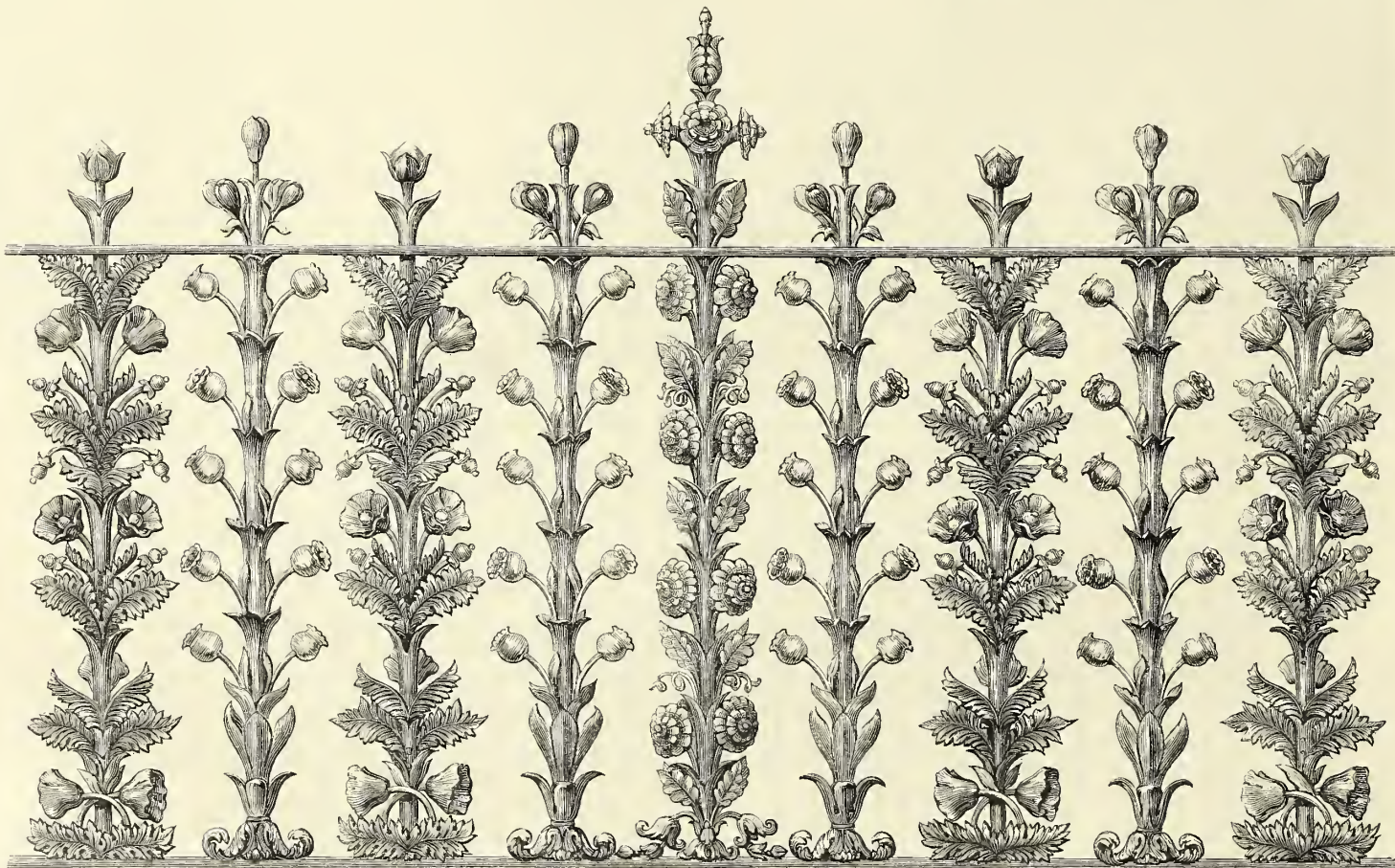
It will be seen that this elaborate railing, which was designed for the express purpose of surrounding an open-air monument as elaborate as itself, has very rich standards both at its four angles and also in the centre of each of its sides. The spaces between these principal standards are filled in with alternate branches of lilies and poppies, the emblems of innocence and sleep. And the whole is skilfully adjusted to form a single harmonious and well-compacted composition, of singular effectiveness and beauty in itself, and happily appropriate to the purpose for which it has been produced. We have regarded this beautiful piece of wrought iron-work with great interest, and we have sincere satisfaction in adducing it as a fresh example of the combined action of Art and manufacture. So deplorably worthless are the great majority of what are called *designs* for metal work expressly intended to be decorative, that the appearance of true and pure Art in iron is doubly welcome. And not

only has Mr. Shaw, in this instance, produced an excellent design, which the Messrs. Hart have executed with perfect success, but we desire particularly to direct attention to the judicious adaptation of the details of this design to the distinctive qualities of the all-important material to which it was to be applied. This quality of appropriateness to the natural character of the material is one of paramount importance in producing true Art-manufactures; indeed, without this quality not only existing in a design but exercising a commanding influence in it, it is altogether impossible that any works of the highest order of excellence should be produced. Unhappily this condition of excellence is generally held in but slight esteem by our so-called designers, for this very significant reason—that in general they know little or nothing of either the practical application and working out of their own designs, or of materials and their processes of actual manufacture. Mr. Henry Shaw is a designer of a very different order from this. Accordingly, when he designed his iron-work, he was aided by a thorough knowledge as well of what might legitimately be wrought by the hand in iron, as of the means and processes for making wrought iron most effective and most beautiful. Hence this iron-work is much more than a very gratifying example of success in both designing and manufacturing: it suggests the right and the sound principle for successful designing in the hard metals, without any direct reference to the Gothic element—that grand master of artistic metal work. We have to thank Mr. Shaw and the Messrs. Hart, therefore, for both a specimen of what may be done, and an example of what habitually ought to be done, in iron-work.

The monument which is surrounded and protected by this fine iron grille, is placed in the cemetery at Finchley, where it commemorates members of the family of Mr. Farrer. The

carved work has been executed in stone and marble, and the memorial has been completed entirely to the satisfaction of Mr. Shaw, by Mr. Perrior, of Hammersmith.

Happily, Mr. Shaw and the Messrs. Hart have by no means executed a solitary example of true Art in iron, in the grille which has claimed from us a strong expression of our admiration, nor are they alone in the production of fine works of this class. This grille is simply an honourable specimen of the habitual practice of the artists who have produced it; and, in like manner, artist metal-workers of a high order are gradually increasing in their numbers. The precious metals and the hard metals are now beginning to be regarded, as they used to be in the middle ages, as equally capable of artistic treatment, each group of these materials having its own proper range of application, while with each certain processes are associated as peculiarly its own. In some few instances, indeed, the Art that is called forth in treating the hard metals elevates them almost, if not altogether, to an equality of rank with the precious metals; and occasionally, as in the instance of niello and damascening applied to steel, the metals of both classes share the action of the same processes. In the middle ages iron and steel were wrought with excellent skill and taste into objects that now are deservedly held in the very highest estimation. We rejoice to know that the metal-workers of the olden time have at length found followers worthy to succeed to their highest honours. It would, indeed, have been a positive disgrace to this age of infinitely varied manufactures in iron, had not modern iron-work been able to vindicate its claims to artistic distinction. A very great deal has been done and is constantly doing in iron-work without any Art, as in the construction of the Crystal Palace; but, on the other hand, truly artistic iron-work is also grow-



ing up on all sides, and gradually attaining to continually fresh degrees of excellence. We look for some new illustration of their strengthening powers as artists in iron from the Norwich producers of the "Gates," that were promoted from the Great Exhibition to the country seat of the Prince of Wales; and we also wait for another great work, in which iron shall be the predominant material, from the authors of the Lichfield

and Hereford screens. And so, in like manner, the many other fine works in iron that have lately been exhibited by different producers, lead us to seek for fresh evidences of efforts that have been crowned with more signal successes. Art in iron must be continually progressive—it must aspire always to attain to some still unattained excellence. As in the instance of the old iron-workers, so now also the requirements of ecclesiastical

edifices with their accessories are the great stimulants to artistic excellence in iron-work. In other words, it is the action and the influence of the Gothic spirit that is restoring iron-work to its old rank. The Gothic, indeed, specially delights in working in iron; and the iron, with becoming propriety, evidently reciprocates the sentiment, and rejoices in giving expression to Gothic designs.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.

"How many portraits of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other—all how true;
Arcadia's comitess here in ermined pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain's side."—POPE.

I AM greatly pleased with a preference given on a remarkable occasion by a distinguished author, well conversant with Art in every school and every collection. Two "invitations" arrived at his house, and by the same post: one was to the "private view" (so called) of the Turner bequest of landscapes real and poetic; the other was to my Lord Stanhope's collection (made under a vote of Parliament) of portraits of persons illustrious or notorious in British history.

Mark the reply:—I can see in the *original*, and at little cost, sunrises and sunsets, bright and hazy mornings, cold and sultry noons, sunny afternoons, dewy eves, pleasing twilights, and Melroses by moonlight. I can conjure a Cyp before me at the cheap cost of a couplet from Goldsmith—

"The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail."

I can summon before me, thanks to Thomson—

"Whate'er Lorraine light touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew."

I can trace and enjoy "the mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills" at the price of a railway fare, "whether on business or on pleasure bent." Deuham's couplet on the Thames I can carry on my tongue-top, and is better to me than any picture that can be given of the queen of rivers, by Creswick or photography. Most unquestionably I prefer Lodge's portraits of illustrious personages to Claude's "Liber Veritatis," and Houbraken's heads to Turner's "Liber Studiorum." In short, I take infinitely more interest in the "Stanhope" than I do in the "Turner" Gallery. You have sought my opinion, and I have answered. Happy in viewing either—happier among portraits upon panel than in the midst of landscapes upon canvas—more at home and with freer range among God's work with human faces, redolent with thought, than with trees, and skies, and enchanting distances, redolent with sunshine—happier far amid full-lengths and kit-kats than with Alpine and Apennine views, and the "Thames at Richmond" into the bargain. A portrait of Shakspeare "*ad vivum*," by Vansomer (to whom, by the way, he might have sat), "showing how he looked, and moved, and dressed," would be more to my taste, and would untie my purse-strings sooner to possess, than a view of Parnassus, painted on the spot by the poetic pencil of Poussin himself. What says, or rather sings in glorious verse, glorious John Dryden to Sir Godfrey Kneller, repaying the painter knight and baronet for his present of a copy of the head of Shakspeare, now at Lord Fitzwilliam's seat in Yorkshire:—

"Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight,
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less—but of his godlike race."

And what better can be said upon this point than what Walpole has said so well? Weigh every word from lips so authoritative:—"A landscape, however excellent in its distribution of road, and water, and buildings, leaves not one trace in the memory. *Historical painting* is perpetually false in a variety of ways—in the costume, the grouping, the portraits—and is nothing more than fabulous painting; but a *real* portrait is truth itself, and calls up so many collateral ideas, as to

fill an intelligent mind more than any other species of painting."

In this spirit I planned, under many *Committee* disadvantages, the famous (I may be permitted without boasting to call it) British Portrait Gallery, in the successful and *remunerative* Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857, and in this spirit of preference the reader of the *Art-Journal* will, I trust, go along with me.

There is a further fascination about portraits of importance, historical or domestic, that words have well described. Two of the most touching poems in our language owe their origin to the Muse of domestic life. Who has forgotten Cowper's verses on the receipt of his mother's picture:—

"Oh that those lips had language! life hath past
With me but roughly since I heard them last."

Or who that has read will readily forget the lines by Thomas Edwards "On a Family Picture:—

"When pensive on that portraiture I gaze."

A piece of self-sustained sorrow in verse not to be matched in the whole body—large and noble as it is—of English poetry.

Our earliest English portraits are naturally and unquestionably the portraits of our kings and queens. Is the face, I will ask, of the finely-wrought effigy of King Henry III., in Westminster Abbey, a portrait of that king? If it is, as I believe it to be, a likeness,—and Mr. Albert Way and Mr. Richard Westmacott do not shake their heads otherwise than approvingly,—we may safely call the Westminster Henry III. the earliest example we have of portraiture "*ad vivum*" in England. Any doubt, however, that may hang over the minds of the *Dirletons* in early Art (the few whose doubts now and then are better than other people's certainties) does not extend to the exquisite gilded effigy (re-cumbent) of Queen Eleanor (died 1291), on her tomb in Westminster Abbey—the work (the fact was unknown to Walpole) of Master William Torell, goldsmith—that is, as I believe, though antiquaries differ, Torelli, an Italian, a follower of the school of Pisano.

The Cassiobury portrait of Henry IV., from Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, is not to be neglected; still less so the panel portrait of Richard III. and others, at the Society of Antiquaries, and *once* in the Royal Collection. Careful photographs of these would repay publication.

I cannot (unwillingly I confess) look on the full-length of Edward IV. at Hampton Court as a genuine portrait, though a picture (a copy and its origin known) that entitles it to be well taken care of. Nor can I look on the so-called Caxton and Edward IV. in the Lambeth MS. as genuine; the kneeling figure is not Caxton certainly. My friend and schoolfellow, the late Mr. Hudson Turner (with whom so much knowledge died), used to ridicule the supposition. The supposed bones of Edward V., found in the Tower in the reign of Charles II., and buried in a Wren sarcophagus by that king, are as *fabulous* as the Lambeth portraiture.

Numismatists and collectors of coins assure us (and there is no reason that I can see to doubt their accuracy) that the earliest portrait of an English sovereign on an English coin is the profile on the coin of King *Henry the Seventh*. And here I will ask, was the Strawberry Hill "pensive portrait" of the victor of Bosworth genuine? I think not; but this is a point on which Mr. Albert Way, Mr. Fairholt, and Mr. Farrer are fully entitled to be heard. Can I tempt them into a "printed" opinion on this subject, and in the columns of the *Art-Journal*?

The face and figure of Henry VIII. are as well known to us as if we had seen him in

the flesh at Westminster or Whitehall, at Greenwich, at Eltham, or at Hever. Holbein has given us Harry to the life. You may see King Harry at Windsor Castle, Warwick Castle, and at Kimbolton Castle—better still, I think, at Petworth. His court might be made more familiar to the public, were her Majesty to permit the wonderful Holbein black and red chalk drawings of the Tudor worthies to be seen next summer on the walls of the British Institution. Holbein is imperfectly understood in England, and very few persons indeed have ever seen these Holbein heads. The engravings made of them in the last century by Chamberlayne lack every Holbein quality.

King Edward VI. is to be seen at Windsor and at Petworth, *not* at Bridewell and Christ's Hospital. Philip and Mary, "cooing and billing" (as Butler humorously has it), may be seen at Woburn (the Duke of Bedford's). Mary herself is to be seen, to perfection, at the Society of Antiquaries. Happily Mr. Henry Shaw (our more than modern Vertue) has preserved the Lucas de Heere to us in coloured copies of marvellous accuracy, price (I will take this opportunity of observing) *only* three guineas each.

The serial portraits of Scottish kings at Holyrood, from Fergus to—(anybody), have long afforded laughter to the English—the painter and the porter at the palace are said to have sat alternately for them. One good picture is *now* (1863), however, at Holyrood—the famous kneeling portrait of King James III., with St. Andrew superintending the royal devotions. This picture, and its companion of his queen, was, on the earnest petition of the Scottish people, restored to the Land of Cakes. Hampton Court visitors cannot have forgotten these pictures.

The face of Queen Elizabeth is familiar to every student of English history.

The *broken* and unique coin of Queen Bess, designed to pass current among her subjects, and on which the Rose of Tudor is represented with the "wrinkled care that youth derides," once a Strawberry Hill curiosity, is now, fitly enough, one of the many treasures of the coin-room in the British Museum.

Elizabeth was particular about her portraiture. Five years before the Armada threatened England, her Majesty, by her royal sign manual, gave a monopoly of making the graven image of her person to her servant and serjeant painter, *George Gower*, one artist alone excepted, *Nicholas Hilliard*, "to whom," so runs the royal will of Tudor blood, "it shall or may be lawful to make portraits, pictures, and proportions of Our Body and Person, in small compass in limning only, and not otherwise."*

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,
And, Betty—give this cheek a little red,"

were the dying wishes of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, as versified by Pope. I will not look unlovely, even on my own coin, was the imperial command of "England's Elizabeth."

By far the best portrait of Queen Elizabeth is the ermine-and-rainbow portrait at Hatfield. There is an excellent engraving of it. Visitors to Abbotsford will recollect the pen-and-ink representation of her Majesty dancing "high and disposedly," made for Sir Walter Scott, from Melville's Memoirs, by his friend (the Walpole of Scotland) Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

With the accession of the House of Stuart to our English throne, a new race of painters arrived in England. Our Stuart and Hanoverian royal portraits will form the subject of my next communication.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

* This curious fact was first made public in that useful publication called *Notes and Queries*.

HYMNS IN PROSE.*

ASSOCIATED, and most pleasantly, with the days of our childhood have ever been Mrs. Barbauld's simple yet beautiful "Hymns for Children." Among all the books for children which the last half-century has set forth, there is not one more suited to their understanding, more attractive in



nishing quite a study of natural history for the child. Every one who knows these writings must remember how Mrs. Barbauld draws her pictures in immediate contrast to each other, the same scene being described under different aspects, night and day, storm and sunshine, summer and winter. On opposite pages the same plan is fre-

subject, fuller of true wisdom, or richer in poetic feeling than these delightful prose hymns.

What would we not have given when a boy for such an edition as Mr. Murray has sent into the world?—a book in which every page is adorned with engravings of the very best character, illustrating with almost singular aptitude the words of the text—landscapes, figure-subjects, animals, plants, and trees, a most charming variety, fur-

quently carried out here by the illustrators, and it is surprising how much of variety is given to the pictorial landscape by this different mode of treatment, the same localities being scarcely recognisable, at first sight, under change of circumstances. The artists employed on the designs are Messrs. R. Barnes, W. S. Coleman, T. Kennedy,



and E. M. Wimperis, all of whom, with the exception of the first mentioned, are well known as most skilful draughtsmen on wood, while Mr. Barnes proves himself a right worthy coadjutor of the others. The engravings have been entirely

* HYMNS IN PROSE FOR CHILDREN. By Mrs. BARBAULD, author of "Lessons for Children." Published by John Murray, London.

executed by Mr. James D. Cooper, whose high reputation—as the specimens we are permitted to introduce abundantly show—will not suffer by his work.

There seems to be no probability that our old friend Mrs. Barbauld will pass into oblivion while this beautiful edition of her hymns may be had for seven shillings and sixpence.

PICTURE SALES.

It is rarely we are called upon at this time of the year to report the sale of an important collection of pictures, but the dispersion, in November last, of Mr. A. Grant's gallery of modern paintings and drawings, about one hundred and fifty in number, demands a notice. The sale took place in the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Co.

Mr. Grant, who resided, we believe, at Kensington Gate, brought his pictures into the market in consequence of leaving his house. Among the works were a few only by our leading painters, but the collection generally was good and very varied. The principal lots were:—'Little Red Riding-Hood,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 40 gs. (Brown); 'The Haymaker—Raking,' G. E. Hicks, 40 gs. (Hooper); 'The Haymaker—Making,' G. E. Hicks, £40 (Gibbons); 'Emmerich, on the Rhine,' G. C. Stanfield, 47 gs. (Hall); 'Friends in Adversity,' T. Brooks, 71 gs. (Moore); 'A Soldier's Tent,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 31 gs. (Peacock); 'The Rose of England,' C. Baxter, 67 gs. (Hall); 'The Quarrelsome Neighbour,' the late W. H. Knight, 115 gs. (Hooper); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 55 gs. (Moore); 'Cows in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 61 gs. (Moore); 'A Wiltshire Well,' G. Earl, 42 gs. (Cox); 'Prospero, Miranda, and Caliban,' C. Rolt, 38 gs. (Clark); 'Looking Seaward,' C. S. Litterdale, 37 gs. (Peacock); 'Genoa by Moonlight,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 35 gs. (Moore); 'A Breezy Day off Harwich,' G. Chambers, 35 gs. (Cox); 'On the Hudson River,' L. R. Mignot, 35 gs. (Caverhill); 'The Boat-builder,' W. Hemsley, 58 gs. (Hall); 'By the Wayside—a Tranquil Stream,' T. Creswick, R.A., 138 gs. (Cox); 'Hot Water, Sir!' W. P. Frith, R.A., the engraved picture, 105 gs. (Gibbons); 'Landscape—Sunset,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 65 gs. (Hall); 'The Guardian and his Flock,' Verboeckhoven, 191 gs. (Cox); 'The Dinner Hour,' G. Hardy, 40 gs.; 'Breakfast Time,' the companion, 43 gs. (both bought by W. Peacock); 'Robespierre receives Letters from the Friends of his Victims,' W. H. Fisk, 70 gs. (Currie); 'At the Opera,' T. Brooks, 40 gs. (White); 'From the Hill Side,' the late W. Duffield, 240 gs. (Webb); 'Beggars my Neighbour,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 50 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'Edinburgh Castle,' D. Roberts, R.A., 255 gs. (Hooper); 'Blowing a Gale,' Koekkoek, 70 gs. (Delafield); 'A Gipsy's Encampment,' Sir A. Callcott, R.A., and F. Goodall, A.R.A., 90 gs. (Rhodes); 'The Bride's Departure,' G. E. Hicks, 145 gs. (Gilbert); 'Ripe Fruit,' G. Lance, 75 gs. (Cox); 'The Harvest Home,' in water-colours, W. Goodall, 103 gs.; 'Oh, how pretty!' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., 230 gs.; 'A Calm,' Koekkoek, 70 gs. (Delafield); 'The Toilet,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 58 gs. (Haynes); 'A Signal on the Horizon,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 425 gs. (Moore); 'Going to the Highland Kirk,' T. Brooks, 125 gs. (Hicks); 'The Water Signal,' T. Creswick, R.A., 110 gs. (Gibbons); 'The Old Noblesse in the Conciergerie,' W. H. Fisk, 155 gs. (Haynes); 'A Fruit Market by Night,' Van Schendel, 130 gs. (Cox); 'The Lost Change,' the late W. H. Knight, 191 gs. (Hooper); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 70 gs. (Hall); 'Pallanza,' J. B. Pyne, 80 gs. (Moore); 'Prizes from the Sea,' G. Lance, 60 gs. (Currie); 'Rouen Cathedral,' F. and E. Goodall, 70 gs. (Cox); 'Amy Robsart, Janet, and her Father,' T. P. Hall, 60 gs. (Herring); 'The Outrage on Sir John Coventry,' T. H. Maguire, 235 gs. (Scott); 'Bed-time,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 560 gs. (Webster); 'After Drill,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 103 gs. (Gibbons); 'Lago Maggiore—Under the Vine,' G. E. Hering, 49 gs. (Haynes); 'Castello d'Angeria,' J. B. Pyne, 80 gs. (Moore); 'The Cooling Stream,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 240 gs. (Moore); 'Love me, love my Dog!' C. Baxter, 132 gs. (Hooper); 'Sorting Letters,' F. Wyburd, 120 gs. (Gilbert); 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 82 gs. (Morby); 'What ails the Old Dog?' T. P. Hall, 60 gs. (Scott); 'Blowing Hard,' G. Chambers, 90 gs. (Cox); 'Lago del Sierra, Lombardy,' G. E. Hering, 80 gs. (Moore); 'A Letter from Papa,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 165 gs. (Leggatt). The amount realised reached £8,412.

LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS.*

Side by side with the illustrated edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" must be placed this edition of Professor Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," which, in number, variety, and beauty of illustration, certainly bears away the palm from the other. Nearly seventy engravings, including head-pieces and tail-pieces, are interspersed throughout the volume, the figure-subjects drawn by Noel Paton, R.S.A., the landscapes by his younger brother, Waller H. Paton.

The first of the principal engravings represents Randolph Murray, Captain of the City Band, marching out of Edinburgh to meet the Southerners at Flodden, a composition which, in manner, is not unlike Andrea Mantegna's triumphal processions. It is followed by the return of Murray from the fatal field, weary and wounded, to the city, a view of the high street forming the background, with groups of citizens looking anxiously and inquiringly upon him. The horse and his rider, in full war panoply, are finely drawn, their very attitude bespeaking the saddened condition of both. Even more powerful in expression than this is Murray showing the blood-stained royal banner to the elders of the city guild in their hall, while the wives and mothers of the Scottish soldiery crowd round the entrance to hear what they can of the news. The head of Murray is an admirable study. This plate and that just noticed, are exquisitely engraved by Mr. Thompson. Mr. Linton, too, has done ample justice, as the engraving introduced here shows, to the next—James lying dead on Flodden, in the midst of his fallen knights and nobles, a perfect chaos of mailed bodies, and broken spears, and shattered falchions.

The "Execution of Montrose," that dark passage in the history of the Covenanters, opens with young Evan Cameron standing by the side of his old grandfather to hear "How the great marquis died." In the next subject, Montrose going to execution, are two or three heads full of character. That immediately following, the Marquis praying on the scaffold, is more effective every way. The tail-piece to this "lay," Montrose's head on a spear, is a wonderful little bit of drawing and engraving.

The "Heart of the Bruce" is illustrated by several engravings. The first is the king on his death-bed, surrounded by his nobles, giving his last message to Lord James of Douglas. This is followed by a very spirited composition—the Scottish band, with Douglas in the foreground holding aloft the casket containing the king's heart, taking part with the Spaniards in an engagement with the Saracens. Another of this series, charmingly engraved by Mr. Linton, is the King of Spain bending over the body of the dying Douglas.

The "Burial March of Dundee" is headed by an engraving of the funeral procession of the chieftain, the body borne on the shoulders of four stalwart Highlanders, preceded by the pibrochs and surrounded by armed men on foot and horseback. Another illustration of the same subject is one of the two introduced here, Dundee leading the charge at Killiecrankie, where he was slain, a composition of remarkable spirit.

The "Old Scottish Cavalier," mortally wounded on the field of Culloden, is scarcely inferior to any in the volume, in feeling, expression, and grouping. The illustration of "Hermotimus," one of the Professor's minor poems, is a very beautiful composition of the old Greek type; and that appended to the verses called "The Buried Flower," though of a different character—a solitary figure seated before the fire in his study, musing on the past—is excellent.

The style of Mr. Paton's illustrations, of which we are able to point out only a few of the principal, is seen in the examples we are able to place

before our readers. The majority of them seem based upon that usually employed by the best artists of Germany, but with greater richness in design, and with more freedom of pencilling.



"THEN OUR LEADER RODE BEFORE US."

They combine, in fact, the truth of drawing, and the deep feeling of the former school with the fertile invention, and picturesque manner, of our own. Of his brother's landscapes we have not



"COLD ON FLODDEN'S FATAL HILL."

spoken: they are, for the most part, vignettes—elegant and poetic little compositions—adding vastly to the interest and beauty of this most attractive and splendid volume.

* LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS, AND OTHER POEMS. By WILLIAM EDMONSTONE AYTOUN, D.C.L., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. With Illustrations by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., and Waller H. Paton. Published by W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XII.—The Dance of Death.—The paintings in the church of La Chaise Dieu.—The reign of Folly.—Sebastian Brandt; the "Ship of Fools."—Disturbers of church service.—Troublesome beggars.—Geiler's sermons.—Badius, and his ship of foolish women.—The pleasures of smell.—Erasmus; the "Praise of Folly."

THERE is still one cycle of satire which almost belongs to the middle ages, though it only became developed at their close, and became most popular after they were past. There existed, at least as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, a legendary story of an interview between three living and three dead men, which is usually told in French verse, and appears under the title of "Des trois vifs et des trois morts." According to some versions of the legend, it was St. Macarius, the Egyptian recluse, who thus introduced the living to the dead. The verses are sometimes accompanied with figures, and these have been found both sculptured and painted on ecclesiastical buildings. At a later period, apparently early in the fifteenth century, some one extended this idea to all ranks of society, and pictured a skeleton, the emblem of death, or even more than one, in communication with an individual of each class; and this extended scene, from the manner of the grouping—in which the dead appeared to be wildly dancing off with the living—became known as the "Dance of Death." As the earlier legend of the three dead and the three living was, however, still often introduced at the beginning of it, the whole group was most generally known—especially during the fifteenth century—as the "Danse Macabre," or Dance of Macabre, this name being considered as a mere corruption of Macarius. The temper of the age—in which death in every form was constantly before the eyes of all, and in which people sought to regard life as a mere transitory moment of enjoyment—gave to this grim idea of the fellowship of death and life great popularity, and it was not only painted on the walls of churches, but it was suspended in tapestry around people's chambers. Sometimes they even attempted to represent it in masquerade, and we are told that in the month of October, 1424, the "Danse Macabre" was publicly danced by living people in the cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris—a fit place for so lugubrious a performance—in the presence of the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Burgundy, who came to Paris after the battle of Verneuil. During the rest of the century we find not unfrequent allusions to the Danse Macabre. The English poet Lydgate wrote a series of stanzas to accompany the figures; and it was the subject of some of the earliest engravings on wood. In the posture and accompaniments of the figures representing the different classes of society, and in the greater or less reluctance with which the living accept their not very attractive partners, satire is usually implied, and it is in some cases accompanied with drollery. The figure representing death has almost always a grimly mirthful countenance, and appears to be dancing with good will. The most remarkable early representation of the Danse Macabre now preserved, is that painted on the wall of the church of La Chaise Dieu, in Auvergne, a beautiful fac-simile of which was published a few years ago by the well-known antiquary M. Jubinal. This remarkable picture begins with the figures of Adam and Eve, who are introducing death into the world in the form of a serpent with a death's head. The dance is opened by an ecclesiastic preaching from a pulpit, towards whom death is leading, first in the dance, the pope, for each individual takes his precedence strictly according to his class—alternately an ecclesiastic and a layman. Thus next after the pope comes the emperor, and the cardinal is followed by the king. The baron is followed by the bishop, and the grim partner of the latter appears to pay more attention to the layman than to his own priest, so that two dead men appear to be dancing the former in charge. The group thus represented by the nobleman and the two deaths, is copied in our cut No. 1, and will serve

as an example of the style and grouping of this very remarkable painting. After a few other figures, perhaps less striking, we come to the merchant, who receives the advances of his partner with a thoughtful air; while immediately after him another death is trying to make himself more acceptable to the bashful nun by throwing a cloak over his nakedness. In another place two deaths armed with bows and arrows are scattering their shafts rather dangerously. Soon follow some of the more gay and youthful members of society.



Fig. 1.—THE KNIGHT IN THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Our cut No. 2 represents the musician, who appears also to attract the attentions of two of the persecutors. In his dismay he is treading under foot his own viol. The dance closes with the lower orders of society, and is concluded by a group which is not so easily understood. Before the end of the fifteenth century, there had appeared in Paris several editions of a series of bold engravings on wood, in a small folio size, representing the same dance, though somewhat differently treated. France, indeed, appears to have been the native country of the Danse Macabre. But in



Fig. 2.—THE MUSICIAN IN DEATH'S HANDS.

the century following, the beautiful set of drawings by the great artist Hans Holbein, first published at Lyons in 1538, gave to the Dance of Death a still greater and wider celebrity. From this time the subjects of this dance were commonly introduced in initial letters, and in the engraved borders of pages, especially in books of a religious character.

Death may truly be said to have shared with Folly that melancholy period the fifteenth century. As society then presented itself to the eye, people

might easily suppose that the world was running mad, and folly, in one shape or other, seemed to be the principle which ruled most men's actions. The jocular societies, described in a former chapter, which multiplied in France during the fifteenth century, initiated a sort of mock worship of Folly. That sort of inauguration of death which was performed in the Danse Macabre, was of French growth, but the grand crusade against folly appears to have originated in Germany. Sebastian Brandt was a native of Strassburg, born in 1458. He studied in that city and in Bale, became a celebrated professor in both those places, and died at Strassburg in 1520. The "Ship of Fools," which has immortalised the name of Sebastian Brandt, is believed to have been first published in the year 1494. The original German text went through numerous editions within a few years; a Latin translation was equally popular, and it was afterwards edited and enlarged by Jodocus Badius Ascensius. A French text was no less successful; an English translation was printed by Richard Pynson in 1509; a Dutch version appeared in 1519. During the sixteenth century, Brandt's "Ship of Fools" was the most popular of books. It consisted of a series of bold wood-cuts, which formed its characteristic feature, and of metrical explanations, written by Brandt, and annexed to each cut. Taking his text from the words of the preacher, *Stultorum numerus est infinitus*, Brandt exposes to the eye, in all its shades and forms, the folly of his contemporaries, and bares to view its roots and causes. The cuts are especially interesting as striking pictures of contemporary manners. The ship of fools is the great ship of the world, into which the various descriptions of fatuity are pouring from all quarters in boat-loads. The first folly is that of men who collected great quantities of books, not for their utility, but for their rarity, or beauty of execution, or rich bindings; so that we see that bibliomania had already taken its place among human vanities. The second class of fools were interested and partial judges, who sold justice for money, and are represented under the emblem of two fools throwing a boar into a cauldron, according to the old Latin proverb, *Agere aprum in lebetem*. Then come the various follies of misers, fops, dotards, men who are foolishly indulgent to their children, mischief-makers, and despisers of good advice; of nobles and men in power; of the profane and the im-provident; of foolish lovers; of extravagant eaters and drinkers, &c., &c. Foolish talking, hypocrisy, frivolous pursuits, ecclesiastical corruptions, impudicity, and a great number of other vices as well as follies, are duly passed in review, and are represented in various forms of satirical caricature, and sometimes in simpler unadorned pictures. Thus the foolish valuers of things are represented by a fool holding a balance, one scale of which contains the sun, moon, and stars, to represent heaven and heavenly things, and the other a castle and fields, to represent earthly things, the latter scale overweighing the other; and the procrastinator is pictured by another fool, with a parrot perched on his head, and a magpie on each hand, all repeating *cras, cras, cras* (to-morrow). Our cut No. 3 represents a group of disturbers of church service. It was a common practice in former days to take to church hawks (which were constantly carried about as the outward ensign of the gentleman) and dogs. The fool has here thrown back his fool's-cap to exhibit more fully the fashionable "gent" of the day; he carries his hawk on his hand, and wears not only a fashionable pair of shoes, but very fashionable clogs also. These fashionable gentlemen, *turgentes genere et natalibus altis*, we are told, were the persons who disturbed the church service by the creaking of their shoes and clogs, the noise made by their birds, the barking and quarrelling of their dogs, by their own whisperings, and especially with immodest women, whom they met in church as in a convenient place of assignation. All these forms of the offence are expressed in the picture. Our second example, cut No. 4, which forms the fifty-ninth title or subject in the "Ship of Fools," represents a party of the beggars with which, either lay or ecclesiastical, the country was then overrun. In the explanation, these wicked beggars are described as indulging in idleness, in eating, drinking, rioting, and

sleep, while they levy contributions on the charitable feelings of the honest and industrious, and, under cover of begging, commit robbery wherever they find the opportunity. The beggar, who appears to be only a deceptive cripple, leads his donkey laden with children, whom he is bringing



Fig. 3.—DISTURBERS OF CHURCH SERVICE.

up in the same profession, while his wife lingers behind to indulge in her bibulous propensities. These cuts will give a tolerable notion of the general character of the whole, which amount in number to a hundred and twelve, and therefore present a great variety of subjects relative to almost every class and profession of life.

We may remark, however, that after Folly had thus run through all the stages of society, until it had reached the lowest of all, the ranks of mendicancy, the gods themselves became alarmed, the more so as this great movement was directed especially against Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and they held a conclave to provide against it. The result is not told, but the course of Folly goes on as vigorously as ever. Ignorant fools who set up for physicians, fools who cannot understand jokes, unwise mathematicians, astro-



Fig. 4.—MENDICANTS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

logers, of the latter of which the moraliser says, in his Latin verse—

"Siqua voles sortis prænoscere damna futuræ,
Et vitare malum, sol tibi signa dabit.
Sed tibi, stulte, tui cur non dedit ille furoris
Signa? aut, si dederit, cur tanta mala subis?
Nondum grammaticæ callis primordia, et audes
Vim cæli radio supposuisse tuo."

The next cut is a very curious one, and appears to represent a dissecting house of this early period. Among other chapters which afford interesting pictures of that time, and indeed of all times, we may instance those of litigious fools, who are always going to law, and who confound blind justice, or rather try to unbind her eyes; the filthy-tongued fools, who glorify the race of swine; of ignorant scholars; of gamblers; of bad and thievish cooks; of low men who seek to be high, and of high who are despisers of poverty; of men who forget that they will die; of irreligious men and blasphemers; of the ridiculous indulgence of parents to children, and the ungrateful return which was made to them for it; and of women's pride. Another title describes the ruin of Christianity: the pope, emperor, king, cardinals, &c., are receiving willingly from a suppliant fool the cap of Folly, while two other fools are looking derisively upon them from an adjoining wall. It need hardly be said that this was published on the eve of the Reformation.

In the midst of the popularity which greeted the appearance of the work of Sebastian Brandt, it attracted the special attention of a celebrated preacher of the time named Johann Geiler. Geiler was born at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, in 1445, but having lost his father when only three years of age, he was educated by his grandfather, who lived at Keyersberg, in Alsace, and hence he was commonly called Geiler of Keyersberg. He studied in Freiburg and Bâle, obtained a great reputation for

learning, was esteemed a profound theologian, and was finally settled in Strassburg, where he continued to shine as a preacher until his death in 1510. He was a bold man, too, in the cause of truth, and declaimed with earnest zeal against the corruptions of the Church, and especially against the monkish orders, for he compared the black monks to the devil, the white monks to his dam, and the others he said were their chickens. On another occasion he said that the qualities of a good monk were an almighty belly, an ass's back, and a raven's mouth. He told his congregation from the pulpit that a great reformation was at hand, that he did not expect to live to see it himself, but that many of those who heard him would live to see it. As may be supposed, the monks hated him, and spoke of him with contempt. They said, that in his sermons he took his texts, not from the Scriptures, but from the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt; and, in fact, during the year 1498, Geiler preached at Strassburg a series of sermons on the follies of his time, which were evidently founded upon Brandt's book, for the various follies were taken in the same order. They were originally compiled in German, but one of Geiler's scholars, Jacob Other, translated them into Latin, and published them, in 1501, under the title of "Navicula sive Speculum Fatuorum præstantissimi sacrarum literarum doctoris Johannis Geiler." Within a few years this work went through several editions both in Latin and in German, some of them illustrated by wood-cuts. The style of preaching is quaint and curious, full of satirical wit, which is often coarse, according to the manner of the



Fig. 5.—THE BOAT OF PLEASANT ODOURS.

time, sometimes very indelicate. Each sermon is headed by the motto, "Stultorum infinitus est numerus." Geiler takes for his theme in each sermon one of the titles of Brandt's "Ship of Fools," and he separated them into subdivisions, or branches, which he calls the bells (*nolas*) from the fool's-cap.

The other scholar who did most to spread the knowledge of Brandt's work, was Jodocus Badius, who assumed the additional name of Ascensius because he was born at Assen, near Brussels, in 1462. He was a very distinguished scholar, but is best known for having established a celebrated printing establishment in Paris, where he died in 1535. I have already stated that Badius edited the Latin translation of the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt, with additional explanations of his own, but he was one of the first of Brandt's imitators. He seems to have thought that Brandt's book was not complete—that the weaker sex had not received its fair share of importance; and apparently in 1498, while Geiler was turning the "Stultifera Navis" into sermons, Badius compiled a sort of supplement to it (*additamentum*), to which he gave the title of "Stultifera navicula, seu Scaphæ Fatuorum Mulierum," the Boats of Foolish Women. As far as can be traced, the first edition appears to have been printed in 1502. The first cut represents the ship carrying Eve alone of the female race, whose folly involved the whole world. The book is divided into five chapters, according to the number of the five senses, each sense represented by a boat carrying its particular class of foolish women to the great ship of foolish women which lies off at anchor. The text consists of a dissertation on the use and

abuse of the particular sense which forms the substance of the chapter, and it ends with Latin verses, which are given as the boatman's *celusma*, or boat song. The first of these boats is the *scapha stultæ visionis ad stultiferam navem pervenens*, the boat of foolish vision proceeding to the ship of fools. A party of gay ladies are taking possession of the boat, carrying with them their combs, looking-glasses, and all other implements necessary for making them fair to be looked upon. The second boat is the *scapha auditionis fatuæ*, the boat of foolish hearing, in which the ladies are playing upon musical instruments. The third is the *scapha olfactionis stultæ*, the boat of foolish smell, and the pictorial illustration to it is partly copied in our cut No. 5. In the original some of the ladies are gathering sweet-smelling flowers before they enter the boat, while on board a pedlar is vending his perfume. One *folle femme*, with her fool's-cap on her head, is buying a pomander, or, as we should perhaps now say, a scent-ball, from the itinerant dealer. Figures of pomanders are extremely rare, and this is an interesting example; in fact, it is only recently that our Shaksperian critics really understood the meaning of the word. A pomander was a small globular vessel, perforated with small holes, and filled with strong perfumes, as it is represented in our woodcut. The fourth of these boats is that of foolish tasting, *scapha gustationis fatuæ*, and the ladies have their well-furnished table on board the boat, and are largely indulging in eating and drinking. In the last of these boats, the *scapha contactionis fatuæ*, or boat of foolish feeling, the women have men on board, and are proceeding to great

liberties with them; one of the gentle damsels, too, is picking the pocket of her male companion in a very unlady-like manner.

Two ideas combined in this peculiar field of satiric literature, that of the ship and that of the fools, now became popular, and gave rise to a host of imitators. There appeared ships of health, ships of penitence, ships of all sorts of things, on the one hand; and on the other, folly was a favourite theme of satire from many quarters. One of the most remarkable of the personages involved in this latter warfare, was the great scholar Desiderius Erasmus, of Rotterdam, who was born in that city in 1467. Like most of these satirists, Erasmus was strongly imbued with the spirit of the Reformation, and he was the acquaintance and friend of those to whom the Reformation owed a great part of its success. In 1497, when the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt was in the first full flush of its popularity, Erasmus came to England, and was so well received, that from that time forward his literary life seemed more identified with our island than with any other country. His name is still a sort of household word in our universities, especially in that of Cambridge. He made here the friendly acquaintance of the great Sir Thomas More. In the earlier years of the sixteenth century, Erasmus visited Italy, and passed two or three years there. He returned thence to England, as appears, early in the year 1508. It is not easy to decide whether his experience of society in Italy had convinced him more than ever that folly was the presiding genius of mankind, or what other feeling influenced him, but one of the first results of his voyage was the *Μωρίας Ἐγκώμιον* (*Moria Encomium*), or "Praise of Folly." Erasmus dedicated this little jocular

treatise to Sir Thomas More as a sort of pun upon his name, although he protests that there is a great contrast between the two characters. Erasmus takes much the same view of folly as Brandt, Geiler, Badius, and the others, and under this name he writes a bold satire on the whole



Fig. 6.—SUPERSTITION.

frame of contemporary society. The satire is placed in the mouth of Folly herself (the *Mère Folie* of the jocular clubs), who delivers from her pulpit a declamation in which she sets forth her qualities and praises. She boasts of the greatness of her origin, claims as her affinity the sophists,



Fig. 7.—PREACHER FOLLY ENDING HER SERMON.

rhetoricians, and many of the pretentious scholars and wise men, and describes her birth and education. She claims divine affinity, and boasts of her influence over the world, and of the beneficent manner in which it was exercised. All the world, she pretends, was ruled under her auspices, and it was only in her presence that mankind was really happy. Hence the happiest ages of man were infancy, before wisdom had come to interfere, and old age, when it had passed away. Therefore, she says, if men would remain faithful to her, and avoid wisdom altogether, they would pass a life of perpetual youth. In this long discourse of the influence of folly, written by a man of the known sentiments of Erasmus, it would be strange if the Romish Church, with its monks and ignorant priesthood, its saints, and relics, and miracles, did not find a place. Erasmus intimates that the superstitious follies had become permanent, because they were profitable. There are some, he tells us, who cherished the foolish yet pleasant persuasion, that if they fixed their eyes devoutly on a figure of St. Christopher, carved in wood or painted on the wall, they would be safe from death on that day; with many other examples of equal credulity. Then there are your pardons, your measures of purgatory, which may be bought off at so much the hour, or the day, or the month, and a multitude of other absurdities. Ecclesiastics, scholars, mathematicians, philosophers, all come in for their share of the refined satire of this book, which, like the "Ship of Fools," has gone through innumerable editions, and has been translated into many languages.

In an early French translation, the text of this work of Erasmus is embellished with some of the wood-cuts belonging to Brandt's "Ship of Fools," which, it need hardly be remarked, are altogether inappropriate, but the "Praise of Folly" was destined to receive illustrations from a more distinguished pencil. A copy of the book came into the possession of Hans Holbein—it may possibly have been presented to him by the author—and Holbein took so much interest in it, that he amused himself with drawing illustrative sketches with a pen in the margins. This book afterwards passed into the library of the University of Bâle, where it was found in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and these drawings have since been engraved and added to most of the subsequent editions. Many of these sketches are very slight, and some have not a very close connection with the text of Erasmus, but they are all characteristic, and show the spirit—the spirit of the age—in which Holbein read his author. I give two examples of them, taken almost haphazard, for it would require a longer analysis of the books than can be given here to make many of them understood. The first of these, our cut No. 6, represents the foolish warrior, who has a sword long enough to trust to for defence, bowing with trembling superstition before a painting of St. Christopher crossing the water with the infant Christ on his shoulder, as a more certain security for his safety during that day. The other, our cut No. 7, represents the preacher, Lady Folly, descending from her pulpit, after she has concluded her sermon.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

VENICE.

(FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA.)

Engraved by E. Brandard.

It seems almost idle to speculate about what Turner would have done had he chanced to be born at Venice, when the illustrious city was in all her glory, and her no less illustrious school of painting was at the height of its fame. And yet one cannot but think his genius would have been developed in a very different way from that in which we see it; though, under any circumstances, it could not fail to strike out an original path of its own. He would never have been the rival of Titian, or Paolo Veronese, or Giorgione: the communings of Turner's soul were with nature, with the skies, and the ocean, and the rivers; with rocks, and woods, and flowery plains; not absolutely, or even in part, a man-hater, yet he adjoined in no small degree the society of his kind, his chief intercourse with men being through the works of their hands. He studied these, not themselves, except as pictorial aids; and a range of fine architecture, such as we see in his paintings of Venice, would be more pleasant to his sight than a whole conclave of philosophers and *savans* met to discuss an abstruse question of science.

After Turner's visit to Italy, in 1819, the style of his painting was entirely changed. The whole country, with its peculiar scenery, its noble edifices, and brilliant atmosphere, fascinated him, and seemed to turn the current of his thoughts, giving to them new, comprehensive, and magnificent ideas. Venice in particular filled his mind, and that glorious "city of the sea" became his vantage ground. What pictures has he not made out of that marvellous combination of palaces, blue waters, and clear transparent sky which there greet the visitor!—not realistic pictures like those of Canaletti and others, but canvases reflecting his own rich practical imagination, glowing with light and beauty. Here is another engraving from one of them, to be added to the list of those which have previously appeared in our journal: a picture resplendent with sunshine, and animate with the bustle of Venetian commercial life. The view was apparently sketched on the Canal of the Giudecca: to the left rise the towers and domes of the church of Santa Maria della Salute; beyond this we have a prospective view of the Ducal Palace, above which peep the mosque-like domes of St. Marco; and to the left of these the Campanile lifts its tall and graceful form. The foreground is occupied by a multitude of small craft, fishing-boats, fruit-boats, and small vessels laden with ordinary merchandise. The combination of *matériels* is most picturesque, and the whole is seen under an effect at once brilliant and beautiful. The work was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1840. It belongs to the collection bequeathed by Mr. Sheepshanks to the nation.

The church which forms so conspicuous an object in the picture was erected in 1632 as a thanksgiving offering of the Venetian people for their deliverance from a terrible plague, which had swept off sixty thousand of the inhabitants. The architect was Baldassare Longhena. Among the numerous fine works of Art that ornament the interior, are a splendid painting by Titian, "The Descent of the Holy Spirit," executed when the artist was in the full vigour of his powers, and one by Tintoretto, "The Marriage at Cana."

Of all the famous cities of Italy, Venice, next to Rome, has been for centuries the greatest point of attraction. Poets have sung its praises, painters have made it the subject of their pencils, travellers resort to it, even now in its fallen state, to see its wondrous monuments of Art, and to glide over its tranquil waters, beneath the soft beauty of an Italian sky. The days of the old doges, the war-galleys in which the men of Venice went forth to face her enemies, both Turk and Christian, her maritime power, are all gone for ever; but her palaces, her churches, and her pictures, remain to testify what Venice was, and to invite the stranger to examine and admire so much of what yet stands of the old magnificence of the city.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXT.

VENICE.

FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIROTTA.

FROM THE GALLERY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, 1857.

"NEW HALL CHINA."

A HISTORY OF THE NEW HALL PORCELAIN WORKS AT SHELTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

Of the old porcelain manufactories of England few are so little known to collectors, either by record or specimens, or even by name, as those of whose history, so far as I have been able to trace it, I am about to present the following sketch to my readers. And yet, historically speaking, few works have played so important a part in the history of the fictile art of this country, or formed so interesting a link in the chain which connects the present high state of excellence and prosperity of that art with the olden days of patient trial and profitless experiment. At the time when experiments were being made in various parts of the kingdom, and when works were successfully carried on at Chelsea, at Worcester, at Derby, and at many other places, Staffordshire, long the great seat of the potter's art, had made no progress in the manufacture of china, and its production remained a sealed book to manufacturers in that county. It is true that one of its sons had made experiments about the middle of last century, and had produced some tolerably good pieces of ware, but no other attempt had been made to introduce this important manufacture into the locality which is now its principal seat, until the time at which my history of these Works commences.

The potter to whom I have alluded as having succeeded in producing china was William Littler, of Brownhills, near Burslem, and afterwards of Longton Hall, who, it seems, like many other pioneers of science and manufacture, sacrificed his patrimony in the cause, and found himself later in life rich in experience but poor in worldly goods. Some specimens of his productions, now in the Hanley Institution, are deserving of careful attention, and will have hereafter to be more specially noticed. To this gentleman, too, is ascribed the honour of first using the fluid glaze by immersion, which was afterwards so much improved upon by Enoch Booth. Despite Littler's attempts, however, Staffordshire produced no china until 1777 or 1778, when, as will shortly be seen, the Bristol patent right was transferred to the company which afterwards commenced the Works now under notice.

The New Hall works, it thus seems, were the first in which porcelain was successfully made in Staffordshire, and to them, therefore, must be ascribed the introduction of that art into "the Potteries" which has since become so famous and so extensive. To them also are to be ascribed many of the improvements that have taken place not only in the manufacture of porcelain, but of earthenware also.

In my account of the Bristol china works* I stated that Richard Champion, the patentee, who had purchased the patent right of William Cookworthy, of Plymouth, and had afterwards, despite the opposition of the Staffordshire potters, headed by Wedgwood, secured by Act of Parliament an extension of the term, sold the patent to a company of Staffordshire potters. This transfer of rights, it is stated, took place in or about the year 1777. The company consisted of six persons, viz., Samuel Hollins, of Shelton, Anthony Keeling, of Tunstall, John Turner, of Lane End, Peter (or Jacob) Warburton, of Hot Lane, William Clowes, of Port Hill, and Charles Bagnall, of Shelton. Of these six persons—all men of good standing and of large experience—a few words will no doubt be interesting and useful to my readers.

Samuel Hollins, a maker of the fine red-ware teapots, &c., from the clay at Bradwell, previously worked by the brothers Elers, was of Shelton, and was the son of Mr. Hollins, of the Upper Green, Hanley. He was an excellent practical potter, and made many improvements in his art.

Anthony Keeling, of Tunstall, was son-in-law of the celebrated potter, Enoch Booth, having

married his daughter Ann. Keeling succeeded Enoch Booth in his business, which he carried on successfully for many years. He erected a large house near the works, but, in 1810, retired on a small independence to Liverpool, where he died a few years afterwards. He was the principal support of a small sect calling themselves "Sandemonians," who had their place of worship in his works.

John Turner, first of Stoke, and then of Lane End, father of Messrs. John and William Turner, was one of the most clever and successful potters Staffordshire ever produced, but one about whom little has been written. Many of his productions in black and in jasper, &c., are quite equal to those of Wedgwood, and, indeed, are often mistaken for the work of that great man. Mr. Turner's cream ware, too, as well as his stone ware, of which his jugs are best known to collectors, rank high in excellence both of design and manipulation; but of these I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In 1762 Mr. Turner commenced manufacturing at Lane End, and made many improvements in the art, and by the discovery of a vein of fine clay at Green Dock, was enabled successfully to compete not only with other potters, but with Wedgwood himself. Mr. Turner is stated to have been deputed, with Wedgwood, by the Staffordshire potters, to oppose the extension of the patent to Champion, as detailed in my account of the Bristol works.

Jacob Warburton, of Hot Lane, a man highly respected by every class, and who lived until the year 1826, was born in 1740, and passed his long and useful life as a potter, in which art he rose to considerable eminence in his early years in connection with his father and brothers, and later on his own account, and, in partnership with others, in the New Hall works now under notice. He was the "last member of the old school of potters, the early friend and contemporary of the 'father of the Potteries,' Josiah Wedgwood, with whom he was for many years in the habit of confidential intercourse and friendship. Numerous are the benefits which the public derived from the united exertions of the talents and abilities of these two venerated characters, on every point connected with the local interest and prosperity of the Staffordshire Potteries." Besides being one of the most clever and energetic potters, "he was a good scholar, and a man of pure taste; he had read extensively, and his memory was tenacious in a very extraordinary degree. He was equally distinguished for his moral and convivial habits of mind, for the soundness of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart. He spoke fluently the French, Dutch, and German languages, and was learning the Italian up to the very period of his death." He retained his activity of body and mind to the last, and, though eighty-six years of age, set out the day preceding his death to walk to Cobridge. He died while a friend was reading to him. Mr. Warburton, who was a Roman Catholic, was twice married. For some years before his decease he had retired from business, and died at his residence, Ford Green, in the parish of Norton.

William Clowes, of Port Hill, was a gentleman of property, and was, I have reason to believe, only a sleeping partner in the concern.

Charles Bagnall, of Shelton, was a potter of considerable experience, who had previously been with Joshua Heath. The family has been connected with Staffordshire for many generations.

The company, being thus formed, purchased the patent right from Richard Champion, who removed into Staffordshire to superintend the establishing of the new works in that county. The first operations of the company were conducted at the works of one of the partners, Anthony Keeling, at Tunstall, the pottery formerly belonging, as just stated, to his father-in-law, the well-known potter, Enoch Booth. Tunstall at this period was a mere small street, or rather roadway, with only a few houses—probably not many more than a score—scattered about it and the lanes leading to Chatterley and Red Street. To this spot, the forerunner of the present large and important town, Cookworthy's patent was brought, and here, with the experienced potters who had become its purchasers, and under the management of Champion, who had produced such exquisite specimens of Art at Bristol, and

who had been induced, as a part of the arrangement, to superintend the manufacture, the first pieces of china made in Staffordshire, with the exception of the trial pieces of Littler before spoken of, were produced. To accommodate the new branch of manufacture at Keeling's pottery, some alterations of course became necessary, and thus it was some little time before the partners had the satisfaction of seeing anything produced under the patent-right which they had purchased. Among the partners, too, some disagreements arose, which ended in John Turner and Anthony Keeling withdrawing from the concern, and about 1780 Keeling is said to have removed to London. This withdrawal and disagreement caused the remaining partners to remove their works from Keeling's premises, and they took a house in Shelton, known as "Shelton Hall," afterwards the "New Hall," in contradistinction to the "Old Hall," celebrated as being the birthplace of Elijah Fenton, the poet. At this time Shelton Hall, which had been purchased in 1773 of Alice Dalton, widow, who had inherited it from her brother, Edward Burslem Sundell, by Humphrey Palmer, was occupied by his son, Thomas Palmer, as a pot-work. In 1777 Humphrey Palmer, intending a second marriage with Hannah Ashwin, of Stratford-on-Avon, gave a rent-charge of £30 on the Hall and pot-works, and a life interest in the rest of the estate, as a dower to that lady, reserving the right for his son, Thomas Palmer, the potter, to get clay and marl from any part of the estate for his own use. In 1789, Humphrey Palmer and his wife being both dead, the estate passed to their infant and only child, Mary Palmer, of whose successor's executors, after some uninteresting changes, it was, as will be seen, ultimately purchased by the china manufacturers. At this time the works had been considerably increased, and they grew gradually larger, till, in 1802, they are described as three messuages, three pot-works, one garden, fifty acres of land, thirty acres of meadow, and forty acres of pasture, &c.

About the time of the withdrawal of Keeling and Turner from the partnership, and the removal of the works from Tunstall to Shelton, Richard Champion received through Burke, then in office, whom he had materially assisted in his election for Bristol, as spoken of in the account of the Bristol china works, and who had patronised his manufacture in that city, the appointment of Deputy Paymaster of the Forces. On receiving this appointment, in 1782, Champion, it appears, immediately left Staffordshire for London. The ministry soon afterwards being dissolved, however, Champion was of necessity thrown out of office, and soon afterwards sailed for America. He settled, it seems, at Camden, South Carolina, and died there in 1787.

Fairly settled in its fourth, and last, resting-place, the company who owned it—the patent granted to Cookworthy, and extended to Champion—took for their manager Mr. John Daniel, who afterwards became a partner in the concern. The firm, as at first formed at Shelton, consisted of Messrs. Hollins, Warburton, Clowes, and Bagnall, but was afterwards carried on by Hollins, Warburton, Clowes, and Daniel, as will hereafter be seen. A considerable quantity of china was produced under the patent, but the most extensive and profitable branch of the New Hall business was the making and vending of the glaze called "composition," made by the company of the materials to whose use they had the exclusive right. This "composition," made from the ingredients given in the specification printed in my account of the Bristol works, was supplied by the New Hall firm to the potters of the neighbourhood, and even sent to other localities, to a large extent, and at a highly remunerative price.

The ware made at this period will, on examination, be found to be precisely similar in body and glaze to that of Bristol, to which, from the fact of some of the same artists being employed, it bears also a marked resemblance in ornamentation. In 1796 the patent, which had been enjoyed successively by Cookworthy, Champion, and the Staffordshire company, for a period of twenty-eight years, expired; but the company continued to make the hard paste china, and to supply "composition" (many potters finding it

* *Art-Journal* for December, 1863.

more convenient still to purchase instead of make that essential) to other manufacturers.

In 1810, the firm—then consisting of four partners, viz., Samuel Hollins, of Shelton, Peter Warburton (son of Jacob Warburton), of Co-bridge, John Daniel, of Hanley, and William Clowes, of Port Hill—became the purchasers of the New Hall estate for the sum of £6,800. In 1813, Peter Warburton died, leaving his share in the works to his father (Jacob Warburton) and John Daniel, as trustees under his will. In 1821, John Daniel died, and two years afterwards Samuel Clowes died also.

In reference to one of the partners, John Daniel, it may not be uninteresting to state that he is presumed to be the son of Ralph Daniel, to whom the potters were indebted for discovering the system of making moulds in plaster-of-Paris instead of in brass, as previously done. Mr. Daniel is said to have visited the potteries and porcelain manufactories in France, and brought back with him a mould of cast plaster-of-Paris, which he showed and introduced to the English makers. The potters, however, knew so little of the process by which the mould was produced, that they got blocks of the gypsum of Derbyshire and cut their moulds in them! until it was explained that the gypsum must be first burnt and ground, and then cast. This circumstance is so graphically described in the "Burslem Dialogue," given by Ward, that I transcribe the few following lines for my readers' amusement:—

"Telwright.—That wur a queer trick, wur it no', o' Rafy Dennil's?"

"Leigh.—Dun yo' meeon th' cause o' his gooin to France, or as ha he geet int' th' work haishn theer, au seed'n aw ha they did'n wi ther ware?"

"Telwright.—Oi meeon him foindin' aat i' whot wey they mayd'n ther mewds (moulds).

"Leigh.—That wur a fawse trick, for sartin, an o' gret yewse to th' treyde. Bu' wot a blunder th' mesters here mayd'n, when he sent 'em word abaat it!"

"Telwright.—Haa dust meeon, Rafy? Oi am no' properly insens't on't.

"Leigh.—Whoy, yo' seyn as haa they geet'n th' plaster-ston fro' Darbyshur aw reet; bu' then, i' stid o' fust groindin it an' bakin into dust loike fleawr, an usin' th' dust wi wayter for t' cast on th' moddills, as they cawn 'em, th' mesters had th' raw ston cut i' shapes, an' tryd'n for t' mak things oof 'em; bu' they cudna. Then at last he sent 'em full word haa to dew it."

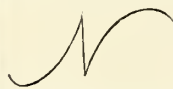
Hard paste porcelain, on the system of the patent, continued to be made at New Hall until about the year 1810 or 1812, when the bone paste, which had been gradually making its way in the district, finally superseded it, and the company continued their works on the newer system. In 1825, the entire stock of the concern, which had for a short time been carried on for the firm by a person named Tittensot, was sold off, and the manufacture of china, of any description, entirely ceased at New Hall.

The works, after having been closed for a short time, were next opened as an earthenware manufactory by Mr. William Ratcliffe, who, for a few years, continued to make the commoner description of white and printed earthenware for ordinary home consumption. The New Hall works next passed, in 1842, into the hands of Messrs. W. Hackwood and Son; and seven years later, Mr. Hackwood, senior, having died, they were continued by the son, Thomas Hackwood. The goods made by this firm were the ordinary descriptions of earthenware, principally for continental markets, and bore, for a mark, the name of Hackwood impressed. In 1856, the works passed into the hands of Messrs. Cockson and Hardings, who continued to manufacture the same descriptions of goods, using for a mark C & H. LATE HACKWOOD impressed on the bottom.

In 1862, Mr. Cockson having retired from the concern, the works were carried on by the remaining partners and present proprietors, Messrs. W. and J. Harding (Brothers), who now employ a large number of hands, and do an extensive continental trade with the markets of Holland and Italy. For these markets the essentials of lightness and durability, and consequently economy of material, are so fully carried out by this firm, that many of the pieces are so thin as to become semi-transparent, and so light as to admit of twice

the quantity of goods being exported for the freight of the ordinary classes. At these works, besides the cream-coloured and printed wares for foreign trade, druggists' fittings form one of the staple branches. Black, Egyptian, Rockingham, and tinted wares, too, are made here, as well as stoneware jugs, &c., of fine quality and artistic designs.

The earlier productions of the New Hall works, the hard paste, are of considerable rarity, and are to be found in the hands of but few collectors. They are almost entirely without mark, but I have in my own possession examples on which there is an incised letter N as here shown. The accompanying engravings, however, exhibit some authenticated specimens, which will be useful to the collector for purposes of comparison. The first engraving exhibits a remarkably fine and



into my own. The teapot was painted by Duvivier, a French artist of celebrity, who, along with Bone, of whom I have before spoken in reference to Plymouth and Bristol, was employed at these works. Duvivier was also at one time employed by Duesbury, of the Derby works. On the same engraving I have shown a cup and a saucer of excellent form, of twisted fluting, which are highly characteristic specimens of New Hall manufacture.

In the next engraving I have shown a jug, of excellent form, carefully painted with birds, and bearing in front the initials S D. This jug was made at New Hall for Sampson Daniel, a cousin of John Daniel, one of the partners, and is still in possession of his grandson, Mr. Daniel, of Hanley. The coffee cup and saucer, in the same

beautifully painted teapot in my own collection, which is worthy of very careful attention. On one side (shown in the woodcut) is an exquisitely painted group of children playing at blind man's buff. They are dressed in the characteristic and highly picturesque costume of the latter part of last century, and are admirably painted. What renders this group peculiarly interesting is that in the background is a view of a pot-work, with kiln, which may probably have been a representation of the works when this interesting piece was made. On the opposite side of this teapot is an equally well painted group of a boy riding on a dog, and on the lid are also two little figure vignettes. This piece, which it is fair to presume was the best the works could produce, was made for, and belonged to, one of the partners, Charles Bagnall, from whose family it passed more than half a century ago, by marriage, to a Mr. Sutton, from whose own octogenarian hands it has passed



figures and busts, as well as vases, were also, to some extent, produced there.

The later productions of the New Hall china works, the bone paste, are also scarce, especially the marked pieces. The body is of good colour, and clear, and the decorations, especially the flowered examples, are remarkable for the brightness of their colours. The only mark used—and this was not, it appears, adopted until after 1820—is the one here shown.

Batt printing was practised at New Hall, and some remarkably good examples have come under my notice. In 1810, Peter Warburton, on behalf of the company of which he was a partner, is said to have taken out a patent "for printing landscapes and other designs from copper plates,

in gold and platinum, upon porcelain and pottery." The company was also among the first to adopt the improvements in printing on ware made by William Brookes in the beginning of the present century.

Having thus brought the history of the New Hall works to a close, it remains only to repeat that to these works, Staffordshire, the great seat of the china and earthenware trade of the present day, owes the introduction of that art which has been of such incalculable benefit to it and to the nation at large.

My next paper will be devoted to "Wedgwood and Etruria," in which I hope to some extent to supply the deficiency so long felt of a history of those truly important and world-famed works and their immortal founder.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ART
AND ART SCHOOLS.

THE CASE OF THE "MASTERS."

THE first-established schools of Art have lived through the management of three successive Government Departments, and have suffered in turn the experiments of each. The first provincial schools of Art were established in 1842, under a council of the Board of Trade. The council supplied local committees with all the materials necessary for the proper working of these schools, and gave the masters salaries varying from £150 to £300 per annum. In 1852 the Department of Practical Art was formed under the guidance of Mr. Henry Cole. It was decreed that masters of schools of Art should give some satisfactory test of their drawing, painting, and designing powers, and should receive certificates of competence, each certificate to have an annual value of £10, which was guaranteed to be paid so long as the master, after his appointment, performed certain duties. These duties were to teach in a certain number of poor schools at the rate of 6*d.* per child per annum, or £5 per annum per school; that he should teach a class of pupil-teachers at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum; and, in addition, that he should teach a class of artisans in his central school on three evenings a-week at a fee of 2*s.* per month. So long as these conditions were complied with, the payments on certificates were declared "as certain as any other government salaries or gratuities." No master, even if he had more than five certificates, could claim more than £50 annually. This, however, was a fixed payment, and was quite independent of any results he might attain in his school. In addition to this "fixed" payment, masters were aided by certain "payments on results" obtained by his students in the annual examinations. These were made: 1. On the children in poor schools who passed in the annual examination—3*s.* was paid on each child who obtained the mark "good," and 2*s.* on each that obtained the mark "pass." 2. A payment of £1 10*s.* was made on each pupil-teacher in a National school who passed in the examination. 3. A payment of £5 was made on each student who qualified himself to take a "Prize Studentship," this was done when he had taken a medal at some annual award, and had passed in an examination in four papers, viz., Freehand, Geometrical, Perspective, and Object drawing—£1 of this sum was paid to the school, and entitled the student to one year's free study; the remaining £4 was paid to the master. 4. From this class of free students, some could be taken as Art pupil-teachers, whose duties were to assist the master in teaching elementary classes. For this duty the Department made an annual payment of £20 to each student so chosen.

It may be remarked that the payments on poor children were sufficient to cause the master to interest himself in the more intelligent children; and this, at least, caused him to overlook the teaching in these poor schools. The number of prizes was enough to encourage the bulk of the children. The new minutes reduce this payment of 3*s.* and 2*s.* to a conditional payment of 2*s.* and 1*s.*, and the number of prizes has lately much diminished. At the same time, the authorities of the primary branch of national education have decreed that they will pay their schools only on results in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The masters of these schools say naturally enough, that they cannot risk their payments from the primary branch for the always doubtful, and necessarily few, shillings offered by the Department of Science and Art on their drawing class. For this reason, the number of public schools in connection with Art-schools is diminishing. The number of pupil-teachers in those schools is also affected by the altered arrangements. They now only bring £1 to the Art-master, who instructs them at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* per year, instead of £1 10*s.* under the old regulations.

If the system of teaching drawing in poor schools at low fees was a good one, then it was worth the government subsidy; but if, on the other hand, it is not worth keeping up, it becomes an injustice to the masters of schools to make their claim for Art pupil-teachers de-

pend on the number of children in this section, which is a failing one, and one which masters, as a rule, regard only as a heavy tax on their time. The prize studentships are abolished altogether. This honour was, perhaps, one of the best rewards offered by the Department. The payment to the school, and the year of free study to the student, were sufficient inducements to stimulate both master and pupil to work up to the government standard. It was also a boon to the student to attend to his study for a year, free of cost. The substitution of local scholarships for Art pupil-teacherships is another mistake which will act seriously to the detriment of genuine artizan schools, when there is always, more or less, a large elementary class which receives its instruction from the Art pupil-teacher. The new appointment is made on consideration of there being a certain number of poor schools taught; viz.—for any number of poor children under 1,000, one local scholarship will be granted; for 1,000 up to 2,000, two local scholarships; and for every additional 1,000, one additional scholarship. No Art-school in the country has 3,000 children under instruction; therefore, under the new minutes, no school will be entitled to more than two assistants; yet ten Art-schools found, under the late system, employment for three pupil-teachers. One of those, Dundee, had five. These schools must suffer from a deprivation of a third of their teaching power in elementary classes. The master will, in many cases, have to do the most elementary work, to the neglect of his higher duties, or his private study.

In connection with this part of the subject, a very objectionable method of payment is promised; which is, that the Department will aid these local scholarships by a payment to the school fund of 6*d.* per head per annum for every child taught drawing in a poor school, on behalf of whom the Inspector shall give a certificate. After the first year, the local committee must allot some portion, not less than £5, of the fees, in augmentation of these payments.

This change of name and office for the old "Art pupil-teacher" forces him to partake in the general uncertainties of the Department's arrangements. Firstly, he must have the children in the poor schools a thousand in number, before he can receive his £25; and secondly, the Inspector must give his certificate that they are taught.

The old certificate allowance is abolished. This was distinctly guaranteed on the performance of certain specific duties. These certificates, and the payments of £10 per annum on each, were the baits thrown out by the Department to attract teachers to their training school. They have served their purpose well. Men qualified themselves for teachers, and agreed to teach the various classes above mentioned, at prices that would never pay them for their time, on consideration that they would receive their very moderate certificate allowance, which thus came to be regarded as compensation money for the unremunerative work thrust on them by the government. The abolition of this certificate allowance has caused the deepest discontent, and on all sides we hear the protest of the masters in the country, whose very schools are threatened with bankruptcy, and their own resources much reduced by the injurious action of the new regulations.

These new minutes appear to consist mainly of abolitions, reductions, &c., and promise, in return for what they deprive the schools of, certain payments on "results." The first of these is £1 for every local medal taken by students. This changes the medal award, which should always be honorary, into one which no right-minded master will care to force in his school; for the student may justly suspect the master of a wish to benefit his own income, as well as encourage his pupil, if he urge him to compete for these honours. Then, a payment of 10*s.* will be made on each paper correctly worked at the annual examination. Another payment of £10 is promised if the master send in a report annually, and £15 is promised on every student who takes a master's certificate: a thing involving so much time and study on the part of both master and pupil, as to be almost impossible to be done. With all the advantages that are to be met with at the Central School at South Kensington—such as separate

classes for each subject, with a master to each class, the opportunity of studying all day in the schools—it requires two sessions of five months each before a student can take the first certificate. We must, therefore, look on this £15 as a payment so difficult and costly to win, as to become worthless as an incentive to masters of schools of Art.

The first impression that one has on reading the new minutes is, that no scheme more complicated could be devised for paying masters and aiding schools. The second is, that the Department of Science and Art intends to save money from these schools.

With respect to the saving and self-supporting principle which is so often enunciated from South Kensington, it is remarkable that, in proportion as Science classes have been forced into schools of the middle class, the Department has made corresponding efforts to cut down the expenses attendant on Art-schools. It has done this in many ways:—by raising the standard upon which the papers of students examined annually are judged; by giving only one prize for two examination papers; by reducing the number of £10 payments that can be claimed by a school on its success in the National Medallion competition. In no case can a school obtain more than thirty medals; therefore the masters cannot make up their lost income by extra exertion; and finally the award of medals and prizes is declared by an irresponsible Department, which is one of the two parties interested in the result.

The House of Commons hears annually of the great benefit the Art-schools have been, in raising the character of the Art-manufactures of this country, and appreciates the duty which it believes is honestly done by these schools, and proves its sincerity in this belief by granting a larger and always-increasing sum of money yearly for the furtherance of Art-instruction. It is therefore time that the members of the House who so recognise the high cause of Art should know how these magnificent grants are expended; and those engaged daily in the practical working out of the government system, as masters, are most anxious that a Parliamentary inquiry should be instituted, at which masters, committees, and students of schools of Art may be examined.

WILLIAM BLAKE.*

"I AM not mad, most noble Festus!" These are the words St. Paul addressed to two of the most learned princes of his time, "when speaking forth the words of truth and soberness," he asked of those who believed in no after life, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

William Blake was considered by his contemporaries, generally, a visionary at best. There were not wanting those who looked upon him as a madman; why, it would now be difficult to say, except that he saw things that few had seen, and heard that which "no gross ear can hear."

It needed a kindred spirit to comprehend the man, and to make the world understand him. It was difficult to do the one, and harder still to accomplish the other. The "biography" furnished scanty materials: these were sadly scattered. During his sojourn on earth there were few who would have thought society could ever care to hear the story of his uneventful life—uneventful in all ways, except in that which seemed to constitute him a wild dreamer, whose genius was the issue of a deceased brain.

But William Blake—"Pictor Ignotus"—has been fortunate in his biographer, the late Alexander Gilchrist. Alas! that the word should be appended to a book that does honour to the mind and heart of a writer eminently qualified to rescue from oblivion the name of one of the most remarkable men that lived, and moved, and had his being, among the many great men who, early in the present century, glorified the intellectual world. The author and the painter are together

* LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE, "PICTOR IGNOTUS," with Selections from his Poems and Other Writings. By the late ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. Cambridge, Macmillan & Co.

in that sphere which the one saw through a glass darkly, but of which the other had, perhaps, clearer, more distinct, and better defined ideas than have been enjoyed by any man, uninspired, since the age of the apostles.

It is the widow of Alexander Gilchrist who places this monument, in two volumes, over the graves of both. She has been aided in her task chiefly by Mr. D. T. Rosetti, whose generous assistance has been extensive and valuable, and by two personal friends of the painter, Mr. Samuel Palmer, and John Linnell, the artist.

Even at the outset of our notice, let us offer our tribute of grateful thanks to John Linnell. He is now prosperous and wealthy, made so by a late, but not too late, appreciation of his great merits. He takes rank as the foremost of British landscape-painters; but it was not always so. During many years of his career, he had to struggle against circumstances unpropitious. The flood that led to fortune was tardy in turning. He has lived to see coveted "at any price," the pictures that long hung neglected upon his own walls—collectors and dealers eagerly competing for the merest trifles from his hand, and valuing as treasures the possession of his more ambitious works. He was not in prosperity when he was the best, almost the only, patron of an artist, still poorer in worldly goods, whom he had learned to appreciate in his deadly struggle with adversity. Of all the buyers of Blake's works, Linnell was the only one who bought them without "haggling." When Cromek and others were bargaining for designs at one guinea a-piece, including engraving, his brother artist, then not much richer than himself, estimated them at their value, and paid their value for them. This was not the only way in which John Linnell did good service to William Blake: his house was offered to his friend when age and sickness came, and it was the shelter of his widow in her extremity.

We rejoice to know so much of the character of John Linnell, while he is yet among us; for we are justified in hinting that an impression is abroad, which the statements contained in this biography must entirely remove. May we not believe that this revelation of the character of the most successful artist of our time, accidentally brought to light, is but one of many generous acts of thoughtful benevolence and true charity the biographer of John Linnell, when his life comes to be written, will be called upon to record. At least, let it not be forgotten by his biographer (may the duty be long postponed) that John Linnell opened his purse and his heart to his friend William Blake—and that not for a season, but continually.

Blake was, indeed, rich in his poverty. There was no squalid misery about his home: he had a wife who worshipped him; who thoroughly believed in him, from first to last. He was not reduced so low as was James Barry, when painting the great works that adorn walls in the Adelphi; and he had true friends in kindred souls—Flaxman, Fuseli, Hayley, Varley, "few but fit;" but his life was a continued struggle with restricted means—no luxuries, few comforts, needing often, indeed, the necessities of life.

Almost to within the advent of this book, few knew anything of Blake, except that he was a wild dreamer, who made wild drawings and wrote crazy poems. His biographer justly terms him "Pictor Ignotus." Yet now-a-days there are tens of thousands who believe that Blake did actually see what he said he saw: that when he painted angels and spirits, they were depicted to his actual vision; and that he was neither a crazy enthusiast nor a cheat. It was the mystery surrounding him that chiefly made his name known to even the limited circle in which it was known: he was more talked of for his "visions" than for his works; and the best offering he could claim was thought to be—pity.

His biographer records of him, that when but eight or ten years old he saw his first vision. "Sauntering along by Dulwich Hill, the boy looks up and sees a tree filled with angels, bright angelic wings bespangling every bough like stars." For this "lie," he barely escaped "a thrashing from his honest father." For similar "lies" all through life, he was treated as a candidate for an insane asylum; and it was with such a "lie" on his lips he quitted earth, on the 12th August, 1827.

"He said he was going to that country he had all his life wished to see; and expressed himself happy, hoping for salvation through Jesus Christ. Just before he died, his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven." His mortal part was interred at Bunhill Fields, in "an unpurchased common grave" (only a nineteenthshilling fee being paid); and the spirit of the great and good man, freed from the tabernacle that had been its dwelling for nearly seventy years, became the associate of angels with whom his sight and soul had been familiar from childhood to old age.

Blake is not to be esteemed only as an artist: he was a poet of rare order. Many of his lyrics would have done honour to Herrick or to Herbert; while among his hymns for childhood there are some that have a grace and pathos that Isaac Watts never reached.

How many pass daily by Fountain Court, in the Strand, thinking nothing, knowing nothing, of the high soul in his rich poverty—working day and night, his loving wife ever watchful by his side—earning barely enough for the actual needs of existence—living generally upon half-a-guinea a week, yet enjoying life as fully as any wealthy worker in any art—cheered by an intercourse with divine lights, inconceivable to those who are earthly of the earth! Here, at No. 3 in this poor court,* he produced works—drawings and engravings—of rare power. Full of discrepancies they may be; but they are worthy to take places beside those of the "masters," his predecessors.

A most sweet and gentle and loveable old man he was, who took with meekness the spurs of the unworthy, and went on working out his own lofty thoughts—living in real or in imagined intercourse with the great of all countries and ages. And who will grudge him his dreams? Whether he held daily talk with Homer, Dante, Chaucer, and Milton—whether King David and William Wallace sat to him for their portraits—matters little,—these and a thousand other high Spirits of his worship are now, at all events, his companions. Reason and Revelation alike teach us that a trustful, faithful, and happy life has been continued into another sphere.

Thus writes his friend Samuel Palmer:—"In him you saw at once the Maker, the Inventor; one of the few in any age; a fitting companion for Dante. He was energy itself, and shed around him a kindling influence—an atmosphere of life, full of the ideal. To walk with him in the country was to perceive the soul of beauty through the forms of matter; and the high, gloomy buildings between which, from his study-window, a glimpse was caught of the Thames and Surrey shore, assumed a kind of grandeur, from the man dwelling near them."

How thoroughly the book makes us think! Not only in Art, but in letters, and occasionally in science, are there martyrs who endure in silence, to whom clamour concerning sacrifices would be utter degradation—to whom suffering is a sacred thing, which no mean hand can touch, even to relieve, without soiling the spring-head of conscious power.

How simple, yet how natural, are even this great man's feelings; how free from bitterness is even his wrath: he could be "angry, yet sin not." He knew the strength that was in him, yet he could easily forgive the world that knew it not.

Alexander Gilchrist has raised a worthy monument to the memory of William Blake. Unhappily, the generous biographer has not lived to know that he has rescued from oblivion, and placed in a niche among the worthies of his country, the "Pictor Ignotus" he so thoroughly comprehended and so strongly loved. In giving to the world these memoirs, he teaches by example to the young, rare lessons of fortitude, endurance, and unflinching integrity; that poverty may be borne without a blush, when it is the result of no wrong thinking or wrong doing; and that the good have within themselves a sustaining power which adversity cannot touch. A work more deeply interesting, or more soundly instructive, it has rarely been our lot to read.

* The House was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for August, 1858, which contained a memory of William Blake.

NEW METHOD OF ENGRAVING AND MULTIPLYING PRINTS, ETC.

Of the many processes that have been proposed for expediting the production of engravings, none are so likely to attain the desired end as a method named after its ingenious inventor, the Process Vial, many and various results of which are in the possession of Messrs. Hunt and Davies, in Searle Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. After the admiration excited by a really simple and beautiful invention such as this, comes the question of its practical utility, and this is at once obvious. The prints we have seen from plates prepared by M. Vial's process, are in spirit and character so different, that they could not be pronounced as the results of one and the same method of reproduction, some being marked "instantaneous," others, "five" or "ten" minutes, meaning that the design was, so to say, engraved, and the print produced, within a few minutes.

To begin with a fine line engraving. There is a small plate, of which the subject is a sportsman shooting a hare, in every respect like a proof from a plate engraved by a masterly hand: every blade of grass, every weedy tuft, is there, with the same precision that distinguishes the print taken from the plate in the usual way. Perhaps even clearer than this, is a print of a fawn in a thicket, which it is impossible to fancy other than a finished proof from a highly-wrought copper-plate. To artists, the most interesting capability of the invention is its power of transferring, in a few minutes, impressions of a drawing or sketch to a steel plate, line for line, touch for touch. M. Gerome, the celebrated French artist, made, in the presence of the French Commissioners of Fine Art, a sketch of the head of a dromedary, which was prepared and printed from in a few minutes. The sketch was drawn with lithographic chalk. There is by Jules David a sketch something between an etching and a woodcut: the subject, a French cottage girl hearing a child read; also a dog by another artist, drawn with chalk and touched with Indian ink, wherein the spirit and manner of the drawing are so perfectly maintained, that it is difficult at first to determine it other than the drawing itself.

It will at once strike the experienced artist that it is by chemical agency the plate is prepared with such rapidity; and the means are so simple, that it is a matter of surprise it has not been before made subservient to the reproduction of drawings, sketches, and all kinds of designs to which the invention is applicable, for, from what we have said, it will be understood that the range it embraces is very wide. The preparation of the plate, and the impression taken from it, is, as we have said, effected in a few minutes. The inventor describes his process as "instantaneous;" in certain cases it is, and in all cases very rapid. An artist makes a drawing with lithographic chalk or ink on a steel plate; this is immediately immersed in a bath of a solution of copper, which leaves a thin coat of the metal on all exposed portions of the steel, but "bites in" the lines or touches left by a brush or crayon point. The action of the solution is so rapid, that experience is necessary to determine the point at which the corrosion must be arrested. In lithography a like means is used, but with a reverse result, inasmuch as the printing-surface remains in relief. Not only can the drawing be made directly on the steel and reproduced therefrom, but a drawing made on paper can be transferred to the steel without any alteration. We are told that the most elaborate engraving or lithograph can be reproduced on a steel plate in from ten to thirty minutes from a paper proof, without injury to the original. Thus it is impossible to say what limit can be set to the extensive utility of the invention. And now as to cost—that is said to admit of a reduction of sixty per cent. from the average expense of the production of engravings. It will be understood that in the multiplication of all fine works, as, for instance, engravings, the plates must first be engraved in the usual manner before they can be transferred; but as far as we have seen and understand the process, it must greatly reduce the cost of a large class of works for which the various and ordinary manners of engraving and printing are now employed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS HOSMER'S 'ZENOBIA.'

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—In the September number of the *Art-Journal*, an article entitled "Mr. Alfred Gatley," contains a statement so highly injurious to myself as an artist, that I cannot allow it to pass unnoticed.

I have been for a long time aware of the report that I employ a professional modeller to model my statues; and while this report was circulated through private mediums, I treated it with the contempt and silence which I felt it deserved; but now that it has assumed the form of a serious charge in public print, silence on my part would be equivalent to an admission of its truth, and I therefore place you in possession of facts, which I beg you to insert in your columns.

All artists are well aware, but the public may be ignorant, of the fact, that when a statue is to be made, a small model is first prepared by the artist, and that the professional modeller then enlarges that model, by scale, to any size the sculptor may require. This was the practice constantly pursued by Canova, and by Thorwaldsen, and is still continued by Mr. Gibson, by Tenerani, and by most of the sculptors of the present day. The charge now brought against me is, that this professional modeller does *all* my work, and to refute that charge I here state, that after the statue of Zenobia was set up for me, from a small model, four feet high, which I had previously carefully studied, I worked with my own hands upon the full-sized clay model during a period of eight months, and therefore feel that if there is any merit in the figure, I may be entitled to at least a portion of it. Nor is this all; the man who undertook to prepare the work for me was not a professional modeller in clay, but one of the marble workmen in Mr. Gibson's studio.

For seven years I worked in Mr. Gibson's own studio, and I am authorised by him to state that during that time I had no more assistance in my work than every artist considers legitimate, nor, to use his own words, "would he have permitted me to send forth works from his studio which were not honestly my own."

We all know that few artists who have been in any degree successful enjoy the truly friendly regard of their professional brethren; but a woman artist, who has been honoured by frequent commissions, is an object of peculiar odium. I am not particularly popular with any of my brethren; but I may yet feel myself called upon to make public the name of one in whom these reports first originated, and who, sheltered under an apparent personal friendship, has never lost an opportunity of defaming my artistic reputation. I remain, respectfully yours,

HARRIET G. HOSMER.

(Countersigned) JOHN GIBSON.

Rome, November 14, 1863.

[We do not hesitate to insert Miss Hosmer's letter. The paragraph of which she complains was extracted from a contemporary. It formed *part* of an "extract," and its pernicious effect passed us unnoticed. We believe that statement to be entirely groundless, and manifestly unjust. It is not "our way" to inflict injury: more especially in the case of a woman who is working her way to fame. We know Miss Hosmer to stand high in the estimation of all artists—in Rome, in England, and in America; and that she is eminently entitled to the high position to which she has attained by industry and genius. Readily and gladly we make to her the best and most ample amends in our power.—ED. A.-J.]

THE LATE W. DUFFIELD.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—In your notice of the death of my friend Mr. Duffield, copied from a Bath paper, there are several circumstances connected with his artistic life which are not mentioned there, but which, in justice to his memory, I think should be known. In the early part of his career, not only was he indefatigable in the study of his peculiar branch of the Arts, but was also a most zealous student of the Royal Academy. After a course of laborious study here, he left London for Bath, where for some time he practised portrait-painting with

great success; but being dissatisfied with such a limited branch of Art, he left his native city and proceeded to Antwerp, where he continued for two years in the schools of Baron Wappers the same diligent study of Art he had before practised in England. He soon after settled in London, where his pictures of 'Dead Game,' so perfectly true to nature and beautiful in colour, won for him a name second to none in this branch of Art, and we look in vain for his successor.

24, Cornhill.

J. MORRY.

EARLY SUN-PICTURES.

A DISCOVERY of no little interest in the annals of Science, as applied to the Fine Arts, has recently been made by Mr. Smith, the Curator of the Museum of Patents and Inventions at South Kensington. It is nothing less than proof of the perfection, a century and a half ago, of a means of reproducing works of Art by aid of the camera and sunlight, similar to the daguerreotypes and photographs of our own time. The prints and plates, as well as documentary evidence of a most conclusive kind, are in the possession of Mr. Smith at the Museum.

A society of scientific men, known as "the Lunar Society," met to communicate their researches at the house of Matthew Boulton, at Soho, when that distinguished manufacturer was supported by such men as James Watt, Josiah Wedgwood, Dr. Parr, Dr. Priestly, Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and the *élite* of the scientific world. Their experiments on light led, doubtless, to this mode of artificially producing reflected pictures, but the practical use of the discovery seems to have been in the hands of an artist, Francis Eginton, who was in the employ of Boulton. It is certain that they made and sold copies of pictures by the dozen at very low prices, and that they were occasionally used to decorate japanned articles, as well as to be worked up into oil paintings. By the mere accident of total neglect some of these old pictures have survived. They are copies of works by Murillo, West, Angelica Kauffmann, and others, and have all the appearance of photographic transfers to paper. It must be noted that the paper is of the old manufacture of Whatman's mills, the present proprietors stating that no such paper has been made there for the last hundred years. The pictures are all reversed from the originals, hence the action of all the figures is left-handed; the surfaces of some are covered with minute spots similar to those which occasionally disfigure photographs; the monochrome and the colour in no instance seem to sink into the paper, but may be readily wiped off the surface by a damp finger, and they are protected by a varnish which appears to be white of egg. Fortunately Mr. Smith obtained a duplicate of one subject, which is so minute in its similarity as to be sufficient to prove that the process (whatever it was) was strictly a mechanical one.

The uses of cameras, the production of cheap pictures, and the possession of an important secret, is all proved by documentary evidence from the Soho works. What then is the secret of its total cessation, and the oblivion to which its history is subjected? It appears to be simply this, that artists and Art-manufacturers were alarmed at the success of a process that threatened to underwork or revolutionise their business; that Eginton applied for a government pension "for the art of copying pictures called polygraphic;" that Boulton objected to such grant, as he was in his pay; and the various jealousies and clashing interests led to the discontinuance of the process soon after 1780, when it was

in full activity. Eginton died, in his sixty-eighth year, in 1805.

The silver-plate pictures appear to have been produced about 1791. They have the entire appearance of faded daguerreotypes, and represent the front of the old establishment at Soho as it appeared before the alterations made in it about that time. It is matter of history that the Wedgwoods speculated largely in experiments on light, in conjunction with Davy, but they failed in fixing the reflected pictures obtained by this means. The process they used was the laying nitrate of silver on paper, and obtaining, by means of the solar ray in a camera, a reflection upon its surface, but the image soon faded on exposure to light, and the experiments were discontinued. It is curious, however, to note that the process was experimented upon by members of the family until a comparatively recent period, and that there are in existence "nature-printed" ferns, by Miss Wilkinson, a near relative of Matthew Boulton, identical with photography in the brown discolouration of the prepared paper, except in such places as have been covered by the object to be delineated.

There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that curious and important experiments in sun-picturing were made by Boulton, Watt, Davy, and others, very many years ago, and that a mechanical art of a remarkable kind was absolutely perfected at Soho. The whole history of the work is, however, involved in obscurity, and that obscurity has been purposely made by the evasion of evidence in books, &c., for some reason yet unexplained.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Foley, R.A., has received the commission to execute the Prince Consort memorial for this city. The work will, we believe, take the form of a group. The sculptor is to have £5,000 for it.—Mr. Edw. Lyne has been appointed by the Royal Dublin Society to the head-mastership of the School of Art, vacant by the resignation of Mr. McManus.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Architectural Society held its annual meeting and *conversazione* on the 9th of last month, in the Scottish Exhibition Rooms. From the Report of the honorary secretary, it would appear that the affairs of the Association are in a most satisfactory state. During the past year several papers upon interesting subjects have been read and discussed by the members, amongst others, one upon the ventilation of buildings, a subject which cannot too often claim the attention of such a body. In the course of the evening, Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, one of the sheriffs of the county, addressed the meeting in a speech at once eloquent and practical.

PAISLEY.—A monument in memory of the Rev. Patrick Brewster has recently been placed in the cemetery of Paisley; it is the work of Mr. John Mossman, of Glasgow. On a pedestal somewhat richly sculptured is a statue of the deceased minister, standing as if about to address a public meeting. In his left hand he holds a roll of paper, pressing at the same time the folds of his mantle to his left breast, while the right hand seems to dash aside the folds of his cloak, and appears to be raised as he opens his lips—the action and attitude those who knew him say he constantly adopted. The likeness is considered most striking.

BATH.—The annual presentation of prizes to the students in the School of Art, took place in November last, when the mayor presided. His worship, and the president of the institution, the Rev. E. D. Rhodes, adverted to its pecuniary condition, stating that if not better supported, the doors of the school must be closed in March. It appears that the payments from pupils do not meet the expenses incurred, and there is a debt owing of £58. In 1861, nearly a similar amount was owing, and an effort was subsequently made to clear it off; only about half the sum, however, was collected, and the liabilities have again increased to a larger extent than before. Bath seems to be only one of several places of importance whose inhabitants cannot, or will not, see the advantages of a school of Art.

BIRMINGHAM.—The local papers announce the recent death of Mr. Samuel Lines, an artist and drawing-master long holding a good position in Birmingham and its vicinity. He was one of the founders of the Birmingham Society of Artists, and for many years its treasurer and curator.

BURSLEM.—The prizes offered for the most approved designs for the decoration of the façade of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute have been awarded by the adjudicators, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope and Mr. Digby Wyatt, as follows, Mr. J. C. Robinson, the other referee appointed by the committee, being absent from England:—1st prize, Robert Edgar and John Kipling; 2nd prize, Mr. De Ville; 3rd prize, John Ladds; 4th prize, Edward Power. The following obtained honourable mention:—Samuel Cuthbert Rogers, James Lessels, and Harry Green. It will be seen that the first prize was awarded to the combined effort of two persons, both of whom have, until within the last few years, been residents of the Potteries—Robert Edgar as an architect at Stoke, and John Kipling as a modeller at Messrs. Pinder, Bourne, and Hope's manufactory, Fountain Place, Burslem, where he served his apprenticeship. The design of the beautiful illuminations on the exterior of Messrs. Pinder and Co.'s manufactory, which attracted so much attention on the 10th of March last, was executed by Mr. Kipling. The committee subsequently met in the Town Hall, with J. S. Hill, Esq., in the chair, when they heartily approved of the selection made by the judges, and also made arrangements for the exhibition, shortly, of the designs, and for proceeding with the obtaining of subscriptions, so as to ensure the proceeding with the work with as little delay as possible.

CAMBRIDGE.—The committee of the School of Art, in the last annual report, has entered a protest against the regulations recently issued from the Department of Science and Art, which, as the document states, "are likely to have a very mischievous effect on the teaching of Art-schools throughout the country, as they will tend to disparage the serious study of Art in all except the artisan classes, and re-introduce the shallow dilettantism which hitherto they have with much success endeavoured to combat; they will also unsettle the minds of the masters of the schools." The committee would be "glad to join other schools of Art in an earnest united remonstrance against the faithless, unwise, arbitrary policy of the revised code." We wonder it has not occurred to the committees and head masters of these schools, so many of which are suffering from the ill-advised regulations laid down at headquarters, to petition parliament on the subject. All remonstrance addressed to South Kensington appears to be utterly useless.

COVENTRY.—The new School of Art, which also includes a picture gallery, was opened here on the 10th of November, when a *conversazione* took place, Lord Leigh, lord-lieutenant of the county, presiding. The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., gave an address, which was followed by speeches from Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., and other gentlemen.

FORD.—The *Athenæum* says—"The Marchioness of Waterford, one of the ablest of our amateur artists, is painting, in distemper, on twelve arched compartments on the walls of the school-room at Ford, Northumberland, a series of pictures representing boys and girls mentioned in the Bible. One subject is already done; it shows Cain and Abel, youths of ten or twelve years of age, sacrificing. The second subject is Isaac going to the sacrifice; the third, Esau selling his birthright; the fourth, Joseph and his brethren.

HALIFAX.—Mr. Thornycroft is to execute an equestrian statue of the Prince Consort for this town. The price, including pedestal, is estimated at 1,300 guineas.—The ceremony of presenting the prizes annually given to the students of the School of Art in this town took place in November last. After the business was over, a *conversazione*, numerously attended by the leading inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, was held, the principal attractions being the exhibition of a large and valuable collection of pictures, lent for the purpose by their owners residing in the locality. Among these works were many by our best known artists, both in oils and water-colours. The main object of the exhibition was to clear off some liabilities due from the school.

LEEDS.—The operatives of this town propose to erect a memorial statue of the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn, by subscriptions of one penny and upwards.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Arnold Baruchson, who has long been foremost among Art-aids in Liverpool, and to whom artists owe much for the large patronage they enjoy in that wealthy and liberal Port, is actively engaged, with some other of its merchants, in efforts to obtain for the town a building worthy to represent the Arts. His plan is to follow the example set by

the city of Edinburgh—to devote part of such edifice to the exhibition of modern pictures, &c., and part to a permanent collection of works of Art. The annual exhibition now takes place in a building by no means suited to so high a purpose, and it is not creditable to Liverpool, that while there are so many magnificent public structures there, the Arts are located in a dwelling so unbecoming. Mr. Baruchson has reasoned, in an address delivered at a meeting of his fellow-townsmen, that in the event of this object being accomplished, there are many collectors in Liverpool who would gladly contribute pictures as gifts, while it is more than likely that some would imitate the great patriots, Vernon, Sheepshanks, Bell, and others, and bequeath at death the whole of their galleries to the people. We earnestly hope this project may succeed, and we are not without hope that the sum of £5,000 granted by the corporation for a monument to the Prince Consort may be allocated—not to erect an equestrian statue, but to build an Albert Institute of the Fine Arts. Sure we are that such a mode of expenditure is precisely what the Good Prince would have desired and advised. Such an act would be energetically seconded by a large number of the merchants, who would at once add to this sum of £5,000 whatever amount would be required.—The Free Library and Museum, the munificent gift of Sir William Brown, Bart., of Liverpool, has recently been rendered additionally attractive and useful to the people, by containing collections of pictures lent for public and free exhibition by eminent collectors in Liverpool and its vicinity. At present it contains the gallery of water-colour drawings the property of T. E. Moss, Esq., the opulent banker, a collection surpassed by few in the kingdom. It consists of nearly two hundred works by the best masters of the British school. In the same building also are a number of paintings lent by Abel Boodle, Esq., among them being the famous work of Sidney Cooper—"The Decisive Charge at Waterloo"—and several of the best works of John Martin. The rooms are continually thronged by the working men of Liverpool.—At the recent meeting for the distribution of prizes to the students of the Liverpool School of Art—to which reference was made in our last number—a letter was read from Mr. Ruskin, who had been invited to preside on the occasion. The letter was dated from Zurich, where Mr. Ruskin was staying. One of the reasons assigned by him for not appearing at Liverpool was the state of his health, which prevented him just then from taking any prominent part in public business. But another, and, as it seems, still more powerful motive for refusal, is the "political position taken, or rather sunk into, by England in her foreign relations, especially in the affairs of Italy and Poland;" the thought of this has rendered him "too sad to be of any service" to the students just now. The epistle is altogether a humorous and singular comment on ministerial policy, especially when viewed in connection with the object which called it forth.

WORCESTER.—The ninth annual exhibition of the Worcester Society of Arts was opened in the autumn of last year, and was not much inferior in character to those of some twenty-five years ago, when the city was famed for its exhibitions, containing as they then did the works of many artists who have since become our leading academicians. Among the recent contributors were Messrs. Hart, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., Leighton, Armitage, Danby, Pyne, Leader, Davis, T. M. Richardson, the late William Duffield, Syer, Bouvier, Houston, R.S.A., Earl, and others. Mr. Armitage sent three works, two of which are his well-known pictures, 'Samson,' and 'The Ladies at Scutari.' 'The Crossbowman,' by Mr. Leighton, in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, indicates the great power and mind of the artist. Mr. Hart exhibited his picture 'Margaret of Hungary distributing Alms;' Mr. T. M. Richardson three very beautiful sketches; and Mr. J. B. Pyne 'In faccia del Sole,' a work of considerable beauty. A small but excellent collection of sculpture by Messrs. W. C. Marshall, R.A., J. Foley, R.A., J. Durham, J. Bell, and G. Halse, added very considerably to the attractions of the exhibition. We must not close this notice without mentioning the name of E. Bickerton Evans, Esq., who, with several other gentlemen, have promoted in no small degree the success of the society, as well as the very praiseworthy object they had in view in establishing it, viz., that of forming a permanent public gallery to encourage a taste for the Fine Arts in the neighbourhood. The society already possesses works by Creswick, R.A., Cooke, A.R.A., the late William Duffield, and several others; and it is highly creditable to so small a city as Worcester to have been able to continue its annual exhibition, and to have brought together so good a collection of works of Art without the aid of borrowed pictures.

A VISION.

FROM A MONUMENTAL BAS-RELIEF BY J. EDWARDS.

MONUMENTAL sculpture has one of its purest and most intellectual exponents in this artist, who combines with an admirable command over his material very considerable originality of design and a truly reverential spirit in his conceptions. We have on two or three former occasions offered to the notice of our readers engravings from his works, all of which unquestionably bear out this opinion. That now introduced supports it still further, and in an eminent degree.

Works of this kind are too frequently conceived in a spirit of materiality; they are a kind of allegorical eulogies of the dead. All spiritual meaning is lost sight of, and the only idea seems to be to associate the monument with the perishing body beneath it, rather than with the immortality of the soul's future existence, or, at least, with the "things which no gross ear can hear."

In the sculpture by Mr. Edwards, he appears to have laboured in just the opposite direction, that is, to give to his work something of an elevated, holy character, and such as might suggest to the imagination, as in a vision, a representation of all our chief duties in life, as well as some of the great marvels of existence.

The archangel on the left of the group is in the act of explaining the words of the scroll, with a power so commanding, a wisdom so profound, and a heavenly gentleness so attractive, as to captivate, while it satisfies, both intellect and feelings; the voice of the celestial instructor falling with a divine charm on the minds of all by whom the "vision" is seen, and who have the refined ears to hear, and the desire to comprehend the holy command embodied in the words. The subject is thus formed purely for the gratification of the imaginative faculty, and is represented as if seen in the sky, in the deep stillness of night, shown by the moon beneath the clouds on which the angelic group stands. On the upper part indications are also given of supernatural light beaming from above on the figures, in which light the emblem of the Holy Spirit, the dove, is seen in the centre of a triune symbol of the Deity, as Creator, Preserver, and Ruler of all things. On the scroll, above the text, may be observed the monogram of the Alpha and Omega, and, as if emanating therefrom, slight indications may be further noticed of rays of light in various clusters, each composed of three separate rays, all of which together may be considered to denote the life divine, intellectual, and social, granted to mankind for gradual development in accordance with the immutable laws of the Almighty, and for the continual furtherance of our well-being and happiness in a life not without a high and pure hope of heaven. Separately, the larger cluster of the rays nearest to the text may be considered to denote the revealed light representing to us the Holy Trinity; while the corresponding cluster above the monogram may symbolise the light we have of the divine creation, preservation, and dominion. Those on each side may respectively denote our original ideas of Deity, in his power, wisdom, and goodness. The four smaller clusters may respectively indicate the sublimest and best gleams of light with which the greatest and the best of the human family are endowed, such as those, which may also be considered as the attributes of God, of wisdom, justice, truth, and goodness, with others connected wholly with man; faith, hope, charity, prudence, &c.

Such appears to have been the intention of the sculptor in designing this very beautiful and suggestive monumental work, symbolising so much that is true and of good report, so much also on which the thoughts of the mourners may dwell pleasantly while still sorrowing for the dead. The model was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857, and it has since been executed twice in marble, slightly modified to suit each individual purpose. Mr. Edwards has at the present time a third copy in hand. Works of this high intellectual character cannot fail to have a beneficial influence on public taste and public feeling, not only from an æsthetic point of view, but because they suggest pure and elevating thoughts, even where their artistic merit is not understood.



A VISION

TELLING OF THINGS AS MIGHT BE
WHICH NO GROSS EYE CAN SEE

FROM A MONUMENTAL BASE DESIGNED BY J. SIMMONS

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE
FINE ARTS.

THE third annual exhibition of this association was inaugurated last month under very flattering auspices, the anxiety to be present at the opening *conversazione* having manifested itself more strongly than on any previous occasion. The works exhibited number in all upwards of nine hundred, and although out of this large display there are probably not half a dozen really striking pictures, still the exhibition, as a whole, may be pronounced equal, if not superior, to those of former years.

The pictures borrowed from private owners, of which there is a smaller number than usual, form, of course, the most prominent objects of interest. These are the 'Highland Raid' of Rosa Bonheur; Noel Paton's minutely finished picture 'Luther at Erfurt'; Tidey's exquisite water-colour subject from Ossian, 'Dar Thula,' a work which, we believe, has commanded more admiration than any other picture on the walls of the exhibition; 'Kilchurn Castle, Lochawe,' a noble landscape by Horatio Macculloch; Sam Bough's clever 'Pool of the Thames,' and several others of minor consideration.

The contributions of local artists form, naturally enough, a feature of peculiar interest to the visitors who crowd the exhibition rooms, portraiture, as usual, occupying a large share of space upon the walls. In this department of Art, Mr. Graham Gilbert's likeness of Mrs. H. C. Ewing may be noted for its careful finish and dexterous colouring. Mr. Daniel Maenee's full-length portrait of Mr. McLeod is a favourable specimen of this artist's powers; the easy pose of the figure, the drawing and colouring, being alike admirable. The portrait of Lord Brougham, painted by Mr. Maenee for the Parliament House, Edinburgh, is in many respects an excellent work. The same artist's portrait of Mr. Richardson, of Ralston, and his 'Childhood,' illustrating a stanza from Shelley, have both been much admired—the former for its careful finish and striking likeness of the original, the latter for the clever and natural manner in which the young mother and the child whom she is fondling are both rendered. Mr. Tavernor Knott, a gentleman who has made considerable progress of late in his profession, is a most prolific exhibitor, having no less than nine portraits upon the walls. The best of these is his likeness of Mr. Neilson—a firm and vigorously painted work, careful in all its details. Mr. Norman Macbeth's portrait of Mr. Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*, will be recognised at once, not only as a creditable work of Art, but, by those who know him, as a good likeness of a genial-hearted and clever man.

The place of honour amongst the local landscape painters is probably due to Mr. J. Milne Donald, whose picture 'In the Forest—Sunshine after Rain,' possesses many points of excellence. Mr. William Glover's pretty moonlight scene shows that he possesses the true spirit of an artist. Mr. Woolnoth's water-colour views of highland scenery, of which several are exhibited, are all, generally speaking, good. Mr. Greenlee's 'Going to the Farm' would have been a better picture had the colouring been less hard.

The exhibition of sculpture is meagre. Mr. Edward Davis, however, contributes two important works in marble, 'Cupid caught Flying,' and an alto-relievo, representing a 'Mother and Child.' Mr. John Mossman exhibits three busts in marble, all of which are marked by his careful and painstaking style. In a colossal bust of Sir William Wallace, modelled in clay, Dr. F. H. Thomson presents us with his idea of what the great Scottish hero might have been in the flesh. Dr. Thomson is, we believe, an amateur, but there is little in this work of his betraying the "prentice hand." On the contrary, it is conceived and wrought out in all its points with the skill of a practised artist. A word of encouragement is due to a little bit of ideal sculpture termed, 'Help a Poor Blind Boy,' the work of a very young artist, Mr. William Mossman, jun.

We are glad to learn that the pecuniary success of the Exhibition has been great, the attendance nearly doubling that of former years.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has visited the ateliers of the sculptors Foley and Theed, and given sittings to Mr. Frith for the 'Marriage' picture.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has given sittings to Mr. R. Dowling for a portrait commissioned by the government of Tasmania, and also to Mr. Morton Edwards, for a bust for the corporation of Toronto.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Thursday, the 10th of December, being the ninety-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, at a general assembly of the academicians the following premiums were awarded:—the gold medal, books, and a scholarship of £25 for two years, to Francis Holl, for the best historical painting; to Henry Bursill, for the best historical group in sculpture; to Richard Phené Spiers, for the best architectural design; the Turner gold medal to Frank Walton, for the best English landscape. Silver medals and books were likewise awarded to Arthur Ackland Hunt, for the best painting from the life; to George Smith, for a copy made in the school of painting; to Arthur Ackland Hunt, for the best drawing from the life; to Francis Holl, for the next best drawing from the life; to Edward Evans, for the next best drawing from the life; to Richard Phené Spiers, for an architectural drawing; to John Barclay Grahame, for the best drawing from the antique; to Augustus E. Mulready, for the next best drawing from the antique; to Charles B. Barber, for the next best drawing from the antique; to Samuel B. Long, for the best model from the antique; to Frederick S. Potter, for the next best model from the antique. A travelling studentship for one year, with an allowance of £100, was awarded to Thomas Henry Watson, for the best design in architecture. The works in competition were in the highest degree satisfactory. Mr. Holl (a son of the eminent engraver), whose painting of 'Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac' might hold place among the productions of veterans in Art, obtained both the gold and silver medals: the artist is under twenty years of age. Mr. Walton's landscape is a picture of very great merit. Few "grander" compositions than that of Mr. Bursill have been ever shown as a "first" work. Mr. Richard Phené Spiers, who obtained the gold medal and also the silver medal, is the eldest son of Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford—a gentleman who has been all his life labouring to advance the interests of British Art. The success of his son—so honourably earned—must be to him, therefore, a cause of intense gratification.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has, it is said, come to the resolution of granting a sum of money to the pupils of the schools entitled to what is called the "travelling studentship," to aid them in studying at home instead of abroad. We have often remarked, when speaking on this subject in our columns, that foreign travel has rarely produced results in the young artist sufficient to justify the continuance of the practice, and the Academy seems at length to be of the same opinion.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The one hundred and tenth session of this Society opened in November last, with an address from the newly-elected Chairman of the Council, Mr. William Hawes, F.G.S. The theatre of the Society has been enlarged and renovated during the recess, the five paintings of Barry have also been carefully cleaned. The principal business of the evening was to distribute the prizes awarded last year; these were, the Prince Consort's prize of 25 guineas, to Mr. William Vaughan for proficiency in mathematics. This gentleman had obtained the following awards of merit:—1860. Arithmetic, first-class certificate (with first prize). 1861. Geometry, first-class certificate (with first prize). 1862. Book-keeping, first-class certificate; Mensuration, first-class certificate (with second prize). 1863. Algebra, first-class certificate (with first prize); Trigonometry, first-class certificate (with first prize); Conic Section, first-class certificate (with first prize). For specimens of wood-carving—To James Meikle, £4 (animals, natural foliage being used as accessories). To G. Rumford ('Rosebud,' child's head cut in lime tree). Animal still life—Mark Rogers, £8; Charles Humphris and — Green,

£2 each; W. Perry, £3. Foliage, fruit, flowers—T. H. Baylis, £8; T. H. Kendall, £4; R. Flepping, £3.—The Society has issued a programme of the premiums it designs to award during the year 1864-5. The subjects are very varied, ranging from a prize for a Treatise on Jurisprudence to an Essay on the Cultivation of Tobacco, but including prizes for Art-workmanship and model carving, goldsmith's work, bronzes, photographs on china and glass, new dyes, &c., &c. Full particulars will be found in the Society's journal. The programme has been well considered, and, no doubt, beneficial results will follow the competition thus excited. The "prizes" are principally the Society's medal; competitors, therefore, must be content with the "honour" they will receive as a compensation for success. It is, however, somewhat unreasonable to stipulate that "any communication rewarded by the society" will be "considered as its property," seeing that it will have cost the Society but a few shillings.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The annual private view of the copies made from certain of the pictures selected from the late exhibition of the old masters, was held here in November. As usual, the majority of the copyists clustered round a few of the pictures. Of the Burgomaster Six (Rembrandt) the greatest number of copies were made; there were not less than eighteen or twenty, of which the great majority were below mediocrity, but a few showed some feeling for the master and some knowledge of the principles on which he worked. A good copy of this picture would be a *tour de force* for a highly accomplished painter, and yet we see the most melancholy essays by persons who never could have been in earnest in the attempt. Next to Rembrandt, Romney was in favour with his Bacchante-like studies of Lady Hamilton.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION will open its annual exhibition, as usual, early in February.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—An exhibition of drawings and sketches by the late C. J. Cockerell, R.A., has lately been held in the rooms of this society. Mr. Cockerell was a most skilful draughtsman, as these works testify.

MR. J. D. HARDING.—On the eve of going to press with our last sheet, intelligence reached us of the death of this artist, of whom we shall give a memoir in our next number.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION OF MANUFACTURES AND MACHINERY.—A programme has been issued by a committee of the Royal Dublin Society, announcing the arrangements under which the Exhibition will be opened in May, 1864. It will consist mainly of "home" manufactures, "more humble and less costly" than an International Exhibition would be. We presume, however, it is to include contributions from the sister countries of England, Scotland, and Wales. Those who desire information may apply to A. Corrigan, Esq., Royal Society, Dublin.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.—Mr. Wallis's two prizes of £100 and £50 have been awarded, the first to Mr. P. H. Calderon, the second to Mr. A. Gilbert. The adjudicators were Messrs. Redgrave, E. M. Ward, Dobson, Tom Taylor, Lewis Pocock, and S. C. Hall. The pictures in competition were those only that had been painted specially for this exhibition. The decisions were unanimous.

DEPARTMENT OF ART AND SCIENCE.—Messrs. R. Redgrave, R.A., and E. Crowe, Inspectors of Art-schools, with the masters of the schools at Birmingham, Manchester, Macclesfield, Stoke, and two other places, have been sent to Paris to examine and report on the works of pupils in the French Schools of Design, lately exhibited in the Champs Elysées.

PROFESSOR DONALDSON, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has been elected, by the Académie des Beaux Arts, a foreign corresponding member, in the room of Professor Cockerell—an election that will meet with cordial approbation in this country, for Professor Donaldson is highly respected as an architect and esteemed as a gentleman. The other candidates "presented by the committee were—M. Geefs, sculptor, of Brussels; Mr. John Pye, engraver, of London; M. Verdi, composer, of Bussetto; and M. Stuler, architect, of Berlin. The academy added the names of M. Gallait, painter, of Brussels; M. Navez, another painter, of the same city; and M.

Marochetti, sculptor, of London. Mr. Donaldson received eighteen out of thirty-five votes, and thus obtained the absolute majority. M. Verdi and M. Navez had five votes each; M. Gallait four; and MM. Geefs, Pye, and Marochetti, one each.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION has had so prosperous a career as to alarm inferior caterers to public taste. The directors will, therefore, cease to hold their home in the Palace, and obtain offices at the west end of London, continuing there the efforts which have been so successful. It is certain that under the management of Mr. Thomas Battam, works in Ceramic Art, in glass, and in bronze, have been distributed to subscribers at rates approaching half the cost of similar productions obtained in the ordinary way of trade. It is this fact that has frightened the stall-keepers at Sydenham, perhaps not without reason; but unquestionably by this means public taste has been advanced to a higher appreciation of excellence. Shopkeepers should bear this fact in mind, knowing that the acquisition of one luxury invariably suggests the desire to possess another.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.—Messrs. Longman & Co. have just published a very beautiful edition of the Prayer Book; each page of which is surrounded by an engraved border taken from the works of Geoffrey Tory, a French engraver and bookseller of considerable reputation, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose volumes are rare, and held in much esteem by collectors. The borders introduced are Raffaellesque in character, very light and elegant. The volume is printed on toned paper, with the rubrics and head-lines in red ink. The type is of moderate size, and very distinct. Picture prayer-books we dislike to see used in churches, but to this neatly-ornamented edition no reasonable objection can be urged by the most strenuous advocate for simplicity in everything connected with ecclesiastical worship.

MESSRS. MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., the eminent publishers, have secured a series of most interesting and very beautiful drawings, of large size, the works of Carl Werner, representing Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the holy places, which they mean to issue as "fac-similes."

ART AT LAW.—A case recently came before Mr. Justice Erle and a special jury, in the Court of Common Pleas, in which Mr. Turner, a print-publisher of Newcastle-on-Tyne, sought to recover damages from Mr. T. O. Barlow, the well-known engraver in mezzotint. It was alleged that the defendant had engaged to engrave for the plaintiff Mr. Wallis's picture of the 'Death of Chatterton,' within a specified time, namely, twenty-one months, out of which period he, Mr. Barlow, was to have the painting in his possession at intervals for fourteen months; the intermediate time, we presume, Mr. Turner required for the exhibition of the picture, as is customary with publishers. According to plaintiff's statement, the plate ought to have been delivered on the 17th of February, 1861, but he did not receive it till March, 1862; the consequence was that he had to pay the owner of the picture, the late Mr. A. L. Egg, R.A., the sum of £100 over and above that originally agreed upon for the loan of it for a definite period. Mr. Barlow's defence was, and it was proved on evidence, that he had not actually exceeded fourteen months, one of the points raised being whether the "months" spoken of were calendar or lunar months; his lordship ruled that the latter were intended. The verdict was in favour of the defendant, the jury computing that he had retained the painting only 300 days, whereas the full period of fourteen months would have allowed him to keep it for 392 days. It seems to us this action should not have been brought; it was at least "sharp practice." We know well from our own experience that engravers are not noted for punctuality, but we also are fully aware that the delay often arises from a desire to do full justice to the subject in hand, and that it is sometimes almost impossible to determine the length of time a picture requires. In Mr. Turner's case he surely was able to ascertain, with tolerable accuracy, how long Mr. Barlow really had the painting in his possession.

MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN INGLIS, K.C.B.—Messrs. Cox and Son, of Southampton Street, have recently executed, at their Patent Carving Works, a monument to the gallant defender of Lucknow. The

design is by Mr. Digby Wyatt, and consists of a richly carved frame of Robin Hood stone, relieved by a border of inlaid marble, with Derbyshire spars at the angles. In the centre of this is a brass tablet, bearing an appropriate inscription referring to the services of the gallant officer; and below are sculptured his armorial bearings, with the cross of the Bath. It was originally intended to place the monument in the garrison chapel at Corfu, but as the island is to pass out of British possession, it will probably be erected in some one of our own churches.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRIZE, offered by his Royal Highness, "to be held for a year by the best shot" in the Civil Service regiment of volunteers, of which the Prince is honorary colonel, is a silver vase of elegant form. The bowl is rather flat, having gracefully-curved handles at the sides. The lid is surmounted by an officer of the regiment on horseback, one dismounted, and a private. The plinth and base are richly ornamented with engraved and embossed work in harmony with that on the bowl, and present to the eye good outlines. On an ebony pedestal is a shield of silver, whereon is inscribed the object of the gift, with the name of the royal donor. The vase is designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington & Co., and is worthy of their high reputation.

BUST OF SHAKSPEARE.—Mr. William Perry, wood-carver to the Queen, whose works we have frequently noticed in our journal, has recently executed a life-size bust of Shakspeare for a member of the "Memorial Fund." It is sculptured out of a block of oak, a portion of one of the old rafters of the barn at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Perry has worked out, and most satisfactorily, his idea of the head and face, from a careful study of the Stratford bust, and Mr. Bowden's commentary on the portraits of the poet. As a work of sculptured Art, the bust is excellent. Mr. Perry has been commissioned by the Queen to carve another bust from a piece of the Herne's oak.

THE HAMPTON COURT PICTURE GALLERIES have recently undergone some changes, and not a little improvement. Pictures that hung in unfavourable positions are now placed where they can be seen, while the works of the Venetian school are being gradually grouped together, and several of them have been judiciously restored. The nine compartments of Mantegna's 'Triumph of Julius Caesar,' a work in tempera, and in a sad state of decay, have been carefully glazed, to prevent, as far as possible, further injury. The room known as the public dining-room has been repaired, and entirely hung with portraits of the British school, —among others, Gainsborough's Colonel St. Leger, and Fisher, the composer.

CHURCH'S PANORAMA.—A large and comprehensive series of pictures is now being exhibited at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, painted by an American artist, and describing the sites of the many battles and sieges that have taken place during the civil war now desolating America. If the localities are accurately represented, this panorama has, at present for us, an interest far beyond all similar pictorial exhibitions, inasmuch as this fearful war, independently of all other considerations, comes more nearly home to us than any other foreign war recorded in history. Passing one or two of the first pictures, we come to the 'Bombardment of Fort Sumter,' when held by Major Anderson for the Federals. In 'Troops marching down Broadway' the artist has chosen his point at the junction of Park Row with Broadway; this view gives at once a settled idea of this famous thoroughfare. The 'View of Harper's Ferry' shows the dispositions on the occasion of the surrender of the Federals to Stonewall Jackson and Hill, in September, 1862. In the picture 'Runaway Slave Scene in a Swamp,' appear one or two armed negroes, cooking at a small fire, embowered in the marvellously luxuriant vegetation of the South; they seem to be scarcely aware of the approach of their masters with bloodhounds. In another we see some liberated slaves enjoying freedom in their own way in the richly furnished saloons of their late masters. 'The Engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac,' is a picture of much interest, as showing vessels of a kind of which we hear so much and know so little. The conflict between these vessels lasted more than three hours. Island No. 10 figured as a place of much importance at

the beginning of last year, the bombardment having lasted twenty-three days. There is a view of this place with the surrounding country, and these views are in truth the most interesting in the series, which consists of not less than thirty-five views and compositions. All the celebrated engagements are represented, as the battle of Fredericksburg, that of Murfreesboro, the battle of Antietam, the battle of Vicksburg, that of Gettysburg, &c.; in short, the artist has seized upon every important event of the war. Many of the landscape scenes are most skilfully depicted, and it is to these that we look especially for some elucidation of the newspaper descriptions of the scenes of the dire conflict that is depopulating both North and South.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANAC for 1864 is an improvement even on the pretty printed toy of last year; the illustrations are in better artistic taste and better executed. It is a real gem of its kind.

CHEMICAL ENGRAVINGS.—"Mr. Fox Talbot, one of the earliest experimentalists in photography, has just added," says the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "one to the list of chemical photographic engravings. It represents a scene in Java—a ravine and rivulet fringed with banana trees. It is said that at least 5,000 copies can be taken before the plate deteriorates. There have been so many attempts and so many failures, that any genuine, undoubted success in this direction would be welcome." We have not seen the photograph in question, and can therefore pronounce no opinion upon it.

THE DIARIES, POCKET-BOOKS, &c., of Messrs. Delarue & Co., continue to maintain their supremacy. They are much the best of the many issues for the new year, A.D. 1864—their contents are rational and useful; no valueless matter finds admission; excellent type and paper are bound in graceful covers, some of them being of great elegance, to which the modern aids of caoutchouc are skilfully applied. This renowned establishment is justly famous in many ways, but in none has their fame been better sustained than by the annual "necessities" that greet us with every new year.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS IN DEVON, ETC.—There is no county of England so fertile of scenery as Devonshire—which the artist loves to copy. Hills and dales, blooming orchards and sterile moors, graceful rivers and wild sea rocks—in a word, the sublime and beautiful—are in rich abundance there, together with glorious relics of the olden time. A selection of its most attractive features has been made by Mr. Frank M. Good, and the series is published by Banfield, of Ilfracombe. They are charmingly executed, taking rank among the best photographs that have yet been produced. Certainly a more agreeable series of studies has never been issued. They are chiefly sea-side views, such as the delighted tourist keeps in memory—of Lynmouth, Clovelly, and Ilfracombe. A similar series has also been produced by the same accomplished artist copied from scenery in Hampshire and Dorset. In these the best features of fair Bournemouth are necessarily prominent. The views are all thoroughly English, and present the peculiar graces of its landscape beauties with great effect.

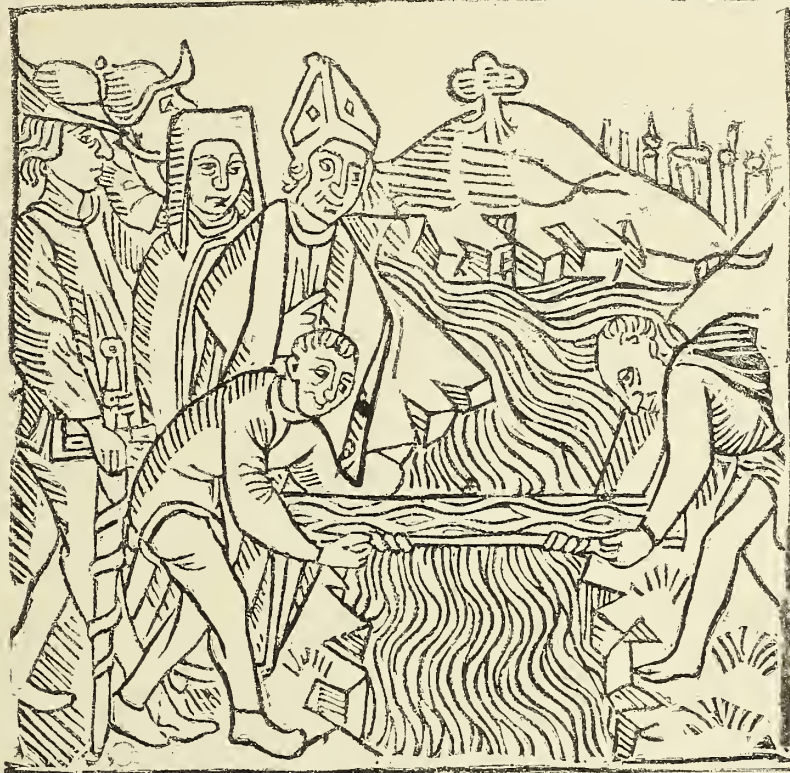
MR. FLATON'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.—There is no exhibition in the metropolis, nor is there likely to be any until the first Monday of May, at once so interesting and so instructive as this, which Mr. L. V. Flaton has recently opened at his rooms in the Haymarket. It consists of one hundred and thirty-two pictures; each is an admirable example of the artist. The painters are the "leaders" of our school; the men who are now famous; whose happy destiny it is to live at a time when "patrons" are so many and so rich, that if a great picture is produced, "price is of no consequence." Certainly in this comparatively small collection there are works that may be justly described as *chef-d'œuvres* of their producers. We know Mr. Flaton to be "a dealer" of large experience, of matured taste, and of sound judgment, and we are justified in believing that the excellence manifested in several of these works is the result of his "pressure," while others "acquired" by him are to be classed among the best examples of their respective masters.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS. Reproduced in Facsimile from the Original Edition printed by J. Veldener in 1483. Text and Engravings by J. Ph. BERJEAU. Published by C. J. STEWART, London.

Among the legends of mediæval times, one of the most curious is that of the history of the Holy Cross,

as related by Rufinus of Aquila, once the friend, but afterwards the enemy, of St. Jerome; he died in the early part of the fifth century. The story was turned into verse by an unknown Dutch writer, who, it is supposed, lived a little before the time of Veldener, or was contemporary with him. Caxton's "Golden Legend" treats of the same subject, and in the British Museum are two manuscripts in French, of the thirteenth century, also bearing on it. Veldener's edition formed one of the "block-books" of the



JEWES LAYING THE HOLY TREE ACROSS A STREAM.

period. The copy, which is now reprinted, exists in the valuable library of Earl Spencer; another is in the Royal Library at Brussels; and a third in the collection of Mr. Schinkel, at the Hague: no others, as far as investigation shows, are known to be extant.

How the tree out of which the cross was formed was planted and grew to maturity, how it was cut down by David, how Solomon placed it over the door of the temple, how the Empress Helena discovered the sacred relic after it had done its work on



JEWES BURYING THE HOLY TREE.

Calvary, our readers must learn for themselves in this very interesting and curious volume, where the whole history will be found in the original Dutch, in the Latin of Rufinus, in Caxton's version, and in that

of the French manuscripts, placed, as far as they can, in juxtaposition. A version in modern French, and a translation into English, are also appended. The artistic character of Veldener's illustrations,

sixty-four in number, is seen in the examples we have the opportunity of introducing. Whether or not the designs are by Veldener, who was a designer, engraver, and printer, is uncertain, but whoever produced them must have had singular ideas of Art, and especially of what may be called "sacred Art."

A CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND, B.C. 55—A.D. 1485.

Written and Illustrated by JAMES E. DOYLE. The Designs engraved and printed in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

No critic is justified in condemning a writer who performs what he undertakes to do, though there may be an opinion that if more had been attempted, the author's work would be of greater value. In this spirit must we consider Mr. Doyle's volume, rich in emblazonment within and without. It is not a history, and is not put forth as such: it is a simple but compendious record of events, gathered from sources lying open to every earnest and diligent inquirer. Originally undertaken, as he tells us, during the author's youth, partly as a historic exercise, and partly as a simple and continuous narrative of the principal events of English history, with a view to pictorial illustration, the work has subsequently been revised, and almost entirely re-written. In the compilation of his narrative, Mr. Doyle has consulted the writings of the principal old chroniclers rather than those of the more modern historians, and in a foot-note to each page points out his authorities. His aim throughout seems to have been conciseness of description, yet there is no evidence of meagreness, or of important omissions.

About eighty illustrations are scattered over the pages of the book. These are printed in colours, from drawings by Mr. Doyle. In his artistic character, no less than as a writer, he has done only what he desired to do, namely, "rather to express with clearness the various scenes under description, than to give a series of attractive pictures; and whatever might contribute to the truthfulness of the representation—costume, architecture, local scenery, and other accessories, and even personal portraiture, so far as authorities existed—has been carefully studied." All these points have unquestionably been attended to, and to the extent of accuracy of detail and brilliancy of colour nothing is wanting; but the pictures would have been rendered more "attractive" without losing any of their fidelity, we apprehend, had the drawing of the figures been less conventional and freer. The artist appears to have looked so long and so closely at the mediæval illuminators as to have caught no inconsiderable portion of their dry and formal manner—the only objection that can be made to a series of block-prints, elaborately engraved, richly coloured, and admirably printed by Mr. Evans, to whom the whole typographical execution of this costly volume was entrusted. As a "gift-book" of the season, there is little doubt of its being inquired after. It eminently deserves popularity, not only for its intrinsic merits as a beautiful volume, but because in its matter it goes a step or two beyond what presentation-books usually have been of late years. It is a work of reference for the student of history and archæology, so far as it goes.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM. Photographed by C. C. BERTOLACCHI. Published by HOGARTH, London.

This famous work of the great landscape-painter has become so scarce, that there are not many Art-lovers who have seen it. To obtain a copy is out of the question to persons of ordinary means. It was published between the years 1807 and 1812, in parts, and consisted of seventy plates, several of which Turner not only etched, but engraved. It is in truth a "Liber Studiorum" which all artists who can will do well to ponder over, and take as a teacher. The subjects are very varied—"pastoral, elegant-pastoral, historical, marine, mountain, and architectural."

Those who find access to the work difficult, yet desire to possess a charming series of examples of landscape Art, may procure very admirable substitutes in these photographic copies. They evidence rare skill; and are exceedingly accurate, giving much of the grace and spirit that characterise the original engravings. The tint is also imitated, and with good effect, the sun having been so trained, aided by some peculiar chemical preparation, as to supply the rich tone of colour that distinguished the prints at their first issue.

Miss Bertolaechi's work consists of four parts, each part containing about eighteen photographs, and a portrait of the painter from Count D'Orsay's sketch. Miss Rogers, whose volume on Palestine has given her a high place in literature, writes the historical introduction and the descriptive letter-press.

We cordially recommend this valuable and interesting work, as one that may occupy an honourable position in any library from which the original production of the great artist is of necessity absent; and we record our thanks to the lady whose persevering energy has with so much masterly ability carried her through a task of labour and of love.

EXPOSITIONS OF GREAT PICTURES. By RICHARD HENRY SMITH, JUN., author of "Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael." Illustrated by Photographs. Published by JAMES NISBET & Co., London.

It is almost too much to expect that this beautiful little volume will find a sale commensurate with its worth. There are many, indeed, who will gladly possess themselves of it; but this is not an age when the most glorious works of the greatest masters of painting are likely to become popular: men either will not, or cannot, relish them, or pay them the homage of a reverential spirit. Raphael—we adopt Mr. Smith's orthography, not our own—Raphael and Da Vinci, Carracci, and Correggio, are comparatively sealed books to the majority even of educated persons among us; and in the present state of Art-feeling and Art-patronage, we see no hope of enlightening them. Certainly, we cannot share Mr. Smith's conviction "of the revival and the growth of the public interest in sacred Art;" at least, with reference to the old painters.

The success, he tells us—and which it is gratifying to hear—that attended the publication, three years ago, of his "Expositions of the Cartoons of Raphael," has induced him to carry out the same idea with respect to other great works. Thus, he has brought to bear the same intelligent and instructive reading of Raphael's 'Madonna della Seggiola,' and the 'Transfiguration,' Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' Correggio's 'Ecce Homo, or, the Presentation of Christ to Pilate,' Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross,' Volterra's grand composition of the same subject, and Lord Carlisle's picture, by A. Carracci, of the 'Burial of Christ.' These works have evidently been most carefully studied by the author, who analyses them thoroughly, and describes them at considerable length in a spirit of earnest and full appreciation of their merits, and with a desire to teach others not merely their value as pictures, but the important sacred truths expressed on the different canvases—truths which can only be read by those who seek for something more than form and colour.

The photographic illustrations are taken from early engravings, not from the pictures themselves, some of which, from their age and consequent loss of colour, would come out most inefficiently from the camera. These copies, therefore, reflect the originals of a more favourable time than our own.

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE. Engraved by F. STACPOOLE. **THE MILK-MAID, and THE ORANGE-GIRL.** Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS, from the Pictures by T. T. Faed, A.R.A. Published by BROOKS & SONS, London.

These three engravings are of a class which the taste of the present day has made popular. The subject of the first has been suggested to Mr. Faed by Moore's song commencing—

"Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,"

and a pretty picture the artist has made of it. A handsome young Irish girl is standing on the shore of a lake, waiting for the steamboat, which is drawing to shore to bear her away from her native land. Her bonnet is thrown back from the head; in one hand she carries a bundle that seems to hold a portion, at least, of her worldly goods and chattels, and in the other a sprig of shamrock. It is a graceful figure of the "comfortable" peasant class, but the face is sad enough in its beauty and sweetness. The subjects of the other prints, a pair, declare themselves; both of the peripatetic saleswomen are buxom lasses, neither too vulgarised nor too sentimentalised, but pleasant types of their vocation. All three plates are nicely engraved.

These prints are issued by a new house in the "trade," if we are not mistaken. Messrs. Brooks have made a favourable commencement; we hope to see them go on and prosper. We are sadly in want of liberal and enterprising publishers of engravings, and cordially greet Messrs. Brooks with a hope that they will continue as they have begun. Faed holds foremost rank among British artists—a rank to which he is eminently entitled; he appeals almost invariably to the better feelings of our nature; his pictures generally touch the heart. Messrs. Brooks are, therefore, fortunate in publishing these pleasant examples of his works.

LIFE: ITS NATURE, VARIETIES, AND PHENOMENA.

By REV. H. GRINDON, Lecturer on Botany at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester; Author of "Figurative Language," &c., &c. Third Edition. Published by F. PITMAN, London.

A book which has passed into its third edition, and received, as we find this to have done, most favourable notices from those into whose hands it has come, has almost got beyond the range of criticism; at any rate, is not now likely to be much affected by what subsequent reviewers may write. But, without echoing the opinions of those who have preceded us—for we have only just now received the volume—we must bear testimony to the great ability with which Mr. Grindon has treated a subject of manifest interest and difficulty—one in which are combined the elements of physiology, psychology, poetry, and theology, for each of these has its place in the inner and outer life of man, and helps to make him what he is. The author is a philosopher who investigates closely the mysterious phenomena of the world within us and around us: he is, too, a man of science and a poet; and this latter qualification gives a freshness and a beauty to a subject which, as it does in the hands of some modern German writers, might be made a dry metaphysical description. No one must sit down to read this book unless in a thoughtful, reverent, and inquiring mood. It is one for the student of life in its noblest and most elevated characteristics, not to skim over lightly in order to while away an idle hour; but its perusal cannot fail to make the reader wiser, as it ought to make him better, because it discourses, among others, on "themes so high and beautiful as the attestations of the Divine love expressed in nature."

MICROSCOPIC TEACHINGS. Descriptions of Various Objects of especial Interest and Beauty adapted for Microscopic Observation. Illustrated by the Author's Original Drawings. With directions for the Arrangement of a Microscope, and the Collection and Mounting of Objects. By the HON. MRS. WARD, author of "Telescope Teachings." Published by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, London.

Mrs. Ward's optical "teachings" may worthily take its place with the best of those of a kindred character which have come before us. As drawn and coloured by an amateur artist, her specimens of coloured microscopic displays are far beyond average, while they are varied and numerous. Her descriptions, too, are good and simply explained, to adapt them to the young intelligence, yet evincing very considerable scientific knowledge.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS FOR THE YOUNG.

THE great landmark of generosity is the first day of the New Year. The most niggardly, as the day advances, unpadlock their pockets, and there are few children so desolate as not to receive at least one token of affection on the first of January.

There is no gift more welcome than a book, always provided it is adapted to the taste and comprehension of the recipient. Bonbons disappear, toys get broken, but books remain, tokens of cordiality and good will; and as one year after another passes away, and the "child," no longer, is playing its part in the great game of life, we all know what memories and emotions are gathered round us by the sight of some "new year's gift," whose "giver" has perhaps been long called "home."

We still love to receive and bestow these yearly tokens of good will, and the old house at "the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard" keeps up its character with the young of the *present day*, whose taste is more utilitarian than was ours, when first we estimated books of a smaller size and more imaginative character, than the general run of our youngsters would care for.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARREN send their books out in strong if not enduring bindings, and the illustrations are all true to the incident, and of more than average excellence.

The first of the volumes that form a slightly "heap" on our table is called LUKE ASHLEIGH; OR, SCHOOL LIFE IN HOLLAND. The tale is by Mr. Elwes, and the clever illustrations by G. du Maurier. We do not exactly see why children should be sent to school in Holland; the language is by no means universal, and the humidity of the climate not in keeping with

our ideas of health. However, we believe that this is really the first work that treats of the life and amusements of our worthy and respected neighbours the Dutch, and this gives the vigour and freshness that has interested us from the first page to the last. The book will be a grand favourite with schoolboys, and, if we mistake not, set many upon stilts.

OUR BIRTHDAYS, AND HOW TO IMPROVE THEM, is by Emma Davenport, whose pretty book of "Live Toys" afforded us much pleasure last year. She suggests in this graceful story a method by which much happiness might be secured to a pure-minded and generous-hearted child. Such a one could not have a pleasanter gift than this very story, though we fear that the number of children who feel it pleasanter to give than to receive are by no means the majority of the young.

Mrs. Henry Wood, who has achieved high popularity as an author of fiction, in these our days, without gilding vice, or making her tales subservient to "sensational," has written a vigorous, yet pathetic, story for boys, called WILLIAM ALLAIR; OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA. Those who remember "The Channings," will at once believe what a charming tale Mrs. Henry Wood has created in "William Allair." As in all stories written for a purpose, that very "purpose" fetters the writer's pen, but the tale is steadily borne on to the end, and the incidents are natural and interesting; the boys and girls are creatures of flesh and blood, not immaculate ideas, that never could have existed. We never analyse or outline a tale, but we must confess that the only really sound and sensible parent of the lot (always excepting Mr. Vane) was Gruff Jones's father. If a boy will go to sea, let him, by all means; set him before the mast at first, and let him "rough it." If he gets weary of this sea-dog life, let him come home, and he will be a better member of society ever after—contented, instead of discontented, having evidently not had the right "vocation" for the sea. If he can "rough it," without being worn and weary, then he is fit for the heroic life of a sea king, which is one we are bound to honour and encourage, though we would not countenance boys "running away to sea," or to anything their parents disapproved: but the parent is wisest who, when the boy is of an age to choose, lets him choose—forced service is never prosperous. "William Allair" will be a favourite with boys and girls, though intended for the former; but girls take as much delight as boys in "The Channings." Such books renew our youth, and we earnestly bless their creators.

TINY STORIES FOR TINY READERS IN TINY WORDS is a volume of tales in words of two syllables, that will be the delight of the nursery; and when we add that it is illustrated by Harrison Weir, what can we say more? except that these "Tiny Stories" have been concocted by the author of "Meadow Lea."

HISTORICAL TALES OF LANCASTRIAN TIMES, by the Rev. H. P. Dunster, illustrated by our old friend John Franklin (who still loves the glaive and shield, and delights in the belted knight), is a fireside book that will interest old and young, having much of the spirit of old romance—in some of the tales. The author has chosen a period when the history of England is so much mixed up with that of France, during the reigns of the three kings of the house of Lancaster, that these tales will be found to illustrate the history, as well as the manners and customs, of both countries. The volume contains twelve tales, and a number of historical notes, which, to our taste, greatly militate against the interest of fiction. We like to feel that what we read is *true*, not merely "founded" on truth. Mr. Dunster has taken great pains to combine fact with fiction; our only fear is that his readers will not relish history, after his highly-seasoned romances.

There are no more delightful books for the young than those half-rural, half-domestic pictures of English home life that come to us occasionally, laden with the fragrance of spring and summer, and breathing the freshness of English landscape. THE HAPPY HOME, by Henrietta Lushington, is a very pleasant specimen of this class of book, which is especially cherished by town-bred children.

We are sorry to be obliged to condemn the bad taste of NURSERY NONSENSE. Those sort of rhymes and their illustrations have always a tendency to cast ridicule upon old age. Some of Mr. Bennett's illustrations are very clever. The French weasel, who taught the English weasels to dance, is particularly happy, though the face resembles a fox more than a weasel; and the Weather Witch on her bellows is another, full of quaint expression.

THE FLORAL GIFT, an illuminated souvenir, is fit for a lady's boudoir. The poetry is well chosen and varied, and the illumination delicate and appropriate. No better offering for a birthday or the opening year could be presented to young or old.

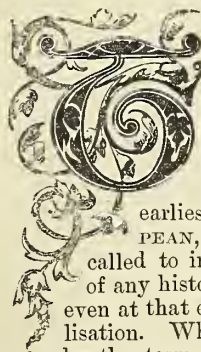
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1864.

CYCLOPEAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.



THE islands of Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Santa Maura are singularly rich in those curious and interesting remains of ancient skill, designated by the Greek poets of the earliest classical period CYCLOPEAN, but apparently only so called to intimate the total absence of any historic record of their origin, even at that early period of human civilisation. Who were meant as a people by the term "Cyclopean" no one has even attempted to suggest; but the great works, both in Greece and the islands that are thus alluded to, are referred doubtfully to a race called the Pelasgians, about whom accurate history is almost as silent as about the Cyclops. This race, however, is named by Strabo, Thucydides, and Herodotus, and uniformly referred to as the people who preceded the Hellenes in the occupation of Greece. It is curious, also, that Herodotus mentions the term Ionian as equivalent to Pelasgian or ante-Hellenic; and thus, at any rate, it is probable that the people, whoever they were, who preceded the Greeks and whose works still exist, were the same in the islands as on the mainland of Greece. Apart from such questions of history, which, after all, can only end in attributing an unknown antiquity to these records, there is much that is extremely interesting concerning them, simply as works of Art. A recent visit to the Ionian Islands has enabled me to offer the following notices of them, chiefly in this respect.

Within the compass of the three islands above named, there are no less than five very remarkable examples of Cyclopean work. All of them are admirable studies of this work, and each contains some speciality—some peculiarity of structure, or state of preservation, that distinguishes it from the rest. The five specimens are the remains of the ancient cities of Leucas, in Santa Maura (anciently Leucadia), of Samos and Cranea, in Cephalonia, all of considerable size; and of the buildings called the Castle of Ulysses, and the School of Homer, in Ithaca.

Of these remains each of the cities possesses its own interest. Leucas, besides walls, has some excavations. Samos exhibits work of every period of Cyclopean wall, from the earliest times to the Roman invasion of Greece. Cranea has a remarkable gateway, and some of the most gigantic stones, as well as some of the finest specimens of ancient

and middle Cyclopean work. The Castle of Ulysses affords beyond comparison the most instructive study of an ancient defensive habitation on a large scale; while the so-called School of Homer exhibits the smallest and most compact specimen of gigantic stonework, and is, perhaps, the most obscure of all.

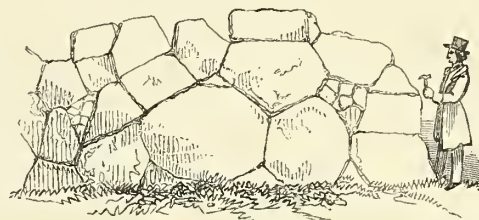
Thus, while Mycene, and other places on the mainland of Greece, contain larger and, in some respects, more complete walls, the Ionian Islands, besides being more easily visited at present, are really, perhaps, richer in regard to variety of interest.

Architecture that has withstood not only the sweeping hand of time, but the steady attacks of every race, civilised as well as barbarian, for a period that cannot be less than three or four thousand years, and may be much more, and long ranges of wall or towers, however massive, built of a material so easily injured as limestone, cannot be expected to exhibit much completeness of outline. When it is remembered, too, that the towns have been occupied and re-occupied by people of different habits and requirements, that they have been attacked and taken, and their defences made available for new styles of attack and defence, that the walls have served as quarries for the succeeding towns down to the present time, and that even during the present century, and under English occupation, an English governor has been barbarian enough to destroy wilfully and intentionally some of the most interesting parts of Leucas,—the wonder will be that anything is left, and that one stone remains upon another.

I know no better proof of the marvellous ingenuity of man than these records of an antiquity that had already become fabulous in the time of Euripides; and to wander amongst the ruins of these cities and dwellings, whence Homer drew his inspiration, cannot fail to stimulate in the highest degree every element of imaginative power that exists within us. We see an ancient people—contemporaries or predecessors of those Egyptians who built the Pyramids, or founded the earliest monuments of the banks of the Nile—a people strong, intelligent, and warlike—a people who, building cities, built also ships, and used them to some purpose—a people who must have possessed valuable property, whose language was probably the germ of Greek, and who were, perhaps, not without literature—but a people whose very latest events had been utterly forgotten when Herodotus travelled, and who had probably fallen out of recollection when Homer wrote. New races then inhabited the country, new styles had been introduced, and the old had been worked into new shapes, so far as circumstances admitted. Cyclopean art was forgotten, but Cyclopean architecture still remained.

The work called by the general name Cyclopean is merely a construction of very large stones, ingeniously fitted to form a compact wall. Of this work there are three very different kinds, passing, however, into one another, and exemplified not unfrequently in the same continuous construction. They represent successive dates, for it is evident that the later is an improvement engrafted in the course of time on the earlier. The following diagrams and descriptions will illustrate the three kinds, the dimensions of the stones being represented in each on the same scale. They are called, for the sake of convenience, *Cyclopean*, *Polygonal*, and *Hellenic*. The *Cyclopean* is the oldest, and consists of stones of most irregular size, including some that are very large, the intervals between the stones, which are roughly shaped, being filled up with smaller stones, and even

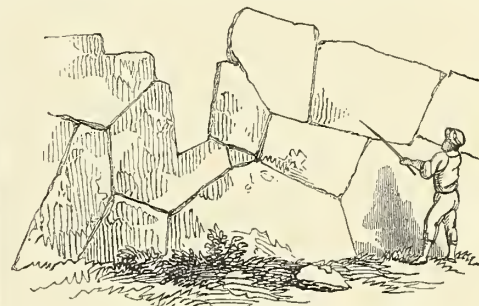
rubbish. This style, certainly the most ancient, is described by Livy as having been adopted in the wall built from Athens to the sea, and would naturally be selected

FACE OF CYCLOPEAN WALL AT LEUCAS—SANTA MAURA.
Scale $\frac{1}{2}$ inch = 1 foot.

N.B.—Parts of this wall are 15 feet high and about 7 feet thick.

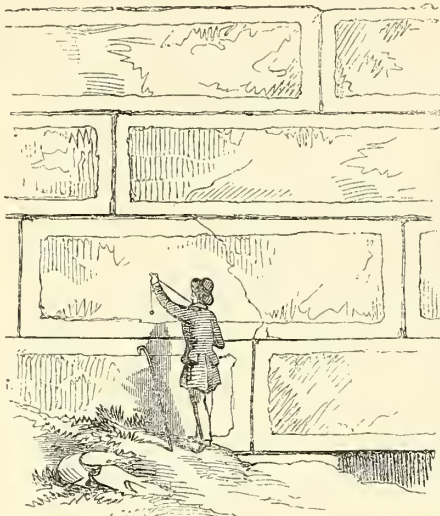
when time was an important object. It does not, therefore, follow in all cases that true Cyclopean work is the oldest, though the oldest is certainly of this kind.

The *Polygonal* style is distinct. It involved more trouble, time, and ingenuity, and is, perhaps, the most common. In other words, it is that which has proved most durable. In it the stones are all most carefully cut to definite shapes, that fit each other closely. There are no intervals whatever, and the stones are so smooth and are so well placed, that it would generally be difficult to insert the blade of a long thin knife between them. In walls of this style the stones are sometimes enormous, almost beyond belief, and chiselled with an accuracy and sharpness which would be remarkable even with all the advantages of modern tools and machinery. Thus a stone measuring more than a hundred cubic feet is by no

FACE OF POLYGONAL WALL AT CRANEA—CEPHALONIA.
Scale $\frac{1}{2}$ inch = 1 foot.
Wall is above 12 feet thick.

means unusual; it is rather, indeed, the exception, in some walls of cities, to find stones much smaller. And yet each stone will be perfectly fitted to all those adjacent, not only on the upper but on the under surface, and each two adjacent stones will correspond. It is clear, therefore, that the measurements and angles of the stones must have been determined beforehand, that each stone, whatever its weight, must have been turned over, in order to work it, and that each must have been lifted five, ten, or even twenty feet above the ground, and so put in its place, as previously arranged, that it would need no further treatment. Some of the largest stones of this polygonal masonry at Cranea must weigh from fifteen to twenty tons, and many exceed ten tons. All, without exception, are of the limestone of the immediate neighbourhood, and they were doubtless made from the stones lying on the spot. In the peculiar limestone of Greece and the Ionian Islands, weathering shows itself by splitting up the rock into numberless fragments of all sizes, so that there are always enough fragments at hand for any purposes of construction, while the blocks removed help to clear the ground for building or cultivation.

The third and most modern kind of Cyclopean architecture is called Hellenic. It is a marvel of regularity and system, combined with magnitude, to an extent rarely approached in modern buildings. The annexed sketch is from part of the wall of Cranea. The stones are of very various size, but all large. They are arranged with perfect order on a steep slope, the heavier and larger stones



SPECIMEN OF HELLENIC WALL—CRANEA, CEPHALONIA.
Scale $\frac{1}{2}$ inch = 1 foot.

being generally on the second row from the bottom. It is a rare exception to find a stone cracked or even chipped; but the gigantic stone in the sketch is cracked, owing no doubt to a defect in the placement of one of its support-stones, and is a little displaced. It probably weighs at least fifteen tons. The stones are perfectly chiselled towards the outside, and also on the sides in contact with other stones, but not towards the inside; and there seems to have been another and rougher wall towards the town, the interval being filled up with rubble or loosely piled stone. The whole breadth of this double wall was sometimes thirty feet. The face of the stone that was exposed is neatly bevelled at the edges, and the effect is precisely that of Tuscan work of a later and even mediæval date, as seen in Italian towns. The largest stone represented in the sketch is one of the most remarkable I have seen. It measures more than sixteen feet in length, by six feet in height, and is three feet thick, thus containing more than ten cubic yards of stone. It is difficult by any description to give an adequate idea of the vastness of these blocks, and it is equally difficult to explain the wonderful accuracy of the masonry. In both respects, however, the older or real Cyclopean work is in some places quite as remarkable as the more modern portions, though in a different way. Most of the long walls contain fragments of all the three periods, which evidently passed into each other, and were subject to changes and transitions when-ever circumstances required.

The specimens of Cyclopean work in the Ionian consist chiefly of portions of walls, and, indeed, this is the case everywhere; but I have mentioned that each also possesses a special interest. Together they throw some light on the habits and customs of the very ancient people who originated this style of architecture. It must not be forgotten that the Greeks, with all their marvellous skill and resources, could only accept and carry out the method of fortification and the style of defence adopted by the previous races who, for some reason, they supplanted. They do not seem to have altered the system in any point, and it is

doubtful whether the Romans would have taken Samos, if, at the time of their attack, there had not been a combination of accidents, all tending to weaken the defence.

In addition to the walls of Leucas, the old town enclosed within the walls is indicated pretty clearly, and contains some curious subterranean works. Among these is one of those curious excavations probably intended for storing corn, and consisting of a chamber of considerable magnitude, cut in the solid rock, the upper part or opening from above being scarcely larger than sufficient to allow the body of a man to enter, but the inside very much larger, increasing gradually to a diameter of from six to ten feet, or even more. The whole interior is perfectly smooth, and lined with cement. These chambers were probably excavated in all the walled cities, though they have not always been left as perfect as they are here, and in the Castle of Ulysses, in Ithaca.

Three such chambers, of various sizes, are nearly together in the southern part of the enclosed space of Leucas; one of them is covered with large stones, and one of them is as much as fourteen feet diameter in the widest part.

Close to these chambers are parts of an old drain, neatly cut and covered with stone, well squared, and about three feet wide. Its date cannot be guessed at.

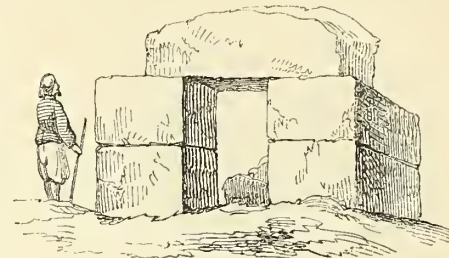
An adit, or tunnel, runs up the hill-side, always about the same depth from the surface, not far from the chambers. The curiosity with regard to this tunnel is that, although admirably executed, entirely through solid rock, and very little injured or choked up, it is so small, that a man could hardly creep through. This adit communicates with the ground above by several air-holes or chimneys. It is several hundred yards long, but it seems quite impossible to suggest how or why it was constructed.

Many fragments of very ancient pottery and some coins have been found at Leucas, but they do not help us to understand the meaning of these works. They seem to have belonged to the inhabited part of the town, at a much later period.

The whole of the hill on which the old town of Leucas was built, and which is surrounded by walls of the most massive proportions, is also scarped, and in this way rendered much stronger for defence than if the rock had been left in its natural state. The space within the walls is partly, but to a very small extent, cultivated; but the chief produce seems to be wild herbs and flowers for bees, of which numbers are kept. The naked limestone rock lying all about suggests something as to the mode in which the houses of the old inhabitants were constructed. They were probably built of loose stones, like the cottages that one sees at present.

Samos, in Cephalonia, was a large and important city from a very early period till after the Christian epoch. The more modern Roman town was, however, almost entirely below and outside the ancient. Both Samos and Leucas, and, indeed, almost all the other defensible places of the Cyclopean period, were situated on steep rocky slopes, and very broken ground. The highest part of the hill or slope is selected for the Acropolis, and this part is defended with special care. The space included is large, considering the enormous labour of constructing the walls; but to receive the population of the district in troublesome times, must have required a good deal of close packing. In some respects Samos is much more perfect than Leucas. It presents finer specimens of late Cyclopean work, and includes, among the parts preserved, a good but small gateway, a con-

struction that Leucas also could boast of till lately, but which is now removed. There



GATEWAY AT SAMOS.
Scale $\frac{1}{2}$ inch = 1 foot.

is also in Samos a finer and more perfect Acropolis.

The gate at Samos is evidently belonging to the early period. It looks nearly due west, and near it the wall is about twenty-five feet high, and in fine condition. Much of it is of late work. The entry consists of a narrow passage, now partly blocked up by the fall of one of the inner stones; but externally there are four principal oblong stones lying lengthways. They are roughly squared, and each measures about three feet by four in section, and ten or twelve feet in length. The cap-stone is much rougher, but is well laid on. It is about seven feet square, and averages about two feet six inches thick, weighing, therefore, about six or seven tons. The lower surface of the cap-stone is levelled, and carefully worked, and it rests simply on the vertical supports, without fitting. The gate formerly existing at Leucas was different, and less simple in construction, the cap-stone being smaller, and fitted into its place. The stones are still to be seen outside the town.

The space occupied by the Acropolis at Samos is an oval measuring about 100 feet by 50 feet, the greater part of it cleared of loose stones, and presenting a smooth surface, covered with fine turf. A somewhat lower platform, not cleared of stones, but levelled, and of smaller size, extends from and is connected with this space. It was, no doubt, once covered with buildings.

Besides the ancient walls, there are Roman constructions mixed up with the walls of Samos, proving that though the Romans chiefly occupied the ground towards the sea, which is covered with the remains of their houses and other buildings, they did not neglect the hill, but continued to use it as a strong place. The ancient Acropolis was their Forum.

Beyond the hill on which the Acropolis stood, there is another hill, formerly used as a cemetery, and several interesting remains of an early Greek period have been found there. The whole of the space enclosed by the walls of Samos is so thickly strewn with fragments of tiles and other burnt pottery ware as to indicate a long occupation by a civilised people. There is no pottery clay at hand.

Cranea is another of the ancient cities of Cephalonia, existing till the Roman invasion of Greece, though it does not seem to have survived that event. It is named by Livy in his account of the event, but little more is known about it. Much of the old Cyclopean walls of Cranea is in admirable preservation, and is more complete than others found elsewhere. Double walls, numerous towers at short distances, and, above all, a regularly-constructed and defensible entry into the town, are clearly indicated, and are very instructive. The walls have been of great thickness, being faced both outside and inside, but very roughly built between. The greater part of the work is polygonal, or of the middle period; but both the other kinds,

Cyclopean and Hellenic, are well represented. Part of the main wall near the entry is broken by numerous small projections or towers about twenty-four feet square, and these are very old. A little beyond, however, on the other side of the entry, there is a grand specimen of modern or Hellenic work.

The walls of Cranea enclose two hills, and the entry is at the lowest part of the valley between them. A space of twenty yards is left between the walls in the hollow, and they are continued towards the interior of the town, at right angles to the general direction. These parts are of the usual width and strength, and are continued perfectly parallel to each other for a distance of forty yards, leaving thus a narrow passage-way flanking and enfiling the only entrances for the whole distance. Where these walls terminate they are somewhat thicker than usual. Midway in the interval between them has been erected a strong tower, solid to some height, measuring about sixteen feet in width by twenty-four in length, the greater length being in the direction of the passage-way. On each side, between the walls and the tower, is left a passage towards the town, about twenty feet in width. No doubt this was originally defended by strong gates.

The whole of the work of this entry is polygonal, but this style ends abruptly a few yards up the hill beyond, and is succeeded by remarkably perfect specimens of Hellenic wall. There can be little doubt that the entry had been added at an early period to older Cyclopean work, much of which still remains in the adjacent walls. This older wall had answered its purpose for a long while after the entry had been built, but ultimately becoming unsound, it would naturally be replaced at a late period by the best work of the time. Still it must be remembered that the whole was very ancient at the earliest period of Greek civilisation.

I have dwelt the longer on this remarkable specimen of ancient architecture, as it has hardly been sufficiently noticed by English travellers.

Ithaca boasts of two highly interesting specimens of Cyclopean work, less perfect, so far as mere walls are concerned, than those we have been considering, but more suggestive of the habits and state of civilisation of the people who constructed them. One of these, called the School of Homer, is probably an old tower and temple. It looks towards the north, across the exquisitely beautiful bay of Afalis. A watch-tower it may have been, but if so, it was certainly defensible against piratical attacks. It is curious rather for its extraordinary strength in proportion to its size, and for its regular shape and accurate angles, than for the absolute size of its stones, though these are very large. What remains consists of little more than two courses of stones, nearly complete, and tolerably regular, though no two are of the same size. The angle stones are large and well cut. The largest stone is five feet square by about two feet thick, and is above the two courses. The height of the two courses together is between five and six feet, and each consists of about three large stones and two of smaller size.

Besides these two courses, a foundation course is seen at intervals. It is built of stones not larger than those above. The stones of the walls are not actually bonded, but care has generally been taken that each upper block shall rest on two lower ones at least. There are also foundation courses of other walls, but not for any distance. The rock below has been carefully scarped, and on a terrace communicating by steps cut in the rock, there are one or two springs and a small cavern.

The slopes and summit of the hill called Aitos—the Eagle's Cliff—between the two mountains of Ithaca, Neritos and Stephanos, are covered with the remains of a very remarkable construction. Seen from the summit of Neritos, it is impossible to distinguish any artificial character in the broken and jagged rocks, out of which only a few trees and shrubs seem to rise. Mounting the hill-side from the head of the Gulf of Molo, at first we only perceive one or two tombs and a well. Presently, ascending with difficulty through huge fragments of limestone, a low but gigantic wall rises, as it were, before us out of the ground, and gradually assumes definite proportions. After a while this wall is reached, and it is found to run straight up the steepest slope to the top of the hill; while nearly at right angles to it, at the lower end, is a row of narrow terraces with foundations and walls, forming a tolerably complete outline of a large dwelling. The whole length of the front is not less than 130 feet, and may probably have been more, but the terraces are only about ten feet wide. A space is clear for about sixty feet, and this perhaps formed one long hall; other apartments measure about twenty feet by ten, and there are passages about ten feet wide. There has evidently been a very systematic clearing and construction on a definite plan, involving as much complication as is usual now in a large country-house, such as there are some examples of in the other islands. This great ruin is clearly that of a habitation; it is certainly also very old, and probably was an antiquity in the time of Homer. It is a part of a great enclosure shut in by Cyclopean walls of very early type and of great magnitude, and it is thus certainly one of the earliest fragments of house architecture of the Cyclopean age that has been described.

At the top of the hill, on a comparatively flat space, levelled artificially, is the Acropolis or keep of this castle. It is not indicated by lofty walls; these, if they existed, have long since fallen, but it is strengthened naturally by steep escarpments, and walls still surround it entirely. It occupies nearly an acre of ground. Within it are two remarkably fine rock chambers, or cisterns, one of which is half filled with rubbish, and a large tree has grown out of it. It appears to be cylindrical, though it may be larger below. The other is pear-shaped, swelling out rapidly as it descends. Like the other, it is partly filled with rubbish.

Such, then, are the principal Cyclopean works of the Ionian islands. They are very impressive in their grandeur, and not without much picturesque effect, owing to the condition of the country beyond and around. They harmonise well with the jagged limestone rocks everywhere about, but are more interesting, perhaps, on account of the insight they give into the character of the most ancient people by whom they were constructed. That people, whether Pelasgians or others, must have had valuable property worth preserving with every care; they must also have had enemies so powerful and intelligent as to require defences on a large scale. They must have had great ingenuity, and were capable of executing combined work of the most important kind, a power that involves regular government and habits of subordination. They must have had boats, and probably, therefore, they held commercial intercourse with other intelligent peoples. They no doubt had flocks and herds. That they were workers in metals there can be little question, for in no other way could they prepare tools for the chiselling of the hard limestone into shape. That they understood something at least of the mechanical powers, is very

certain, for no ordinary ingenuity would be required, even with machinery, to fit to their places, and lift several yards in the air, stones weighing from five to fifteen tons. The rarity of cracks in the stones after so long a time is proof of the soundness and accuracy of the foundations and the skill of the builder.

One may safely assert that constructions so ingenious, complete, and durable as the Cyclopean walls could hardly be the work of a people who had not attained some proficiency in the Fine Arts. It is true that there are no known examples of ornamentation by which we may judge of their taste, but the proportions of their work are generally good.

The Pelasgians differed from the early Egyptians in having a comparatively easy stone to work upon. They differed from the inhabitants of many of the celebrated cities of Asia Minor, now in ruins, in having limestone instead of mud and brick as the common material for building. We know them by only one class of their public works, but the inferences from those works are very clear. We ask, however, in vain for records of a nation thus distinguished, or for notices concerning them by those who immediately succeeded them in their country, and whose literature will never be forgotten while the world lasts. Is this the result of indifference, jealousy, or real ignorance?

It is interesting to notice that the natural decay of exposed limestones in the climate of Greece is scarcely more rapid than that of granite in Egypt. But the decay, though slow, is very sure, and a comparison of the progress made within the last two thousand years with that made on exactly similar material, similarly exposed from the oldest Cyclopean period, tends greatly to support the views of geologists with regard to the antiquity of the human race. If civilised men have lived so long as they seem to have done, what must have been the lapse of time since the earlier and uncivilised races were introduced?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DANTE'S "L'INFERNO."*

A VERY few years ago there appeared in Paris a young French artist whose designs, published in some of the illustrated serials and other publications, attracted to them the admiration and astonishment of every lover of Art, by their originality, vigour, and depth of conception, united with extraordinary power of drawing. It was evident from what his countrymen saw that a young man of no common genius was in their midst, to shed a brilliant yet strange light over them. From what source Gustavus Doré had derived his inspirations none could tell, for though the subjects on which his pencil was engaged were, generally, found for him in the writings of the authors whose works he illustrated, he seems only to have used these as a scaffold to build up his own marvellous structures; or, in other words, they furnished him with an idea, and nothing more. Caravaggio, Pietro di Cosimo, Peter Breughel, our own Fuseli, William Blake, and John Martin, were all more or less students in that almost supernatural school of which Doré is the latest, and by no means the least distinguished disciple, as a *designer*, but not as a *painter*—at least so far as we are acquainted with his works. Yet to none of these artists can the young Frenchman be likened, nor must he be compared with them; he stands alone—infinately superior to the majority, he is second only to Martin in the sublimity and richness of his compositions.

* L'INFERNO DI DANTE ALIGHIERI, Colle Figure di G. DORÉ. Published by L. Hachette & Co., London and Paris.

Doré's fame soon reached England, where many of the minor works illustrated by him had, and still have, a large circulation; but there are some which, from their size and costliness, can only be known to a comparative few; and it is to one of these, a small folio edition of Dante's "L'Inferno," that we desire now to call the attention of our readers.

Thoroughly to understand and appreciate Doré's illustrations of this magnificent poem, it is quite necessary to have a right understanding of the poem itself, which, for the mastery it shows over the human feelings, and the knowledge of those chords that vibrate deepest through the heart of man, has no counterpart save in the dramas of Shakspeare. Milton's "Paradise Lost" has a distinctive character altogether, and cannot be put in competition with it, notwithstanding he, like Dante, introduces his readers into the "darkness visible of the infernal deeps." Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says—"Nearly six centuries have elapsed since the appearance of the great work of Dante, and the literary historians of Italy are disputing respecting the origin of this poem, singular in its nature and its excellence. . . . The 'Divina Commedia' of Dante is a visionary journey through the three realms of the after-life existence; and though in the classical ardour of our poetical pilgrim he allows his conductor to be a pagan, the scenes are those of monkish imagination. The invention of a vision was the usual vehicle for religious instruction in his age; it was adapted to the genius of the sleeping Homer of a monastery, and to the comprehension, and even to the faith of the populace, whose minds were then awake to these awful themes." It is quite clear there is nothing of a classic nature in the character or construction of the poem. Dante himself said, in a letter written by him, "*I found the original of my hell in the world which we inhabit.*" Disraeli calls it "Gothic;" it is, he continues, "a picture of the poet's times, of his own ideas, of the people about him; nothing of classical antiquity resembles it; and although the name of Virgil is introduced into a Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for Dante's Virgil speaks and acts as the Latin poet never could have done. It is one of the absurdities of Dante, who, like our Shakspeare, or like Gothic architecture itself, has many things which 'lead to nothings' amidst their massive greatness."

With all its unrealities—and, perhaps, because of them—the "Divina Commedia" is one of the few works of imagination which have stood the test of centuries, and which will pass down to the remotest generations. As a composition it resembles no other poem: it is not an epic; it consists of descriptions, dialogues, and didactic precepts; it is also political, and in some passages theological, so far as relates to the outward and visible church, for he denounces his political enemies, the Guelphs of Florence, and their allies, the papal court and the King of France; and he inveighs, though a sincere Romanist, against the vices of the court of Rome, and deplores the relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, while he urges the necessity of reform, and a total separation of the temporal power and authority from the spiritual—the very question which is discussed so widely in our own day. There is nothing allegorical, as some critics suppose, in the poet's allusions, though he sometimes speaks in a metaphor.

As Dante, led by his guide Virgil, descends from earth into the lower regions, and witnesses in the realms of eternal punishment all the varied scenes and incidents described by the poet, Gustavus Doré seems as if he had been their companion, and noted down in his sketch-book those terrible visions which passed before his eyes, so completely are his representations identified with the spirit of the writings.

The number of engravings in the volume is seventy-five, each canto having from one to six illustrations; only a few out of so extensive a series can we find space to point out specifically, though there is not one unworthy of notice. Charon forcing the wretched crowd of the lost into his boat, shows the artist's skill in grouping, in anatomical expression, and in variety of attitude, to be most extraordinary; for drawing of the figure, this composition is not unworthy of

Michel Angelo, but with much more actual sentiment than is usually found in his works.—Minos, "ghastly shaped with grinning face," on his judgment seat, with a monster snake coiled round him, is a huge figure, again reminding us of Buonarroti; before him stands, half-veiled in darkness, a multitude of figures, mere pigmies in comparison with his giant form.—The story of Francesca da Rimini is illustrated by the lady and her guilty paramour, floating,

"Buoyant as feathers down the gusty rock;"

the figures most gracefully grouped, with a strong light shining on the nearer of the two; while Dante and Virgil, scarcely perceptible in the surrounding gloom, stand on a pinnacle of rock below, surveying them and a circle of other figures whirling through the air. Another incident in the same story is one we are enabled to place before our readers; it represents Dante swooning when he hears the story of Francesca. Here we have again the pair winging their flight, but they are drawn in a different attitude and on a smaller scale than in the first, but the idea of the composition is the same throughout both: in this the air is literally alive with the hosts of lost spirits that accompany the sinful couple through the infernal regions.

Plutus watching the two travellers entering the fourth circle of hell is a fiend-like figure of gigantic frame, with all the muscles powerfully developed; he sits with his naked limbs crouched together on a ledge of rock, looking at the invaders of his province with a most villainous expression of countenance.—There are few, if any, finer designs in the volume than the passage of Dante and Virgil, in Phlegyas's boat, to the "Dolorous City," with numerous bodies, some apparently dead, and others alive, floating in the stream.—That which immediately follows it is one of the two examples introduced into our pages; it represents the arrival of the boat with its freight on the shore of the city. Both of these illustrations will convey a truer idea of the extraordinary merit of Doré's pencil than any words of ours can do.—A grand picture, for it deserves no less worthy a title, is the angel sent down from heaven to open the gate of the sixth circle of hell, the abode of unbelievers, for the entrance of the travellers. The sight of the sacred messenger seems to fill the wretched spirits outside the gate with increased terror and anguish; they turn away their eyes, they throw themselves in terrible dismay on the ground, rolling and writhing in their agony, and deprecating the vision as an addition to their torments. Almost immediately following this is another subject, equally effective, Farinata degli Uberti rising from his fiery cell, an emaciated and "living" corpse, on whose muscular yet attenuated form the flames throw a ghastly light.

It is a relief both to the eye and thought to turn from this to another tomb, inscribed with the name of Pope Anastatius, placed amidst a mass of sloping precipitous rocks, from the fissures of which issue forth volumes of curling smoke; the figures of Virgil and Dante, the former with his robes floating wildly in the air, the latter endeavouring to push aside the huge slab that covers the grave, stand in apparent insecurity on a ledge of rock; a composition this of great beauty and elegance.

Though the ancient classic poets describe Geryon as a monster with three bodies and three heads Dante speaks of him as one with the body of a serpent and the face of a "righteous man." Doré, of course, follows the latter, and represents the huge reptile, where the travellers meet with it, as a winged dragon, with scales, and knots, and speckled rings, but with the head of a man; it seems to have ascended out of a fathomless gorge of blackened rock, over which his sinuous tail is stretched, while a cloud of smoke rises up from the abyss; this forms the right side of the picture. On the left, in the centre of a mass of rock and gigantic boulders, Dante and Virgil, whose figures are diminished to the size of dwarfs in comparison with the objects around them, regard the monster and the fiery cavern from which it has come forth. There is a grand poetical feeling manifest in this composition, as there is also in the illustration immediately following, Geryon winging his flight over a gulf, deep and dark, between rocks, whose sharp pinnacles rise on either side

to a dizzy elevation, and stand out, towards the horizon, in black relief against a sky of clouds tinged with the blood-red hues of an unearthly sunset.

Having gained an insecure footing on a low ledge almost at the base of a precipitous height of rugged mountain, the two poets are seen, in another print, to present themselves before Thais and her companions, who are partly immersed in a dank pool which the rocks engirdle. The calm contemplative attitude of the spectators is admirably contrasted with the agonised forms of the doomed, writhing with torture, and reproaching each other, as it seems, with the sins that have made them companions in suffering as they once were in guilt.

Solemn and stately, through a crooked narrow mountain defile, winds an interminable train of ghost-like figures habited in white:—

"Cloaks had they all, with drooping cowl that lean
To shade the eyes."

These are the monkish hypocrites, condemned to drag along, step by step, their dull, slow round, clad in garments the weight of which is almost insupportable. Dante and Virgil stand on a slight eminence skirting their pathway, and as the procession moves on, the faces of the monks, as they pass, are turned towards them with looks that bespeak anything but Christian love.

In attempting to convey an idea of some of these illustrations, we have felt, as we proceeded, how inadequate were our powers to the occasion. Art is often more powerful than language, and defies description; it is so here; our readers may, however, form some slight conception from what has been said of the character of these most original compositions, in which the imagination of the poet finds so expressive and felicitous an expositor in the pencil of the artist. The scenery and incidents of the "Inferno" have never been brought so vividly before our mind, nor have they been so thoroughly realised in all their appalling revelations, as when presented to view in this series of engravings. One most striking feature is manifest throughout the whole, and that is the deep solemnity with which the two travellers appear on the stage. To Virgil the journey through the regions of the lost was no novelty, to the other it was; and yet nowhere is there manifest any indication of supernatural wonder, nor of shrinking from a fearful ordeal. Silent, and apparently awe-struck, Dante is led by his companion from one scene of eternal agony and hopelessness to another, unable, as it seems, to find word or action whereby to express his sense of the punishments endured by the wretched inhabitants of the realms of Satan. As we closed the volume, a thought instinctively, as it were, passed over the mind as a serious warning—if the awards of a future life bear any resemblance to the scenes we have been contemplating, who would not pray earnestly to be delivered from such a hereafter as the penalty of a vicious life or of a life of selfish indulgence? This is the moral these pictures teach.

Allusion has not yet been made to these engravings as specimens of woodcuts: all are in the highest degree excellent. Indeed it is difficult to determine with respect to some, except by close examination, whether the prints have been worked from metal plates or wood blocks. Making every allowance for the admirable manner in which Doré would place his drawings on the wood, the various engravers employed to cut them have exercised the utmost skill and ingenuity, and have displayed the greatest artistic feeling in the performance of their work. Throughout each subject we notice the rarest qualities of engraving, especially in the figures: softness and delicacy of tint, roundness in the forms, vigour in the lines, and a general solidity of execution, showing to what perfection some, at least, of the modern French school of wood-engravers have brought their art: many of our own engravers may, we think, get valuable hints from these works.

It may be of service to many of our readers to know that this great work, with others of almost equal interest, may be seen and procured at the establishment of Messrs. Hachette and Co., King William Street, Strand, to whom we are indebted for the loan of the woodcuts which illustrate this notice.



Designed and Drawn by Gustave Doré.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

[Engraved by L. Dumont.]



Designed and Drawn

ARRIVING AT THE DOLOROUS CITY.

[by Gustave Doré.]

ON THE
PRESERVATION OF PICTURES
PAINTED IN OIL COLOURS.*

PRINCIPALLY IN REFERENCE TO VARNISHING, AND ON
EFFECTUALLY PREVENTING THE "CRACK."

BY J. B. PYNE.

AFTER discussing the subject of "Cracks" in the previous part of this article, it might be tiresome to explain the dilemma of the perfectly innocent carver and gilder, were it not that a few words only are necessary to do so. All varnishes, then, until perfectly dry, are solvents to oil pigments. The varnish in this case operated as a solvent, or rather diluent, to the aggregated oleine forming the immediate picture surface, which became intimately mixed with the varnish during its application. The compound varnish by this means was turned into a permanent non-dryer, and may have retained its tack for an indefinite time.

There is here, also, another point to be taken into consideration in varnishing an uncleaned picture. The smaller the quantity of varnish, the greater proportion of oleine occurs in the compound. Varnish thinned with turpentine has a worse effect still, as the sharply-biting turpentine goes into combination with the oleic surface more readily than the stouter varnish, and effects a more perfect mixture with the whole of the oleine.

In all modifications of varnish by means of oils, it should be distinctly borne in mind, that a modification operated by oleine, whether accidental or not, is an essentially different affair, oleine being one only of the many constituents of the painting oils, and the only one amongst them in itself perfectly undrying. It would be impossible to lay too much stress on this circumstance of the difference between such oils as poppy oil, nut oil, or linseed oil, on one hand, and oleine olive on the other. Either of the first three is occasionally used both in painting and varnishing; in both instances to retard drying, and in the latter to both retard drying and prevent the varnish from afterwards blooming. The vehicle gillp itself is nothing more than a contrivance to prevent varnish from setting too soon. Thus, common mastic gillp is composed of equal quantities of strong drying oil, which dries in thirty-four hours, and mastic varnish, which dries in twenty minutes. It would not be an insane thought to imagine that this compound might dry at a mean point between these two periods of time, that is, in seventeen hours and ten minutes, but the gillp requires seventy-two hours to become dry, viz., more than four times the mean amount of time. This is easily accounted for, but does not essentially belong to the subject in hand, although it has been accidentally explained in the previous text. Blooming, then, is prevented by determining the varnish, in an excessively slight degree, into a gillp. The painting oils follow this order as to the possession of oleine—poppy, nut, linseed, strong drying oil, poppy containing the maximum and strong drying oil the minimum. One teaspoonful of poppy, or two teaspoonfuls of linseed-oil, would be about the quantities necessary to produce the desired modification in a pint of varnish. Either the poppy or nut oil is to be preferred, as the increased quantities of the other oils necessary to effect the desired purpose frequently prevent the future removal of the varnish by common friction.

There are a few other causes for the cracking of pictures, which, simple as they are,

should not be omitted here. The prevention is extremely simple, though the cure not so, as it involves the absolute necessity of re-lining a work, and most probably some most difficult retouching. In small pictures on canvas, the cracking alluded to consists of an entire margin of some three inches in width, surrounding the whole picture; and in large pictures, of a similar margin of greater width, with one or two transverse bars, which cross it in two directions at right angles. These are all the result of permitting the canvas to become slack, which allows it to vibrate against the entire inner edge of the strainer and its transverse bars, producing a crack, if anything, still more unsightly than the varnish crack, from the uniformity of its figure. This crack, unlike the other, has a double pouting lip, standing above the level of the canvas, and refuses all compromise between entire re-lining and being left alone in all its rectangular and pouting beauty. The prevention is easy, and consists in turning the picture—say twice a year—and gently tapping the wedges, until the picture becomes sonorous, and emits a tone somewhat like that of a dull tambourine. There is no gallery of pictures superior to the necessity of having this simple operation performed occasionally. The writer—who prefers to paint on canvases and grounds of long standing—appoints his son to the office of tambour-major, whose duty consists in keeping the whole of the canvases—finished and unfinished works—in perfectly musical condition, the large ones forming the bass, and the small ones the treble.

There is another crack rife in many pictures, the cause of which has puzzled most inquirers, and the writer amongst them. It occurs in an irregular volute or spiral form, and he suggests that it may be the result of some minute animal ova deposited by way of secrecy on the hidden back of the canvas; and that the gluten or albumen accompanying the deposit may produce the crack by its contractile power. He also imagines that the fact of one particular gallery having entirely escaped this and other cracks is due to the circumstance of there being attached to it a tambour-major, and from the canvases and pictures being frequently turned, dusted, and brushed at the back, and then put into correct tune by being tapped or wedged out. This last crack also has its edges turned outwards poutingly, and if ever intended to be painted over—as is always the case with canvases and unfinished pictures—requires to be first varnished at the back several times, in order to stop the absorbency of the opening crack, the thirst of which is hardly to be assuaged by less than from four to six coats of oil colour on the surface.

As regards the propriety, generally, of varnishing pictures, a few words ought to suffice. The soundest painted picture possesses a surface highly susceptible to injury—for the first twelve months, owing to its softness, after its fourth or fifth year owing to its hardness, and after its thirtieth year owing to its brittleness. This last state announces itself by a minute and sharply defined snip, similar to that in finely snipped porcelain, and is justly considered as one of the picture's greatest ornaments, as it conduces to an ultimate clearness and brilliancy that it never would have possessed without it. It indeed gives to a painting that superadded clearness the graver communicates to a line engraving, in contradistinction to a work in mezzotint. It is quite possible that a picture may be of so light a general tone as to do passing well without varnish, as far as appearances go. But then it is not one picture out of a hundred that possesses this sublimed character, and the one having it, in-

stead of acquiring a general even and subdued polish, the chances are about forty-nine to one that it is splashed with irregular masses of polish, under which circumstance it had much better have an even and subdued varnish. In the case of a rich and dark work, there can be no question as to whether or not it should be varnished, for though the ultra light one may do passing well without, this would not. In the light one an eighth only might be lost, but in the dark one more than half its force, clearness, and detail, quite independently of its whole tone, would be obscured if not lost to the eye. As a matter of security from injury, varnish again appears to be an absolute necessity; and the slight amber tone imparted to the work as the varnish becomes old, even should it be considered a slight detriment, is more than counterbalanced by the improvement, generally, of the work in all other respects. Most painters again colour a work in anticipation of the future amber hue. Thus, when the pictures of Rubens have been deprived of half a dozen coats of varnish, the public cry is that they have been ruined by the cleaner, and a few years' odium is obliged to be endured until the picture, with its one new coat, shall have again received its normal tone. Rubens painted for this amber tone, and his pictures appear too white while deprived of it.

As glass, in some instances, has been lately adopted to preserve picture surfaces from injury, in lieu of varnish, and as a disposition to continue its use appears to be gaining ground, a few words on its intrinsic merits will not be out of place. As a preserver, it cannot be said that it has not a leg to stand upon, as it really has one, and one only. It may, therefore, be said to be a one-legged defender of the material condition of a picture. It is not always, however, a preserver of its beauties, as a newly painted work suffers considerably in colour from the want of free access of atmosphere during its first and second stages, and indeed to some perceptible extent until it has acquired the thoroughly hard if not brittle state, after which glass casing and seclusion from free air may do a picture very little harm, but by no possibility any good. Reynolds has well described the character of tone pervading these secluded pictures, by calling it "a religious tone," the only discrepancy about it being, that it is not every one who would admit the conclusion that religion is either dark, dismal, jaundiced, or melancholy. It must be admitted, however, that where no other mischief results, the tone of these pictures becomes soft, solemn, sober, and subdued; in winning harmony with subdued minds, but very much out of harmony with the sunny temperaments of the present patrons of Fine Art. The tone again of these glass-cased works realises a nice compromise between the old and the new masters, and may possibly do some good to Art generally, if they replace the nobility of this country in their legitimate position as the natural patrons and real protectors of contemporary Art. If any analogy between a beautiful woman and a beautiful picture be admissible, a beautiful picture in a glass case may be compared to a beautiful woman in the possession of a jealous husband. He secludes her from the healthy public haunts, in order to preclude public contact, and obtains for her a yellow and dulled complexion, with no other advantage than the too frequent visit of the physician, in spite of whom vitality languishes, health is interrupted, the wit pales, and energy suspends itself from the want of motive to activity. The picture also becomes dull, assumes a languid tone, loses the full flood of light, and the sharp and

* Continued from page 3.

trenchant details which secure reflection and the luminous quality in shadows, until, indeed, it seems to be sighing for if only one single day in the sunshine. This single day in the sunshine, by-the-bye, is, if not the only one, one of the best cures for this morbid and "jaunâtre" condition. A picture again in its early state does not progress so rapidly towards its perfectly dry condition, necessary for varnishing, under glass, as when left to the freer action of common atmosphere. Its one "leg to stand on," however, must not be denied or thrown into the shade: it is, that under a glass case (provided it be hermetically closed) the picture does not receive the same quantity of extraneous deposits as it otherwise would. But, on the other hand, as the oleic deposit, certain to develop itself under any circumstances, even under water, must be detached before varnishing, the removal of the extraneous deposit would be effected at the same time. The one leg, therefore, is, after all, but a lame one.

As regards violent mechanical and material injuries, glass and no glass stand on tolerably even ground. The breaking a piece of heavy glass in front of a picture, would effect about as much injury as would the same blow received on the immediate surface of the picture without its glass armour, unless where the splintered edges of a heavy glass may be received so unfortunately as to rip the work as well as scrape the surface, and then the glass would take lower ground and stand at a disadvantage. The only advantage, then, derived from the presence of glass, is the escape from the consequences of blows from sharp instruments not heavy enough to break the glass, but heavy enough to wound the surface of a picture. In estimating the possible injury from other and slighter influences (such as the friction of a duster, whether of fine hair, a soft handkerchief, light and long feathers, or a parlour bellows, together with the occasional touching of hands) they may all be put down as *nil*, as to a new work especially they are calculated to do more good than harm, by creating a necessity for gentle friction.

Immediately touching the slight influences just enumerated, the remark is frequently made when estimating the condition of a work, "It has been merely too scrupulously and carefully kept." As a dissuasive to the use of glass, a very serious one presents itself upon the first glance at a work thus covered. The whole surface becomes more or less that of a mirror, and besides an imperfect reflection of everything in a room coming within the angle of accident, the reflection of the spectator is sure to occur with a force depending on the depth of the passage under inspection.

The writer was once induced to make a copy of a work of transcendent beauty, by an acknowledged high colourist. In a few months afterwards he again saw the original work in the hands of a collector, with a very fine sheet of plate glass before it. At first he was somewhat surprised by the low tone of the picture, and imagined it might have been a *replica*, but could by no means account (allowing this to be a fact) for some broad streaks of dark in the sky, those streaks certainly not being in the original. He sought an occasion to have this explained, and learnt from the owner that he had obtained it from the original possessor, and from his great admiration of the work (still unvarnished) had, under the advice of the superintendent of his gallery, caused it to be placed under glass. This superintendent should have known better, first, from being a picture dealer, and next, from a perfect knowledge of its being a recently painted work. It ought to be strictly borne in mind, that with a

new work the freest possible admission of air (fresh and uncontaminated air) is a first-rate element to the future sound condition of any work painted in oil; as well as a large amount of light—indeed, anything short of the actual sun-ray—while absolute sunlight for short periods, say, twenty minutes, two, three, or four times a year, would be beneficial to a very perceptible extent. Whatever morbid treatment a picture may be able to endure after it has arrived at the hard state, say thirty or forty years, these points of treatment are absolutely essential during the first three years, at least, of a picture's existence, much more so on the first year than the second, the second than the third year, and the third than afterwards.

As regards air, if a picture be covered by glass, it is a very poor and limited current that may be able to insinuate itself through the small openings left for that purpose, sometimes at the bottom of the picture alone, seldom at the top as well, and, it may be said, never at the sides; instead of which, in order to induce an actual circulation, or better still, a straightforward current, every chance should be given to thoroughly aerate the whole picture surface. Air should not only have free ingress, but free and uncontrolled egress on all sides. Mr. Read, from experiences gathered at the new Houses of Parliament, will tell you what an intricate subject general and free circulation is, and how difficult to deal with in some cases. In pressing on the attention of collectors the necessity of thoroughly ventilating the entire surface of a recently painted work, it ought to be merely necessary to say, that the oxidation of the oils is due entirely to the constant passage of pure air over such surface, and that without this perfect oxidation, along with the two pressures already more fully alluded to, perfect siccation would never occur. Perfect siccation is the one thing necessary to procure in order to enable a new and tender work to bear the contractile pull of a varnish. Oxidation is the chemical, and atmospheric and cohesive pressures the mechanical, means by which a picture first becomes dry, then tough, then hard, then brittle, and ultimately friable. In this last state—should it be desirable to prevent the work from resolving itself into dust—it would be necessary to immerse the whole work for a week or fortnight in a shallow tank, two-thirds filled with a dilute copal varnish, so dilute, indeed, as to allow the picture at the end of this time to be taken out, tipped up on end, and run itself dry, with very little varnish remaining on the surface.

The writer in early life, at a period when he devoted six consecutive years to restoring pictures, had a picture consigned to his care in this ultimately friable condition. Contemplating the necessity of some emendations in parts, he, instead of using copal, availed himself of the balsam of Canada, a tough substitute for mastic, and which, when dry, allowed of the removal by friction of the superfluous varnish on the surface. The tank was made air-tight and evaporation prevented by placing a slender lattice-work of wood over the picture, and then covering the whole with a large sheet of drawing-paper, which was firmly pasted over the tank, and afterwards treated with a strong coat of gum-water (arabic). This allowed the varnish to be bottled up again for future use, undeteriorated. The picture was then re-lined, cleaned, and restored, in fact, made good for another five hundred years at the least.

Returning to the subject of glass, then, under any circumstances except those which would render it inadmissible to a well appointed gallery, it is, at any rate, an impediment to the process of drying, and, in many

instances, causes a darkening of some of the pigments used by modern painters.

It is suggested now as a thing of the utmost importance that every collector of pictures, whether his gallery be estimated as worth either little or much, should elect some highly intelligent person to periodically inspect and report on the state of the whole collection. If he be a restorer of high probity as well as intelligence, well; if he be a painter also, so much the better, particularly if the collection consist of many modern works, for it is difficult to find a professional restorer who knows anything about a recently painted work at all worth knowing. The simple cleaning, or, at least, the removal of the varnish from such a work, is generally found to be quite beyond their power, and the infliction of incalculable injury is the general result to a modern picture going through their hands. The merely varnishing a modern picture, as conducted by either a professional picture restorer or a picture-frame maker, is attended by nearly an equal amount of danger, both being, in most instances, the one as profoundly ignorant as the other of the actual chemical or mechanical condition of the object they may have to operate on, and the absolute requirements of such a work at different times, between its completion and the following ten years. Such a periodical inspection could be obtained at from £10 a year upwards, and would be calculated to arrest decay and ruin in their incipient stages, instead of allowing a full-blown injury to burst on them unawares. It is a provision readily accorded to a horse or a house, and why not to a picture? Many a picture gallery of an intrinsic value of £20,000 has, for want of this attention, deteriorated to one of £10,000, and has had many hundred years curtailed from the possible term of its matured existence. At present it is usual to compute the possible existence of a picture as one of a few hundred years, while there is no reason to show that it might not be as many thousands. The climate of this country is most admirably adapted to the longevity of works in oil with an extra protection of varnish, though it may be somewhat too humid for fresco, and too charged with free and floating carbon, and consequently coal-tar, for wax painting.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

THE year opens for this society bright with the promise of prosperity. The annual receipts have reached a maximum of nearly £3,500; the publications issued in the course of the last twelve months have been large in number, and, for the most part, excellent in quality; and the subscribing members, now exceeding 1,500, have augmented so considerably, and even inconveniently, that the council has been compelled to set limits to their further increase, so that henceforth admission to the ranks of the Arundel Society is a privilege which may be desired by the many, but can be enjoyed only by the fortunate few. This almost unlooked-for prosperity has given to the managers a proportionate accession of power; and accordingly we find, as we have said, the immediate future of this association bright in no ordinary promise. The collection of drawings from the frescoes in Italy and from some few of the master-works of northern Europe, is continually on the increase. The special artist of the society has been engaged in making copies of three of the finest mural paintings, by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of S. Marco, Florence; drawings, also, have been already taken from the important series of frescoes, executed by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Cathedral of Prato; and four of the most lovely, yet elaborate, compositions of Luini in the neighbourhood of Milan, have been added to

the collection. The famed church of St. Francis, at Assisi, rich in rare works by masters of the fourteenth century, has also been laid under contribution. A commission has likewise been given for the execution of two drawings from the great frescoes, by Raphael, in the stanze of the Vatican. And then leaving Italy and travelling northward, we are informed that an artist has been sent to Bruges to copy a triptych, by Memling, in the Hospital of St. John. Such is the future career of this enterprising society, which holds out to its members the assurance that each one of these carefully executed drawings shall be translated faithfully into lithographic fac-similes, and be thus presented from year to year as handsome returns for the annual subscriptions. In this way, subscribers like ourselves, reaching over many successive years, find at length their portfolios furnished, even as a well-selected gallery, with a historic series of choicest works, recalling the memory of past days spent in pleasant travel, storing the mind with forms of beauty, and giving to the intellect of the student abundant material for critical inquiry.

That a task so arduous could be executed with absolute or uniform success, it were unreasonable to expect. In turning over the collected publications of the last five or six years, now before us, we come, indeed, upon certain chromolithographs which assuredly fall far below the high standard which the Arundel Society has now taught the public to expect. Among later works we have to deplore the corruption of the grey shadows by the intrusion of more or less positive tones of blue, and even of green. This error, which was apparent in the rendering of the 'Madonna del Sacco,' becomes still more painfully obtrusive in a head from a fresco by Masolino, expressly issued for a fac-simile of the original. One more defect we would point out, analogous in its cause to the preceding—a certain inchoate crudity in the colour. Although it is some time since we have had the pleasure of examining the frescoes by Francia, in the church of S. Cecilia, in Bologna, we feel that we may state with confidence that the backgrounds of the original works do not abound in the discordant greens which have been inserted in the copies now before us. These reproductions of two supremely lovely compositions, the Marriage and the Burial of St. Cecilia, we are sorry to regard as among the least felicitous of the many labours of the society. They are specially wanting in delicate greys, in those transition tones upon which harmony and unity essentially depend. Hence chromolithographs which err in this direction, being inevitably glaring and gaudy, have naturally provoked hostile criticism, so that the cry is now raised that the Arundel Society, not content to reproduce Italian frescoes as they are, has ambitiously embarked on the enterprise of restoring the colours as they were. The question thus mooted has often struck us when walking through the galleries and churches of Italy, as difficult fairly to adjust. We believe that in the copying of every work points of perplexity must arise, which can only be left to the discretion and good taste of the artist himself to overcome as best he may. For the copyist of a fresco to transcribe the accidental scratch of a nail across the mortar, would be surely as servile an act as that committed by the Chinese potter who reproduced in a hundredfold the crack on a plate sent from Europe as a pattern. We think that the animadversion to which we have alluded would never have been made had not the eyes of connoisseurs and critics been shocked by the startling freshness of colour against which we have ventured to protest. Painters, we all know, are again and again enjoined not to overstep the modesty of nature—an injunction specially hard upon the tyros in Art. And so we would say to the copyists in the service of the Arundel Society, do not venture to overreach the simplicity of the early Italian masters. Remember that these men were not required to paint up to exhibition pitch; the repose in which they loved to dwell was far removed from all sensational contrast and surprise.

Yet, notwithstanding this shortcoming of absolute perfection, the recent publications of the Arundel Society attain, in good degree, the rare qualities of their great originals. It must be admitted that the series from the Brancacci Chapel, Florence, now steadily advancing towards com-

pletion, comprising famed masterworks by Masolino, Masaccio, and Lippi, will constitute a most valuable contribution to the history of Italian Art. Every reader of Vasari, every student who has taken up, even the most rudimentary account of the rise of the Italian schools, knows that these frescoes came in at that most critical point,—the transition from an archaic style to the free and full development attained by the great masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These were the very works, in fact, which ushered in a new era in the practice of painting. In these compositions do we trace, almost for the first time, the deliberate study of the nude form; in these figures do we find a force, an individual character, and a well-rounded and firmly-modelled relief, which were wholly beyond the reach of a previous epoch, and of earlier masters. The personification of St. Paul especially rises to a dignity to which it is well known that even Raphael was willing to become a debtor in his cartoon of the preaching at Athens. Other similar, and scarcely less interesting examples, might be pointed out to show how, in the history of Art, century is linked to century, master to pupil, and school to school, so that in the collective growth we get a completed cycle, and through successive developments, arrive at a full manifestation of the pictorial truth and beauty which, ever in transition, pass on from phase to phase in their struggle towards perfection. Each separate work indeed, like to each individual in the genus man, may be aberrant, but collective Art in the wide sweep of its history, even as humanity, becomes noble, massing itself into a breadth wherein imperfections are but accidents; and this, which might be averred of the schools of almost any country, is emphatically true of the great epochs of Italian painting, which the Arundel Society has specially essayed to illustrate.

The works now in progress may be classed under the distinct heads, and often opposing schools, of the naturalists and the spiritualists. Among the latter we must rank one of the most lovely of the many works of Fra Angelico, 'The Annunciation,' from the Convent of St. Marco. Having tested this reproduction by close comparison with an engraving in our possession, which has always been deemed faithful, we can speak to the scrupulous care with which this chromolithograph has been executed. Then turning to the contrasted style, we have in 'The Conversion of the Sorcerer,' from a fresco by Mantegna, in Padua, a trenchant example of the directly naturalistic school. This chromolithograph, though a little hard, but, therefore, perhaps all the more like to the original, is worthy of much commendation for the accuracy of its drawing, and the consequent precision with which individual character, a distinguishing trait in this master, has been caught and firmly pronounced. Benozzo Gozzoli was a painter who lay on the frontier, dividing the two schools in sunder. As a disciple of Fra Angelico, he pertained to the spiritualists, but when painting the fresco of St. Augustine preaching, of which the Arundel Society has given a happy rendering, he brought to his aid that knowledge of the world, that observation of individual conditions of mind, and their corresponding expression through the features, which constitute the strength of the naturalistic school. The Arundel Society has assuredly accomplished a good end in thus enabling the student, and even the public at large—who care not to labour, yet object not to receive instruction when put in a pleasing form—we say that this society has fulfilled a noble mission when it thus puts the untravelled Englishman in a position to judge of the merits and to enjoy the beauty and profit by the truth of these great and good works, which have rendered Italy of the middle ages an example to all succeeding times. The primary object of this association, as we have seen, is to illustrate the history of Art through her monuments. We trust that the council will resist the snares which sometimes beguile from the stern path of duty, tempting to a popularity, often but too easily earned, and prosecute with fidelity the noble purpose for which the society was founded—that of raising the taste of the multitude through the superior knowledge of the cultured few.

J. B. A.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. D. HARDING.

THERE are few, if any, men who would be more missed out of the sphere of Art than will be Mr. Harding, whose death, briefly announced in our last number, occurred, at his residence at Barnes, on the 4th of December. For nearly two months prior to this event he was suffering from illness, the result of a cold, caught whilst sketching in Kent, striking upon a vital organ, but till within a very few days of his decease he had gradually been getting better. The rupture of a blood-vessel, however, subsequently occurring, death from hæmorrhage speedily ensued. He was in his sixty-seventh year, having been born at Deptford in 1797.

On two former occasions, namely, in 1850, when we introduced a portrait of him, and in 1856, when he formed the subject of our series of papers on "British Artists," the life and works of Mr. Harding were passed in review; it is unnecessary to travel over the same ground again, but now that he is gone, the memory of his talents and worth deserve something more than could be said of them with propriety while he lived.

Looking at him beyond the walls of the galleries where his pictures were exhibited, there can be no hesitation in asserting that no artist of his time has done so much to create a love of landscape-painting, and to diffuse a right knowledge of it, as Harding—he was emphatically a great Teacher. Thoroughly conversant with the most recondite principles of Art theoretically, a close and ardent student of nature in all her varied moods and aspects, and a perfect master of his pencil, he added to these qualifications one even more important in the course he pursued, a peculiar aptitude and facility in imparting to others what he himself knew. And it was his delight to do this; far from keeping his knowledge to himself, he was ever ready to disclose all the mysteries of his craft without reserve, especially to young men of his profession, and to amateurs; no small portion of his valuable time being often occupied in answering correspondents who applied to him for information, the writers being, not unfrequently, persons who only were acquainted with him through his works, and the reputation attached to his name for courtesy and liberality in connection with his art.

They who remember the first introduction of lithography into this country, and the productions to which it then gave rise, and who watched its progress for the next following twenty years or longer, know well how largely Mr. Harding contributed to perfect the art. He at once saw in it a most valuable ally in the propagation of knowledge, and that in time it must work a complete revolution in the system and practice of teaching. With this conviction he immediately applied himself to the task of developing its power for usefulness; and, guided by his acquired theoretical knowledge, he, in time, sent forth to the world those valuable instructive treatises which have become text-books not only in our own Art-schools, from the highest to the lowest, but also in those of France, Germany, and other continental states, of America, and even in eastern countries. His "Principles and Practice of Art," "Lessons on Art," "Lessons on Trees," "Sketches at Home and Abroad," his numerous little books of "Studies" for beginners, gained for him the highest eulogium from foreign artists of eminence, and a hearty, almost reverential, welcome among every artistic association he chanced to visit abroad. In the schools of Paris especially, which he often visited, he had always an enthusiastic reception from professors and students. At the *Exposition des Beaux Arts* in 1855, he was the only English landscape-painter, out of the Royal Academy, who obtained any distinctive recognition; his pictures received "Honourable Mention." While referring to his lithographic productions, we must not forget to mention the last he brought out, 'Picturesque Selections,' in which an entirely new method is employed to give the appearance of an original drawing in black and white chalk; so skilfully is this effected as generally to deceive the most practised eye; nine persons out of ten turning over the contents of a portfolio in which some of these prints were

mixed with actual sketches from nature, would not be able to discover any difference.

Though Mr. Harding failed, from some cause or other, to found in London a school for "teaching teachers how to teach," his "system" was adopted by a pupil at Manchester, who has there a studio for classes, which is working most successfully; and there is another in Paris, under the direction of M. Casanne, whose testimony of obligation to our countryman is most flattering. It would, in fact, be difficult to find any drawing-master in Great Britain of any repute, who does not owe his success in teaching to what he has learned from Mr. Harding.

We have spoken of his extraordinary power of handling the lead-pencil, which he was accustomed to use freely in sketching from nature, instead of the brush and palette. He justified the practice on the ground that it is possible to take time while *drawing* from nature, and hence to study more completely the forms of objects, their light and shade, and their value in the composition; in short, all that renders them attractive and pleasing, except colour. Where the brush is used, all this must often be compressed, especially in water-colours, into a single stroke—a much more difficult operation, if accuracy, and not merely dashing effect, is an object worth seeking; on his power to *draw* he always rested his power to *paint*. His cartoons for pictures in black and white chalk, with a little coloured crayon, are most masterly, and have never, so far as our observation extends, been equalled in England; they resemble in landscape art what the old painters of figure-subjects executed as studies for their pictures. He has left behind him a large number of these most valuable sketches, or ideas.

Critics who speak of Mr. Harding, as some do, only as a first-rate teacher of drawing, form a wrong estimate of his talents, and show they possess little knowledge of what constitutes the true artist; he certainly was not a great colourist, owing, perhaps, to what has just been said regarding his practice of sketching from nature; his colouring sometimes is hard and rather cold, but in every other quality his pictures yield to none of his contemporaries: witness his view of 'The Alps between Lecco and Como,' 'Angers on the Loire,' both oil-paintings, and his two water-colour pictures, 'The Park,' and 'The Falls of Schaffhausen,' all in the International Exhibition of 1862, with many others which we have no space to particularise. Like Turner, though after a manner entirely different, he always, in his greatest and more studied compositions, aimed at aerial perspective, and the rendering of *space*. He invariably connected the craving which exists, more or less, in the minds of everyone, for a "prospect," with the innate consciousness of a "future,"—for an expanded sphere of vision and of action; in short, with the immortal nature of man. Mr. Ruskin, with all his Pre-Raphaelitish sympathies, could appreciate the truth and excellence of Harding's painting; in the first volume of "Modern Painters," he eulogises his work in the most enthusiastic terms, which it well deserves. The versatility of Harding's practice was very remarkable; it mattered not to him whether he held in his hand a piece of chalk or charcoal, or a brush dipped in oil-colour or water-colour, he used each with equal skill and equal effect.

The opinions he held on the purposes of Art and the great controversy of the day, Imitation *versus* Representation, were, that of all the various materials employed in Art, none are supremely excellent; all are capable, in skilful hands, of conveying vivid and varied impressions; that which constitutes genuine Art resides not in *them*; it is to the intelligence which selects, and the skill that uses, them, we must look for our gratification in the result. Bold and masterly as were his representations of nature, he was one of the last men to disregard or undervalue accuracy of detail, and to rely solely upon producing what is termed "a striking effect," without attempting to give individuality to separate objects.

How it was that the talents and labours of Mr. Harding were never recognised by the Royal Academy is one of those strange facts the mysteries of which it is impossible for one outside of the building, so to speak, to penetrate. For several years his name stood on the books of the

Society as a candidate, yet he gained no admittance even into the lower rank. The rejection of his well-earned claim could not have resulted from a superabundance of landscape-painters already in the Academy, for the only members at the time were Messrs. Creswick, Lee, Stanfield, and Witherington, and among the Associates only Messrs. Sidney Cooper, and Cooke, while some of these scarcely come into the category of landscape-painters *proper*. An artist with a world-wide reputation, earned in a field where energy and perseverance were allied with genius, a man of action, possessing large sympathies with Art and artists, with a mind full, also, of varied information, a gentleman in every sense of the word—such a man would have reflected lustre on the Academy as great, if not greater, than the Academy could confer on him. But he is gone down to the grave with no other honours than those derived from a lifetime lovingly devoted to his profession, yet his name and his works will long survive to tell that we have had among us no every-day artist, and no ordinary man.

MR. SAMUEL LINES.

We are indebted to the *Midland Counties Herald* for the following facts connected with the career of this artist, whose death was briefly announced in our last number.

Mr. Lines, the able and successful instructor of several generations of Birmingham Art-students, was born at Allersby, near Coventry, in or about the year 1778. Having, while young, lost both his parents, he was placed under the charge of an uncle, whom he assisted in his occupation of a farmer and grazier. While so engaged, about 1791 or 1792, the sight of a portrait of George III., by Lawrence, developed a love of Art which untoward circumstances were powerless to eradicate, and a year or two later his uncle, yielding to the inclination of the youth, placed him with a clock-dial enameller and decorator at Birmingham. When the term of apprenticeship had expired, he employed himself in designing for Mr. Clay, an extensive manufacturer of papier mâché works, and also in making designs for the die-engravers of Birmingham. At length, in 1807, Mr. Lines opened a school for drawing in New-hall Street, and then entered upon his lengthened and useful career as a teacher, in which he continued till health failed him; among his pupils were Mr. Creswick, R.A., the late Mr. Wyon, R.A., the late Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., and Mr. Joseph Goodyear, both eminent engravers. In 1847, a large body of his pupils, to the number of two hundred and fifty, united to acknowledge their obligations to him by the presentation of a costly testimonial. This piece of plate represented the "Third Labour of Hercules," copied from an antique design found in the house of Sallust, at Pompeii. His occupation as a teacher, and his connection with the Birmingham Society of Arts and the Society of Artists, left Mr. Lines little leisure for the exercise of his own pencil, but examples of his talents as a landscape-painter are to be found in various collections in Birmingham and its neighbourhood.

MR. EDWARD RADCLIFFE.

The name of this engraver, some of whose works have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, must be known to our subscribers; his death took place, at his residence at Camden Town, in November last.

Like the artist of whom we have just written, Mr. Radcliffe was long connected with Birmingham, where he was born about the year 1810, and where his father, a landscape engraver of some celebrity in the Midland Counties, lived. On his coming to London some years ago, he did not, as most young provincial engravers are accustomed to do, enter the studio of any eminent practitioner, but at once commenced work on his own account for the annuals and other illustrated books of a good class. The plates he executed for us were, 'Morning on the Sea-coast,' after F. R. Lee, R.A.; 'The Fount in the Desert,' after H. Warren; 'The Waterfall,' after Zueche-relli; 'Europa,' and 'The Beacon Tower,' after Claude. Among his latest works was a series of clever etchings from subjects by David Cox, issued as a "prize" by the Art-Union of London.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS BIRCHALL, ESQ.,
RIBBLETON HALL, PRESTON.

PURITY.

H. O'Neil, A.R.A., Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

WHETHER this picture is, or is not, the portrait of some member of Mr. Birchall's family, we cannot tell; but it is, in all probability, that of some lady represented "in character." However this may be, it is unquestionably a fine specimen of "fancy" portraiture, using the term as significant of its ideal treatment, which is not unlike some of the portraits of the Italian painters of the Titian and Tintoretto schools; that is to say, it is treated classically but not conventionally. The head is noble in expression, the features handsome rather than beautiful, the pose of the figure easy and not undignified, the drapery simple and pictorially arranged. The long, flowing hair is twined with wreaths of the "forget-me-not," and in her left hand she holds a sceptre of lilies, emblematic of "purity." The conception of the figure, as a whole, is bold yet graceful; still, examining it critically, we seem at a loss to find a motive for such a fixed, earnest gaze, because, even in a portrait, there should be something in, or assumed to be in, the picture to account for any particular expression. With the face turned towards us we might consider the individual as conversing with the spectator, either by look or word; but seen in profile, with the figure placed in an open landscape, and elevated much above it, there is clearly nothing upon which those eyes could rest so intently but the sky, which, it may be argued—and we are not disposed to deny the assertion—affords ample scope for contemplation to every admirer of nature; and, possibly, the lady whom we have here can say with the poet—

"And often the thoughts of my heart find peace
In watching the passing clouds."

Mr. O'Neil has made rapid advances in popular favour within the last four or five years; his 'Eastward Ho!' exhibited in 1858, led the way in this onward progress. The public mind was then filled with thoughts of the Crimean war, and the artist in that picture was fortunate enough to hit upon a subject that particularly commended itself to popular feeling and sympathy. It was a well-painted work, moreover; the incidents and characters natural and intelligible to everybody; all could understand what was going on there, what thoughts were passing through the minds of the busy throngs leaning over the sides of the transport ship, or finding their way, sadly and slowly, to her deck. The companion picture, 'Home Again,' exhibited in the year following, though a clever and interesting work, was, perhaps, less successful—principally, it may be presumed, because the excitement of the war had passed away, and also because the subject does not admit of such variety of attractive incident as seems naturally to belong to the other. It is certain, however, that these two pictures procured the artist's election, in 1860, as an Associate member of the Royal Academy.

A far more important work than either of these—and of any Mr. O'Neil has since produced—is 'Mary Stuart's Farewell to France.' Historically truthful it undoubtedly is not; but regarding it simply as a pictorial pageant, so to speak, it is a gorgeous scene: the characters are well placed upon the canvas, the costumes are rich, the colouring is brilliant and luminous. Better, in our opinion, than any of his previous efforts, this picture entitled the artist to the academical honour bestowed on him.

Going back to an earlier period of his career, we remember some of Mr. O'Neil's paintings which gained for themselves a notice they well deserved. Such, for example, were his 'Mozart's Last Moments,' exhibited in 1849; 'King Ahasuerus,' in 1851; 'Ophelia, with the King, Queen, and Laertes,' a scene from *Hamlet*, in 1852; 'Katharine's Dream,' in 1853; and 'Marguerite and Faust,' in the following year. These, and others, showed the artist to be on the high road to ultimate distinction—that distinction which, in part at least, he has already won.



H. ONEIL, A.R.A. PINXT

H. J. BURNETT, DEL.

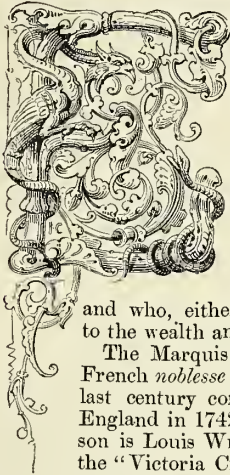
PURITY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MARQUESS OF DUBLIN, EARL OF FALCONER.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXIX.—LOUIS WILLIAM DESANGES.



ENGLAND has long been, and may she ever continue to be, an ark of safety to the men of other nations, in the hour of political adversity. In some respects this opening of our doors widely to all comers has its disadvantages, as bringing among us, not unfrequently, many restless and turbulent spirits, whose sole object at home was to create anarchy and confusion for their own selfish purposes; but, on the other hand, our free soil has often attracted hither multitudes of worthy men, men of good report in every way, honest men, and men of genius, who have settled down by our sides in honourable citizenship, and who, either in themselves or their descendants, have added to the wealth and high reputation of our country.

The Marquis Desanges was one of many families of the old French noblesse whom the numerous political disturbances of the last century compelled to voluntary exile. He took refuge in England in 1742, and became naturalised here. His great grandson is Louis William Desanges, so well known as the painter of the "Victoria Cross Gallery." He was born in London in 1822, and at the age of six was taken by his parents to Florence, where he received his first drawing-lesson, the family remaining there for two years. In 1831 he returned to England, and was sent to Hazlewood School at Birmingham, whence, at the expiration of a year, he was transferred to Hall Place School, Bexley, Kent, where he remained six years, continuing his drawing studies under the direction of Mr. James Stone, son of the principal, and a pupil of John Varley; to Mr. Stone the late A. L. Egg, R.A., and many young men who have since attained high rank in the military and naval service of the country were also indebted for their early instruction in drawing. At the age of sixteen Mr. Desanges went to France, and studied for a short time under Grobon, at Lyons. After again visiting Florence, and extending this time his travels to Rome and Naples, he returned to England in 1845. It was about this period that the artists of our country were called upon to compete for the honour of decorating the newly-erected Houses of Parliament with pictures; Mr. Desanges cast in his lot with the others, by sending an oil-painting to Westminster Hall, but he failed to secure a prize.

In 1847, as many of our readers must remember, a number of artists, considering that a fair opportunity for the exhibition of their works was not allowed to them at the Royal Academy and other long-established galleries, tried the experiment of opening, first at the Egyptian Hall, and secondly at the "Chinese Gallery," Knightsbridge, a Free Art-Exhibition, which, after three or four seasons, was removed to Portland Street, and took the successive titles of the "Portland Gallery," and the "National Institution." This society died a natural death in 1862, though during the greater part of its existence visitors could only obtain admission by payment. The truth is, it never had in its elements to command success in the face of older and well-accredited societies, though among its supporters were several artists of good repute, whose works are now valuable. During two years

of its infancy Mr. Desanges contributed to it, sending several pictures which attracted at the time our favourable notice; among them 'The Sleeping Fountain,' 'Cupid,' and 'Psyche,' two small compositions, showing the figures in different relations—both works powerful in colour, and very charming in effect; a 'Bacchante,' a female head wearing a coronal of grapes and vine-leaves, originally and beautifully treated; and a far more important work than either of these, 'The Excommunication of Robert, King of France, and his Queen, Bertha,' a large composition, thronged with figures of great variety of character, all powerfully expressive, and many energetic in action; each individual figure is strikingly embodied, and everywhere the eye is gratified by an effect at once ingenious and telling.

There are not, however, many young artists who can afford to wait—or, if they can, care to wait—till the public recognises their merits as historical painters in a substantial way; and though Mr. Desanges had, we believe, no cause to complain that his pictures were always returned on his hands, he thought proper to turn his attention to portraiture, a determination induced, perhaps, by the fact that he had already secured the favourable notice of many members of the aristocracy, especially of the ladies. He had exhibited, in 1846, at the Academy a portrait of a young lady, but did not make his appearance again in the same gallery till 1851, when he sent a portrait of the Duchess of Manchester. From this period till the last exhibition, almost each successive year has seen two or three works of this kind from his easel; among which have been portraits of the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Olivia Ossulston, the Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, Lady Bolton, Lady Greenock, the children of Lord and Lady Bolton—a charming little fanciful picture of two children dressing up a kitten, and a far more pleasing and natural manner of painting portraits of young boys and girls than dressing them up in their best for the artist—the Viscountess Folkstone, the Hon. Mrs. John Dundas, the Viscountess Glamis, Miss Thorold, Lady Palk, the Hon. Lady Abercromby the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Londesborough, under the title of 'The Golden Age,' Miss Drummond Davis, the Hon. A. L. Powlett, Mrs. Forbes Winslow, and many others.

As a portrait-painter Mr. Desanges takes a very high position; there is, in truth, scarcely one of our living artists who ought to be preferred before him; his female portraits, especially, are both dignified and graceful, and refined in feeling and expression, qualities enhanced by simplicity of composition, for it is rarely one sees in them anything more than the figure itself in "its own loveliness," nothing, that is, in the way of embellishing the picture, without adding to the interest and truth of the portrait. As an example, we have engraved, under the title of 'AN ENGLISH LADY,' a very charming portrait exhibited at the Academy not long since. In 1854 the artist sent to the Academy a large equestrian portrait of Victor Emanuel, but, from some cause not explained, it was not hung; it was, however, sent afterwards to Nice, and placed in the Hotel de Ville there.

From the contemplation of the principal works just alluded to—faces that win love, and admiration, and all chivalric feeling by their beauty, their sweetness, and their purity—to the contemplation of the chivalry of the battle-field, would not, in the olden time, have been thought a strange transition of the mind; nor need it be so now, although "ships, colonies, and commerce" is our national motto at the present time, and has long been so; the



Engraved by]

AN ENGLISH LADY.

[R. S. Marriott.

rise and fall in the price of stocks, shares, and produce, serving as a "war-cry" to the greater part of the community, instead of "St. George to the rescue." Still, amidst the absorbing commercial spirit of the age, when the war-summons goes forth through the land, thousands are ready to obey it, as willing to do or die as were the mailed knights and men-at-arms of old. On the plains of the Crimea, and the arid sands of

India, the blood of Britain's best and bravest warriors has been freely shed, and the heroism of some of them Mr. Desanges has immortalised on pages of glowing canvas. Very shortly after her Majesty—true queen, and true woman also—had entertained and carried out the noble idea of instituting the Order of the Victoria Cross, open to the highest as well as the lowest soldier or sailor in her service, it occurred to the artist to paint a series of pictures illustrating the principal actions for which this most enviable distinction was awarded. It was a bold and patriotic idea—however it may also have been a labour of love—because it inevitably must entail a large immediate sacrifice of time and money, while the success of the venture, as a profitable investment of both, was at the best very problematical; this, however, we shall refer to presently. In pursuance of his plan, Mr. Desanges, in 1859, opened an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall of twenty-four pictures, large and small; he has subsequently added to them till the number has now reached fifty, the whole of which has for the last year or two afforded one of the greatest attractions of the Crystal Palace, where the artist has allowed them to remain. These pictures have so frequently been spoken of in the columns of our Journal, that it would only be a repetition of words to speak of them again in detail; engravings of two of the series are introduced here.

The first is 'COLONEL H. TOMBS, C.B., AND LIEUTENANT JAMES HILLS AT DELHI.' On the 9th of July, 1857, the latter was on picket duty with two guns—both officers belonged to the Bengal Artillery—at the mound to the right of the camp. There was a rumour that the enemy's cavalry was coming down on the post, and Lieutenant Hills proceeded to take up the position assigned in case of alarm; but before he reached the spot he saw the enemy close upon his guns. Having given a rapid order to his sergeant, Lieutenant Hills boldly charged single-handed the head of the enemy's column, cut the first man down, struck the second, and was then ridden down, horse and all. On rising he was attacked by three of the enemy; one he despatched, another he wounded, and having fallen in the struggle with the third, would inevitably have lost his life, but for the almost miraculous intervention of Colonel Tombs, who, having crossed the path of the enemy's cavalry, and having escaped apparently certain death in so doing, shot one of the remaining assailants, and is represented in the picture as about to cut down the other. Both officers are decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The other is 'CAPTAIN WILLIAM N. W. HEWITT, R.N., BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.' The incident it illustrates is this. On the occasion of a repulse of a Russian sortie by Sir De Lacy Evans's division, on the 26th of October,



Engraved by]

COLONEL HENRY TOMBS, C.B., AND LIEUTENANT JAMES HILLS AT DELHI.

[R. S. Marriott,

1854, Mr. Hewitt, then acting mate of the *Beagle*, was in charge of the right Lancaster battery before Sebastopol. The advance of the Russians placed the gun in great jeopardy, their skirmishers advancing within three hundred yards of the battery, and pouring in a sharp fire from their Minié rifles. By some misapprehension the word was passed to spike the gun, and retreat; but Mr. Hewitt, taking upon himself the responsibility of disregarding the order, replied that "Such order did not come from Captain Lushington, and he would not obey till it did." He then pulled down the parapet of the battery, and, with the assistance of some soldiers, got his gun round, and poured upon the advancing Russians a most destructive and effective fire. For the gallantry he exhibited on this occasion, the Board of Admiralty promoted him to the rank of lieutenant. On the 5th of November, in the same year, the heroic conduct of this young officer at the battle of Inkerman, was also brought to the notice of the naval commander-in-chief. Captain Hewitt, for he has now attained that rank, was one of the earliest on whom the Victoria Cross was conferred. The picture may be described simply as a fine full-length portrait of the sailor-hero standing boldly and defiantly beside the huge Lancaster gun, and encouraging his men.

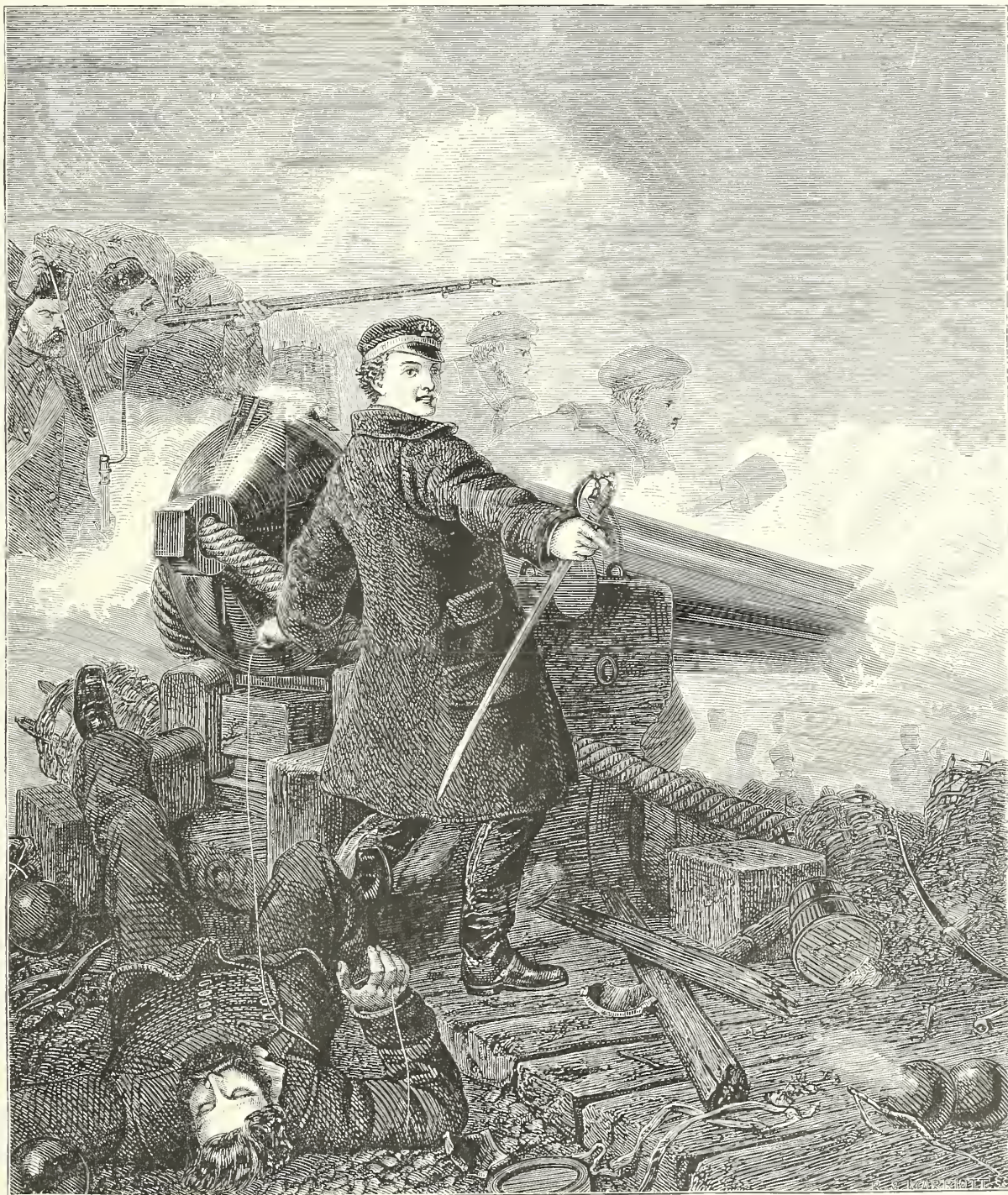
We have intimated that this series of war pictures was a venture on

the part of the artist, but it is one of great national interest, and ought to be therefore duly recognised and appropriated by the country. The painter should not be left to lament the loss of years of labour, for time is money to every artist who, as Mr. Desanges, can employ it advantageously in other channels; besides, the execution of these works has actually cost, as we once heard him say, "a small fortune." England, we well know, requires not pictorial representations of heroic deeds to animate her sons to similar acts of valour and self-devotion; but they serve to keep alive the memories of true patriotism, and are also valuable records of history. In France, and in some other continental countries, such an idea as Mr. Desanges has originated, and, so far, successfully carried out, would have been, in all probability, taken up by the government, and continued under its authority. What a gallery of battle-pieces does Versailles show! and how numerous were the actual commissions given by the authorities of France to Horace Vernet! and why should not England have her gallery of war-pictures too? for which this series would form an admirable nucleus, well authenticated and true, because they are painted from descriptions given by the men whose actions are commemorated and whose portraits introduced are from the life. When the individuals themselves were unable, from the hurry and confusion of battle, to supply accurate information of details, it has

been afforded by their friends and companions-in-arms who were spectators of the scenes. It will be a reflection on our patriotism if the "Victoria Cross Gallery" be left in the hands of the artist, to be dispersed, in all probability, after his death, for the benefit of his "heirs and assigns."

From a printed circular, dated "Junior United Service Club," which has come accidentally into our hands, we are well pleased to see that an endeavour is being made to preserve the collection intact, and for the public benefit. It is proposed to raise a sum of money among the officers and men of the two services—who, in our opinion, ought to be the last persons called upon to contribute—for the purchase of the pictures. The document says—"The brevity of the preamble of the new Order perhaps hardly does full justice to the deeds of the members. 'Conspicuous acts of valour' do not neces-

sarily imply any higher quality than bravery in confronting enemies, whereas Mr. Desanges's *Catalogue* briefly describes acts marked by every noble quality of which our nature is capable. These are not merely valiant combatants, but warm-hearted, kindly, self-sacrificing human beings, always ready to rescue any one in peril at their own risk. . . . This reward of heroism," alluding to the Victoria Cross decoration, "irrespective of rank or profession, comes with peculiar grace from a British queen. The nation can now best show its gratitude for this unsolicited boon by also doing its best to foster an elevated tone of feeling in all. The noble deeds of the Victoria Cross heroes, when once recorded in the *Gazette*, run a great chance of being forgotten, and crumpled up, with the paper itself. But this small collection of pictures affords us an easy opportunity of publicly prolonging



Engraved by

CAPTAIN WILLIAM N. W. HEWITT, R.N., BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

[R. S. Marriott.

a record of their deeds. Whether we care much or little about Art, such pictures form the nucleus of an entirely novel collection, a pictorial *Gazette*, improving to the living and invaluable to their successors. The consideration of such deeds not only elevates the mind, but gives us a just pride in our countrymen. Let us not hesitate, then, in keeping these works together; let us prove ourselves worthy of our noble Queen's idea, by aiding her in perpetuating it."

The writer, who states he has no other object in originating the scheme than public grounds, and has long since retired from the service, is of opinion that if the plan be carried out, it is scarcely too much to expect that government will eventually find room for the collection in any National Gallery which may be hereafter erected, "publicity and accessibility being

essential to the treating her Majesty's grand idea with due honour." The sum required to be raised for the purchase of the pictures is, we believe, small, compared with what they have cost the artist in time, labour, and actual expenditure; it may, therefore, be confidently anticipated that, when the project has become widely known, it will receive such support as the works deserve as national memorials, and also as pictures of great merit.

In 1862 Mr. Desanges exhibited at the Royal Academy 'The Battle of Inkerman'; the moment selected being that when the struggle in the Sand-bag battery was being desperately maintained by the small number of British troops against an overwhelming host of the enemy before the French support came up: it is a vigorous and animated composition, painted with very considerable power.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

FEBRUARY.

1	M.	Hilary Term ends. Institute of British
2	Tu.	[Architects. Meeting.
3	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [Meeting.
4	Th.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
5	F.	
6	S.	[Moon 6h. 9m. p.m.
7	Sh.	Quinquagesima. Shrove Sunday. New
8	M.	
9	Tu.	Shrove Tuesday.
10	W.	Ash Wednesday. Society of Arts. Meeting.
11	Th.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
12	F.	[Meeting.
13	S.	[Moon's First Quarter. 1h. 24m. p.m.
14	Sh.	First Sunday in Lent. Quadragesima.



15	M.	R. A. Lecture on Sculpture. Institute of
16	Tu.	[British Architects. Meeting.
17	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting.
18	Th.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting.
19	F.	
20	S.	
21	Sh.	Second Sunday in Lent. [5h. p.m.
22	M.	R. A. Lecture on Sculpture. Full Moon.
23	Tu.	
24	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting.
25	Th.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting.
26	F.	
27	S.	
28	Sh.	Third Sunday in Lent.
29	M.	R. A. Lecture on Sculpture. Institute of
		[British Architects. Meeting.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN FEBRUARY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.,

If it were possible to draw a line of demarcation between the different months of the year, to settle precisely the plants that shall blossom, the trees that shall put forth their leaves, the flowers that shall expand their many-coloured petals, and the birds and insects that shall visit or leave us within certain defined limits, how easy would be the task of describing the months, and following the various seasons of the year!

It cannot be done, for the months are so capricious in their temperature, and consequently in their aspect, that were it not for the position of the sun in the zodiac, no one could pronounce with any certainty whether the month were February, January, or March. Sometimes the severest frosts continue far into the year, so that the skater can enjoy his graceful pastime until March; while sometimes, as was the case last year, there is scarcely any frost deserving the name, and the ice would not bear a man's weight except for a day or so in especially bleak situations.

An approximation towards accuracy is all that can be attempted, and the surest method of attaining that object is by taking the middle of each month as the standard, and striking an average between the seasons of several years.

There is still less Art-work to be done in February than in January. In the former month the frosts usually break up, the picturesque snow melts into most unpicturesque mud, the bright, sharp days of frosty January vanish, and we have a warmer, but a heavier, a damper, and a murkier atmosphere around us. During some parts of February exertion is troublesome to us, the damp-laden air encloses us as in a dungeon, and we yearn for a gleam of sunshine as prisoners yearn for freedom.

Still, even fogs have their picturesque side. They are most unpleasant to the lungs, but a painter can produce fine effects from them; and the very uncertainty of outline which they give, imparts, even to well-known objects, a kind of mysterious grandeur which the brilliant rays of an unclouded sun would soon disperse. November is proverbially the month of fog, but there are some parts of February which will rival November itself in foggiess; and, moreover, the fogs have a different character, because the sun rises higher in the heavens, and so causes the more solid objects of earth to show dimly through them, instead of being hidden by them as by a curtain.

It is sweet, according to the old poet, to stand safely on the shore and watch the vessels labouring in the deep; and in like manner, it is pleasant to stand at daybreak on an elevated spot, where the atmosphere is bright, and watch the foggy ocean as it rolls along, successively shrouding every object in an impenetrable veil. Standing above this misty sea, the spectator is delighted with the glorious colours which roll over its surface, at one moment blazing in gold and crimson, as the sunbeams pour diagonally on the waves of vapour, and at another fading into shining white, as the clouds above cast their shadows on the clouds below.

The varying density of the fog adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, for, whereas in one place it hangs in heavy masses that seem solid enough to walk upon, in another it flings up vast shadowy wreaths of vapour that wave in the breeze, and rise high toward the sun. I have often known the fog to be so dense, and with so sharply defined a surface, that on descending the hill I have seen

it lying across the road just as if a flood had risen, and I have walked into it in so perceptible a manner that my feet have been covered with the mist while my head was still above it. One minute I was enjoying the full glory of a clear and brilliant atmosphere, and on the next I was plunged into a dense and suffocating mass of vapour, that hid the sun and chilled the frame, depressed the energies, and felt as if summer had suddenly been changed into winter.

Being perhaps the wettest month of the year, it frequently brings floods upon the earth and swamps the country for many miles. Not only does much rain fall, but the great snow masses that have accumulated during the frost, begin to melt, and discharge rapidly upon the earth a volume of water that the drains are unable to carry off. Even the drains themselves become useless, being soon choked up with the various substances that are carried away by the waters, the ditches become enlarged into streams, and finally coalesce into the flood that creeps silently, but resistlessly, over the meadows. Some years ago there were fine opportunities of studying floods in the meadows round Oxford. Isis and Cherwell were both lost in the waters that overlaid the country, and the presence of certain well-known trees and bridges afforded the only means by which their course could be traced.

More than once the whole surface has frozen, and then there is a grand time for the skaters, and also for any artist who chooses to make studies of the various groups. It is astonishing how neglectful artists are of skating, and how they ignore the graceful attitude into which the human figure is thrown. Not that artists do not paint pictures of skating scenes, but that they always paint them wrong. I never once saw a skating picture that was not erroneous throughout, the skaters placed in conventional attitudes that are wholly impossible, proving that the figures never could have been studied from real life. The fact is, that in order to paint a skater the artist must himself be an adept in the exercise, or at least be directed by a skilled skater. I once had to give a commission for a drawing of a skating club on the ice, and though I made the sketches myself, and drew plans of the "figures" which the performers were describing, the whole drawing was wrong, just because the artist *would* follow conventional types instead of attending to the sketches. Twice was that unfortunate drawing rejected, and when at last it was published, the artist had ingeniously added a new error which he had not previously committed, and had put a skater's head in such a position as would have sent him against his companions at the very next stroke.

When the floods are still unfrozen, they possess a strange and picturesque element well worthy of brush and pencil. It is strange to see rows of trees growing out of the water; strange to look at houses from which the inhabitants can find no exit save by boats; strange to read the notice boards, "No thoroughfare through this path," when neither field nor path is visible; and stranger still to see a train winding its way through the water, guided as if by some marvellous instinct through the shining waste, and perforce feeling its way slowly along lest the water should be driven into the grate and the fire extinguished. At Oxford, the appearance of the floods was the signal for boats of all sizes and shapes, and sailing boats might be seen gliding merrily over the fields, sweeping along where the dispossessed cattle used to feed, and occasionally brought to a check by running into a submerged hedge, from which there is no escape but through the lightening of the

vessel by the jumping overboard of the crew. The rats have but a bad time during floods, for they are obliged to congregate on any little island that affords them a dry footing, and they are sadly persecuted by shot and dogs as they endeavour to escape from the approaching boat.

Canoes skimmed lightly over the watery surface, obedient as well-trained steeds to the hands of experienced managers, but invariably discharging an unskilful paddler overboard, after previously filling his arms with the water that trickles down the handle of the paddle. Punts filled with merry occupants proceed slowly and deliberately on their course, their unwieldy length propelled by poles, and their shape effectually guarding them against a capsize. Yet they serve to keep up the percentage of "swamps," for occasionally the pole goes into an unsuspected ditch, and suddenly disappears in company with the man who was holding it, or it sticks tightly in a patch of tenacious mud, and drags the luckless holder out of the boat with it. Very wretched is his fate, for the pole is not fixed firmly enough to support itself and a human being clinging to its top, and it slowly yields to the superincumbent weight, depositing the holder in the water just as the punt is brought round to his aid. There are bits of real and unsophisticated nature in these floods that would furnish matter for twenty painters.

Towards the end of February the first lambs generally make their entrance upon a cold and bleak world. Anxiously their mothers bleat in the straw-built shelters, and with equal anxiety the hard-worked shepherd goes his rounds, bearing in his bosom the bottle of warm milk that will save the life of many a young lamb too weakly to withstand the bitter cold without some such sustenance.

Perhaps a pair of ragged, shivering urchins may be seen near at hand, turning, as well as they can, the wheel of the machine which chops turnips into morsels suited to the taste of a sheep, and it cannot be denied that, though they look very miserable, they also look very picturesque.

In this month the ploughman treads his difficult path, guiding his furrows with marvellous skill, as truly as if they were drawn with rule and line, and followed by a train of rooks, gulls, and many small birds, which feed luxuriously on the insects that have retired to winter quarters beneath the earth, and are flung, like Burns's mouse, out of their snug retreats by the ruthless share. How picturesque is the scene of the ploughman at his work, is patent to all eyes, and artists may as well take advantage of it while they can. To judge from the signs of the times, the present picturesque plough, drawn by a team of stately horses, and flinging the broad clods aside like water curling from the bows of a ship, will be soon as much a thing of the past as the mail coach and the Admiralty semaphore. Great engines full of strange claws and modern inventions will take possession of our fields; the parts of ploughman and boy will be fulfilled by engine-driver and stoker; eight or ten shares will be dragged simultaneously through the earth by elaborate combinations of revolving wheels and wire cables, while the place of the noble horses will be filled by a most powerful but most ugly engine, snorting like an angry hippopotamus, and hurling vast clouds of vapour into the air at every respiration.

Birds are plentiful enough, but they must be sought in places far from the haunts of men. Our bold little friends, however, the robin, the wren, and the sparrow, press even closer to man as the continued cold deprives them of their usual food; the golden crested

wren trips nimbly over our garden trees, picking the minutest insects out of the rough bark; and wilder birds, such as the starling, the blackbird, and fieldfare, are forced by hunger to quit their customary feeding grounds, and at the risk of their lives to go anywhere if they only see a chance of procuring a meal. Our own birds—that is to say, those which are good enough to remain with us throughout the year—begin to settle their matrimonial arrangements for the season, and many is the nest which is begun by a too sanguinary young couple, is built in some leafless hedge or bare-branched shrub, and is in consequence seen and rifled by the nest-hunting schoolboy. The older birds, who have probably bought their wisdom in the bitter market of experience, know better than to trust themselves to such conspicuous localities, and choose carefully some thick holly-bush for their nesting place; or they will build in old-established woodstacks, or in privet hedges, and, in fact, in any place which is dense and impenetrable to the human eye.

The rooks begin in this month to assemble and to visit their old nesting places, as if to decide upon the particular branches which are to be occupied by the young and inexperienced birds. Long are their deliberations and loud are their discussions. After the first few pioneers have come and looked at the nests and gone back again, the rooks assemble in great force. For a time the trees are filled with their busy forms as they shift about from branch to branch, now rising on the wing for a few yards, and now settling in some other spot. The air resounds with their cawings, which seem to be actuated by some orderly arrangement, at one minute bursting out into a full chorus, and at another sinking away so as to allow one speaker to have his say. Suddenly they seem to have decided the disputed point; they rise simultaneously on the wing, they circle around once or twice, ascend high into the air, and then disperse, returning in due course of time, when the business of nest building commences.

Insects are yet but few. On a more than usually bright day, our eyes may possibly be gladdened by the sight of the beautiful brimstone butterfly, with its soft golden wings set off by the well-known crimson spot; and even one of the many-coloured tortoiseshells will occasionally come flapping along, its torn and ragged wings showing that it has survived the winter months, and its rich colours sadly smeared and faded. Gnats, too, take every opportunity of bursting from their watery imprisonment, and their merry hum is often heard in the coppice as they dance up and down in living clouds beneath the leafless branches that stretch over the pool. Should the weather be extremely mild, a stray wasp may be seen on the sunny banks, peering intently into every crevice and wearing a hurried and anxious mien. This is the future mother of a thousand young, who has come out to select a spot for her nest, so that those who value their autumn fruit will do well to kill the queen wasps in the spring.

Vegetation is nearly the same as in January, except that the trees are beginning to lose their hard, sharply-cut outlines, and look a little more hazy as the buds swell on the many branchlets. The snowdrop and the crocus are now in blossom, and in the open fields we trace at least the delicate pink and white flowers of the two species of dead-nettle, a familiar plant, whose beauty seems to be scarcely appreciated as it deserves. There is, of course, the glorious furze, with its heavy masses of golden flowers laden with their peculiar perfume like that of freshly broken cocoa-nuts; and in many a sheltered spot the hardy dandelion spreads its radiating

flowerets to the sun. Somewhere about the end of the month the primrose ventures to put forth its delicate petals, provided that its retreat be not assailed by bleak northern winds; and the butcher's broom in very favourable seasons may be found in flower on the heath and wooded spots in which it most delights. The various fox-tail grasses are still to be seen in ditches and marshy shallows, though their odd flowers will not be put forth until June or July.

And so we bid farewell to February without much regret, and look for kindlier air and warmer sunbeams in the coming month.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.*

SIR ANTHONY WELDON, Arthur Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott have placed *King James I.* before us in word-painting. Paul Vansomer has made the king to live and move at full length on more than one animated canvas. Without any great stretch of fancy a well-read student of our history can, at Windsor and Hampton Court, call into life the timid and scholastic son of Lord Darnley and Mary Stuart. I cannot praise the Windsor Vansomer—it is hung too high and too glaringly in St. George's Hall—but I can praise the Hampton Court full-lengths, and have a "Hampton Court conference" of my own with them, as I have done many a time, and hope to do again.

Of the two characteristic full-lengths at Hampton Court of *King James*, antiquaries prefer, and with reason, the whole length in black, where the king stands weak on his feet, and is seen cannie in look, as if reflecting more on the Gunpowder than the Gowrie conspiracy. Deep matters of "king-craft" are impressed on the royal forehead: His Majesty has evidently lost all present recollection that he is standing for his portrait, but is busy with devices to outwit Gondomar or bandy apothegms with Bacon. Vertue chose wisely when he selected this head of the king for his well-known series of English kings. Mr. Shaw would do well to add this portrait of King James to his collection of fac-similes in small.

The other full-length of *King James*, to which I have referred as at Hampton Court, is the Vansomer, with Inigo Jones's Banqueting House in the background. The Banqueting House was building at the time this characteristic portrait was painted, nor was Inigo's masterpiece indeed completed when Vansomer died (1621) in London, at the age of forty-five.

The portraits of *Vansomer* might be brought together with advantage in the rooms of the British Institution. The known examples of his pencil are not above fifty in number, and all are easily accessible. He did place men on their legs and on mats—no easy task it has been said, and with great truth.

It was *Vansomer* who made the Charing Cross end of St. Martin's Lane a Newman Street for artists. His house stood on the water side of the Strand, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and his next-door neighbour was Sir Edward Dymock, the champion of England. He was married and had children.

For a knowledge of the prices paid to Vansomer for his works, I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Everett Green. For a full-

length of King James, and a full-length of his son, Prince Charles, he had thirty pounds a-piece, or some two hundred and fifty pounds of our present money. The Registers of the Privy Council record that the pictures were presented to the Polish Ambassador. Can any one inform me of their present "whereabouts?"

When the tomb in Westminster Abbey of the hammer of the Scottish nation was opened, late in the last century, the body of *Edward Long Shanks* was additionally identified, some five hundred years after his death, by the extraordinary length of his limbs. When, in this century, the body of *King Robert Bruce* was accidentally discovered, the remains were additionally identified by the surgical operation that had been performed for the removal of his heart on its romantic lifeless expedition into Spain. When, on the 1st of April, 1813, the plain coffin of *King Charles I.* was opened in the presence of the Prince of Wales (George IV.), the man, Charles Stuart, "headless Charles," as painted by Vandyck, lay before the living spectators. That the head had been severed from the body by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, "furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I."

There are many characteristic portraits by Lely of *King Charles II.* His swarthy look, long, lumpy nose, and his mother's, Henrietta Maria's, eyes, live still upon coin and canvas. His portrait by Riley, which occasioned the remark, "Is this like me? then, od's fish, I am an ugly fellow!" should find a place in Lord Stanhope's portrait gallery. Perhaps Mr. Scharf will tell us where it is?

By far the most valuable portrait we have of the queen of Charles II., "Catharine of Braganza," is the knee piece of her in her Portuguese dress—the dress in which she arrived in England, and was first seen by Charles. This truly historical portrait picture, known by Faithorne's engraving, is at Ditchley, Lord Dillon's, in Oxfordshire. I have a photograph of it, made at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, where it formed No. 215 of the British Portrait Gallery. As a piece of costume it is highly valuable—as a portrait completing a series, it is priceless.

There is a portrait of *King James II.*, which I confess I should like to see out of private hands. It is the three-quarter portrait for which, at the request of Mr. Secretary Pepys, the king was sitting to Kneller, when he received the news that the Prince of Orange was landed. James continued his sitting. He would not see his "abdicated skies," or disappoint his good friend Pepys. This fine and truly historical portrait (a three-quarter in armour) was put up at the Pepys-Cockerell sale at Christie's, in 1848, and bought in. There is a rare and fine engraving of it by *Mezzotinto* Smith. Let Mr. Scharf keep a clear lookout after this portrait.

Of *Nan Hyde*, the first wife of King James II., and the mother of two queens of England, Queen Mary and Queen Anne, I have seen two very fine portraits, both by Lely. One belonged to the Lords Teynham, and was, when I saw it, in the possession of Frederick Holbrook, Esq., of Bexley, in Kent. The other I saw at Winchester, at the Congress of the Archaeological Institute.

Charles to late times—

"Charles to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care;
And great *Nassau* to Kneller's hand decreed,
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed."—*Pope*.

The best portrait of the "hero William" is unquestionably the life-size likeness of the king on horseback painted by Kneller, and

* Continued from page 17.

still at Hampton Court. Many portraits exist of William, but unhappily the present possessor of "Candle-light" Schalken's portrait of Lord Macaulay's hero is unknown. As the piece was to be by candle-light, the painter gave his Majesty the candle to hold till the tallow ran down upon his fingers! The king probably took the incident a little more good-natured than King George IV. took the single speck of blood on the otherwise immaculate wristband of Surgeon-to-the-King Sir Astley Cooper.

"The weak head of High-Church Anne," "our good and gracious mistress," as Lord Bolingbroke loved to call her long after her death, is familiar to many through her coins (her farthings excepted); the full-length of her by Closterman, at Guildhall; her statue before St. Paul's; and her noseless statue in Queen Square, Westminster. There are other portraits of her at Windsor and at Blenheim. "Brandy Nan" (for so the Jacobites took delight in calling her) is visible in every picture we possess of her. That her "entirely English heart" is stamped upon her face I will not pretend to assert, though in her first speech to her first Parliament she chose, or was made, to say that "her heart was entirely English," an expression which Swift has turned to sarcastic account in one of the severest of his satires; and yet in his "Last Will and Testament" the Dean describes her as "of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory—the real Nursing Mother of her kingdom."

When Kneller was questioned by Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, touching the legitimacy of the *Old Pretender*, the answer of the experienced portrait-painter, who had read mankind in their faces for more than half a century, went direct to the point:—"Wat de devil, de Prince of Wales te son of a brick-bat woman! be Got it is a ly! I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him, I am satisfiet wit wat ye parliamt has done, but I must tell you wat I am sure of, and in wat I cannot be mistaken. His fader and moder have sate to me about 36 time a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. Be Got I could paint King James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but wat belongs either to fader or moder; this I'm sure of, and be Got I cannot be mistaken. Nay, the nails are his moder's, the queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your *letters*, but be Got I can't be out in my *lines*!"

This characteristic account of Kneller's conversation on a point of historical importance, is confirmed in its accuracy by the recent publication of the *Diaries of Tom Hearne*. Dear old Sir Godfrey! whose sayings, &c., well deserve collection—he

"Who could, were mankind lost, anew create—
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A Painter, Critic, Engineer, Divine."†

The best portrait of *King George I.*, the picture that gave rise to Addison's beautiful poem to Kneller, hung in Sir Robert Walpole's time in "the Common Parlour" at Houghton, in Norfolk. Sir Godfrey "took the figure" of the king at a Guildford Horse Race. Over the chimney in the library of the same stately palace of a successful prime minister to two sovereigns, is a whole-length of *King George I.* in his coronation robes, "the only picture for which he ever sat in England;" and he was thirteen years a king of England. Portrait-painters, like poets, got little by this king's encouragement.

The most characteristic portrait we possess of *King George II.* is the full-length by Pine, at Hampton Court. "Augustus," as he

is called by Pope, was very short. One of the many lampoons on him describes the delight with which he received Mr. (afterwards Lord) Edgcombe, who was small of stature:—

"Rejoiced to find within his court
One shorter than himself."

As George II. was the last English sovereign who resided at Hampton Court, it is pleasant to find so many portrait reminiscences of him there. It is easy to recall the king to life—thanks to Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole—playing at "commerce," his favourite game at cards, cajoled by his minister and ruled by his wife.

Of that clever woman *Caroline Anspach*, the queen of George II., there are many portraits. The most curious is that belonging to Sir Henry Wilmot, at Chaddesden, in Derbyshire. It was painted for her physician, the celebrated Dr. Mead, and represents her surrounded by her many children, the living and the dead. The dead are in cornucopias, from which they smile like cherubs. The picture was a present from the queen to her physician, and caused more than a smile in the face of our beloved Queen when, in 1857, it was my duty as well as my pleasure to call her Majesty's attention to it in the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, the eccentric son of "Augustus" and Caroline, may be seen to advantage in the large picture by Knapton, at Hampton Court. The more we are admitted into the secrets of the eighteenth century in England, the more interesting will this picture become. As a work of Art, however, it is all but valueless.

Of *King George III.* we have so many portraits, illustrating every stage of his life—when young, when blind, and when very old and lunatic—that a mere catalogue of them would prove a lengthy and possibly uninteresting list. The coronation portrait of the king by Sir Joshua Reynolds, given by the king himself to the Royal Academy of Arts, is too theatrical and unusual in circumstance to be of much value. The bust of this king by the elder Bacon, of which there are many duplicates, is by far the most pleasing likeness we possess of him.

The lineaments of "the first gentleman in Europe" are known to us through Reynolds, through Lawrence, and through Chantrey, and many other sources of inferior merit.

The Reynolds, painted when the prince was about thirty, is a fine unfaded example of Sir Joshua's art. It was bought by the late Sir Robert Peel, and deservedly occupied a post of honour in the Whitehall collection of the great minister. It was my good fortune to hear a testimony paid to its likeness by a very great man. Peel threw open his collection one fine summer's day to all who were in London known to be eminent in Art, literature, politics, law, religion, and arms. The Iron Duke was early there, looked at many pictures, turned suddenly aside as if to speak to a friend, and exclaimed, arrested by what he saw, "Ah, my old master! and very like him." This was said before Sir Joshua's "George IV. when Prince."

The "first gentleman" was king when he sat to Chantrey, and etiquette requiring, what is wholly unusual with other sitters than crowned heads, that the clay should be carried to the sitter, not the sitter to the studio of the sculptor, my father accompanied Chantrey to Carlton House. Chantrey produced one of his very finest busts. The king, I have heard my father say, was in great good-humour, and talked much and pleasantly. His Majesty asked my father's name, and smiled, recalling, as no doubt it did, his favourite marchioness to his memory. Looking at my father's tall, well-made figure, the king was pleased to

pay him a compliment. "You should ride in my guards," said the king. My father bowed, Chantrey smiled a rosy smile, and both looked steadily at the tall Scotchman. "So I would, sire," was the reply, "if—(a pause)—your majesty would give me—a regiment." "You mean a commission," said the king. "No, no!" was the reply, and king, sculptor, and poet all laughed loud and alike.

I must here mention another likeness of George IV., that will preserve the king's appearance in a work of Art. I allude to the small characteristic full-length of the king by Wilkie in his celebrated *Holyrood* picture. Wilkie made many studies for this figure, and fully succeeded in what he wrought hard to accomplish.

The pleasing countenance of Charlotte, Princess of Wales, has been preserved to us by Sir Thomas Lawrence and by Dawe.

The face and figure of *Caroline, Queen of George IV.*, will be best remembered by contemporary caricatures.

With the portraits of *King William IV.* and Queen Adelaide, Sir Martin Archer Shee succeeded better than Sir David Wilkie. Sir Martin caught the fresh, sailor-like look of the king, which Wilkie entirely missed.

Of the many portraits of our beloved sovereign it will be enough here to say, that her Majesty's subjects have the good fortune to possess the true image of her person when first a queen in Wilkie's "First Council" and Chantrey's inimitable bust. The bust, the last work of Chantrey's chisel, is in his best style, and considering how rarely indeed he modelled the female head, must be looked upon with additional wonder. The diadem on Chantrey's bust of Queen Victoria was a happy thought happily worked out.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL OF ART.

THE exhibition of Scottish Art in Edinburgh, towards the close of last year, was a useful step in a right direction. Its immediate purpose was at once to honour the members of the Social Science Congress during their session held in the Modern Athens, and to interest and instruct them in the reality of a Scottish School of Art. It was the Scottish Academy's contribution to that deluge of welcome with which the citizens of Edinburgh of all classes overwhelmed their numerous visitors, and in this respect both the exhibition and the *conversazione* were most successful. But it had also a deeper purpose and a more permanent object, in giving body to a wish which had long been floating in the minds of many, that some opportunity could be found sufficiently interesting to the proprietors of works by Scottish artists to enable the lovers of national progress to act with a prospect of getting something like a record of their country's Art together. Almost all European nations except our own have some records of artistic progress; but England, with greater wealth and at least equal need of knowledge, has been content to have the only records of its artistic styles existing (the diploma pictures of Academicians) shut out from public usefulness in rooms which only Royal Academicians or their friends know anything about. The want so felt in England was also felt in Scotland, although not to the same extent; and to the honour of the Scottish Academy it may be said that they have set an example which the Royal Academy might profitably follow, in getting up an exhibition of English Art from its earliest efforts to the present time. Frenchmen, through the prize drawings of students, kept from a very early date, as well as from the annual labours of the pupils in the school at Rome, are, apart from the monumental works and gallery pictures of their great artists, enabled to trace national progress or decline in Art, as well as the different artistic styles predominant for generations. Germans and Italians

* Horace Walpole, *Walpole's Works*, i. 256.

† Gay. "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece."

can, by various means, trace at a glance the progress of their Arts; but few men, even with leisure and a fortune, would be able to acquire a consecutive knowledge of the Arts in England, so as to be able to point out from definite examples what share each artist of mark had taken in carrying the English school from what it was a hundred years ago to the position it has reached to-day. To apportion the blame for such a state of things, is not the present object; the recognition of its existence is sufficient; and it was, as far as possible, to supply the want in Scotland, that the works of Scottish artists were recently exhibited in Edinburgh. That exhibition was, however, far from perfect: imperfect in the style of arrangement in many of the works exhibited, as being poor specimens of the artists, and in the fact that many of the Scottish artists of all periods were not represented at all. No doubt there were good reasons for all these imperfections, and we blame no one for their existence. Still they did exist, and as our desire is rather to encourage than to carp, we gladly accept the exhibition recently closed as a promising and vigorous sketch of what may some day soon become a magnificent national work.

From an early period Scotland has had native artists who acquired fame. Jameson, of Aberdeen, born in 1587, carries native Scotch Art in a direct line to the time of Vandyke and Rubens. Thomas Murray, born in 1666, connects Scotland with the Florentine school, his portrait being still found among those of artists in the Pitti Palace. John Brown, born in 1752, made drawings from which Bartolozzi engraved, and returned from England, but in health so feeble that he only reached Leith to die in Runciman's bed. Ramsay, Aikman, and Skirving, More, Martin, and a host of others, formed connecting links, or made up the rank and file; and although these men did not found what is now known as the Scottish school—with, perhaps, the single exception of Jameson—their works are redolent with that influence and those principles on which the chief strength of Scottish Art has rested ever since the so-called foundation of the school.

Of these earlier pictures in the exhibition there is little to be said, except that traces of the individuality and breadth, mingled with an unrefined vigour so characteristic of Scottish poetry, are strongly marked upon the portraits painted before what is considered the foundation of the Scottish school, by artists whose names are all but unknown to Scotchmen. Even in some of these rude efforts, that spirit of Spanish Art which has throughout so strongly marked the Scottish school is more conspicuous than the influence of Vandyke or the other foreigners practising in England. Allan Ramsay, who was mostly resident in England, did not paint like the men by whom he was surrounded; and although inferior to others with whom he associated, in colour and general power he often displayed qualities more akin to Velasquez than to Vandyke—a remark equally applicable to the works of such men as Skirving, the crayon painter, and his contemporaries. But the important period of modern Scottish Art began with Raeburn, and his works formed the strong point of the recent exhibition. Now that the project of creating an educational test for artists before admitting them as students of Art, is exciting some attention, it may be worth noting that in Heriot's Hospital, where young Raeburn was brought up, he had what was then considered a liberal education, which no doubt assisted him through life in combining that intellectual refinement with artistic power so strongly developed through all his works. Any reference to special portraits must necessarily be comparatively worthless to those who cannot see the pictures, and those who only know Raeburn through the International Exhibition of '62 have a very inadequate knowledge of his works. In expression, colour, breadth, and general treatment, his best portraits are masterpieces of Art, but he had higher and rarer qualities than these. The true womanhood of his females is as great as the sympathetic unity of all his portraits; and while some of his heads have more in common with the intense and delicate perception of Titian than with the liquid flowing pencil of Reynolds, his portraits have this beyond that of any other artist of his time or our own—that hands, head, body, and limbs

make one expressive sympathising unity. This is one of the highest attributes of portraiture, and when combined with high qualities of colour, character, and refinement, convert portraits into great works of Art. On this the fame of Raeburn rests, and it will continue to grow in proportion as the nation presses forward in artistic knowledge. The portraits by George Watson and others of the same period, all reflect the influence of Raeburn on the Scottish school; and even now Sir John Watson Gordon, and the younger men devoted to portraiture, find their highest type of Art in their great master and predecessor.

What may be called the middle period of Scottish Art was in that exhibition but poorly represented, and the older artists had living premonition of what the winning hand of time will do for some of their popular contemporaries. True, many of the specimens were bad—that is, they were not so good as with more time and labour might perhaps have been secured—but even the worst of the specimens were not so bad as the style was vicious. The desolation of emptiness, misnamed breadth, the vulgarity of touch without knowledge, the evidences of painting without study, and the use of materials which have ruined good Art, but through which happily the bad Art is speedily perishing, found occasionally here, must have been mortifying to many, and formed a salutary lesson to all, but more especially to those croakers who are always finding the world moving backwards. Pictures that thirty years ago or less were lauded as the best productions of well-known Scottish artists, now command little reverence and kindle no enthusiasm; but like the fabled straws, they broke the back of conventionalism, and that is their only title to notice or regard. Among the mass of bad Art produced during this period, and of which this exhibition contained a full share, there were redeeming points sufficient to show that Scotland had some artists worthy of their predecessors. Andrew Wilson, William Simson, John Wilson, the Nasmyths, Rev. John Thomson, "Grecian" Williams, and Ewbank, were sufficient to keep alive the school in landscape, and nobly did they fulfil their mission; while Wilkie, Allan, Duncan, and others sustained what is called the higher departments with a vigour which secured European fame. The best works of some of these men were found in this exhibition, Wilkie's 'Penny Wedding' being his greatest work for all the qualities which made him eminent; in Duncan's 'Braw Wooser' and 'Cuddy Headrig'; in Andrew Wilson's 'Vallambrosa,' a landscape of great refinement both of feeling and expression; in John Thomson's 'Sark Castle,' one of the finest coast scenes ever painted; in the classic poetry of "Grecian" Williams's 'Marathon'; in the genius by which the Nasmyths tempered their sterling hard work; and in the stern grand thought with which David Scott inspired his questionable drawing and colour. Through works like these the Scottish artists of the second period were improving the inheritance left by their artistic sires.

In the exhibition, most of the living artists of repute belonging to Scotland were fairly represented, although, from the shortness of the time, or similar causes, some whose works ought to have been there were absent. The pictures belonging to this class worth notice have already been described in the *Art-Journal* during the notices of exhibitions, so that detail would be mere useless repetition. To say that the works of Sir John Watson Gordon took the first rank in portraiture; that Philip sent a good picture; that George Harvey was strong in figure pictures and magnificent in landscape; that Lees was refined both in treatment and in colour of modern Scotch figure subjects; that Kenneth McLeay exhibited miniatures which ought to put photographs to flight, except in the form of *cartes de visite*; that Noel Paton fully sustained his reputation; and that fifty other artists did the same through pictures which they had previously exhibited, and we had noticed, would indeed be tiresome work; but it is not superfluous to say that in this exhibition Scotland displayed an artistic strength and progress such as few countries during the same period can boast of, and that in Art, as in other walks of thought or energy, our northern neighbours are fully competent to hold their own as an important element of British power.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

Engraved by W. Miller.

TURNER could paint the sea with marvellous truth and beauty, but he was never "much of a hand" at painting ships—at least, to satisfy a thorough sailor. This picture is a notable instance of the fact, and it is still more remarkable for its utter failure as a representation of the great victory at Trafalgar. The late Sir Thomas Hardy, who was captain of Nelson's ship in the action, said, according to a statement of Mr. Wornum's, in his comments on the picture, that "it looked as much like a street-scene as a battle, for the ships were more like houses than men-of-war." The gallant officer appears to have been even farther "at sea" in his comparison than Turner in his conception of the wooden walls of Old England, and of the battle he undertook to describe on his canvas. The artist, it may be supposed, only painted what he thought the action might have appeared to a spectator, and took little or no pains to acquaint himself with the particulars of it. But we must rarely look to Turner for truth of incident or locality, except in some of his very earliest works; he only used them as ideas, to mould into his own form, after his own fashion.

The large vessel which occupies so prominent a space on the canvas is intended for the *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, heading one of the two columns into which the admiral divided his fleet, so greatly inferior in numbers to that of the combined forces of France and Spain, in order to break the line of the enemy. Almost alongside of the *Victory* is the French ship, the *Redoubtable*, from which our great naval hero received his death-wound; she is represented as sinking—historically an untruth, for she did not meet this fate till three days after, when, with many of the prizes taken by the victors, she was lost in the storm that followed the action. In the foreground of the picture, and in the middle distance, are boats, cruising about to pick up the unfortunate fellows who have been knocked overboard; the nearest boat is filled with them, and from the action of some it may be presumed a chance musket-ball or cannon-shot finds its way into the group. Artistically, the most striking feature of the picture is the arrangement of light and shade; the smoke of the battle and a transient gleam of sunshine from the sky afford the painter an opportunity of producing a most effective *chiar-oscuro*. Turner well knew how to make the most of an *accidental*, by turning it to the best, and an appropriate, advantage.

Before the present century has entirely passed away, young people then living will look at such pictures as this with astonishment somewhat akin to that with which we regard the representations of the fleets and vessels of war painted by Van der Velde and Backhuysen, and the ships in which Lord Howard of Effingham, Drake, Frobisher, and Martin met the Spanish Armada, and Blake led against Van Tromp; huge, unwieldy, high-pooped vessels, ungraceful in form, and comparatively difficult to handle, but which, nevertheless, were not unpicturesque, especially as it was the custom to ornament them with carved work. Naval architecture differs greatly now from what it was in Nelson's time; twenty or thirty years hence it may undergo another change as vast, through the processes to which steam, and iron, and projectiles of every kind are subjecting it. This seems to be the age of experiments in ship-building, almost every year producing some new fashion, or suggesting some presumed improvement. The capabilities of our iron-clads of the *Warrior* and *Minotaur* kind have yet to be tested as battle-ships, and it may after all be found that the old-fashioned, but now contemned, wooden navy might have served us in better stead than iron or steel.

This picture, according to Mr. Wornum, was painted some time after 'The Death of Nelson,' an engraving of which appeared in our Journal some time back, but there is no record of its exhibition. It was formerly in St. James's Palace, and was presented to Greenwich Hospital in 1829 by George IV., for whom it was originally painted.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINX.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY JOHN HANCOCK, ESQ., IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM.

THE GOLD CASKET

PRESENTED, WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

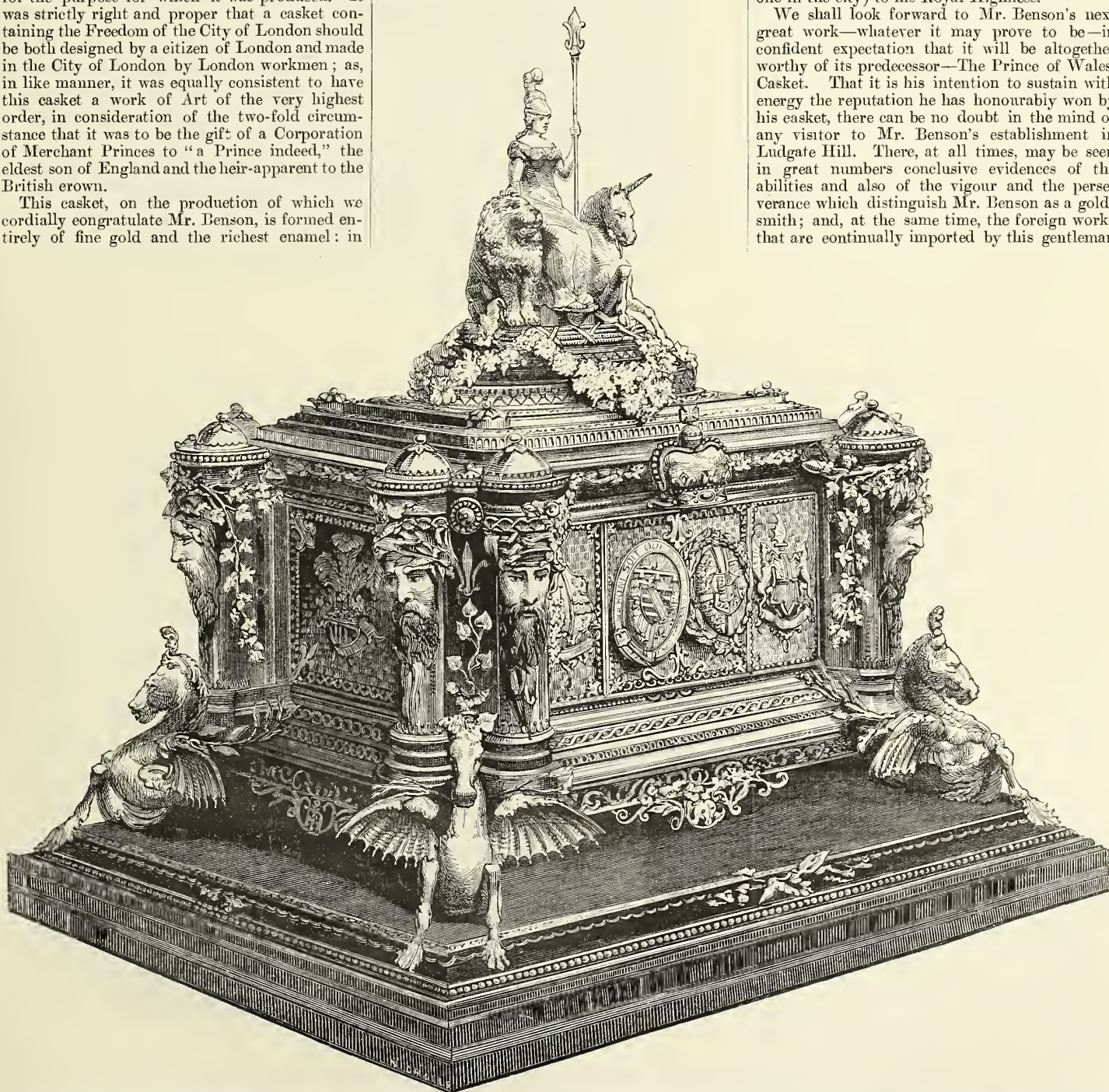
ON Monday, the 8th of June last, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with all due formality, was enrolled amongst the freemen of the City of London; and, at the same time, also in accordance with ancient custom, the Corporation of London presented to their Royal fellow-citizen a record of that day's ceremonial, splendidly illuminated on vellum, and enclosed in a casket of becoming magnificence and costliness. This casket is represented in our accompanying engraving: it was designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, the design by that gentleman having been selected from a somewhat numerous group, which were submitted by different goldsmiths to the Corporation. Thus this civic casket, which would do honour to the establishment of any goldsmith, is the *bonâ fide* work of a London citizen, and as such it is peculiarly appropriate for the purpose for which it was produced. It was strictly right and proper that a casket containing the Freedom of the City of London should be both designed by a citizen of London and made in the City of London by London workmen; as, in like manner, it was equally consistent to have this casket a work of Art of the very highest order, in consideration of the two-fold circumstance that it was to be the gift of a Corporation of Merchant Princes to "a Prince indeed," the eldest son of England and the heir-apparent to the British crown.

This casket, on the production of which we cordially congratulate Mr. Benson, is formed entirely of fine gold and the richest enamel: in

length it is 7½ in. by 6 in. in width, and 8½ in. in height; and its weight, exclusive of the plinth of Californian onyx, upon which it stands, is about 50 oz. The style of the ornamentation is that of the Cinque Cento period, and the whole of the work has been executed with the utmost delicacy and refinement. Upon the front of the casket, on a ground of blue enamel, are the armorial insignia of the Prince and the Princess of Wales, ensigned with the coronet of their Royal Highnesses. The arms of the Prince, which are encircled by the Garter of the Order, are those of the heir-apparent charged in pretence with the shield of Saxony, but without any of the quarterings of the secondary dignities and titles of his Royal Highness. On either side are the arms of the City of London and of the Lord Mayor for the time being. The reverse side of the casket is occupied by the initials of the Prince and Princess, executed in fine gold upon a field of blue enamel, with a plate bearing the following inscription:—"Rose, Mayor; presented by the Corporation of London, with the Freedom of the City, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,

on Monday, 8th June, 1863." Upon each end of the casket is the Ostrich Feather Badge of the Prince of Wales, ensigned with its proper open coronet and with the motto *Ich Dien*. The pillars at the angles of the composition support masks of water deities in enamel, crowned with bulrushes; and below they rest upon spirited impersonations of the winged and web-footed imaginary creatures known as sea-horses, chased in pure gold. The richly ornamented lid, variously enamelled and wrought in pure and tinted gold, is surmounted by a figure of Britannia seated, and supported by her own lion and unicorn. The character and the aggroupment of the minor decorative accessories are clearly indicated in our engraving: it only remains for us, therefore, to add, that throughout the entire work a watchful care has been exercised, with a view to blend together into one harmonious whole the bright and rich hues of the enamels, the delicate tints of the gold, and the native lustre of the pure metal. We are happy to learn that Mr. Benson has received from the Prince of Wales the warrant appointing him watch and clock maker (the only one in the city) to his Royal Highness.

We shall look forward to Mr. Benson's next great work—whatever it may prove to be—in confident expectation that it will be altogether worthy of its predecessor—The Prince of Wales' Casket. That it is his intention to sustain with energy the reputation he has honourably won by his casket, there can be no doubt in the mind of any visitor to Mr. Benson's establishment in Ludgate Hill. There, at all times, may be seen in great numbers conclusive evidences of the abilities and also of the vigour and the perseverance which distinguish Mr. Benson as a goldsmith; and, at the same time, the foreign works that are continually imported by this gentleman



show with equal emphasis that he is able to appreciate what is really excellent in the works of other producers. It is to be hoped that, as the casket is exclusively a London production,

Mr. Benson may obtain here at home, and in the City of London, such fellow-workers as will enable him to prove to the public on the east of Temple Bar (and to the west also of that historic

barrier) his ability to produce in unlimited numbers works of every kind, which shall be at least equal to the best productions of the most accomplished of foreigners.

THE CASKET PORTRAIT.

A NEW INVENTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE most ingenious application of photographic portraiture is what is called "The Casket Portrait"—an invention undoubtedly suggested by the stereoscope—the effect being the same, that is, a life-like verisimilitude, but with the complexion of the living subject. The getting up of this living miniature renders it the most elegant, perfect, and convenient of its class as being adaptable to any form of setting or mounting in use for miniatures. Photographers assert that everybody has been photographed, and that those who are really pleased with themselves after the operation, are but an exceptional few. Here, then, is an opportunity for new versions of the most indisputable truth, and even if a comparatively small proportion of the disappointed avail themselves of it the proprietors of the patent (for such it is), will have reason to congratulate themselves. The portrait appears within a quadrangular prism of crystal, formed by the junction of two rectangular prisms, and the appearance of the representation is solid, palpable, and life-like, coloured and treated into a great improvement on a stereoscopic miniature, with signal advantages and applicability far beyond the stereoscopic head or figure. The inventor of this kind of portrait is, we presume, Mr. Henry Swan, who read a paper on his invention at the meeting of the British Association, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, last September. Mr. Swan is now established at No. 40, Charing Cross, where are to be seen many very beautiful varieties of these portraits. The individual to be thus represented as living in crystal is in the first instance photographed—two transparent plates being taken at a suitable angle, which are made to combine so as to produce one singularly real representation. When the two triangular prisms are joined to form one figure, one of the portraits is placed at the back, and the other at the side of the prism nearest the eye when applied to look into it, the result of which arrangement is the most perfect illusion that can be conceived. As curiosities of science these portraits may not be compared with high effects of fine Art; they possess, however, many of the well-pronounced individualities which a sculptor would not render in a bust.

With all its seductive reality we cannot think Mr. Swan's invention an ultimatum. We hope to see that by the aid of Art he will bring his portrait even nearer to the life than it now is—not in form: the reality and animation of the reproduction cannot be surpassed; but perhaps in colour—the excellence of the former makes us desire equal perfection in the latter. "The reason of the phenomenon," we are told, "is this—all the rays which fall on one side of a line, perpendicular to the surface of the prism next the eye, suffer total reflection at the oblique inner surface of that prism, while the rays which fall on the other side are transmitted unaltered through the body of the combination." Thus it is that one of the eyes only perceives the object at the back of the prism, while to the other the picture at the side is alone visible, that apparently being at the back also. It necessarily follows, that if the pictures have been taken in accordance with the principles of binocular vision, the resulting image seen in the interior of the crystal will be quite solid, every detail coming out with the utmost precision.

With all its beauty this portrait will yet be carried to a higher degree of excellence. The enlargement of the likeness may be effected by the ordinary photographic means, necessitating, of course, larger prisms. This puts the "casket" and locket form out of the question; but this form would admit of an unquestionable perfection of colour. We can see many uses to which Mr. Swan's portraits may be put. There is a foreign sculptor who executes statues of celebrities from half-a-dozen photographs, back, front, and side views of the subjects. Working from these portraits enlarged would be all but working from the life, and much more suggestive than photographs in the flat.

SACRED POETRY.*

It was a fitting task for a minister of religion to gather up some of the fragments of sacred poetry which have come down to us from the holy men

and women of past generations, and to issue them again in a collected and beautiful form, as we find done in Mr. White's volume. And it is no less suitable that such a book should be placed in the hands of the public by the Religious Tract Society. The selection of pieces is from the



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

writings of Chaucer, Anne Askew, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, George Herbert, Quarles, Wither, Herrick, Vaughan, Milton, Bunyan, Ken, Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, and many others. "It

may be objected," the editor says, "that some of the men whose poems have a place in this collection failed to exemplify in their lives that devotion which their verses express. But this



THE RAINBOW.

fact only presents, in a new light, the attractions of the Cross, which can thus compel the

homage of its foes as well as the willing service of its friends." The volume, enriched with many excellent illustrations by Green, Leitch, Tenniel, Watson, Wolf, E. Whymper, and others, is one of the elegant "gift-books" of the year. We give two examples of the woodcuts.

* ENGLISH SACRED POETRY OF THE OLDEN TIME. Collected and arranged by the Rev. L. B. WHITE, M.A., Rector of St. Mary Aldermary. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

ROBINSON CRUSOE ILLUSTRATED.*

If all the editions of De Foe's famous story which have passed through our hands since the first we read in boyhood were ranged together on a book-shelf, they would occupy no small space, and

would be in themselves, as to number, a little library. It is one of those narratives that can never die; there is in it such a pleasant intermingling of truth and fiction, such an interest excited by hair-breadth escapes, so much ingenuity displayed in the working out of the poor cast-away's isolated life, such a charm of romance



THE PLANTERS MAKE A PROPOSAL TO CRUSOE.

about the whole story, that no one can wonder at its unflinching success.

The edition recently published by Messrs. Routledge is worthy of the tale and its author; in every way it is a "prize" book, large in size, well printed in bold type on a tinted paper, and handsomely bound; to these recommendations

must be added one which, in the eyes of some will probably outweigh all the others united. It has one hundred illustrations of a similar kind to those introduced here, bringing vividly and picturesquely before the reader the principal incidents related in the two voyages of Crusoe. The drawings are made by Mr. J. D. Watson, who,



CRUSOE IS FILLED WITH REMORSE FOR HIS PAST LIFE.

within a very few years, has acquired a reputation among our best designers and draftsmen on wood. To very considerable inventive powers this artist

adds great freedom and readiness of execution, his style reminding us much of Mr. John Gilbert's; this, we are sure, Mr. Watson will construe into a compliment, for it is meant to be such. The examples we give of the "Robinson Crusoe" woodcuts speak for themselves; the others are of equal excellence, both in design and in engraving; the latter is the work of Messrs. Dalziel.

DANISH PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

THORWALDSEN'S SCULPTURES.

OUR attention has been directed to a collection of photographs taken from the original bas-reliefs of the great sculptor of Denmark, Thorwaldsen, in the Copenhagen Museum, which have just been brought to London with the intention of their being submitted to the public in this country. These truly remarkable works, without any exception the very finest photographic reproductions of sculpture that we have ever seen, have been printed in America by Messrs. Unnevehr and Hansen, of New York, from negatives taken in Denmark; and the examples that we have examined with such unqualified gratification, have been placed before us by Mr. Hansen himself, who proposes to remain in London.

The works that are represented in the collection that Mr. Hansen has now with him are exclusively the bas-reliefs for which Thorwaldsen was so famous; but after a while the series will be extended to comprehend the finest and most important and most popular statues of the sculptor. The same works are represented in these photographs in at least three varieties of size, the largest being of unusually ample dimensions. All are executed with equal care and skill, and all are alike distinguished by the same thoroughly artistic feeling in the photographers. Without a single exception, these photographs combine perfect sharpness of definition and the most minute rendering of details, with a truly marvellous delicacy and richness of tone, and the most exquisite subtlety in the gradation and harmony of the tints. Equally charming is the play of the light upon the marble, as it is reflected in these sun-pictures.

At the head of the series are the 'Morning' and 'Night,' bas-reliefs that enjoy a world-wide reputation, and which here are indeed most worthily reproduced. Engravings on steel of these noble sculptures, drawn from the originals in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1852. Several replicas of these bas-reliefs were executed by Thorwaldsen, amongst which we may specify the fine pair in the possession of Arthur K. Barclay, Esq. Without a doubt Mr. Hansen's photographs will revive both the original popularity of these public favourites, and will secure for them a fresh popularity arising out of the attractive qualities of the photographs themselves. The largest pair of the photographs of the 'Morning' and 'Night,' we may add, are specially calculated for framing. The series representing the 'Four Seasons,' while at the same time they symbolise with equally happy expressiveness the four great divisions of human life, childhood, youth, maturity, and advanced age, are not so well known in England at present; but these photographs are certain at once to establish them in the good opinion of the public. Nothing can be more richly stored with poetic feeling than the original compositions; and we know not how to express in stronger terms our own admiration for the photographs than by declaring them to be worthy translations of Thorwaldsen's noble chisel-written poem. Another series of four circular bas-reliefs represents the Evangelists, each one of them accompanied by his own proper symbolical companion—the angel, the winged lion, the winged ox, and the eagle. All the compositions are treated with the characteristic originality of the sculptor, and they are distinguished by a grandeur that rises to sublimity; and here again the photographs faithfully realise the conceptions of the great artist, and justly claim to be regarded as fine works of Art themselves.

We rejoice to be enabled to introduce to our readers this fine collection of perfectly fresh subjects in photography, which possess in themselves intrinsic qualities of such a high order, and which also are so eminently calculated to familiarise us here in England with the works of one of the master spirits of Denmark, in other words, with one of the noblest and most gifted of the sons of that country which has given us, in the person of our own Princess of Wales, one of the fairest and most amiable of its daughters.

* THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DE FOE. With a Portrait and One Hundred Illustrations by J. D. WATSON. Engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Published by Routledge & Co., London and New York.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Age of the Reformation.—Thomas Murner; his general satires.—Fruitfulness of Folly.—Hans Sachs.—The trap for fools.—Attacks on Luther.—The Pope as Antichrist.

THE reign of Folly did not pass away with the fifteenth century—on the whole the sixteenth century can hardly be said to have been more sane than its predecessor, but it was agitated by a long and fierce struggle to disengage European society from the trammels of the middle ages. We have entered upon what is technically termed the *renaissance*, and are approaching the great religious reformation. The period during which the Art of printing began first to spread generally over Western Europe, was peculiarly favourable to the production of satirical books and pamphlets, and a considerable number of clever and spirited satirists and comic writers appeared towards the end of the fourteenth century, especially in Germany, where circumstances of a political character had at an early period given to the intellectual agitation a more permanent strength than it could easily or quickly gain in the great monarchies. Among the more remarkable of these satirists was Thomas Murner, who was born at Strasburg, in 1475. The circumstances even of his childhood are singular, for he was born a cripple, or became one in his earliest infancy, though he was subsequently healed, and it was so universally believed that this malady was the effect of witchcraft, that he himself wrote afterwards a treatise upon this subject under the title of "*De Phitonico Contractu*." The school in which he was taught may at least have encouraged his satirical spirit, for his master was Jacob Locher, the same who translated into Latin verse the "*Ship of Fools*" of Sebastian Brandt. At the end of the century Murner had become a Master of Arts in the University of Paris, and had entered the Franciscan order. His reputation as a German popular poet was so great, that the Emperor Maximilian I., who died in 1519, conferred upon him the crown of poetry, or in other words, made him poet-laureate. He took the degree of doctor in theology in 1509. Still Murner was known best as the popular writer, and he published several satirical poems, which were remarkable for the bold woodcuts that illustrated them, for engraving on wood flourished at this period. He exposed the corruptions of all classes of society, and, before the Reformation broke out, he did not even spare the corruptions of the ecclesiastical state, but soon declared himself a fierce opponent of the Reformers. When the Lutheran revolt against the Papacy became strong, our King, Henry VIII., who took a decided part against Luther, invited Murner to England, and on his return to his own country, the satiric Franciscan became more bitter against the Reformation than ever. He advocated the cause of the English monarch in a pamphlet, now very rare, in which he discussed the question whether Henry VIII. or Luther was the liar—"Antwort dem Murner uff seine frag, ob der künig von Engllant ein Lügner sey oder Martinus Luther." Murner appears to have divided the people of his age into rogues and fools, or perhaps he considered the two titles as identical. His "*Narrenbeschwerung*," or Conspiracy of Fools, in which Brandt's idea was followed up, is supposed to have been published as early as 1506, but the first printed edition with a date, appeared in 1512. It became so popular, that it went through several editions during subsequent years; and that which I have before me was printed at Strasburg in 1518. It is, like Brandt's "*Ship of Fools*," a general satire against society, in which the clergy are not spared, for the writer had not yet come in face of Luther's Reformation. The cuts are superior to those of Brandt's book, and some of them are remarkable for their design and execution. In one of the earliest of them, copied in the cut No. 1, Folly is introduced in the garb of a husbandman, scattering his seed over the earth, the result of which is a very quick and flourishing crop, the fools' heads rising above

ground, almost instantaneously, like so many turnips. In a subsequent engraving, represented in our cut No. 2, Folly holds out, as an object of emulation, the fool's cap, and people of all

classes, the Pope himself, and the Emperor, and all the great dignitaries of this world, press forward eagerly to seize upon it.

The same year (1512) witnessed the appearance



Fig. 1.—SOWING A FRUITFUL CROP.

of another poetical, or at least metrical, satire by Murner, entitled "*Schelmzunft*," or the Confraternity of Rogues, similarly illustrated with very

spirited engravings on wood. It is another demonstration of the prevailing dominion of folly under its worst forms, and the satire is equally



Fig. 2.—AN ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

general with the preceding. Murner's satire appears to have been felt not only generally, but personally, and we are told that he was often

threatened with assassination, and he raised up a number of literary opponents, who treated him with no little rudeness; in fact, he had got on the



Fig. 3.—BIRD-TRAPS.

wrong side of politics, or at all events on the unpopular side, and men who had more talents and greater weight appeared as his opponents—men like Ulrich von Utten, and Luther himself.

Among the satirists who espoused the cause to which Murner was opposed, we must not overlook a man who represented in its strongest features, though in a rather debased form, the

old spontaneous poetry of the middle ages. His name was Hans Sachs, at least that was the name under which he was known, for his real name is said to have been Loutdrorffer. His spirit was entirely that of the old wandering minstrel, and it was so powerful in him, that, having been apprenticed to the craft of a weaver, he was no sooner freed from his indentures, than he took to a vagabond life, and wandered from town to town, gaining his living by singing the verses he composed upon every occasion which presented itself. In 1519, he married and settled in Nuremberg, and his compositions were then given to the public through the press. The number of these was quite extraordinary—songs, ballads, satires, and dramatic pieces, rude in style, in accordance with the taste of the time, but full of cleverness. Many of them were printed on broadsides, and illustrated with large engravings on wood. Hans Sachs joined in the crusade against the empire of Folly, and one of his broadsides is illustrated with a graceful design, the greater part of which is copied in our cut No. 3. A party of ladies have set a bird-trap to catch the fools of the age, who are waiting to be caught. One fool is caught in the trap, while another is already secured and pinioned, and others are rushing into the snare. A number of people of the world, high in their dignities and stations, are looking on at this remarkable scene.

The influence of the female sex was at this time proverbial, and, in fact, it was an age of extreme licentiousness. Another poet-laureate of the time, Henricus Bebelius, born in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and rather well known in the literature of his time, published in 1515, a satirical poem in Latin under the title of "Triumphus Veneris," which was a sort of exposition of the generally licentious character of the age in which he lived. It is distributed into six books, in the third of which the poet attacks the whole ecclesiastical state, not sparing the Pope himself, and we are thereby perfectly well initiated into the weaknesses of the clergy. Bebelius had been preceded by another writer on this part of the subject, and we might say by many, for the incontinence of monks and nuns, and indeed of all the clergy, had long been a subject of satire. But the writer to whom I especially allude was named Paulus Olearius, his name in German being Oelschlägel. He published about the year 1500 a satirical tract, under the title of "De Fide Concubinarum in Sacerdotes." It was a bitter attack on the licentiousness of the clergy, and was rendered more effective by the engravings which accompanied it. We give one of these as a curious picture of contemporary manners; the individual who comes within the range of the lady's attractions, though he may be a scholar,



Fig. 4.—COURTSHIP.

has none of the characteristics of a priest. The lady presents a nosegay, which we may suppose to represent the influence of perfume upon the senses, but the love of the ladies for pet animals is especially typified in the monkey, attached by a chain. A donkey appears to show by his heels his contempt for the lover.

The shafts of satire were early employed

against Luther and his new principles, and men like Murner, already mentioned, Emser, Cochleus, and others, signalled themselves by their zeal in the papal cause. As already stated, Murner distinguished himself as the literary ally of our King Henry VIII. The taste for satirical writings had then become so general, that Murner complains in one of his satires that the printers would print nothing but abusive or satirical works, and neglected his more serious writings.

"Da sindt die trucker schuld daran
Die trucken als die Gauchereien,
Und lassen mein ernstliche buecher leihen."

Some of Murner's writings against Luther, most of which are now very rare, are extremely violent, and they are generally illustrated with satirical woodcuts. One of these books, printed without name of place or date, is entitled, "Of the Great Lutheran Fool, how he has conspired against Doctor Murner" (*Von dem grossen Lutherischen Narren, wie in Doctor Murner beschworen hat*). In the woodcuts to this book Murner himself is introduced, as is usually the case in these satirical engravings, under the character of a Franciscan friar, with the head of a cat, while Luther appears as a fat and jolly monk, wearing a fool's cap, and figuring in various ridiculous circumstances. In one of the first woodcuts, the cat Franciscan is



Fig. 5.—FOLLY IN MONASTIC HABIT.

drawing a rope so tight round the great Lutheran fool's neck, that he compels him to disgorge a multitude of smaller fools. In another the great Lutheran fool has his purse, or pouch, full of little fools suspended at his girdle. This latter figure is copied in the cut No. 5, as an example of the form under which the great reformer appears in these satirical representations.

In a few other caricatures of this period which have been preserved, the apostle of the Reformation is attacked still more savagely. The one here given (Fig. 6), taken from a contemporary engraving on wood, presents a rather fantastic figure of the demon playing on the bagpipes. The instrument is formed of Luther's head, the pipe through which the devil blows entering his ear, and that through which the music is produced forming an elongation of the reformer's nose. It was a broad intimation that Luther was a mere tool of the evil one, created for the purpose of bringing mischief into the world.

The reformers, however, were more than a match for their opponents in this sort of warfare. Luther himself was full of comic and satiric humour, and a mass of the talent of that age was ranged on his side, both literary and artistic. After the reformer's marriage, the papal party quoted the old legend, that Antichrist was to be born of the union of a monk and a nun, and it was intimated that if Luther himself could not be directly identified with Antichrist, he had, at least, a fair chance of becoming his parent. But the reformers had resolved, on what appeared to be much more conclusive evidence, the doctrine that Antichrist was only emblematical of the papacy, that under this form he had been long dominant on earth, and that the end of his reign was then approaching. A remarkable pamphlet, designed to place this idea pictorially before the public, was produced from the pencil of Luther's friend, the celebrated painter, Lucas Cranach, and appeared in the year 1521 under the title of

"The Passionale of Christ and Antichrist" (*Passional Christi und Antichristi*). It is a small quarto, each page of which is nearly filled by a woodcut, having a few lines of explanation in German below. The cut to the left represents some incident in the life of Christ, while that facing it to the right gives a contrasting fact in the history of papal dominion. Thus the first cut on the left represents Jesus, in his humility, refusing earthly dignities and power, while on the adjoining page we see the Pope, with his cardinals



Fig. 6.—THE MUSIC OF THE DEMON.

and bishops, supported by his hosts of warriors, his cannon, and his fortifications, in his temporal dominion over secular princes. When we open again we see on one side Christ crowned with thorns by the insulting soldiery, and on the other the pope, enthroned in all his worldly glory, exacting the worship of his courtiers. On another we have Christ washing the feet of his disciples, and in contrast the Pope compelling the Emperor to kiss his toe. And so on, through a number of



Fig. 7.—THE DESCENT OF THE POPE.

curious illustrations, until at last we come to Christ's ascension into heaven, in contrast with which a troop of demons, of the most varied and singular forms, have seized upon the papal Antichrist, and are casting him down into the flames of hell, where some of his own monks wait to receive him. This last picture is drawn with so much spirit, that I have copied it in the cut No. 7.

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND, BY CARL WERNER.

THE drawings of scenes and localities of pre-eminent interest in the Holy Land, which Carl Werner exhibited last spring at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, most naturally led to a series of commissions to produce a considerable number of pictures from his numerous collection of finished sketches in the same ever attractive region. Mr. Werner left London for his home at Leipsic about the middle of May last, and that he has been actively employed in his studio since his return, he has proved in the most convincing manner by the admirable collection of new works, which now form an exhibition in themselves in the gallery of his own society in Pall Mall. This collection, when quite complete, consists of thirty large drawings; when opened to the public shortly before the close of the last year, in a few instances the drawings were represented by the original sketches themselves, the new drawings of these particular subjects not having been finished at that time. These sketches were exhibited, and their presence in the Exhibition was decidedly gratifying to all visitors who had not had any opportunity of inspecting Mr. Werner's portfolio while he was in this country last year, and who yet might desire to see what kind of sketches the artist would be content to accept as authorities for the production of his finished drawings. We ourselves should rejoice, indeed, to see the whole of the original sketches exhibited, with the finished pictures that Mr. Werner has painted from them. This entire collection of drawings will be reproduced in chromo-lithography by the Messrs. Hanhart for Messrs. Moore, McQueen, and Co., the well-known printsellers of Berners Street and Fenchurch Street, who are the proprietors of the original drawings by Mr. Werner.

Carl Werner has put forth his full strength in the execution of this equally beautiful and valuable series of drawings, and he has shown that he is now able to work both with still greater ease and with still more powerful effectiveness than he had taught us to look for in earlier productions of his pencil. In every drawing richness of colouring, and a truly marvellous fidelity of rendering varied texture, are combined with judicious and skilful composition and that evidently faithful truthfulness of representation which in such subjects is of peculiar importance. His style of Art and his method of treatment have been too frequently the subject of critical notice in our columns, to render it even desirable to enter upon a minute criticism of the collection of drawings which have been Carl Werner's latest productions; at the same time we should fail to do justice to the accomplished artist did we not particularly remark upon the felicitous combination of vigour and delicacy, which in so signal a manner characterises these fine drawings. Always broad and freely handled, these drawings are suffused with a rich vein of thought, and on a careful examination, the conscientious and jealous carefulness with which they have been worked out in all their details and accessories becomes apparent. It must be added that, while thus of the highest order of excellence in themselves as examples of their own order of drawings in water-colours, these views in the Holy Land are exactly suited for the happiest and most effective reproduction by the chromo-lithographic process. The lithographs, which may be expected to commence making their appearance in the coming summer, will be also works of Art of a high order, such as may be regarded as true pictures of scenes and places that are without a parallel on the earth; while they also will be genuine expressions of the feeling and manner of an artist, who is so deservedly held in the highest estimation.

We observe that it has been objected to Mr. Werner that he accepts with ready credulity all the legendary and local traditions as to the so-called "Holy Places" of the Holy City and of Bethlehem. This imputation rests solely upon the circumstance that the several drawings bear the same titles that on the spot are now borne by the localities which they represent. Mr. Werner is not by any means a bad archaeologist,

neither is he more disposed to be credulous than the most cautious of his critics; he may indeed call places as they are called by the people who inhabit them, or in whose guardianship they are; but this does not in the slightest degree imply his readiness to accept as historic verities, what he knows quite well to be no more than the fictions which grow out of facts, and which but too commonly both obscure and pervert them. We may add that after a careful examination and study of the localities themselves, Mr. Werner inclines to accept the prevalent belief as to the site of the Holy Sepulchre, in opposition to the theories of Mr. Fergusson.

This series of drawings contains eighteen views of Jerusalem itself, seven views in the immediate neighbourhood of the Holy City, and five views of Bethlehem and Bethany with the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. Of the eighteen views of Jerusalem, six are devoted to the group of buildings which bear the one common title of the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," two others are devoted to the "Interior of the Mosque of Omar," an edifice apparently of Roman origin, which was reduced to its present condition and use by the Khalif Abdel Melik, in A.D. 686. In one of these two drawings of this celebrated mosque, the "Holy Rock," which crops out from the pavement, is represented with admirable truthfulness and the most masterly skill, the rich canopy that hangs above it, and the rough hard rock itself gleaming in the glow of the brilliant mid-day sunshine which darted in through the open doorway, and lit up the otherwise dim edifice while the artist was busy with his sketch. This "Holy Rock" is believed to be both the scene of Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah, and the very "Threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite," so famous in the days of David; and, what is most remarkable, this same holy rock is held in the highest veneration by the Mussulmans, through a tradition of their own in connection with the personal history of Mahomet himself. This picture, with that of the 'Jews' Wailing-place,' where the Israelites of to-day pray and weep over the desolation of their Holy City before the massive remains of Solomon's foundation-work, and also with a most characteristic 'General View of Jerusalem,' which includes the whole length of the Mount of Olives, and in the far-off distance shows the range of the mountains of Moab, is a special favourite with all visitors to the gallery. We may add, that the edifice entitled the 'House of Pilate,' that stands on the Temple area, and has never before been painted, is included in the first of the three groups into which we have divided the collection.

We hear that the subscription-list for the chromo-lithographs fills up in a satisfactory manner. One hint we must give to the publishers themselves—it is, that they lose no time in gilding the white or pale pink portions of the frames, which do all the damage that can be done by such means to the effect of Carl Werner's fine drawings.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

ENNIS.—A colossal statue of Daniel O'Connell from the chisel of Mr. Cahill, of Dublin, is to be placed on the site of the old Court-house at Ennis.

EDINBURGH.—The prizes awarded to the students in the School of Art were distributed to the successful competitors towards the close of last year. The annual report states that the School of Art of the Board of Manufactures has been affiliated with the Department of Science and Art in London since the year 1858, and is the only Government School of Art in Edinburgh. Since the arrangements then made by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury for this affiliation, the number of students brought under instruction in the school has greatly increased. At the annual examination of the school held in June last, when the works of 1862-63 were exhibited, the male section obtained thirty local medals, being the maximum number which the Department allows to be awarded to any one school, and the female section obtained twenty-two local medals.—Colonel W. Burns has presented to the

Burns' Monument on the Carlton Hill, the original model, by Flaxman, of a statue of his father.

PERTH.—Mr. W. S. Brodie, R.S.A., has completed the model of the statue of the late Prince Consort, to be erected in this city. The statue is to be of colossal size, about eight feet high. The Prince is represented in the robes of the Order of the Thistle, holding in his hand a drawing of the International Exhibition Building.

ANDOVER.—The pupils of the School of Art recently passed their annual examination, by Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A., one of the government inspectors, who awarded twelve prizes to competitors.

BATH.—The venerable old abbey-church of this city is to be restored, under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A. All who know the edifice will remember the curious ornamentation of the western door-front, with its representation of Jacob's ladder, where the angels, mutilated by time and ill-usage, are seen ascending and descending, some without heads, some without arms, and others minus one or both legs.

BRIGHTON.—The annual meeting of the Brighton Art-Society, and the drawing for prizes of the Art-Union, took place in the picture-galleries of the Pavilion in December last. The subscriptions to the latter were small indeed for so large and wealthy a place as Brighton, only 271 shares having been taken. The prizes consisted of 12 pictures, valued from £5 to £20 each, and 18 Parian statuettes and busts.

GLOUCESTER.—The drawings executed by the pupils of the School of Art in this city during the past terms, were exhibited at the Corn Exchange towards the close of last year, and the prizes awarded to the successful competitors were distributed to them. This school is one of the few that are self-supporting, under the liberal presidency of Mr. T. Gambier Parry, and the able direction of Mr. Kemp, head-master.

SHEFFIELD.—An exhibition of works of Art, under the patronage of numerous influential inhabitants of the West Riding of Yorkshire, will be opened in this town, about the middle of the present month. In connection with it an Art-Union Society is to be formed on the basis of a shilling subscription. The prospectus says:—"It is a remarkable circumstance, that although Liverpool and Birmingham have each Art-Unions and annual exhibitions of paintings, that whilst Manchester maintains her annual exhibitions, the West Riding of Yorkshire, comprising the populous and wealthy towns of Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, &c., has hitherto quite ignored the claims of Art. The committee of this Art-Union hope to remove this reproach, and to place the Fine Arts on a higher platform in Yorkshire. The prizes will consist of paintings and drawings, selected from the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Royal Scottish Academy, the Suffolk Street Gallery, the Water-Colour Galleries, or other local or provincial exhibitions which evince ability and talent."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The eighth annual distribution of prizes in the School of Art in this town was made in the month of December. The number awarded by the government inspector at the last examination was stated in our columns two or three months ago. The total number of students receiving Art-instruction in direct connection with this school last year, was 1,017, and the attendance was more regular than in any previous session. To the latter fact may be attributed the large amount of successful work produced.

WARRINGTON.—On the 23rd of November last, Mr. R. G. Wyld, Inspector of Schools of Art, made his award of medals, &c., on the completion of his examination of the students' works at the Warrington School of Art. This institution has always, since its establishment, maintained a high position among provincial schools, which has been fully sustained this year, twenty-seven medals having been awarded, and seventeen of the works selected for national competition. When the limited supply of students, as compared with Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns possessing a school of Art, is considered, this result must be very gratifying to the friends of the school. Much of the success is doubtless due to the zeal and attention of Mr. J. C. Thompson, the master, but it is also pleasing to find these have been so well responded to by the students. A remarkable fact connected with the awards is that one of the students, a youth only fourteen, named William Jenkin, has taken the unprecedented number of five medals—one for each work he has executed.

WORCESTER.—The students of the School of Art have recently presented to their late head-master, Mr. James Kyd, a handsome silver inkstand, valued at fifty guineas, as a testimonial of their esteem.

PICTURE SALES.

MESSRS. FOSTER AND SONS sold, at their gallery in Pall Mall, in December last, a collection of about one hundred and fifty excellent water-colour drawings, which realised £3,750. The principal examples were:—three small works by W. Hunt, 'May-blossom, Bird's Egg, and Moss,' 'Holly and Grapes,' and 'Apple, Holly, and Grapes,' £110 (Crofts); 'A Rabbit Warren near the Coast,' and its companion, 'The Hayfield,' J. W. Oakes, 140 gs. (Williams); 'Landscape—Sunset,' and a smaller composition of a similar kind, G. Barrett, £116 (Wigzell); 'Pazzaolia, Gulf of Naples,' and 'A Scene off the Welch Coast,' E. Duncan, £146 (Richardson and White); 'Scene in the Highlands,' 'Scene on the Banks of the Dochant, Perthshire,' 'Scenery near Glencoe,' S. M. Richardson, £105 10s. (Colnaghi); 'Grasmere,' and 'Windermere,' Copley Fielding, 110 gs. (Knight); 'Hythe,' J. M. W. Turner, 120 gs. (Graves); 'Mount Lebanon,' J. M. W. Turner, exhibited at the International Gallery, 150 gs. (Graves); 'Father's Boots,' W. Hunt, 150 gs. (Graves); 'The Punt,' B. Foster, 150 gs. (Rowney); 'The Raging Tempest,' E. Duncan, 140 gs. (Wilkins); 'Tivoli,' David Cox, after Turner, 270 gs. (Graves); 'View off Lowestoft,' and a smaller work, 'The Wreck off a Port,' G. Chambers, 91 gs. (Graves).

At the sale of the contents of Studley Castle, Warwickshire, the property of Sir Francis Goodricke, a few pictures were offered and disposed of. Among them, a 'Portrait of George IV. when Prince of Wales,' Reynolds, 210 gs. (Lord Clermont); 'A Lady,' wearing a black lace shawl, three-quarter length, Reynolds, 230 gs. (Baron Rothschild); 'A Lady,' wearing a white lace shawl, three-quarter length, Reynolds, 125 gs. (Lord Clermont); 'Landscape, with Peasants and Cattle,' Gainsborough, 111 gs. (Davis).

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Augustus Hesse has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux Arts in the room of the late Eugene Delacroix. M. Adolphe Yvon has, it is understood, withdrawn his name from the list of candidates for academical honours.—The statue of Napoleon I., in the costume of old Rome, has been placed on the column in the Place Vendôme.—M. Eugene Desjébert, one of the most distinguished landscape-painters of France, and a member of the Légion d'Honneur, died in November last.—The *Moniteur* contained recently a long ministerial "decree," reorganising the *École Impériale et Spéciale des Beaux Arts*, of which Mr. Robert Fleury has been appointed director for five years.—The following have been named as superior council of the Imperial Schools of Fine Arts: Duc de Morny, superintendent and director of the school; Senators Dumas and Mérimée, General Moisset, Léon Cogniet, painter; Müller, painter; Duret and Cavelier, sculptors; de Gisors and Lefuel, architects; and Théophile Gautier, *homme de lettres*.—Foyatier, a sculptor of good repute, died suddenly, in his atelier, in the month of December. His principal works are statues of Spartacus, Cincinnatus, Joan of Arc, La Siesta, &c. He gained a second-class medal for sculpture in 1819, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1834.—At a recent sale of the drawings made from pictures at Versailles, for the purpose of engraving, M. Massard's copy of Horace Vernet's 'Taking of the Smala,' sold for upwards of £200.

COLOGNE.—A picture in the possession of Mr. Samuel Baruch, of Cologne, is exciting attention among the Art-critics of Germany. It is a portrait, assumed to be that of Catherina Von Bora, wife of Luther, and it is said to be by Lucas Cranach. We have received a pamphlet by De Max Schasler, reprinted at Berlin from the German Art-periodical, *Die Dioskuren*, in which the writer comes to the conclusion that the picture is Cranach's, but that the portrait represents the lady in question is not so evident, though the probability is in its favour. It appears that a few years ago the picture was submitted to the critical examination of the Berlin Scientific Society of Arts, but that learned body left the matter undecided.

BERLIN will not be behind Munich in doing honour to the memory of Schiller; the jury appointed to select the model for his monument has chosen the design sent in by Reinhold Begas.

ANOTHER BLOW FOR LIFE.

BY GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S.

(Published by W. H. Allen.)

If it be a trite, it is certainly a true, saying, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." It is not only "the gay licentious proud" who are deaf to the daily uttered murmurs of the poor; thousands who would willingly relieve sufferings are not in the way to hear of them; nay, circumstances keep in comparative ignorance even the considerate and the benevolent. The moment a case of misery is made public, hundreds are found ready to minister relief; the rich open wide their purses, while many who have but little give of that little. An article in the *Times* describing any case of wretchedness without vice is sure to be followed next day and on succeeding days by long lists of subscriptions received. There is no lack of charity in England. "Supported by voluntary contributions" may well have been mistaken by foreigners for some sort of national motto. There is hardly a human ailment for which there is no hospital: the maimed, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiots, the incurables, have their "institutions," all supported by donations and bequests. Nay, aged governesses, decayed ladies, even maimed pensioners, are cared for in a way that would have been inconceivable to our ancestors, and of which residents in continental countries can form no idea. Taxation provides for the workhouses, the insane asylums, and the prisons, but the private purses of the people supply means ten times as great as that which is furnished by legal compulsion.

Charity in Great Britain is indeed a fountain ever full and fertile in its flow. Yet, from time to time, intelligence comes to us of the fearful amount of misery for which benevolence and legislation fail to provide any cure. The prosperous who walk through the highways are indisposed to look into the byways of life; they will relieve suffering when it is brought palpably before them; it is, perhaps, expecting too much to require that they should search it out. It may not be—indeed it generally is not—the stony heart alone that makes no response to the cry of misery, nor is it by any means always the cruel by whom the sentence is uttered—

"And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon my ear?"

There is an indifference more disastrous than deliberate wrong, a supineness more destructive than actual cruelty. It is this indifference and this supineness against which laborious sympathisers are now speaking and writing, and making themselves heard and read. Yet it is not easy to credit their statements, or to accept as facts the terrible records they lay before us; it requires the sanction of a respected name to induce belief that in the City of London, and in all parts of the Kingdom, there exists a "system," which not only demoralises and brings death in a hundred shapes, but which engenders disease that crawls from the hovel to the palace, yet is as capable of remedy as the mending of our roads, or the sweeping of our streets.

Let any one read this remarkable book, and it will surely convince him not only that the evil is great and growing, but that it is comparatively easy of removal; that while existing legislation can do much, laws, that do not exist, might be made so acceptable that nine-tenths of the curse that afflicts society could no longer prevail against it. We have in this volume not only the bane but the antidote.

Mr. Godwin is a brave man. There are thousands who would dare the battle-field and the breach with unshrinking courage—to whom either victory or death is glory; but there are not many who would enter, fearlessly, the pest-house as Mr. Godwin has done, bringing thence appalling pictures, which his pen and pencil have sketched.

Let us first glance over the forty engravings by which this book is "illustrated." They represent "homes" in Bethnal Green; lodging-houses in the same dismal locality—interiors and exteriors; cellar "dwellings;" "gardens;" infant "nursery" rooms; tea-gardens in the East, surrounded by a black stagnant ditch; family

"stowage"—a little room containing nine "sleepers," artificial flower makers, "blighting the bud" in a house wherein two hundred young women are working, without space and without air; the same with a mass of shoemakers; dangers from "adjacent" mews; miserable alleys and houses in the very centre of London; beer cellars.

This list will, in a measure, indicate the subjects treated. But the matter taken up is very varied; considered by an architect, a philanthropist, a close examiner, and a sound reasoner—comprising in fact every topic to which public attention ought to be directed, not only to diminish the ills that flesh is heir to, but to prevent disease and death from visiting places in which the high-born and wealthy live. Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Islington are far away from May Fair; but who shall arrest the spread of a pestilence created and nursed into power in wretched lanes and crowded rooms, of which we have such appalling details, within a mile of Cornhill?

Let it be remembered that these are no fancy sketches: read in a work of fiction they might be rejected as exaggerations if not inventions. There is no pest-place pictured or described which Mr. Godwin has not personally inspected. The names and places are continually given. He does not ask his readers to accompany him and share the perils he has bravely and often encountered; but he does ask them to ponder over these frightful details, and aid him to accomplish the diminution of evils, the very thought of which is appalling to an enlightened and Christian people.

Notwithstanding the awful nature of his theme, he has made his book interesting. It is full of illustrative anecdote. While there is no pretence in the style, no semblance of fine writing, it is the production of a scholar and a gentleman, deeply anxious to have his views known and adopted, but bearing in mind that a degree of refinement may strengthen and not weaken forcible language and energetic thought.

This is not the first time Mr. Godwin has appealed to society on behalf of its wretched outcasts. He was among the earliest, if not the very earliest, of the workers who seek to ameliorate the condition of humanity as we find it at our doors. In the publication he conducts—the *Builder*—year after year, during many years past, the subject has been treated—with some effect no doubt; for bad as things are they have been worse. To Mr. Godwin is undoubtedly due the merit of having consistently and continuously laboured to effect a radical change in the state of those purlieus of the metropolis into which his professional duties sometimes lead him, but to which he is more often conducted by benevolence. It is needless to advise him to persevere. He is sure to do it. May he have his reward in finding his plans universally adopted.

The book is not all shadow. The closing chapter shows that much may be done, and that something has been done, to ameliorate the condition of the poor in London—that even health-giving flowers may be cultivated in "Metropolitan parishes"—and that the light and air of Heaven have been let in to many quarters from which, not long ago, both were effectually shut out. The author is by no means hopeless—not even desponding. He looks forward to a not distant time when few or none of the evils he deprecates will sadden, while they reproach, thinking women and men. None of them are beyond remedy; few of them are even difficult to cope with; many are easy of removal at once; while, with all of them, legislation may grapple with a certainty of ultimate triumph.

The following are the concluding passages of Mr. Godwin's most valuable book:—

"We have crept from the town to the country, from the filthy dens in which men, women, and children are brutalised and destroyed, to the spirit-raising and blood-purifying garden; and we will not return to dirt, damp, darkness, degradation, disease, and death. We ask with as much solemn earnestness as we may venture to assume, for attention to the miserable state of things set forth, and for as much aid as can be obtained to effect an improvement. This is no mere word-mongering—no book-making—it is in all sincerity and seriousness what it professes to be—A BLOW FOR LIFE!"

KEITH'S WORKS IN ALUMINIUM.

It is one of the hard and perilous conditions to which new processes and new materials are but too commonly subjected, that in the first instance they attract the special attention of precisely the class of persons who are least calculated to work them out successfully. Sometimes, however, a fresh career commences under happier auspices, and untried qualities and latent capabilities are developed from the first by men who are thoroughly qualified for the work they have undertaken. The recently discovered metal, aluminium, has had the rare good fortune to fall into excellent hands, at a very early period after the fact of its existence had become positively established.

Mr. Keith, of Westmoreland Place in the City Road, has long enjoyed a deservedly high reputation for his ecclesiastical plate; indeed, in designing and producing in the precious metals whatever vessels and other objects may be required in the services of the Church, for many years Mr. Keith has known no superior. His chalices have long rivalled the finest and most precious of the early examples of this class of the goldsmith's productions; and, in like manner, various other works might be particularly specified, all of them of the same order, and all of them also equally worthy of the highest possible commendation. With such an experience as this in dealing with gold and silver, Mr. Keith has devoted no inconsiderable portion of both his attention and his time to the treatment of aluminium. He has brought the new material to the test of experiment; its natural properties he has thoughtfully and carefully investigated; he has ascertained what the aluminium is capable of effecting, whether in a pure state, or in combination with other metals as an alloy; and having matured his inquiries and his trials, he has taken the important step in advance, of producing a great variety of objects both in pure aluminium and in an alloy of aluminium and copper. We have had these various productions of Mr. Keith brought formally under our notice; and we have much pleasure in inviting the attention of our readers to what Mr. Keith has already done and is now in the act of doing in aluminium.

It will be understood that this metal is characterised by an extraordinary lightness, while at the same time it resists oxydation. Moisture and the action of acids are powerless with aluminium. The metal and its alloys may be liable to become tarnished, but in this case they do but yield to the same influences that act so powerfully upon silver; and it must be added that the aluminium is cleaned and restored to a condition of unsullied purity with much greater ease than silver itself. The bronze that is formed from an alloy of copper with various proportions of aluminium, is also affected in a very slight degree by exposure to atmospheric and other influences, and it is cleaned and polished with the utmost facility and in the simplest manner. At the present moment Mr. Keith is earnestly endeavouring to bring this remarkable metal into general use, and he certainly is working with sound judgment as well as with indefatigable earnestness and resolution. Every variety of the simplest and commonest object that can be formed for daily use in metal, Mr. Keith is producing in aluminium and aluminium-bronze; thus leading the public mind up to the application of the same materials to works of a high artistic character. We have carefully examined both the more ambitious and the simplest of Mr. Keith's productions, and we are enabled to speak of them all in terms of decided approval. The more costly works are of great beauty of form, as we should have, of course, expected from Mr. Keith; and they also attest in a very gratifying manner the varied capabilities of the new materials, and their applicability to the highest purposes of metal-working. With the humbler objects we have been equally pleased: for example, aluminium thimbles, which never corrode, and are so light that the wearers would scarcely be conscious of their presence, cannot fail to be popular; knives and forks for fruit, or for eating fish, again, made of this metal, proclaim their own value. In like manner vessels of aluminium must be of especial utility at sea, where they can discharge

duties commonly assigned to glass, without any risk of breaking, when broken glass cannot be replaced. Without attempting to go any further into detail, we commend Mr. Keith's works most heartily to the public, convinced that they merit a trial, and that when tried they will most fully bear out our high opinion of them. We ourselves shall watch with the greatest interest the progress of Mr. Keith's honourable efforts to use in a becoming manner one of the most remarkable of the metals; and it will afford us sincere gratification to be enabled to support his efforts and to stimulate and encourage his exertions.

Aluminium, which combines freely with other metals, and imparts to them, when in combination, its own distinctive qualities, is itself a pure metal; and since it is obtained from certain clays that are present in almost every region of the earth, it would seem to have been particularly designed to be universally useful to man. It may require time to reconcile us to the recognition of this new metal under a wide variety of conditions, and we may hesitate before we regularly accept it even for the uses for which it plainly appears to be signally applicable; still, Mr. Keith, an experienced and eminently successful worker in the old metals, believes firmly in the soundness of his own views with regard to the new metal, so we shall not hesitate to share in Mr. Keith's faith, and we earnestly desire to witness his triumphant success in convincing the public at large of both the justice of his views and the excellence of his productions.

THE READING GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY P. MAGNI.

To the large majority of our readers this statue is so well known, it may be presumed, that we need say nothing about a work which everybody looked at as one of the leading attractions of the sculpture in the International Exhibition.

To criticise at all, even were we so inclined, that whereon almost universal opinion had set the seal of approbation, would be to buffet hopelessly with a contending stream; and to criticise it on the principles which guided the old Greek sculptors in their ideas of the art, would be an absurdity, for it has nothing in common with them. Men of our time and country could, as a rule, no more recognise and appreciate the real merits of the 'Laocöon,' the 'Apollo Belvidere,' and the 'Discus-thrower,' than we should expect to dig up from some old ruins in Greece or Italy another 'Reading Girl' by Phidias, or a 'Veiled Vestal' by Praxiteles. Modern sculpture almost everywhere turns from the ideal classicality of the ancients, as modern painting, to be popular in England, abjures the quaintness of the old Italian painters. We are a realistic people, and Pietro Magni's 'Reading Girl' is a type of the realistic school of sculpture. Whether Art in its highest attributes is a gainer or loser by this revolution of feeling, is a question we are not now called upon to discuss.

As a specimen of its class, then, this figure is a true, faithful, and even beautiful embodiment, graceful in form, natural in its attitude, simple and maidenly in expression. The book she reads we may be assured is a good book, for the girl's face is thoughtful and serious; it occupies her entire attention. Simplicity also characterises every part of the composition, even to the folds of the drapery, which are everywhere light and unconventional. The sculptor, too, has very judiciously got rid of some of the cross-bars of the chair—we wish he had concealed more—by throwing a cloak partially over them, a treatment, moreover, that adds to the richness of the composition.

Considering how successfully Signor Magni has carried out this idea, and how this commended itself to popular feeling and favour, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm the figure created, and are assured that our subscribers will be glad to receive such a memorial of it as we are now enabled, by the courtesy of the Stereosopic Company, to whom the work belongs, to offer them.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

ON
SCHOOLS OF ART.

At a meeting in Exeter, for the distribution of prizes to the students in the Art-school of that city, Sir Stafford Northcote spoke eloquently and impressively in reference to the progress of British Art, and especially of Industrial Art, taking a very encouraging view of the subject, according to the evidence of to-day as contrasted with that of a very few years ago. Our readers will thank us for a few extracts:—

"I venture to say the movement which is now claiming our sympathies is one which has a very strong claim upon the national interests. I venture to say this because England has taken up Art-education advisedly, and is reaping the most signal benefits from it. . . . I had the other day occasion to look at some returns presented to the House of Commons quite recently, out of which I took some figures so remarkable that I will request your permission to read them. They are some figures comparing the exports of England generally between the years 1840 and 1862. And I find this, that in the year 1840 the value of British manufactures exported in a finished state was nearly £36,000,000, whereas in 1862 it was upwards of £82,000,000, the increase being about 127 per cent. That is a story which we all know, and very satisfactory it is to the country at large. But I wished to go a little further. I wanted to see how far that exportation was due, or could in any way be attributed to, the exertions which have been made in England of late years to improve the taste of our manufactures. Therefore I went a little carefully into these statistics, and endeavoured to ascertain what had been the increase in those articles in the production of which taste is particularly required. It is not very easy to separate those articles, because, of course, we know in a great many cases with regard to cotton goods and woollens, and many other things, that they are all put together in the returns; and yet a large number of them may be articles upon which a great deal of labour and a great deal of taste have been bestowed. Therefore, all I could do was to select from the list of general exports a few articles which I believe you will admit are for the most part articles upon the production of which taste is particularly employed. I took the articles of carriages; of earthenware and porcelain, which is an item particularly interesting, because it is in her earthenware and porcelain that England has especially made progress of late years; furniture, cabinet and upholstery wares; glass manufactures, in which a great deal of beautiful work has of late been done; haberdashery and millinery, which I suppose would depend a good deal upon the taste of the country; pictures, plate, jewellery, and watches; silk manufactures, paper-hangings, and toys—and taking these articles, upon which, as a body, I presume our taste is particularly employed, I found the value of those exported in 1840 was £2,700,000, whereas in 1862 it was just above £8,000,000, showing an increase of £5,250,000, or about 196 per cent.; so that I discovered that while the general advance of our manufactures in these twenty years had been rather more than 125 per cent., it had been very nearly 200 per cent. in those particular articles which demand the exercise of taste. Now I think it is not a little remarkable that during the very time in which we have admitted the goods of all other nations who were supposed to be so much our superiors in taste to compete freely with us—while we admitted the goods of France and of all other countries where Art has been encouraged, for so many years, to come in free competition with our own, we nevertheless have been able to export those particular goods in respect of which we competed with them—goods in the production of which taste enters so largely—able to meet our rivals, and to beat them upon the open ground. . . . And I maintain that we have bestowed our time and our labour well upon this work which we have been carrying on, and that there is every encouragement for us to carry it on still further."



THE READING GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY P. MAGNI IN THE POSSESSION OF THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

LONDON, JAMES S. VICTOR.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Edward William Cooke, Esq., and John Everett Millais, Esq., have been elected members of the Royal Academy. These elections will be as satisfactory to the public as they are to the profession. Of the genius and rare ability of Millais there can be no doubt, although possibly there has been a lack of justice in promoting so young an associate over the head of the long popular and accomplished painter Frost. Cooke, whose talent is hereditary, ranks foremost among marine painters, and is universally esteemed. These are, in all respects, valuable acquisitions to the Royal Academy—as artists and as gentlemen. There are now no fewer than five vacancies for associates; one of them must be a sculptor. It cannot be difficult to foretell who that sculptor will be.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The Art-library of this institution has received an addition, by purchase, of a large number of original designs by Matthias Lock and Chippendale, celebrated designers and wood-carvers from 1740 to 1780. A portion of this collection was in the late International Exhibition.

THE LATE W. MULREADY, R.A.—At a meeting of the committee for raising subscriptions for a memorial to this artist, it was resolved to recommend the subscribers to carry out the object on the following plan:—To erect a suitable monument over the grave of Mulready at Kensal Green; to offer a bust of him to the trustees of the National Gallery or National Portrait Gallery; and to devote any surplus funds to the establishment of a "Mulready Prize," open to students of the Royal Academy.

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—A model of this truly important and interesting work has been prepared, under the immediate direction and superintendence of the architect, Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., for the express purpose of being submitted to her Majesty the Queen at Windsor. The model, which in itself is a beautiful work of Art, has been placed before the Queen, and explained by Mr. Scott himself. We propose very shortly to give in our own pages a carefully executed engraving of this memorial, and accordingly reserve both a full description and a critical examination of the design until our engraving shall be ready for publication. Meanwhile, now that a worthy memorial, one also consistent in itself, and thoroughly qualified to commemorate the great and good Consort of the sovereign, is certain to be erected, we at once call upon our readers to come forward again with the enthusiasm that was both felt and expressed two years ago, to augment the subscription and to enable the artists entrusted with the execution of this work to complete it with unrivalled magnificence, and yet without any grant of public money. The Prince Consort Memorial must be indeed a national work, but it ought also to be produced by the voluntary private subscriptions of the nation.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The only portrait added to this collection since our last notice is that of Lord Hervey, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of George II. It was presented in December last, by the Marquis of Bristol. Vanloo was the artist; his work is a production of little merit. The rooms are now full, inasmuch that no more pictures can be hung. Sir George Hayter's picture, 'The Reformed Parliament,' belongs to this collection, but it cannot be placed, and is therefore kept in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone is one of the trustees, and he is desirous of placing this collection at South Kensington. But in this the other trustees do not acquiesce; they wish to retain the gallery in London. During the ensuing session some suitable abiding-place, it is believed, will be determined on.

At a late election held by the Institute of Water-Colour Painters (late New Water-Colour Society), Mr. Charles Cattermole was chosen an associate. There were eleven candidates.

W. M. THACKERAY.—The lamented death of this eminent author has been recorded in all the journals. His loss will be deeply felt; a high soul has been called from earth. His numerous works are with us—great teachers, to delight and

to instruct. We can ill spare him when men of intellectual power are so few. In early life he was an artist, his writings give evidence of this, and the education to which his youth was in part subjected must have been of rare value to him in after life, when written portraiture became so thoroughly his craft. It is needless for us to give a memoir of this estimable gentleman and author, but we may print a line in unison with the general expression of sorrow for his death. Mr. Thackeray was scarcely in his grave before an unseemly discussion was held, as it were, over his remains. A statement or a "rumour" was in circulation that the London Shakspeare Testimonial Committee had refused to receive him as one of the vice-presidents, whereupon the *Athenæum*, the organ of the committee, is sternly indignant, and denies *in toto* that there was any ground for so unworthy a report. Immediately following this assertion a letter appears in various newspapers signed "Henry Vizetelly," "an active member of the committee," giving a direct "contradiction" to the statements "the *Athenæum* has thought proper to put forth." This contradiction is clear and emphatic, taking the assertions one by one, and giving to each a solemn "denial." We repeat what we have said elsewhere: it is deeply to be deplored that a theme in which all ought to join with a whole heart has originated so much of bitterness and wrath. The evil is great, and its influence cannot but prejudice efforts to produce a "National Testimonial."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—One of the pictures by Turner in this collection has received some slight injury, by being wilfully cut with a pen-knife by a person named Walter Stephenson; the act seems to have been that of a maniac, for the perpetrator, when taken into custody, could give no rational reason for what he had done. Stephenson was tried at the last Middlesex Sessions, in January, for the offence, and, having pleaded guilty, was remanded till the next sessions, to allow of some inquiries being made about him.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY held its first *conversazione* for the season on the 28th of January, after we had gone to press. The others are fixed for February 28, March 31, and May 5.

THE LONDON INSTITUTION.—On the evenings of the 14th and 21st of December, Mr. James Dafforne delivered a lecture before the members of this literary and scientific society: the first on "The Poetry of the Arts;" the second on "The British School of Art, Past and Present."

MR. DURHAM has offered to execute and present to the Garrick Club a bust of the late Mr. Thackeray.

TWO NEW MUSEUMS.—The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings advertise for "designs" from architects for two new museums to be erected on part of the land at South Kensington, "used in 1862 for the International Exhibition."

MR. WILLIAM BEHNES, for many years one of our best portrait sculptors, died last month, at a somewhat advanced age. We must postpone any notice of him till our next number.

FOLEY'S STATUE OF GOLDSMITH was inaugurated in Dublin on the 5th of January, the Lord Lieutenant presiding. The address stated that the public had been enabled to pronounce their verdict upon it as a work of Art, and there had been an unanimous expression of opinion that it is "one of which Ireland may justly feel proud, not only as a worthy memorial of historic greatness, but as an evidence and trophy of living genius." There seems, indeed, to be but one opinion everywhere—that the work is one of the most perfect and admirable productions of Art the world has of late years seen. Mr. Foley is preparing a "companion" statue of Edmund Burke.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors, being desirous to add further to the popularity of the picture gallery, offer the sum of 200 gs., to be awarded in prizes for pictures, as follows:—1. For the best Historical or Figure Picture, in oil, 60 gs.; 2. For any other subject, not Figures, 40 gs.; 3. For the best Water-colour Drawing, irrespective of subject, 20 gs.; 4. For the best Picture (irrespective of subject) by a French artist, resident on the Continent, 40 gs. (1,050 francs); 5. For the best Picture (irrespective of subject) by a foreign artist, not French, resident on the

Continent, 40 gs. (1,050 francs). Well-known judges and patrons of Art will be nominated to award the prizes. The conditions of competition may be obtained by application to Mr. C. W. Wass, superintendent of the gallery.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS commenced its season on the evening of January 14, at the rooms of the Architectural Museum, Conduit Street, when Mr. F. Y. Hurlstone, one of the vice-presidents, opened the meeting with a short address, and announced the programme of lectures, concerts, &c., for the session. Mr. H. Ottley, honorary secretary, also spoke in furtherance of the objects of this excellent society, which we are glad to know is prospering. The rooms were hung with a large number of works of Art, and some good vocal and instrumental music enlivened the proceedings of the evening.

ART-WORKMANSHIP.—The Society of Arts, having taken a step in the right direction by offering a series of prizes to the actual workmen who produce such works as may be distinguished by their "Art-workmanship," has carried out its laudable project by exhibiting those offered for competition, with the names of the producers and the award of the prizes. These works, since their public exhibition at the great room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, have been removed to the South Kensington Museum. The prizes were awarded by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. Digby Wyatt, and Mr. John Webb; those that received the prizes may be grouped in the following six classes:—1. Modelling in terra-cotta, plaster, or wax; 2. Repoussé work in any metal; 3. Hammered work in the hard metals; 4. Carving in ivory; 5. Chasing on metal; 6. Painting on porcelain; and 6. Inlays in wood, ivory, or metal. Sixty-eight examples were sent in, and twenty-eight prizes were awarded. In the proposed classes of "Enamel Painting on Metal, Copper, or Gold," "Engraving on Glass," and "Embroidery," two examples only were sent in, and no prizes were awarded. We observed also that four of the first prizes were not awarded in the other classes, including both the first prizes for repoussé and hammered work. It is to be hoped that when the Society of Arts again invites artist-workmen to a competition for prizes and for the honour of having won them, that a larger number of competitors will appear in the field, and that the works exhibited will be both much more numerous and far more excellent. The recent exhibition we may describe as very tolerably respectable as far as it went.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LADY MATILDA BUTLER.—A very interesting and admirably executed engraving of this amiable and accomplished lady, daughter of the Countess of Glengall, has just been completed, and merits special commendation. It is a pure mezzotinto, the peculiar and best properties of which style have found a most competent illustration in Mr. George Raphael Ward, who has been so long and eminently distinguished in its exercise. Admirable in drawing, treated throughout with true artistic feeling, and elaborately finished, the family and friends of the deceased lady may be congratulated upon the possession of so faithful and charming a *souvenir*. The graceful figure and singularly sweet expression of the features render this engraving, irrespective of its value as a portrait, a subject that would be generally and peculiarly attractive. The picture from which Mr. Ward has produced this admirable work was painted by Mr. J. R. Swinton.

MR. E. W. COOKE, R.A., has presented the sum of £300 to the "Life-Boat Association," to provide a life-boat somewhere on the coast where it is most needed. This is a liberal gift, and requires record. It is also "appropriate," for Mr. Cooke owes his popularity mainly to scenes and incidents associated with sea-life.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S 'THE LAST SUPPER.'—Mr. Tegg has issued an engraving in line, by F. Bacon, of this well-known picture. The print is smaller than Morghen's well-known engraving of this subject, from which Mr. Bacon has evidently worked. The heads are finished with considerable care, and the plate throughout is a creditable, though not a high-class production. It is, however, published at a comparatively low cost, and, therefore, we have no right to expect

a very superior print; we may nevertheless predict its popularity, because the subject well deserves it, and the engraving comes within the reach of thousands.

EXHIBITION OF STAINED GLASS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—This exhibition is intended to be kept open during the summer months of the present year, in a portion of the recently completed cloisters of the South Kensington Museum. The varied dimensions of the spaces available for exhibiting the specimens to be sent in to the executive committee, Mr. T. Gambier Parry and Mr. R. Burchett, with Mr. G. Wallis as secretary, have been forwarded to each of the invited exhibitors, and the result has been that, with the exception of a large space capable of being enclosed to any form, and giving an area of 50 feet in height by 22 feet in width, the whole of the offered space has been claimed. It is to be hoped that some noble window, which may ultimately be destined to find a permanent home in a cathedral or in some church of the first importance, may be exhibited in the large space to which we have just adverted.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BALMORAL CASTLE.—Mr. Victor Delarue has recently published a series of photographic pictures, taken by Mr. S. Thompson, of this romantic royal residence; the most interesting of which, because least known, are the interior views of the state apartments, if we can call those "state" rooms which are assimilated to the apartments of hundreds of her Majesty's faithful subjects, so unostentatious is all within them—everything wears the features of comfort and simple home enjoyment. The views are published in two sizes, one adapted for albums, the other mounted for stereoscopic purposes. There are also a few prints of larger dimensions than either of the above, of the most attractive spots in the surrounding scenery; and, in addition to these, Mr. Delarue publishes several *carte-de-visite* portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The whole of these photographs are very sharp and brilliant.

ILLUMINATED WORK.—The late Mr. F. G. Delamotte, among other works which he designed, executed three large illuminated sheets symbolising respectively the three great cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, these words forming the central and most prominent portion of each design. They are surrounded by bold floral borders and other ornamental work, and are accompanied by allegorical figures with appropriate scriptural texts. The drawing of the figures is not always correct, though they are designed with taste, judgment, and feeling, but all else is in every way most creditable to the artist; as a whole, the 'Charity' must take precedence of the others. Messrs. Day and Sons have skilfully reproduced these designs in chromolithography, and publish them in conjunction with Mrs. Delamotte. They are beautiful and most appropriate decorations for school-rooms, and as designs for ecclesiastical ornament.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—Mr. Grote, the well-known author of the "History of Greece," and one of the Council of University College, Gower Street, has offered to place on the walls of the cloister of the building mosaic representations of scenes and persons of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," to be executed by the Baron de Triqueti.

THE DANISH ARTIST, MR. REICHARDT, since our notice of his works, has been honoured by her Majesty's command to take a large collection of his pictures and his sketches to Windsor Castle; and, accordingly, both the Queen herself and several members of the Royal Family have been enabled to form a personal opinion of the productions of a painter who cannot fail in due time to become eminently popular in this country.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The committee, after examining the *misereres* tendered for the wood-carving prizes of the past year, which were offered for a composition of not more than two figures, or of one figure and one animal, the subject being a profession, trade, or occupation, treated in modern costume, have assigned the first prize of £20 to Mr. John Seymour, of Tower Lane, Taunton, the subject being a stonemason carving a vaulting rib of Ham Hill stone. The second prize of £5 was adjudged to Mr. J. M. Leach, of

1, Newmarket Road, Cambridge, whose work represented a woman and child returning from gleanings, with sheaves on their heads. The committee gave an extra prize of £1 1s., or a book, at the choice of the competitor, to the carving by Mr. Alexander Kenmore, in the employ of Mr. Forsyth, of 8, Edward Street, Hampstead Road, representing a smith shoeing a horse. The joint committee of the Architectural Museum and the Ecclesiological Society have chosen "The Gleaners" as the subject of the colour prize of this year, considering that the dresses of the woman and child, besides the sheaves, afford a better field for colour than the carver working a block of stone.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY have recently added to their collections of photographs some exquisitely beautiful views of Venice of a large size, which have been coloured with the utmost skill and with genuine artistic feeling at Venice. These pictures, as we advisedly entitle them, are not only very beautiful in themselves, but they also demonstrate how much may be accomplished through an alliance between photography and painting. Without a doubt, the success of the colouring in this instance will encourage other able and experienced artists to emulate the example of their Venetian brother, and to produce similar views both at home and in other countries.

THE "TIMES OF INDIA," one of our daily contemporaries, published far away eastward, in the city of Bombay, which now enjoys a very wide and influential circulation in India, has recently devoted a portion of its columns to regular notices of all matters of interest and importance connected with the Arts here, at home, in England. And in order to carry out this excellent project the more effectually, the editor, Mr. Knight, has formed permanent arrangements with a gentleman in London for the preparation of original leading articles on what we may designate general Art-subjects, together with descriptive and critical notices of exhibitions, pictures, works in sculpture, engravings, photographs, Art-manufactures of every kind, and reviews of books and other publications, all of which are sent out by every bi-monthly mail. To the attention of our own artists, publishers, and manufacturers, we commend this really important evidence of the growing interest felt in India for Art, under every form in which it finds expression, in England. In our Indian empire a wide field indeed is open before them, and they will find it to be for their best interests cordially to support the journal which takes an honourable lead in India in carrying out the most effectual means for bringing into close contact Indian patrons and English producers in a manner that cannot fail to prove mutually attractive and satisfactory.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, and whatever other place is in any peculiar manner associated with Shakspeare, will this year be certainly regarded with even unusual interest, and consequently good photographs, whether for the stereoscope or not, which represent Stratford itself and its neighbourhood, will not fail to be in great request, and to receive a cordial welcome. Mr. Francis Bedford, the photographer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has very opportunely published a series of stereoscopic pictures, which are exactly such as will be in harmony with the public feeling; they are of the highest order of excellence as photographs, and possess all the best qualities for which Mr. Bedford's works are justly celebrated, and they also are as varied as they are excellent. The Stratford-on-Avon group comprises seventeen pictures; there are four exterior, and as many interior, views of the church, the latter showing the Shakspeare monument; the House of the Poet is represented in two other pictures, and another pair are devoted to Ann Hathaway's Cottage; the remaining pictures are views of the Room in which Shakspeare was born, the Grammar School, the Guild Chapel, with the vestiges that yet remain of New Place, the High Street and Town Hall, and the Old Bridge. The other groups—kindred groups they may be styled—which Mr. Bedford has included in his series, consist of twenty-seven views of Kenilworth Castle, with five others of the Church, and of other points of

especial interest in the immediate neighbourhood of the famed castle; thirty-seven views of Warwick Castle, and fifteen others in Warwick, which include the Monuments of the Beauchamp Chapel and St. Mary's Church; twenty-one views of Guy's Cliff; twenty-five views of Coventry; six of Charlecote; ten of Stoneleigh Abbey; twenty-seven of Leamington; fifty of Cheltenham; and six of Tewkesbury Abbey—in all 247 stereoscopic pictures, which are published by Messrs. Cathrall and Prichard, of Chester, and may be obtained of the London Stereoscopic Company, and of other eminent dealers in photographs in London.

THE CHAPEL AT WINDSOR CASTLE, heretofore known as Cardinal Wolsey's, which adjoins the Chapel of St. George, is now receiving the splendid enrichments which are to impart to it a new character as a monumental chapel commemorative of the late Prince Consort. All this is the work of the Queen and the Royal Family—work executed by their special desire, in accordance with their express wishes, and entirely at their cost. The architectural arrangements, and the general direction of the whole, are in the able hands of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A.; to Messrs. Bell and Clayton the stained glass has been entrusted; and the magnificent heraldic vaulting of the roof is being carried out, in his revived Venetian mosaic, by Dr. Salviati and a staff of his own artist-workmen. When this singularly interesting series of works shall have advanced more nearly to completion, we shall place before our readers a careful account of them, both descriptive and critical.

THE IRONMONGERS' ASSOCIATION OF LONDON has been carrying on its useful and honourable operations with much unostentatious energy during the late autumn and winter, and it still continues to be assiduously at work. Of its annual course of lectures, two by the Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A., were delivered on the 25th of November and the 20th of January last, the subjects being "Art-Education, and the Study of Design, with special reference to the productions in Hard Metals," and "The Metal-work of the Great Exhibition of 1862, and its Teachings." Both lectures were attended by the members of the Association and their friends in very considerable numbers.

THE SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL.—It is much to be lamented that the apple of discord should be "struggled" for by two committees, one in London and one at Stratford-upon-Avon, the object of each being to honour the memory of the great Poet and to commemorate worthily the three hundredth anniversary of his day of birth. Instead of the harmony and union that ought to be, there exists a spirit ill in accord with the high purpose of both societies. We cannot well understand why, nor what is really the nature of the dispute. It is clear, that if Shakspeare's birthday be celebrated in every city and town of Great Britain, so much the more will the bard be honoured. Stratford will naturally take the lead, but it does not therefore follow that London is either to be silent or to act merely as an auxiliary. Many of the subscribers to one fund subscribe also to the other; and that perhaps is the best way.

CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.—Some of the best photographic pictures we ever saw have been taken in America, where the clear, bright atmosphere gives peculiar brilliancy and sharpness to the results of the process. We have just received a few specimens from Mr. Notman, of Montreal, which are excellent; two vignette subjects of 'Yachts on the Lawrence,' and a 'Road Scene on the Ottawa'—the latter would pass well for one of our pretty English green lanes. 'Chumby Fort, near Montreal,' is a barren but not unpicturesque subject, and comes out vividly in the photograph. We are gratified to know that the works of our painters find their way into Canada, judging from a capital photographic copy, also by Mr. Notman, of one of Mr. Vicat Cole's clever transcripts of English scenery. To these must be added another, and by no means the least interesting, one from a picture by a Canadian painter, Mr. R. S. Duncanson. The composition is suggested by Tennyson's poem of the "Lotus-eater," and is highly poetical and imaginative in character, reminding us not a little of some of John Martin's most beautiful and picturesque

designs; Mr. Duncanson is evidently an artist of more than ordinary talent.

MESSRS. JOHNSON AND SON, Castle Street, Holborn, have published a little pamphlet on the "Merchandise Marks' Act," which will be found useful to manufacturers and traders.

A LARGE COLOURED PHOTOGRAPHIC COPY of Mr. Calderon's picture, 'The British Embassy in Paris on the Day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' has been published by Messrs. McQueen, Moore & Co. As a representation of the scene painted by the artist, the photograph, as a matter of course, is a faithful reproduction, but it fails in colour, as might be expected; the heaviness inseparable from photographic printing being a barrier to the light and transparent colouring of the original painting.

DECORATIVE WOOD CARVING FOR FURNITURE.—The "Robinson Crusoe sideboard," at last year's Great Exhibition, was one of those remarkable productions that at once attracted the attention of all who saw it; and, certainly, it was not likely, when it had once been seen, to be readily forgotten. The same enterprising and assiduous carver, Mr. Gerard Robinson, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, has completed a companion work, also a sideboard, carved with equal elaboration of details, and with really wonderful effectiveness, his subject this time being the famous border combat of Chevy Chase. The composition embraces six distinct compartments, two of them very large, and four smaller ones, the whole being arranged precisely on the same plan as obtained in his work that derived its motive from the immortal shipwrecked hero of the lonely island. Thus Mr. Robinson has six distinct incidents, all of them cleverly made to work out the burden of the fine old ballad, that will transmit to all time the fame of the struggle at Otterburne, on the 10th of August, 1388. Mr. Robinson has treated his subject with great skill; and his singular powers of free-hand carving, coupled with his most effective combination of low and full relief, are here put forth with his utmost energy, and they expatiate joyously in the wide field that he has chosen for their operation.

THE first part of Messrs. Dalziel's cheap illustrated edition of the "Arabian Nights" has made its appearance. The artists employed on the designs are Messrs. Millais, R.A., Tenniel, J. D. Watson, T. Dalziel, and others, whose drawings are bold, spirited, and of a character *apropos* to the subjects. It is many years since we read these famous Eastern tales, but they seem here to be much abbreviated—more so than is absolutely necessary to adapt them to the refined taste of our time.

CARAVAGGIO.—The picture at 214, Piccadilly, attributed to Caravaggio by certain French connoisseurs of reputation, is large, and contains numerous figures. The subject is the 'Adoration of the Crucified Saviour by the Holy Women.' According to the custom of this painter, the shaded passages are deep even to the loss of outline. It is said that the picture can be authenticated.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS already announce the sale of numerous collections of pictures in the forthcoming season. Among them are drawings and sketches by E. Richardson; the collection of the late Lord Lyndhurst; the sketches and pictures left by the late W. Mulready, R.A., F. Lee Bridell, and J. D. Harding; a collection of valuable English pictures collected by "a gentleman;" the cabinet of modern pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. F. P. Rickards; the collection of the late Mr. E. W. Anderson and Mr. G. A. Hoskins; with others.

BURFORD'S PANORAMAS.—The public has seen the last of these old-established and popular exhibitions; the building in Leicester Square is now closed, and will, in all probability, be soon appropriated to other purposes of a less interesting and instructive character.

LEECH'S SKETCHES.—Of Mr. Leech's *Punch* sketches, a selection has been made by Messrs. Agnew for publication as lithographs, in two series of ten subjects each. The whole will be exhibited at No. 5, Waterloo Place, when completed. Three only are at present finished.

MR. PHILLIPS, of Cockspur Street, almost while we were in the act of going to press, called our attention to an enamelled tazza, the enamel

executed on copper by Charles Leper, of Paris, which may be pronounced a most exquisite work. On another occasion we propose to describe minutely this remarkable example of a beautiful Art, together with an equally remarkable collection of Muscovite plate in silver and silver-gilt, enriched with enamel and niello, which also has very recently been received by Mr. Phillips from St. Petersburg.

MESSRS. DEFRIES AND SONS, the eminent glass-manufacturers of the city, have just opened in the Dudley Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a magnificent collection of the finest productions of their establishment. It contains one of the splendid candelabra, manufactured by the Messrs. Defries for the Maharajah of Secunderabad, together with a great variety of examples of fine engraved glass, &c.

By a clerical error in our notice last month of M. Vial's process of multiplying engravings, the word "Proces" preceding the inventor's name in the first paragraph should have been printed "Procédé." And in the notice of Mr. Grindon's "Life," &c., the prefix "Rev." was attached to the author's name inadvertently; the word "Leo" should be substituted for it.

REVIEWS.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. With Pictures by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE, London.

Some of these engravings have appeared, if we are not mistaken, in that excellent serial *Good Words*, but the fact is no solid argument why they should not be collected into a handsome volume like this, with such advantages as the most careful printing on thick paper can give to develop the skill of the engravers. Whatever objection may be taken to the style in which Mr. Millais chooses to employ his pencil, no one can justly deny that he brings to his work an earnest, thoughtful, and reverential mind, a truly poetical imagination, and a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of Art; his feelings, so far as relates to the spirit of his compositions, are in perfect harmony with the old Italian painters who preceded Raffaele, and which we could desire that others of our artists who attempt sacred Art exhibited to a greater extent than they do, yet without adopting implicitly their antique manner as models. Take, for example, such subjects as these out of the book—the 'Enemy sowing Tares at Night,' the 'Unmerciful Servant,' the 'Labourers of the Vineyard,' the 'Wise and Foolish Virgins,' the 'Foolish Virgins,' the 'Good Samaritan,' the 'Lost Sheep,' exquisitely beautiful, the 'Lost Piece of Silver.' There is not one of these subjects which does not stand out in striking and noble contrast with the prettinesses and sentimentalism that too frequently characterise the works purporting to express sacred Art, and which are so often mistaken for it. In these and other designs included in this book, there is as much to demand and secure thought, as there is to evidence what rightly-directed thought has been bestowed on them. And if we add to this that the quality of the engraving is scarcely, if at all, inferior to the beauty of the compositions, that the engravers seem to have fully entered into the spirit and feelings of the artist, and to have worked with him, we say all that need be said.

The "season" has certainly not produced a more covetable edition of its kind than this edition of the "Parables." The text, which is the best the art of typography can produce, is ornamented with red initial letters, headings, and page-lines, with elegant head and tail designs. The whole is printed at the press of Messrs. Dalziel, the engravers. The binding of green and gold is in good taste, and supplies another evidence of the care bestowed on the "getting up" of the book.

OUR ENGLISH LAKES, MOUNTAINS, AND WATERFALLS, AS SEEN BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Photographically Illustrated. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

Wordsworth stands at the head of that class of English writers to whom has been assigned the title of "Lake Poets." In describing the varied and numberless beauties which characterise the scenery of northern England, their imagery, and their effects on a calm, contemplative, and poetical mind, the "old man eloquent" had wondrous power. And there, too, he found incidents and histories, of a

humble nature, perhaps, but not on that account less worthy of record, because they harmonised with, or formed a part of, his main subject, which he related in his own simple yet beautiful language, diversifying thus his themes, and inculcating lessons of love, wisdom, and virtue.

From the various writings of Wordsworth, the compiler has here gathered into an elegant volume such passages as especially refer to particular places in Cumberland and Westmoreland, classifying the extracts, as far as practicable, under the heads of the different lakes or other objects of interest in each locality. By this arrangement he hopes that the reader, with the assistance of Mr. Ogle's photographs, will be able to appreciate more fully the poet's "wonderfully true descriptions of the beauties of nature, while the tourist will have the additional pleasure of identifying with his own favourite spot any of the poet's verses which refer especially to it." To the descriptions of Winandermere, Esthwaite, Langdale, Rydale, Grasmere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, &c., are added several of Wordsworth's minor poems, such as those on flowers and on birds, with others.

The small photographic illustrations, in number thirteen, are excellent, remarkable for clearness and pictorial effect, and the localities are well selected. The volume, which is got up in the most approved "gift-book" style, is a worthy tribute to the high character of the poet and the goodness of the man.

THE GOLDEN HARP; Hymns, Rhymes, and Songs for the Young. Adapted by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With Fifty-two Illustrations by J. D. WATSON, T. DALZIEL, and J. WOLF. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE, London.

German literature, both for children and their elders, has, of late years, had a tolerable wide circulation in this country, and not always with the most satisfactory results as regards the latter. Half the theological discussions which have recently arisen may be traced to the writings of certain men of Germany, and hence has sprung up among us that controversial spirit which has shaken the belief of some, and brought disunion among those who once were "heirs together of the same faith." But German stories and poetry are allowed to pass current here almost unquestioned, because, though they are frequently wrapped up in the mysticisms of the country, and largely partake of its strange legendary lore, no positive harm is done by them, and, perhaps, not much good as vehicles of sound instruction. The music of Dr. Dulcken's "Golden Harp" is, however, sweet and pleasant; it is attuned to high and holy themes in the hymns, and to amusing and profitable subjects in the other poems. The writings of Matthias Claudius, Rückert, and Hans Sachs, the "Cobbler-bard" of Nuremberg, have been chiefly laid under contribution, and are translated, as a whole, into good English versification that reads easily and euphoniously. The woodcuts are far above the average of children's books generally, both as designs and the work of the engraver. We most cordially commend this charming little book.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: Iron Workers and Tool Makers. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Lives of the Engineers." Published by J. MURRAY, London.

England is said to be, and with no little truth, one huge workshop. From Glasgow and Paisley in the north to London in the south, from Norwich in the east to almost the Land's End in the west, the sound of the sledge-hammer or the rattle of the weaver's loom echoes far and wide, though it may be often at long intervals of distance. Go almost where one will, into the most sequestered valley or by the windings of our most silvery rivers, white columns of steam rise up and float away into the absorbing air from factories where some vast industrial occupation is carried on. It is to iron we owe so much of our present commercial activity; it is now the bone and sinew, so to speak, of manufacturing enterprise, and the workers in what is usually called "base" metal are with us the true gold-finders. But many of the men to whom the country owes so much of her national wealth and trading greatness are comparatively unknown beyond their particular spheres. Mr. Smiles has undertaken the task of tracing out their histories and recording them in a book no less interesting and acceptable than his preceding works, the "Life of George Stephenson," the "Lives of the Engineers," and others. The whole history of our vast iron factories from the earliest period is here marked out in the lives of some of its principal workers—Dudley and Yarrington of the seventeenth century; the Darbys, the Reynoldses, Huntsman, Henry Cort, Mushet, Richard Crawshaw, and others,

of the last century; Neilson, Bramah, Maudslay, Nasmyth, Whitworth, Fairbairn, and others of the present. These are the men whose labours Mr. Smiles rightly considers are worthy to be placed on record, and "the more so as their lives present many points of curious and original interest."

And certainly these descendants of Tubal Cain have found an appreciating biographer in the author of this book, whose narratives often read more like tales of fiction than of facts found in the lives of men whose toil was great, whose perseverance to accomplish their purpose seems never to have flagged, and who have contributed in no small degree to help on the world in its civilising advancement. A friend speaking to Mr. Smiles on the subject of his work, says: "I do not begrudge *destructive* heroes their fame, but the *constructive* ones ought not to be forgotten." In which class, we would ask, are Whitworth and Armstrong, the great *constructors* of *destructive* engines, to be ranked? Assuredly to both.

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES. From the Poet Laureate. OWEN JONES, Illuminator. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

This is a most charming example of coloured lithography, at once beautiful in composition and admirable in execution. It consists chiefly of flowers, grouped in all possible ways and in great variety, each illuminated page containing a verse of the Laureate's Wedding Ode to the young Princess:—

"Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee."

The book is delicately and gracefully bound, and altogether is, perhaps, the most agreeable gift-book of the year.

TALES OF MANY LANDS. By M. FRASER TYTLER. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

A series of interesting stories, written not only with a view to amuse the young reader, but to instruct his mind and to elevate his thoughts. The scenes are laid in England, Scotland, and on the Continent, but the tales refer less to places than to individuals, and to actual incidents which form the groundwork of the narratives. No parent need glance over them to see if they are of a healthy and unexceptionable character; their moral tendency is at once evident.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN; its Towns, Villages, and Hamlets. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. By JOHN HANNETT. Published by SIMPKIN & Co., and J. RUSSELL SMITH, London.

That portion of the county of Warwickshire which is topographically known as the "Forest of Arden"—though it is questionable whether a forest, in the common acceptance of the word, ever existed there—lies between Oxford and Birmingham, and has a peculiar interest attaching to it from the presumed fact that it was much resorted to by Shakspeare in his early days, and that he gained from its scenery many of those exquisite rural descriptions found in his writings. Castles of considerable strength and old baronial mansions stood in former years in the district, and it seems to have been a favourite hunting-ground with the nobles and gentry of ages long past; now it is only a fertile, picturesque locality, glorying in its old churches, old farm-houses, and numerous mansions of comparatively modern date.

Had Mr. Hannett been skilled in the modern art of book-making, he might have produced a far more interesting volume than he has, out of the materials within his reach. As it is, the book is little more than a dry record, historical and topographical, of the "forest," which seems nowhere to have kindled in him a spark of poetical description, nor enticed him to say a word about its natural productions, botanical or geological. As a guide to seeing the principal attractions of the locality, his compilation may be accepted as safe, but it goes no further; and probably this was all the author intended. The illustrations, upwards of fifty in number, and executed by Mr. E. Whimper, are below mediocrity. We cannot understand how it is, that, in this day of skilful wood-engraving, so few publications of this kind have pictorial justice done to them. It can only be, we think, because authors and prominent publishers are ignorant—though it is difficult to understand it—of what good Art is.

THE PICTURE SCRAP BOOK. New Series. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

A rich mine of pictorial wealth is this goodly quarto volume; with all kinds of subjects in it, illustrating the seasons, places of note and interest, child-life,

natural history, home and foreign travel, and biblical history. Most of them are here collected together from books previously published: our own pages, we see, contributing some. Each page has, by way of explanation, a verse or passage of prose writing accompanying the woodcuts, which amount to some hundreds in number, and are capitally printed. Such a book must be quite a treasure in the nursery and juvenile school-room, uniting, as it does, amusement and instruction.

THE PHANTOM BOUQUET; a Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonising Leaves and Seed-Vessels, and adapting them to embellish the Home of Taste. By EDWARD PARRISH, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Published by A. BENNETT, London; J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.

Leaves at all times are beautiful: beautiful in the early bright green of spring-time; beautiful in the richer green of summer, and when the autumn is changing them into every tint of red, yellow, and brown; beautiful even when the wintry frost has powdered them with its white hoar, and they lie crisp and sparkling in the sunshine as we tread them under foot; but never is their beauty more wondrously displayed than after death, stripped of their clothing, and developing nothing more than their marvellous framework of the most subtle, delicate, and perfect tracery. We have seen vases filled with these anatomical subjects so exquisite as to defy description, and compel us to do nothing but examine, admire, and keep silent. Now the art of "skeletonising"—to adopt Mr. Parrish's Americanism—leaves is comparatively easy of attainment; it is a pleasant and most instructive amusement, and the result, unlike that of many occupations undertaken by ladies who have leisure at their command, cannot fail to be satisfactory, for the manipulator has little else to do than to leave nature to perform her own work with some slight aids.

This wintry season is not quite the proper time for such work, but the learner may even now make some experiments, and then, if she has carefully studied Mr. Parrish's little treatise—a concise and practical one—when the summer comes, she will be in a position to undertake any botanical dissection she pleases.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. Engraved by S. COUSENS, R.A., from the Picture by — LAURENT. Published by P. and D. COLNAGHI, SCOTT, & Co., London.

This, to our taste, is the most elegant portrait of the Princess which has yet appeared. It is a three-quarters length, with the figure habited in white muslin simply, and a long head-scarf of the same material falling over the arms, and blown, as if by a gentle breeze, across the skirts of the dress. The face, beautiful exceedingly, stands out in bold relief, caused by her long dark curls, against a grey sky. Nothing can be more delicate and aerial than the whole composition. Mr. Laurent certainly had a charming subject for his model; but he has, as certainly, brought the most refined taste to bear upon it.

UNDERTONES. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. Published by MOXON & Co., London.

The artist will delight in this book of a new and true poet. It is full of pictures. The name has been somewhat familiar to us as that of a writer in periodical works. He is, however, comparatively unknown; but this volume will give him a very high place among the great of our century. The subjects he treats are for the most part classical. His heroes and heroines are Pan, Orpheus, Polyphemus, Penelope, &c.; but he endows them with human feelings, passions, and sympathies, and tells the stories of their loves, wrongs, and woes in "lofty rhyme," such as we rarely read in these degenerate days. Mr. Buchanan will be at once recognised as a poet of the highest order, second to few, if any, of our modern bards, and worthy to stand proudly by the side of the best of those who glorified an age gone by.

"THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS:" Annals of the English Stage. By DR. DORAN, F.S.A. 2 vols. Published by W. H. ALLEN & Co., London.

There are few labourers in a rich and varied field of literature to whom a larger debt is owing than that which Dr. Doran claims. These volumes, which he dedicates to his friend, E. M. Ward, R.A., deal with the British stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean, and are full of highly interesting anecdotes, historical and personal. The materials have been brought together with great industry. They evi-

dence sound judgment and rare intelligence, and have merit far beyond their ostensible purpose—to gossip pleasantly about actors, authors, and audiences from the earliest period of the British drama, through its palmy days, to its decadence. We have space only sufficient to add a line to the praise so universally accorded to Dr. Doran for this, his latest and his most valuable work.

SIR GUY DE GUY: a Stirring Romant. By RATTLE-BRAIN. Illustrated by "PHIZ." Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This is a most pleasant poem, full of point and humour, in harmonious verse. It is, however, very long—too long, perhaps; although interest is sustained throughout. The style is a sort of mingling of "the manner of Marmion" with that of the "Rat-catcher's Daughter," detailing the adventures of a gallant volunteer, Guy Straggles, and his lady-love, Arabella Jane. It is, indeed, merely a mock-heroic; but written with great spirit, and brimfull of fun. The very numerous illustrations are by "Phiz," who has been lately too much missed in periodical literature. His drawings here are capital illustrations of the text.

THE SCHOOL MANUAL OF GEOLOGY. By J. BEETE JUKES, M.A., F.R.S., Local Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, &c. &c. Published by A. AND C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Whether geology has the same fascination for the young mind given to study that botany, natural history, and even chemistry, possess, may be a question, but there is no doubt that it opens up a large and deeply interesting field of thought and inquiry amply rewarding the labour bestowed on its investigation. To simplify such research, and to guide the student's faculty of observation, is the object of this manual, which, discarding all speculative theories, is a plain record of facts placed in an educational light. Though professedly written for the young, it may be advantageously consulted by their elders who are desirous of being initiated into the rudiments of the science.

RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Second Series. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

In continuation of a volume which we noticed two years since, Mr. Howitt has brought out another, of a similar kind, but descriptive of places omitted in the former. Among the principal ecclesiastical and castellated ruins referred to now, are Kenilworth, Caernarvon, Richmond, and Hurstmonceaux castles, and the abbeys of Whitby, Netley, Croyland, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, with others made famous by their historical associations: all of them shrines to which pilgrims are attracted by what remains of their architectural beauty, or by the records that are interwoven with their existence. These ancient ruins, hoary with age, and lovely, as many of them are, even in their decay, seem not to have evoked any enthusiasm in the mind of Mr. Howitt; his descriptions are strangely prosaic for one who has in other of his writings shown himself not without poetical feeling and lively imagination; and, certainly, here are themes whose "very stones do rise and mutiny" against dull treatment. Beyond an epitomised history of the edifices and their various occupants, Mr. Howitt has attempted little or nothing. Nearly thirty little photographic pictures, some of them well selected and artistically good, illustrate a book which has all the aids that delicate paper, careful printing, and a rich exterior can give it.

BUTTERFLYING WITH THE POETS. By JOSEPH MERRIN. Published for the Author, Gloucester.

A country book, printed at a provincial press, and a right good specimen of typography, wholesomely bound with the old "tooling," gives us a pleasant insight into the aspect and habit of those living and moving flowers that adorn our fields with all the hues of the rainbow on the garments that God has given them. It is a most interesting and very beautiful book. Its original feature, moreover, is that the "butterflies" are examples of "nature printing," and are apparently the actual objects depicted; indeed, at first sight we took them to be the real butterflies, for they are set in a sort of raised framework, and are in high relief. The poets who write of gardens and fields, woods and dales, lakes and rivers, are quoted from largely; hence the title, "Butterflying with the Poets." Unhappily, however, the quotations are given without naming the authorities.

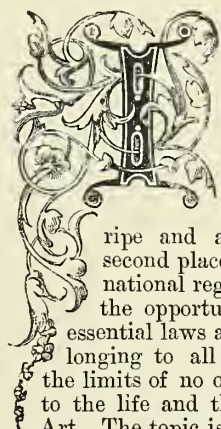
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1864.

THE
REVIVAL OF ART IN GERMANY.*
THE SCHOOLS OF MUNICH AND DUSSELDORF.

BY J. BEAINGTON ATKINSON.



HAVE chosen "The Revival of Art in Germany" as the subject of the present paper for two reasons. Primarily, because in modern times few, if any, other Art-restorations can show fruits more ripe and abundant; and in the second place, because this attempted national regeneration will afford us the opportunity of reviewing those essential laws and principles, which belonging to all time, circumscribed by the limits of no one country, are inherent to the life and the growth of every true Art. The topic is so far-reaching, that at the outset, boundaries must be prescribed. Let it be understood then that of all the arts painting is the only one which the space at our command will enable us to discuss. Tempting episodes might indeed lead us far a-field, but for the present our land-marks must be these. We will, as a starting point, take a survey of those forces, destructive or creative, which went to form the new birth; we will then enumerate some of the leading masters and characteristic works of the school; and lastly, such space as may remain, shall be devoted to a critical estimate of the merits and the failings which have marked this ambitious attempt to raise in Germany the standard of high Art.

We will no longer pause on the threshold, but at once enter on our opening division—the rise of the school. The new school arose, then, simply because it was needed. The old school had fallen into decrepitude. Towards the close of the last century, in Germany—and indeed throughout Europe—the ancient forms of Art, losing their original life, had sunk into dead tradition. Winckelman even, though burning with love for the glory of Greek sculpture, failed to re-kindle the ashes which were burnt out. The light had become darkness; the inspiration which had given life no longer moved; the soul which once breathed thought into every feature was dumb and inert as the clay. Academies, it is true, were all this while diligent in the teaching of drawing, light and shade, colour-

ing and composition. But in their learning was languor, and their external show of knowledge covered scantily the inward vacuity.

It is fortunate for the world that when things have come to this pass, a revival, in some form or other, generally sets in to the rescue. Sometimes this revival is a rebound provoked by simple disgust, and then that abrupt and violent movement called reaction ensues, observing the law well known in dynamics, that action and reaction are in force equal, but in direction opposite. At other times such revivals are the springing into life of some germ which has lain in the earth dormant, and then, instead of convulsions and overturnings, the change is wrought by the slow process of silent development. The new school of German Art owed its origin to the joint action of these several causes. A revolt against the routine of three centuries broke out. Since the days of the Medici, Grecian profiles and Roman togas had ruled the fashion. Poets seldom wrote of love without unloosing the zone of Venus or letting fly the dart of Cupid, and warriors before they went to battle of course got Mars to carry the shield. Men naturally grew tired of this everlasting serving up of ideas, which in the lapse of ages and the change of religions, had lost much of their original freshness and fitness. Hence was provoked reaction, a reaction which, as we have said, was in force equal, but in direction opposite, to the anterior momentum. Three centuries ago the classic had awakened a sleeping world to wonder; within the memory of our times the mediæval came to arouse an unbelieving generation to worship. For a period of three hundred years, the latest, that is the classic, manner of Raphael, had held dominion in the academies of Europe. The new school of Germany proclaimed, in antagonism, its faith in an anterior epoch, in earlier masters, and in that style which hitherto had been deemed archaic. The Italian painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Guido, Domenichino, and the Caracci—were driven from their seats, and in their stead enthroned the masters of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries—Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. Classic Art was stigmatised as Pagan; Raphael condemned as Anti-Christian and corrupt; and thus the rising discontent against the received academic teachings grew ripe for revolt, till at length open war was proclaimed, with "Pre-Raphaelite" as a banner and a watchword—an ensign which we have seen waving, though happily now only half-mast high, on the white cliffs of England.

But though a revival may gather from antagonism its first vehemence, it can scarcely thus gain its lasting vitality. A life-giving revival must be sustained, less by opposing force from without than by a living power from within. And this best assurance of a noble mission was not wholly wanting to the new school. Classic sculpture had been severe, cold, even icy. Her marble front might be likened to the everlasting hills of snow, silent, motionless, sublime. But Art enters for us also the valleys; her step is gentle, and her voice loving. Certain it is that the gospel of peace has given us works melting with human sympathies, mellowed by a grace divine, and eloquent through an indwelling spirit which fashions all things in beauty. This at least was the belief of those earnest men, Overbeck and others, who became the prayer-seeking disciples of Christian Art. Theirs was the creed that the religion of Christ had not only been the highest, but ought to be the only inspiration to genius; and like Fra Angelico of old, these painters entered their studios through the door of the church, and made the morning orison the

preparation for the noontide work. Weak some of these men were, as mortals are wont to be, and their weakness had not always the blessed issue of being clothed in strength by a higher power, yet for some of them, I firmly believe, were opened, even in the desert, wells of water.

I think, then, we shall understand what were the agencies which conspired to bring about that revival which we must now approach more closely. The primary motive powers, as we have seen, were, on the one hand, antipathy to a pseudo-classic, and, on the other, attachment for a pure and earnest Christian Art. We have now arrived at a period early in the present century, when the first disciples of the new or rather the revived school—Overbeck, Veit, and Cornelius—being committed to revolutionary doctrines, were compelled to take decided action. They commenced by secession from the academies of Vienna and Düsseldorf, wherein they had been educated. Such a step was easy; their subsequent course more arduous. They were severed from their masters and their fellow-students, they were estranged from the sympathy of friends, they had forsaken the time-worn path of three centuries, and at length found themselves turned adrift into the midst of mediæval ages where no hand was ready to guide them through the darkness. Great must have been their perplexity and trouble, and I incline to think that at the very outset they committed a mistake which has, even to this moment, marred their maturest works. Two courses were open to them; two schools divided their choice. Near at hand in their own fatherland were the noble works of Van Eyck, Durer, and Holbein. Across the frontier of the Alps in a foreign country might be found the frescoes of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. We will pause for a moment at this turning point, to ponder on the conflicting claims which must have sorely bewildered these young men in the selection of their future school and masters.

The question which Overbeck and his confreres had to answer was, whether this revival, which they believed had been committed to their hands, might not find robust root and growth in German territories within shadow of their own homes. These men belonged to the great Teutonic family, which in the works of Van Eyck, Memling, Durer, and Holbein, had given proof of unusual vigour. They were the descendants of a race of painters stamped with a bold idiosyncrasy, which certainly had but little in common with Italian idealism. The quaint old works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which we see in the galleries of Munich and Berlin, vouch for the strength of German genius, yet at the same time set the limits beyond which northern Art has ever found it perilous to pass. The figures which we find painted on these cribbed and cabined panels, are of a wholly different character from the saints and the angels which appeared to the vision of Beato Angelico in the Tuscan convent of St. Marco. The Madonna of a northern latitude bears the traits of a good housewife; the saints have the ungainly carriage of men who have plodded honestly at an earthly calling. Look into the countenance, and you will read that imagination has never taken wing to regions where the feet could not follow. Measure the square brow, and you will discover the ample seat of reason. Mark the firmly set lip, the seal of resolute will. Trace the severe lines across the forehead and down the cheek, as if the rights of private judgment had been graven in the flesh—rights so unyielding that the warm flood of life is staid and chilled—rights which, whether lighted or not by the lamp of truth, seems to matter little, for they are held with a resolu-

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tion firm to martyrdom. Such is the personification of early German Art. In fidelity to individual nature it is unrivalled; in fantastic forms and grotesque spirit it is peculiar; in its indifference to beauty for her own sake it is a direct contrast to the schools of Italy.

Now, we again repeat, it became a question of vital moment whether the young reformers should cling to the Art of their native land, whether they should seek to rear a modern school on the foundations laid by their forefathers; or whether, on the other hand, they should migrate to Italy and strive to attain the transcendental style. Ambition—let us admit a laudable ambition—tempted them to adopt the latter alternative. It has been said in satire that the faculty of reflection was given to the people of the north chiefly for the contemplation of the poetry and the beauty which reside in the south. And surely the true artist thirsting for perfection can scarcely in these climes of great-coat weather, in an age and in countries given up to calculating utility, find sphere for that romance of fancy, that riot of imagination, or even for the calm meditation wherein the poetic mind first tries the venturous wing or gathers its future strength. For painters, moreover, such as Overbeck and Cornelius, aspiring after high Christian Art, some study in Italy, if not a lengthened sojourn, is certainly desirable, almost indeed indispensable. Men for command of position, men who are to do a new work in the world, and to leave an impress on their country, wisely separate themselves for a season from the narrow confines of a province, from the prejudices of a day and the fleeting fashions of an hour, to tread in a distant and illustrious land the roads which history has beaten, to live in ancient capitals, centres of bygone civilisations, and to ponder even among ruins upon those firm truths and enduring principles which time may cloud but cannot wholly change. Such principles and truths, especially for the artist, are best learnt in Italy. Italy is of the Arts the monument, the mausoleum, and the museum. In Tuscany are Etruscan sepulchres. In Magna Grecia are Greek temples. On the confines of Naples are buried Roman towns, the successive remains of three great nations. To these we must add the matchless creations of a fourth people—the Italians of the middle ages. Whoever the student may be, whatever the special department of his labour, it is impossible that his imagination should not kindle, his ambition burn, when brought in contact with these vast displays of power, these multitudinous manifestations of beauty. Even the painter who may be intent solely on the revival of mediæval Art, can scarcely fail, as he casts his eye over this wide horizon, to gain extent of vision and largeness of conception. His own cherished theme is religious Art. He copies pictures of the Madonna; he studies the legends of the saints. But surely other teachings will not be lacking; monitions written upon each crumbling wall, warnings muttered by every tongue, come to him as dire evidence of a divine judgment, as direct workings of a Providence which has strewn the ground with ruins, buried empires, and yet from day to day makes the sun to rise with blessings for the earth. In the stillness of the caverned tomb, in the grandeur and desolation of the fallen column, a voice steals upon the ear which, to the true religious artist, free from false trammels, should speak as inspiration. Reasons then, I think, there were why Overbeck, Cornelius, Veit, and others should have forsaken, for a time, at least, the German fatherland, reasons, however, which, as I have endeavoured to indicate, pointed to increased liberty, not to final thralldom.

I hope that this somewhat elaborate ana-

lysis of the antecedents attending the revival of Art in Germany will have indicated, 1st, Why these reformers broke in revolt from the established academies; 2nd, Why they eschewed the ancient school of their country; 3rd, Why they preferred to migrate into Italy; and 4th, Why they determined to re-fashion their so-called Christian Art exclusively on the practice and the precedent of the old Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On this last point we may remember that an eloquent English writer, indulging in a brilliant antithesis, for which he has become illustrious, makes the unqualified assertion, "that all ancient Art was religious, and all modern Art is profane." This, doubtless, is a partial and an exaggerated statement; yet can we well understand why Overbeck and his followers should have held themselves aloof from the companionship of the ordinary run of students, and have shunned the noisy haunts of men. These zealots, wrapped in contemplation, sought to breathe in the very spirit of those divine works which on cloister wall, we regret to say, are now fast fading from vision. In their proposed revival they aspired not to create, but were content to copy. With timid hand, yet devoted heart, they would transcribe those angel forms which, when the star rested over Bethlehem, glided gently down to where the young Child lay. In the legends of their church they were learned; in the reproduction of the forms, and even of the actual figures of the masters of Tuscany and Umbria, they were literal. And this devotion, yet servility, I would say emphatically, was their glory and their reproach.

We have found, then, that the masters of three distinct and opposing schools stood around the cradle of the newly-born German Art. First, and nearest, men ready at once to arrogate the office of tutors—academicians, adepts in classic and Raphaelian conventionalities. Second, sturdy old Germans, vigorous in their ancient stock, but somewhat uncouth and anti-sympathetic. Lastly, the loving Italian, seemingly pure as a vestal, holy as a saint. It was, as we have seen, to the tender guardianship of this so-called spiritual school that Overbeck affectionately clung.

The apprenticeship of these young German artists is ended, and we will now enter on the works of their maturer life. In Rome, the city of their adoption, they received a few commissions. In the Villa Massimi, near La Porta Laterana, may be seen to this day a series of frescoes from the Divina Commedia and the Gerusalemme, executed by Veit, Schnorr, Overbeck, and Führich; and in the house of the Zuccari, on the Pincian, is another series of frescoes, illustrating the history of Joseph, and painted by Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, and Cornelius. We will, however, at once cross the Alps, and change the scene from Italy to Germany, for it is, after all, in the native country of these painters that the most characteristic works of the modern revival must be sought. To enumerate all the important compositions with which, during the last thirty years, the churches, palaces, and municipal buildings of the capitals of Germany have been adorned, were within the limits of one article impossible. I shall therefore hope to concentrate the attention of the reader on two chief centres, the school of Düsseldorf and the town of Munich.

I visited Düsseldorf a few years ago, not without disappointment. The comparatively small collection of pictures which constitutes the public gallery could be scarcely received as a fair representation of the school which had acquired European renown. The 'Annunciation,' by Carl Müller, and the two

'Leonoras,' by Professor Sohn, are indeed well-known works; and I wish that time would admit of a digression in favour of Lessing, who, in opposition to the clique of so-called Christian artists, has nobly raised the standard of Protestantism. What was incomplete in the public gallery I sought to supplement by a visit to private studios. Here I found some pictures in progress. But, fortunately for the artists themselves, the works which had already won distinction were long since disposed of, and could be seen only in distant cities. Düsseldorf, then, is not so much an emporium of Art as a school for artists; and in this last aspect it is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence which its professors and painters have exerted throughout Germany and Europe. Düsseldorf, like Rome, is a republic of artists. In these two centres, of which there are but few in Europe, painters and sculptors meet in friendship or in rivalry; they discuss in *cafés* and in clubs the merest of conflicting theories and masters; visits freely pass from studio to studio, and searching criticism flies as a barbed shaft, hitting but not killing. In such a community the master minds govern, and public opinion soon consolidates into a dominant idea. That idea, in the case of Düsseldorf, was the revival to reinstated glory of Christian Art. There might be, it is true, dissenting minds, like that of Lessing, a man who, distrusting the emotions, confided in the strength of sober intellect. There may likewise in a great school, as in the wide world, be found diversities of gifts and differences in callings. Students from Norway, such as Tidemand, by sympathy become identified with a vigorous naturalism. The lovers of landscape, like Achenbach, Hildebrand, and Leu, will sketch on the Scheldt and study on the fiords of Scandinavia. Yet notwithstanding these varieties of manifestation, do we ever distinguish in this school of Düsseldorf the unity of one dominant thought and purpose—a steadfast faith in that mission which was received as a marvel in modern Europe—the revival, as we have seen, of mediæval Art.

For an epitome of the work which these disciples from Düsseldorf have accomplished, we will visit a small church at Remagen, not far from the Drachenfels, overhanging the Rhine. The interior of this cabinet of pictures, dedicated to St. Apollinaris, may not inaptly be compared to the chapel of Giotto, at Padua. The walls are literally illuminated, as the pages of a missal, with frescoes. Carl Müller, Andrea Müller, Deger, and Ittenbach, all illustrious representatives of the neighbouring school of Düsseldorf, have here painted those visions of heaven which, recorded in the Scriptures, became revelations for earth; they have, as far as may be permitted to mortal artists, drawn aside the veil and displayed to the gaze of the worshipper the heavenly host. Seldom in the history of painting—even at a period when the artist sought for, and believed he found divine illumination—have we witnessed the manifestation of angel life and ministration in forms more lovely, in features more pure from earth's alloy. Criticism, it is true, might easily blow the breath of dejection into the face of these super-mundane creations. The feebleness which almost inevitably inheres to compilations—the lack of originality, which is the bane of eclecticism—the want of positive vitality, which emasculates a spirituality of mere negation—such, it might be urged, are the shortcomings of this school, which falters with precarious footing on the confines of two worlds. Yet beset as we are on all sides by the gross materialism of a grovelling Art which glories in a debased naturalism, we thankfully accept

these nobler aspirations, just as they are, without cavil, and would wish to use all such outcomings of chastened imagination as aids by which the mind may reach forward in its appointed progress. Chapels thus glowing in the harmony of colour, thus adorned with the loveliness of form, are intoned in unison with hymns sung both on earth and in sky. I rejoice to think that the example set by Germany has been followed by Protestant England in churches—such as All Saints', Margaret Street, and the church erected by Mr. Gambier Parry, at Highnam, in the county of Gloucester. Much remains to be done; indeed, a beginning has hitherto barely been made; yet the views to which I have here ventured to give individual expression, have, at all events, already laid firm hold on the public mind, and each passing year witnesses to their practical extension.

We will now pass from Düsseldorf to Munich. I should have liked to have visited on the way the grand mural paintings of Kaulbach in Berlin. But time presses; and the style of Kaulbach, moreover, differs so essentially from the manner of his more mediæval brethren, that a distinct and lengthened analysis would be needful before we could venture to determine the precise position and merit of his marvellous productions. In one short sentence, then, we must be content to say that Kaulbach, contrasted with the masters of Düsseldorf, is classic, academic, and rationalistic. Without further tarrance we will go forthwith to Munich. Düsseldorf we have seen as a school, Munich we approach as a capital and court: Düsseldorf is the cradle and nursery of genius, Munich is, or at least has been, the throne of a monarch who aspired to be in the Gothic Fatherland a modern Meccenas and Medici. Perhaps few cities in the entire world offer to the student and the traveller subjects so suggestive of serious reflection. The greater number of these topics we must pass by, in order with less distraction to concentrate the attention on a few leading artists and master-works. In the first place, let us say a word on the revival of fresco painting. This process has been deemed peculiarly fitted for grand historic compositions. Large in manners, firmly pronounced in outline, abstinent of detail, yet simple in generic truth, fresco painting has been in the history of Art closely allied to her sister, Architecture. The method, probably never entirely lost, had certainly fallen into some disuse when Overbeck and Cornelius, in Rome, were seeking to retrace the footsteps of the Italian Pre-Raphaelites. In fresco these middle-age painters had expressed their noblest thoughts; through the instrument of fresco, therefore, it was natural that their modern imitators should strive to obtain utterance. This experiment—perhaps the boldest essayed within living memory—has been put to the trial on a scale almost beyond precedent in the city of Munich. Three churches—that of St. Lewis, the Basilica of St. Boniface, and the Palace Chapel of All Saints—are richly adorned from pavement to vault with mural paintings, executed by Cornelius and Hess, assisted, as the masters of old, by a troop of students. The magnitude of these works, and the arduous labours they involved, will be sufficiently indicated by the one example of the 'Last Judgment,' the greatest achievement of Cornelius—the Hercules of his school. The studies for this grand fresco, occupying the apse in the church of St. Lewis, taxed ten years of the artist's sojourn in Rome, and one figure, that of Christ, in the composition, is little less than twelve feet high. Such are the proportions, such the ambition, of the Munich school of high Art.

The name of Cornelius has for many years sounded in every ear. Let us pause for a moment to make scrutiny of his genius. In Rome the age of Leo witnessed Raphael and Michael Angelo—contrasts and rivals. In Munich the reign of Lewis saw as contemporaries Overbeck and Cornelius. Overbeck was gentle as Sanzio; Cornelius fierce and turbulent as Buonarroti. Overbeck clung to beauty as the symbol of divine love; Cornelius armed himself with grandeur, the personification of power. Inspiration stole quietly on Overbeck as a still small voice; deity thundered to Cornelius from a whirlwind. The horizon of German Art has been divided between these two men—unequally, indeed, because even as seen in Raphael and Michael Angelo, sympathy may win when power but repels. And so Cornelius, like his great prototype, will die with followers few. Yet strength in Art has seldom been denied to nobility of mind. Cornelius is again and again described in the letters of Niebuhr as a bold, free-minded man. Yet, I regret to say, that bold as Cornelius, when a student, was, he has since, in his crowning work, 'The Last Judgment,' given melancholy example of servility. He was known in Rome as an enthusiast for the poet Goëthe; indeed, it had been said that he aspired to become the Goëthe of painters. We turn to his picture, 'The Last Judgment,' in Munich; we gaze around the vast concourse—the harvest of the world—and among adoring saints, high in the beatitude of the serener sky, may be distinguished a royal head. The eye then wanders downwards to the lower sphere, and there, in the fellowship of demons, behold a hideous monster crouched at the feet of Satan. That royal personage entering on the ineffable glory is ex-king Ludwig! and that monster is the poet Goëthe. Call to remembrance the repeated and the heartfelt tributes which our own Carlyle has offered to his master in literature and brother in labour, and then estimate, if we can, the grossness of the indignity which the philosopher and poet of Germany—compassed, it may be, with infirmities, for to err is mortal—has suffered in this picture—parody upon truth and honesty. Such a betrayal of the allegiance which genius owes to genius, comes, however, in the end with avenging rebound, and stabs to the very heart that school of Munich, the integrity of which is thus assailed. We enter the Basilica and the Palace Chapel, each glorying in spiritual Art as conceived by Hess, a leading disciple of the creed, and though not unconscious of incipient reverie, sober sense warns us no further to wander from the paths of nature. Reason has been given for a governing faculty in man, and right reason is no less a law unto Art. A true revival in the Arts is not the digging up of the ashes of saints and martyrs, but rather the exaltation of that humanity which now walks the earth. Conceded then, we think it must be, that the modern schools of Munich and of Düsseldorf do not breathe and move with true life restored; they are still shrouded in death.

We will now submit this modern German school to three distinct tests. We will venture to pass judgment on its merits and shortcomings, according to the relations in which it stands—1st, to historic precedent; 2nd, to spiritual intuition; 3rd, and last, to outward nature.

First, then, as to the right use, or perversion, of historic precedents. It is manifest that the artist, no less than the man of science—if at every step he be not doomed to make a new beginning—must be taught by experience, must be guided by the wisdom of his forefathers, must build on the foundations laid in former ages. Thus only can the Arts

and the Sciences become progressive. And this proposition which is true in the general, obtains peculiar cogency in epochs when the light of knowledge is darkened, and the Arts have fallen into decadence. Such was the condition of Germany, and, indeed, of Europe, when the painters of the new school sounded a revival. To the law and to the testimony was their watchword; that well-ordered law, that prescriptive beauty, that testimony to truth and to goodness which the artists of the middle ages having made steadfast, left as an heritage and ensample to all who should come after. Well was it when the world had been lost to the noble verities, for lack of which Art sinks into levity and debauch, that communion should again be opened with those earnest minds who painted what they believed and worshipped. Wise was it when the body and the very soul of Art lay destitute, that food should be begged and raiment borrowed. Life thus might be refreshed, and health restored. Such, indeed, was the revival for which the artists of Düsseldorf and of Munich have merited the thanks of mankind. Would, however, we could add, that this revival, passing from early years of tutelage, had gained the strength of manhood, and the liberty which comes of mature knowledge. Would that we could say that the faith which had at first sustained the zealots was at length delivered from superstition, or that the obedience, seemly in the neophyte, had in after years assumed a self-reliant independence. Near, indeed, were these men, as they stood at the narrow gate of the middle ages; very near were they to the universal truth and beauty which stretch into all time. Yet to them was denied an entrance, save to the outer court. And the judgment of history, the verdict passed even by the mediæval painters on their devout imitators, could it now be heard, is this: "We artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Bartolomeo, Francia, and Perugino, were men like unto you; we, as other mortals, have been weak and wanting in knowledge, and many were the errors into which we fell, lacking the looked-for light. Yet light and truth, so far as seen in the darkness, we strove to reflect, though dimly. You men of a distant age and clime, born in a brighter day, follow that light, and serve that truth. Worship not the past, but work in the present and for the future; revolve not as satellites of borrowed lustre, when you may shine as systems in a clearer sky."

Secondly, let us regard the new school as the outcoming of spiritual intuition. We choose the word intuition, and not inspiration. Inspiration of genius is a term used for the most part as a metaphor. Every good gift and every perfect work are indeed from above, and an artist like Overbeck, who has dedicated his life to watching and prayer, doubtless finds occasion to offer thanks to the Father of Lights, for every form of beauty that comes upon his canvas. I cherish the belief that the spiritual artist in all ages, even as the devout writer or preacher, is not left solely to his wayward fancies, but surely finds higher guidance, that, with gushings from deep wells of thought, mingle floods from the fountain whence all blessings flow. For obvious reasons the word inspiration I do not venture to use; yet not the less would I claim for Overbeck and his school, gifts which are not wholly within the power of man. Beyond this general confession of faith it is not fitting that I should now go.

We will pass, then, to the directly natural outpouring in pictorial form of those higher intuitions which, belonging to all men, are specially the endowments of the sensitive and spiritual artist. The metaphysics of

mind, and equally the philosophy of Art, are divided between two schools, the outward and the material, which takes in knowledge through the door of the senses; and its opposite, the inward and the ideal, which discovers pure reason, and essential beauty and truth, flowing from the living springs of the soul. We need scarcely say that a complete philosophy of Art must unite the outward form and the inward thought, as body and spirit, into one personality. It becomes, however, interesting to watch, as in the works of Fra Angelico and Overbeck, the one-sided manifestations which arise from a partial creed. These men, as we shall immediately proceed to show in the concluding division of this analysis, ignored, as far as possible, the material and naturalistic elements of their art. And therein have they suffered loss. But, on the other hand, they have exalted, beyond the example of all other painters, spiritual intuition as a creative power, and this their holy endeavour has, I believe, not been without reward. It is with me a firm conviction that every inward idea, vivid and vital, already has created, or hereafter may fashion for itself, not indeed an identical, but a correlative form in the outward and material world. The covering which we call the body, is as the thin drapery which falls over the lineaments of an ancient marble, modulated to the articulations lying beneath, seeming to move with the respiring breath of life, revealing the beauty which it but partly veils. Such is the correspondence between inward thought and outward form; between creative idea and covering substance; between the invisible life or essence that we call soul, and the grosser reality which we term body:

"Sudden arose
Ianthé's soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.

Upon the couch the body lay,
Wrapped in the depth of slumber:

"Twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The self-same lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there;
Yet, oh how different! One aspires to Heaven,
Pants for its sempiternal heritage,
And ever-changing, ever-rising still,
Wontons in endless being.
The other, for a time the unwilling sport
Of circumstance and passion, struggles on;
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly;
Then, like a useless and worn-out machine,
Rots, perishes, and passes."

A spiritual artist, however, of whom Fra Angelico and Overbeck are all but perfected types, is apt to look upon the body as an accident, the soul as the essence; or rather, to regard the body as shadow and reflection, the soul as the primal reality. Hence arise the virtue and also the frailty of this idealistic school. By painters of this class the body is represented as weak, neglected, even despised. But, as we have said, to minds thus subtly attuned, a recompense is given. Stealing away from the tumult of the world, these artists betake themselves to tranquil meditation. They are of the blessed order of quietists. "The painter," said the monk of Fiesole, "has need of quiet," and so these artists, possessing their souls in stillness, listen to the whispers of the inward voice, introvert the eye of the mind to gaze on consciousness, and then, turning vision upon open space, beauteous spirits are seen to float in coloured imagination across the twilight sky. The forms figured in this dreamland, we need scarcely say, are, for the most part, tainted with morbid idiosyncrasy. Monstrosities, indeed, may sometimes come at a preternatural birth.

For, thirdly, these artists of an inward quietism and spiritualism failed to think nobly of outward nature. It has been said,

and, in fact, I credit in great degree the assertion, that Overbeck, trusting to the forms revealed through intuition, has discarded the use of the living model. I need not say that no more fatal mistake could have been committed. Through want of constant and immediate access to nature, the works of these idealists became shadowy and cloudy, they lacked power and life, and, losing firm grasp of the actual, they lapsed into inanity. Moreover these spiritualists, in committing this practical blunder, fell necessarily at the same time the victims of a corresponding theoretic misconception. In the kingdom of Art, no schism should separate the spiritual from the natural. We have endeavoured to show that every idea points to and prefigures its correspondent body; and not less true is it that each outward form serves as the phonetic expression of an inner and latent conception. Between the macrocosm of the visible universe, and the microcosm of man's invisible mind, is an indissoluble union—a convergence of primal forces which the spiritual and transcendental artist should, above all men, strive to resolve into harmonies—like to that mystic hymn of cosmogony—the music of the spheres. But, throwing aside such metaphysical speculations, which lie, however, as the starting point not only of sound theory, but of correct practice, let us speak directly to the immediate point before us—the worthy treatment of a noble nature. In brief, nature is the way of Providence, the working of a wise Creator. And we are told, that when in the beginning the evening and the morning closed the sixth day, "God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." And though the mystery of evil has since come to mar the world, yet a remnant of the original beauty remains. The evening and the morning still tell us that goodness, and blessing, and peace are not departed. The flowers that brighten our fields blossom scarcely less joyfully than when they grew in Eden: the innocent smile of youth, and the stately brow of manhood, testify that a temple may lose a crowning arch, or be wanting in a pinnacle, and yet stand nobly, though in ruins. Such is the nature which the spiritual, yet creative, artist should, in perfect consonance with his purest aspirations, transcribe, study, and, if needs be, transform.

I have endeavoured to set forth the modern school of Germany, not in the sunshine of eulogy, but under the tempered light and shade of discriminative criticism. I feel that we owe to the works passed in review a debt of no ordinary gratitude. Forms so pure, visions so heavenly, should engrave upon the heart of hearts a love of the beautiful—an aspiration towards the good and the true. This must be our eulogy. And if criticism intrude to cool our ardour, take it not for cavil, but rather as a claim put in for something better yet to come. The mission of the highest Art remains to be accomplished. Overbeck and his school have attained unwonted heights, but truths more generic; a beauty more human, yet divine; a goodness less sectarian, because embracing the universal Church, are yet within the reach of the artist who shall reconcile the ideality of the inner life with the perfection of outward and natural form. Such a school, which is still the possibility and hope of the future, will realise the visions of our poetic intuitions, will restore, in some measure at least, for the delight of the eye and the consolation of fond desire, that world of beauty, which we are told was once created the home of man, and may yet, in the depths of a boundless space, be granted as his heritage.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF W. HOULDS-WORTH, ESQ., HALIFAX.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

W. P. Frith, R.A., Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

ONE or two centuries hence many of Mr. Frith's pictures will be referred to as illustrative examples of the people, manners, and customs of his time, and speaking more intelligibly than the most lucid descriptions of the historian, however comprehensive and faithful these may be. His scenes drawn from life are not Hogarthian, for he does not assume to be a moralist, and certainly is not a caricaturist. He is a student in the life-school of Nature, with his countrymen and women, of all ages and conditions, sitting as his models. His great works, 'The Sands at Ramsgate,' 'The Derby Day,' and 'The Railway Station,' show

"The very age and body of the time,
Its form and features;"

while several of his smaller pictures, such as that before us, present little episodes, so to speak, in the social history of the middle of the nineteenth century; and what a history that is, when it descends into the lower depths of the community, is known only to those who have wandered through the regions of poverty, destitution, and crime, whence come the hundreds of juvenile Arabs who throng our streets, to earn a subsistence—honestly, when they can, and feel inclined; if not, by any means within reach. Busy enough in the daytime at any occupation they find, but in the night hiding wherever covering of any kind is to be met with; like the homeless one described by Mackay in a volume of poems just published:—

"Half-past three in the morning!
And no one in the street
But me, on the sheltering door-step,
Resting my weary feet:—
Watching the rain-drops patter
And dance where the puddles run,
As bright in the glaring gas-light
As dewdrops in the sun."

This struggle for existence in a vast city is a wonderful sharpener of the intellect. The shrewdness, and even the wit and humour, not unfrequently manifested by the young 'urchins who solicit our charity as we cross the road, or offer to call a cab, or to do any other act whereby they consider themselves entitled to a "copper," cannot escape the observation of any one who keeps his ears open, and by a little kindly notice affords opportunity for the display of untutored juvenile oratory. Rough and ragged as are the boys who are crossing-sweepers by profession, the majority of them rarely fall into the hands of the police for misdemeanours. They are of a different class from the pickpocket and vagrant classes who prowl about to make what prizes fall within their reach. A crossing in a great thoroughfare—or, as it is technically called by the fraternity, a "broom-walk"—is a lucrative post to hold. Some of our readers doubtless remember, as we do, a black man who for many years swept the roadway between the end of Fleet Street and the bottom of Ludgate Hill, known as "Waithman's Corner." This man left the whole of his property, amounting to several hundred pounds, to Miss Waithman, the daughter of the alderman, whose shop was close by, because the lady never omitted to drop a halfpenny in his cap when she passed him.

Mr. Frith's 'Crossing-sweeper' has a face somewhat above the fraternity of St. Giles's; it is bright and intelligent, showing material which would work well in the hands of the schoolmaster, and which, properly employed, would turn out advantageously. If the fair lady would only condescend to turn her glance on him, she could not resist his earnest appeal; but she is evidently measuring her distance as regards the approach of some vehicle. The picture is painted with the artist's usual care and brilliancy of colour. It is a gem in the small but well-selected collection of the gentleman to whom we are indebted for permission to engrave it.



W. P. FRITH, R.A. PINXT

C. W. SHARPE, SCULPT

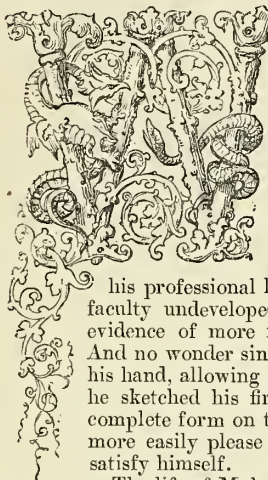
THE CROSSING SWEEPER

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF W. HOLLISWORTH ESQ. HALIFAX

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXX.—WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.



WILLIAM MULREADY began life as an Art-student; all through his career—that is, for a period extending over sixty years—he confessed himself still a learner; and when death called him somewhat suddenly from his easel, only a few months ago, he felt that he had not even then done all which Art was capable of achieving, though every one else was convinced that he had long since accomplished the end. This was the great secret of his unvarying success—his motto was “progression;” and year after year, even to the closing act of

his professional life, one could always detect in his works some faculty undeveloped before, some new point of excellence, some evidence of more matured powers of thought or of execution. And no wonder since he caused his pictures to grow slowly under his hand, allowing sometimes years to elapse from the time when he sketched his first ideas on the canvas till they appeared in a complete form on the wall of the exhibition room; he could much more easily please the public, and even the critics, than he could satisfy himself.

The life of Mulready is coeval with three generations. He came to England from Ireland about the year 1790, and was introduced to Banks the sculptor, who took him into his studio and set him to work at drawings from his casts. At the age of fourteen he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards gained the silver

palette in the Society of Arts' competition. During some few years he earned his living as a teacher of drawing and by making designs for illustrated books, published by William Godwin. His earliest paintings were attempts at the grand style—‘Ulysses and Polyphemus,’ a subject which his contemporary Turner subsequently rendered with such poetical imagination; and ‘The Disobedient Prophet,’ the subject of one of Linnell's greatest works. These pictures failing in success, Mulready turned his attention to landscape and cottage scenes with figures, his first work exhibited at the Academy being ‘A Cottage at Knaresborough,’ in 1804. From the year just mentioned till about 1813 his pictures were of a miscellaneous kind, landscapes, interiors, and “still life” alternating with each other.

It is not, however, to be supposed that by this desultory kind of work Mulready was experimentalising on the taste of the public, nor that he was uncertain in his own mind in what direction his genius would ultimately lead him; he was quietly biding his time, and studying the works of some of the old Dutch masters, Jan Steen and Teniers. Occasionally during his earlier practice he had produced a few figure subjects, ‘The Rattle,’ in 1808, and ‘Returning from the Alehouse,’ in 1809. But in 1813 he sent to the Academy ‘Boys Playing at Cricket,’ painted three years previously, and the first of that series of characteristic pictures which have ever since been associated with his name. It is grey-headed men only who can recollect the first appearance of ‘Punch,’ in 1813, of ‘Idle Boys,’ in 1815, of ‘The Fight Interrupted,’ in 1816, and of ‘Lending a Bite,’ in 1819.

Following these came at intervals ‘The Wolf and the Lamb,’ ‘The Careless Messenger,’ ‘The Travelling Druggist,’ ‘The Origin of a Painter,’ ‘Boys Firing a Cannon,’ ‘Returning from the Hustings,’ ‘A Sailing Match,’—a duplicate of this picture was painted for Mr. Sheepshanks.—‘The Forgotten Word,’ ‘The First Voyage,’—sold last year with the Allnutt collection for 1,450 gs.—‘Giving a Bite,’ ‘The Last In,’ ‘Bob Cherry,’ ‘Fair Time,’ ‘The Ford,’—all these in the Vernon collection,—‘Choosing the Wedding Gown,’ ‘Burchell and Sophia,’ ‘The Butt,’ with several others of subjects differing somewhat from these.

Omitting all allusion to the subject-matter of these pictures, there is



Engraved by]

THE CONVALESCENT FROM WATERLOO.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

nothing in the whole range of Dutch or Flemish art that can be brought into comparison with most of them for truth of drawing, elaborate finish, and splendour of colouring; it has been well said that, “as a painter, Mulready's art is perfection;” by intense study, and by the display of con-

summate technical powers, he triumphed over all the greatest difficulties of his art. And if we look beyond the mere externals, so to speak, of his paintings, into the materials of which the several subjects are composed, what evidence we find of his intimate acquaintance with the heart and

mind, how much of humour, and, not unfrequently, of pathos too! His earlier works do not reach that richness and beauty of colour seen in his later, but even in those he attained a far higher degree of brilliancy than Wilkie ever did. Note, too, the refined character of his faces, the simple unaffected sweetness of his village girls, the *wholesome*, fresh, and unvulgarised countenances of his village urchins; there is no sentimental prettiness in the former, nothing mean and low in the latter; stolid and clownish some of these may be, and are required to be, to support the characters assigned to them, but they are not debased in expression, not caricatured to give point to the idea they are intended to convey; it is here we discover Mulready's gentle dealing with the infirmities of human nature,

and the reflection of his own cheerful spirit and rightly-directed mind. He was a lover of his species, and would not hold even the youngsters up to ridicule, though he set forth their humours, both good and evil.

In the work of producing he commenced and continued throughout on the surest and only sound principles; he studied everything well beforehand, and made very careful drawings of all—even to the most insignificant object to be introduced into the picture. Thus the entire composition was not only preconceived, but he surrounded himself with all the materials he intended to employ in it. And yet with this attention to minutiae and to extreme finish—for even the "studies" were completed drawings—there is no evidence in any of Mulready's works of Pre-Raphaelite elaboration.



Engraved by]

LENDING A BITE.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Each of the three pictures we introduce as examples of his pictures may be said to represent a class of his figure-subjects; the landscapes *proper* are so few, and of such early date, that they are comparatively forgotten when one speaks of Mulready's productions. 'THE CONVALESCENT FROM WATERLOO,' exhibited in 1822, partakes of the character of a landscape, but its interest rests mainly on the figures. The soldier has been permitted to leave the military hospital, and to take an airing on the wide beach in front of it; seated on a log of wood, his wife and children have joined him; while the youngsters amuse themselves, their elders are engaged in conversation; the spirit of the story is well sustained, and with considerable pathos, but the canvas is too large for the subject; the picture looks poor,

simply because there is nothing in it to occupy a prominent position in comparison with the extent of surface covered. Reduced to the scale of our woodcut, this defect is no longer manifest.

'LENDING A BITE,' exhibited in 1836, belongs to the humorous class of subjects, that class which forms the majority of Mulready's best-known works. A marvellous faculty he had for developing character in rustic juveniles, and bringing it out in all its varied truthful aspects. Look at the boy who is owner of the apple; he is evidently not large-hearted; awed, in all probability, by the threats of the bigger and stronger boy, he allows him to take a "bite," yet how tenaciously he holds the apple in his two hands, his thumbs just indicating the portion to be absorbed, certainly not

as a free-will offering; his elbows are placed close to his side, the better to resist any attempt to get beyond the limits of his assigned generosity; he shrinks from the attack of the devourer on his property, and his countenance is marked by misgivings and apprehension. The boy who has extorted the unwilling favour is a hungry-looking fellow, his mouth is opened widely, and we may be sure he will make the most of the opportunity. The young girl with the sleepy child looks on to see the result of the operation, and will, doubtless, have something to joke the donor about when it is ended. A kind of repetition of the incident, reversed, appears in the Savoyard's monkey and the rastie's dog; the latter looks at the ape as if he contemplated giving it a bite, and the little animal shrinks back in

terror between the knees of his master, who, like the girl, takes no small interest in the fate of the apple.

As an example of Mulready's strictly domestic pictures, 'CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN,' exhibited in 1846, is admirable; as a specimen of brilliant colouring it is superlatively excellent, nothing in modern Art—it may be said in the Art of any age, in this class of subject—has surpassed or even equalled it. This splendour is not reached by the free use of positive colour, but by the most subtle and delicate application of tints, both in the lights and shades, worked up from the lowest to the highest scale, and culminating in pure red, ultramarine, &c., and all presenting the most perfect harmony because founded and carried through on well-understood



Engraved by]

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

and immutable laws. Then look at the composition; mark the arrangement of the two principal figures; how easily and naturally they are placed, and how carefully both attitude and action have been studied to preserve a right balance as well as to support the subject. The extended hand of the silk-mercier, for example, was a necessity to fill up a space which would otherwise have been vacant; it serves as a counterpoise to the uplifted hands of the lady, and it marks the impressiveness with which the shop-keeper commends his goods. And, lastly, notice the beauty of the fair purchaser's face—the future Mrs. Primrose—and with what earnestness she examines the piece of rich stuff; the kindly solicitude of her affianced

husband, the worthy doctor; and the persuasiveness of the bland and smiling mercer. In the background is his wife attending to a customer; the artist has bestowed no less pains on the good dame than on the other and more prominent persons in the composition. In fact, whether we look for colour, form, expression, or design, we see each and all exhibited in the most attractive, powerful, and recondite manner.

In Mulready's life and works are materials to fill a volume; whenever and by whomsoever such may be written, it will be no easy task to do full justice to the genius and skill which characterised the practice of his art.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



MARCH.

1	Tu.	<i>St. David's Day.</i> Moon's Last Quarter.
2	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [1h. 11m. p.m.]
3	Th.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting. Society
4	F.	[for Encouragement of Art. Lecture.
5	S.	
6	Sp.	<i>Fourth Sunday in Lent.</i> [Special Meet.
7	M.	Lect. on Sculpt. at R. A. In. of Brit. Arch.
8	Tu.	New Moon. 3h. 59m. a.m.
9	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting.
10	Th.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting. Society
11	F.	[for Encouragement of Art. Lecture.
12	S.	
13	Sp.	<i>Fifth Sunday in Lent.</i> [Brit. Arch. Meet.
14	M.	Lecture on Sculpture at R. A. Institute of



15	Tu.	Moon's First Quarter. 0h. 7m. a.m.
16	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting.
17	Th.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting. Society
18	F.	[for Encouragement of Art. Lecture.
19	S.	
20	Sp.	<i>Palm Sunday.</i>
21	M.	Lecture on Sculpture at R. A.
22	Tu.	[Moon 2h. 24m. a.m.]
23	W.	National Gallery founded, 1824. Full
24	Th.	[Friday.
25	F.	<i>Lady's Day. The Annunciation. Good</i>
26	S.	
27	Sp.	<i>Easter Day.</i>
28	M.	
29	Tu.	Society of Arts. Annual General Meeting.
30	W.	Moon's Last Quarter. 10h. 19m. p.m.
31	Th.	Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione.

Designed by W. Harvey.]

[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN MARCH.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

As February is, *par excellence*, the month of moisture, so is March the month of storm. Well may this month be dedicated to the god of battle, for in it the elements are ever at war; and, according to the ancient mythologies, Æolus and Neptune are at feud with each other, the former drying up the moisture, and the latter endeavouring to replace it. Most names of this month bear reference to its windy nature, and even in the old Saxon times our ancestors called it by the name of Hlyd month, *i.e.* noisy month.

Therefore, just as in February the artist may look out for effects of fog and moisture, so in March he may expect plenty of practice in storms. Certainly if, in the present month, we are to have a stormier time than in November of the last year, any artist who can manage to anchor himself firmly to the ground, to preserve his hair on his head, and hold a pencil and paper sufficiently deftly to make a sketch, will have such an opportunity as he may seek again in vain, and ought to store his sketch-book with memoranda for a lifetime. But if an artist really wishes to learn the appearance of wind, let him take to the sea for a while, and charge himself with the responsibility of conducting a vessel from one port to another. He will soon learn to distinguish wind in the distance, to know the meaning of ragged-edged clouds, of heavy, lurid haze, and of patchy skies, as if a sponge had been dipped into Indian ink, and dabbed at random over very white paper. A few days of such experience will teach what wind really is, and will effectually cure the artist of the conventional action of wind, *i.e.* black streaks, and everything blowing in one direction.

Shelter from the wind is sought by most creatures, and affords many a picturesque sketch, whether the shelter be needed by man or beast; and from Paul and Virginia shielding their infant heads under the same palm-leaf, to the raggedest old pony standing with its tail against a tree trunk, the pictorial effect is strongly developed, both in the storm and in those who endeavour to escape from its power.

The strangely picturesque contrast of storm and shelter struck me very forcibly during a long walk in search of fern. My companion and myself were skirting the sea-wall, when we looked behind us, startled by approaching and untimely gloom, and saw the whole sky covered with blackness. Torrents of rain were falling, and the tempest was rapidly sweeping towards us. The sea-wall was no defence, for the storm was moving in the same line, and already the cold wind swept our temples, and the first drops of rain fell as harbingers of the coming deluge. No shelter was near, and no time was to be lost. We hastened down the sea-wall, leaped the small stream that ran at its base, and separated it from a field of newly-cut beans. Hastily covering the guns with haulm, we gathered together the bean-stalks in bundles, piled them, fascine fashion, into a low redoubt, of a half-moon shape, and gathered ourselves under its lee, just as the storm burst over the spot in its full force. In vain did the wind blow and the rain fall, for that insignificant little heap of bean-stalks was an effectual defence, and we sat there for an hour or so, until the fury of the storm had passed away.

When the rain no longer fell, I emerged from the bean-stalks, in order to see whether the whole of the storm had gone by, and, on returning, I was greatly struck with the pic-

turesque aspect of our extemporised shelter; the black, driving clouds overhead, and in the distance, with a gleam of light occasionally shining through a break in them; the white-winged sea-birds wheeling on steady pinions, and shining out against the dark sky; the rain-drenched field, and the little redoubt, in which sat my companion gathered up into the smallest imaginable compass, looking the very picture of comfort, and affording a notable contrast to the surrounding desolation.

In this month the heavens are peculiarly beautiful, and are more than usually worthy of examination by artists who wish to paint nature as she really is, and not as she is conventionally supposed to be. Just as naturalists are offended by sundry Art solecisms, which have already been noticed, so are astronomical spectators sorely grieved when they see sundry well-known night-scenes painted by eminent artists.

Sometimes the stars are scattered broadcast over the sky, as if they had been shaken out of a pepper-box, and sometimes they are arranged in the semblance of certain well-known constellations, without the least regard to the time of year or hour of night. Orion, for example, which is so magnificently splendid in the present month, is a mighty favourite among artists—it is so easy to draw that no one can mistake it, and so it finds its way into pictures representing night scenes in summer as well as in winter. Now to put Orion into a summer sky is as absurd an error as to put roses into a winter scene, or snowdrops into an autumnal landscape.

Even the position of the constellations is as important as their visibility, and in nothing do artists fail so grievously as in the position of the Great Bear himself. Forgetful that he is the clock of the heavens, and that his tail is a truer index to time than the hands of the best chronometer ever fashioned by the fingers of man, almost all painters systematically neglect sidereal time, as told by Ursa Major and his companion stars, and commit as absurd an error as if they represented the hands of a clock pointing to one hour when the subject of the painting required another. It is surely better to be right than wrong, especially when to be right is so very easy. Any celestial globe will furnish the needful information, and even a common planisphere will save the artist from falling into many errors.

I will just mention the state of the heavens for the present month, taking the average of time, namely, 10 P.M. on the 15th of March. The planets are intentionally omitted as belonging to the current year, and not to immutable sidereal time, and it is presumed that the artist knows the chief stars and constellations by sight. The Great Bear will be just overhead, his tail pointing nearly due east. Vega, that most brilliant star, is just in the north-eastern horizon; and nearly in the northern horizon is seen the equally beautiful Deneb, known by the three small stars in a line below it, thus, * * *. Cassiopeia is overhead, to the northwards; Capella blazes westward, and Arcturus eastward. Orion is just about to sink beneath the western horizon, and to take with him his two dogs—Sirius tied by a line running through his belt, and Procyon led in his right hand. The line of the ecliptic may be traced by the zodiacal signs upon it. There are the Scales just rising in the east, Virgo with the brilliant star in her left hand, the Lion, the Crab, and the Twins; the Bull, notable for Aldebaran, the ruddy star that does duty for his eye; and the Ram sinking in the west, with his two starry horns just visible above the horizon. The line of the equator may be equally traced, because it passes through

the upper part of Orion's belt, runs below Procyon, cuts the ecliptic in the left shoulder of Virgo, passes above the star in her hand, and disappears through the Scales below the eastern horizon.

As to the moon, nothing is rarer than to see her properly depicted, and yet nothing is easier. Any almanac will give her place in the sky, and if the draughtsman will only remember that the fullest part of the moon points towards the sun, he will not commit the frequent error of making an evening moon point eastward, a morning moon westward, or place her casually in the sky without reference to her place in the heavens or her relation to the sun. I do believe that some painters would, with perfect composure, place their moon under the tail of the Great Bear, and that ninety-nine of every hundred spectators would go away without detecting the error.

During the first ten or fifteen days of this month occurs the curious phenomenon called the zodiacal light, a great cone of white light, more or less vivid, rising out of the horizon just after twilight, and pointing upwards in a slanting direction towards the Pleiades, which it mostly reaches, and sometimes covers entirely. At this time of the year the zodiacal light is most brilliant immediately after sunset, but after the autumnal equinox it is best seen just before sunrise.

Descending again to earth, we may see the sower at work in the fields, casting the grain with that mechanical swing of the arm so difficult of accomplishment and so fatiguing to the labourer. Let him be sketched while there is yet time, for the sower will soon pass out of the land, and one of the most beautiful parables loses its significance with us. The time is fast approaching when the wasteful though picturesque method of broadcast sowing will be finally discontinued, for not only have experimental farmers discovered that nine-tenths of the seed-corn may be saved, but that a heavier crop is produced by the remaining tenth. Let it be remembered that a sower casts the seed with the whole force of his body, bringing himself round at every stride with a swing, and casting the corn with a peculiar jerk. On no pretence let him be drawn, as I have seen him, walking very upright, very slowly, on perfectly smooth ground, and crumbling the corn out of both his clenched fists as if he had a handful of peas which he could not hold.

Now the trees begin fairly to show that spring is at hand. With the exception of the oak and one or two others, their swelling buds have burst open, and the tender green leaves begin to show their pointed heads. In this month the woodman exercises his craft, and the picturesque scenes which always accompany him may form subjects for many a sketch. To my own mind a man engaged in felling a noble tree is an object of peculiar detestation, though he may be a very estimable person, and employed on a necessary and useful task; and every blow of his axe jars on my feelings as if the tree were a living and sensitive being. Still the scene is always picturesque, and many an artist has taken advantage of it to depict the swarthy woodmen wielding their axes, the fallen trees lying around, the stripped bark, and the busy crew who aid the chief operators.

Yet, too many of the pictures that might be made so beautiful are totally marred to the eye of practical observers by the absurd errors in detail that are committed. I have now before me an admirable drawing—as a drawing—by one of our best landscape artists, which is quite spoiled by the technical errors that are committed. If the result had been to increase the pictorial effect, the artist might readily

have been excused, if not praised, for departure from absolute exactness, just as a well-known critic recommends artists to shift the spires and towers of cities, without the least regard to their true relative positions. But, as the effect would have been greatly heightened by the introduction of omitted and necessary details, and the amendment of so many points in the drawing, no such excuses can be permitted.

The axe which the man is swinging is such an axe as no woodman ever employed. It might do for a battle-axe or for a headman's axe, but not for the forester's axe. It might chop meat or slice turnips, but it would not be as effective in cutting down trees as a cleaver or a bill-hook. The cut that has been made is one that no axe forged by mortal hands could have achieved, unless the tree trunk were as soft as a tallow candle, and the axe as large as a modern card table. Even then, the weapon must have been shot horizontally from some machine so as to make the remarkable cut which is depicted.

There are no ropes or other means of guiding the tree in its fall, and one of the woodmen has carefully placed himself exactly on the spot where he is sure to be crushed by the tree when it comes down. I do not disparage the drawing,—I wish that I could produce a sketch with one hundredth part of its merit,—but I do wish that the artist had gone to look at the scene before he depicted it. Instead, he has evidently selected a "bit" out of his sketch-book, and then drawn some men engaged in cutting down one of the trees after the manner which he, the artist, would have employed, had the task been entrusted to him.

Yet, where could have been found a more picturesque and stirring scene than in the real business of tree felling? There stands the "ganger," anxiously watching the operation and directing the men by voice and gesture. There are the herculean labourers with the ropes, ready to haul or loosen as the order is given. At the foot of the tree stands the skilful woodman, to whom is entrusted the responsible task of making the last decisive cuts with axe or saw, and at a respectful distance are gathered the men, women, and children who will be soon at work on the fallen giant of the woods.

I hope that my very good friends the artists will excuse me also for mentioning, that in depicting sporting subjects, some little knowledge of sport is requisite for a good picture. Guns cannot now-a-days shoot round corners, and therefore ought to point towards the bird that has been struck with the shot. Also, some conception of the shape of the stock is advisable, together with a knowledge of the fact that the proper way of taking aim is to look along the barrel. In one drawing now before me, the gun is not only furnished with a stock like that of an ancient harquebus, but is absolutely held to the shoulder with the wrong side uppermost! So with the dogs. A French artist lately drew on himself much British contumely by depicting a sportsman employing greyhounds in the light of retrievers; but there is many an English drawing, especially in the illustrated journals, where errors quite as absurd are committed.

Therefore, though hunting is not quite over, although woodcocks still linger, and may be, though they ought not to be, shot, let not the artist attempt to depict such scenes without having taken a part in them. Looking at them is of comparatively little use, and if an inexperienced draughtsman tries to draw even an angler engaged in his favourite pursuit, he is sure to commit some fatal mistake that betrays him at once to a spectator who has known the delights of hooking and landing his fish. As to salmon

fishing, woe betide the too ambitious artist who tries his hand at such a scene!

The wild flowers which belong to the month are but few. Snowdrops still hold their own, and primroses are seen in sunny places. The golden yellow flowers of the colt's-foot are now plentiful, directing the rustic to the spot whence he may obtain medicine for his cough or mixture for his tobacco. Another yellow flower is the lesser celandine, so like the buttercup, and so plentiful in shady places, while the speedwells spread their delicate little blossoms where they are cherished by the sun of spring, and the white petals of the exquisite little wood anemone glitter among their pale green leaves.

THE INFANT MOSES.

FROM THE GROUP BY B. E. SPENCE.

THIS very striking group of sculpture is in the possession of, if it was not actually executed for, Mr. J. Naylor, of Birmingham, a liberal patron of British Art. It was among the works of a similar kind contributed to the recent International Exhibition.

The sculptor, Mr. Spence, is one of those English artists who have chosen to make Rome their residence; and certainly we must admit that the famous city possesses great attractions for any who make this art a profession, far greater even than for the painter, the finest examples for study being in much larger proportion for the former than the latter. Rome is, in truth, the grand focus of sculptured Art, the school to which every sculptor turns, whether or not he is able to derive personal advantage from it.

We have often had occasion to remark that the pages of sacred history are as rich in themes suited to the pencil and the chisel as those of secular history or of fiction; they only require to be looked after, but the search will amply repay the labour of investigation. Mr. Spence has found one in the narrative which describes the finding of the infant Moses:—

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side: and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it."

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children."

The subject admits of, if it does not actually demand, more of pictorial than statuesque rendering, and it is in this feeling the sculptor has rendered it. Were the design painted on canvas, it would be quite as effective as it is presented to us in marble. Pharaoh's daughter is a right royal impersonation, and her companion one worthy of associating with a princess sprung from the most powerful monarch on earth. As they stand side by side, contemplating the helpless infant snatched from the waters of the Nile, their attitude and expression are very beautiful. Little do they dream that in future years the unknown foundling should be the great scourge of Egypt, and shake the throne of its monarch to the centre. These two figures, in their rich and ample dresses, their ornamental head-dresses, &c., have all the picturesque character to which allusion has just been made.

He would have proved a bold sculptor who, a few years ago, might have dared to introduce into any work a type of the negro race, so opposed as such a figure is to all admitted laws of æsthetic beauty. We have one here, however, a veritable specimen of the African tribes, but with a pleasing cast of countenance, heightened by the feelings natural to the sex—for there is no difference between white and black under such circumstances as are presented in this incident—of participating in an act of mercy to the young and destitute. The bondswoman kneels before her royal mistress with an earnest beseeching look that would move to a deed of humanity even were there no spontaneous suggestion in the heart of the latter to prompt it.

ON THE ARTS EMPLOYED IN PRODUCING THE ESSENTIAL MATERIALS OF CLOTHING.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHER.

THE consideration of Art enters so little into the manufacture of modern European clothing, that the reader may well challenge the right of such a subject to appear in a work which is so faithfully and earnestly devoted to the fostering of the true and beautiful in Art. Nevertheless, it must be remembered, that the coverings of the human body have, both in savage and civilised life, given scope for the display of an amount of good taste in arrangement and design, which has been well worth the attention of the Art-student; besides this, there is much to be learned as to the history and manipulation of various materials used by man for his clothing, which cannot but be of value to those who would wish to have a more than superficial knowledge of the drapery they have to arrange, or the surfaces for which they have to design decorations. We cannot know too much of the things we are daily called upon to handle, hence an article on the history of textile materials and manufactures may, after all, be not out of place in *The Art-Journal*.

It offers a curious and interesting field for inquiry, to look back and examine the habiliments of the earliest of our race—to learn of what our progenitors made their garments, and, as far as possible, how they fashioned them; nor are the materials for such inquiry so meagre, or difficult of access, as might be expected, for man's attention has been rather concentrated upon a few of the materials in the vast storehouse of nature, than inclined to frequent change. Thus we find that wool, flax, cotton, and silk are the materials of which we have the earliest mention in connection with clothing, and even now they are of all others the most important.

How it was that man should have discovered the remarkable qualities of these four substances is in itself most wonderful, for with all his skill and perseverance in investigation, no other materials yet discovered possess so eminently such perfect qualifications for the purposes of the weaver as these do. Indeed, it is fair to say, that man has made no advance in this direction for at least six thousand years.

If we start from the beginning of biblical history, we shall find the second man was a "keeper of sheep," and the inference is that he kept them as much for their fleeces as for their flesh; and with all our knowledge of natural history, we know of no animal which possesses, in such a remarkable degree, all the requisites of usefulness which are found in the common sheep. What it was before man domesticated it we know not, for we are not even certain that we know the real species from which our numerous domesticated varieties have sprung; but we may fairly judge, from what we do know, that it possessed a gentle, inoffensive disposition, which rendered its domestication easy, and the care necessary for its preservation and increase was comparatively slight; at present we know that in these respects it is superior to every other known animal. Then, whether we regard its woolly covering as a fur to be used on the skin, or as a material to be spun, it is first in adaptability for these purposes. The close warm wool, and the soft pliable felt or skin, adapt it remarkably for the dress of semi-barbarous people, unskilled in the arts of tanning or of spinning, whilst the peculiar structure of the wool itself places it



THE INFANT MOSES

GRAVED BY J. H. BAKER FROM THE GROUP BY B. E. BLOOM

first in the list of materials for spinning and weaving. It may be well at this point to examine what these qualities are, in order that, from the first, this wonderful adaptability may be fully appreciated.

If we examine an individual fibre of sheep's wool by the aid of the microscope, we shall find that it is a solid column, consisting of an external hard sheath, and an interior pith or pulp; in this it exactly resembles all other kinds of hair, and so also it does in its chemical constitution. But the fibres of hair are usually quite straight, or if not, are curved in large curls, and the surface of individual hairs is smooth; but a simple examination of a lock of wool shows that each fibre is finely waved, as in Fig. 1, and a microscopic examination, properly conducted, shows that the surface is not smooth, but is covered with little scales, overlapping each other like those on a fish's skin, and, like them, capable of being partly separated by bending; this is shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4, the first of which represents a microscopic view of sheep's wool seen as a transparent object, the second as an opaque object, and the third shows how the scales are raised from the surface, when any bending of the fibre takes place. In fine wools there are from twenty to thirty curves, as in Fig. 1, to the inch of fibre, and as many

fig 1



as 2,500 to 3,000 of the little scales shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4, in the same length. Minute as these characters are, it is upon their exist-



fig 2



fig 3

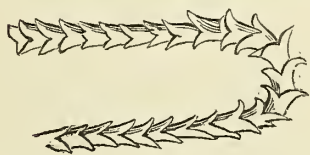


fig 4

ence that the enormous importance of this material depends. But how, without the aid of the wonderfully perfect optical instruments required to reveal these things to us, did the men of the primeval world learn, that of all the beasts of the field, the sheep possessed the best wool for clothing, as well as the most wholesome flesh for food? This is indeed a mystery, the solution of which is lost beyond the horizon of time.

The value of the minute characters just described arises from the fact that a certain irregularity of surface is necessary in fibres used for spinning, because otherwise they will not adhere to each other, but like the smooth hairs of our own heads, will untwist; but as in combing, carding, and spinning, the waved and scaly fibres of wool get laid, some in one direction and some in another, the scales become interlocked, and cannot be disentangled; hence, with proper management, we can work a quantity of wool into a compact cloth or felt, without weaving, and the art of making felt cloths was very early known to man.

It must not be assumed that the sheep is the only animal having wool; but, with very few exceptions, it has the largest proportion, other wool-bearing animals having a considerable quantity of hair mingled with their wool. The beautiful alpacas offer some apparent contradiction to this; but soft as their exquisite covering is, it partakes partly of the

nature of hair as well as of wool, and will be further described when we come to treat of the beautiful fabrics made from it.

We have specified wool, flax, cotton, and silk as the four most important of clothing materials, and it is somewhat curious that for the most ancient history of each of these, we have to go to the writings of four distinct peoples: to the Hebrews for wool, the Egyptians for flax, the Hindoos for cotton, and the Chinese for silk; and the earliest mention we find of each indicates an earlier period still, for we read nothing of the domestication of sheep; our first introduction is to the domesticated animal, and experience has taught us that domestication requires considerable time. Every evidence seems to point to Western Asia as the birthplace of the pastoral art; Arabia, Persia, Palestine, Assyria, all were pastoral countries, and from amongst them doubtless proceeded those Shepherds who conquered Egypt, and were called, according to Manetho, "Hycsos," or Shepherd Kings—"Hyk" signifying a king, and "Sos" a shepherd.

The pastoral life of the Hebrews is familiar to all; every child is made acquainted with the flocks of Laban and of Jacob; from first to last the Bible is the history of a pastoral people, who, whether wandering or settled, evidently held the care of sheep as one of their chief occupations. Nor was this habit peculiar to the Hebrews—most of the nations surrounding them were similarly employed. Circassia, 600 years B.C., was not only famous for its flocks, but also for its manufactures of wool; the carpets of Miletus, and the woollen shawls of the Coraxi, were sold in the markets of Dioscurias, and tempted merchants from all parts of the then known world. The shawls of the Coraxi were then as celebrated as those of Kashmir in the present day, and our English word *shawl* is derived from the word *shal*, which was the name then in use to designate those garments; it has also been suggested that we get the Saxon word *scyl*, the German *schale*, and the English *shell*, a covering, from the same source. Be this so or not, it helps to show how wide a field of inquiry is opened up by our subject. Nothing is known of the decoration of the shawls of the Coraxi, or of the carpets of Miletus; but it would be highly interesting to learn if the latter gave rise to the peculiar ornamentation of the modern Turkish carpets; probably not, for those of Miletus were of felt, whereas the modern ones are woven. Notwithstanding this they were dyed, and it is most probable this was done in the wool before felting: we have direct evidence in the following quotations from the Georgics of Virgil, of two colours at least being used.

Cyrene, when appealed to by Aristæus, is thus occupied:—

"Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round,
One common work they plied; their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool."—DRYDEN.

"Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,
And weigh with gold her robes in purple dyed."—SOTHEBY.

We learn also from the Fourth Georgic, that woven as well as felted cloths were made of Milesian fleeces by the nymphs of Cyrene—

"Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel."—DRYDEN.

From almost every classic author either of Greece or Rome might be drawn illustrations of the high esteem of the pastoral life, which in Arcadia assumed a poetical character which has stamped it with immortality, while the best and softest fleeces were the admiration of both gods and men. Mercury was the god of the wool merchants, as Pan was of the shepherds of Arcadia, and a temple was erected to his honour at Arpinum, under

the name of Mercurius Lanarius. This is not surprising, when so many evidences exist that the trade in wool was certainly second only to that in articles of food.

We also read that the refined civilisation of the ancients produced its natural consequences on the producers; every effort was made to bring to Tyre, Miletus, Samos, Tarentum, Attica, Apulia, and other famous marts, not only an abundant supply of this important material, but also wools of the finest staple, the purest whiteness, or the most agreeable of the coloured varieties. To enable them to do this, the utmost attention was paid to all that concerned the breeding, rearing, and tending of flocks; and in this respect there is no reason to believe the ancients were behind the moderns; indeed, the ancient taste for graceful drapery led them to seek for fine wools, from which soft and flexible cloths could be made to protect and clothe the figure, but not to hide and disguise it. Hence we find a singular custom amongst the shepherds of Attica, and those also of Apulia, of covering choice fleeces with a skin; in other words, sheep were clothed in skins, in order to preserve their own fleeces, and in all probability to ensure fineness of staple, as is now done by the Austrian and Bohemian sheep-breeders, who shut up the choicest sheep in cots, and never clean them, so that they soon become encased in a coat of dirt; the silky fineness of their wool is thus owing to delicacy of constitution: the tendency of healthiness would be to produce a more robust growth of wool. The curious fashion amongst the Grecian and Italian shepherds just mentioned, furnished the Cynic philosopher with a cutting sarcasm upon the careless indifference to the comforts and wants of the children, who were often allowed to run about naked, whilst the sheep were carefully clad. He said "he would rather be the ram than the son of a Megarensian."

White wool has always been in the greatest esteem, and the purer the colour the more it has been prized. The arts of dyeing were practised by almost all ancient nations, but on a limited scale, for their knowledge of permanent and good colours was small; hence white cloths constituted the chief clothing of the better classes of the Greeks and Romans, and dyed garments were luxuries. The naturally coloured wools were in request for common garments, except some of the finer kinds, like the black of Tarentum, and the fine light browns of Caucasum, which were in request for weaving plaids, some of which were like the so-called shepherd's plaid of Scotland, which pattern is known to have been made in India more than two thousand years ago, white and black wool being used. The following lines from Martial's epigram, "De Phyllide," will show that the luxurious Romans held dyed cloths as effeminate:—

"Let him commend the sober native hues
Of Boeotic drab, or grey lacernas choose,
Who thinks no man in scarlet should appear,
And only woman pink or purple wear."

There is good reason to believe that woollen cloths were the first upon which decorative art was employed, and that the ornamentation at first consisted simply of figures woven with the different natural or self-coloured wools of the white, black, and brown sheep; but the admirable adaptability of the pure white sheep's wool to receive and retain artificial colours would soon become known, from its readiness to stain with the juices of fruit, &c. Whether the art of dyeing was first applied to the yarn, or unwoven thread, or to the cloth itself, is not now known, but we do know that it was a very ancient practice to dye linen and woollen yarns, or thread, of various colours, for embroidery or needle-work. In Exodus we read of Aholiab, who

was "filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet;" and the labours of Penelope were as ambitious in their design as any of the works of the Gobelins.

Probably Northern India was the birth-place of embroidery in wool, and also of weaving with coloured yarns, and thereby producing the same effect as by needlework; certain it is that the beautiful and unrivalled shawls of Kashmir were well known several centuries before the Christian era. In the Mahabharath, an ancient Indian book, we read that the Kanebojans, who inhabited the Valley of Kashmir, paid their tribute in skins and in cloths made of wool, embroidered with gold, &c. The shawls of Kashmir are remarkable for the beautiful brilliancy of their colours, and the exquisite softness of their material. The designs are purely conventional; no full-blown roses ready to tumble off, no twining wreaths of convolvulus threatening entanglement with the glossy curls of the wearers: geometric forms prevail, and on many of them, but not, as is often supposed, on all, is the so-called pine-apple (Fig. 5), the origin of which has no more to



do with that fruit than it has with a gooseberry, for the pine-apple, although now common in India, as it is in England, was unknown until the discovery of America, to which it belongs, being a West Indian plant. The pine-apple pattern admits of endless modifications in the minor details which fill up its outline, and is especially adapted for the rich, mosaic-like ornamentation that forms the groundwork of most Indian fabrics.

From the earliest period in the history of wool until nearly the commencement of the present century, the distaff and the household spinning-wheel were the only means employed in spinning yarns for weaving, and worsted for working embroidery, &c.; but machinery has made a vast revolution in this, as in nearly every other manufacture, and the yarn is now made by machines, having most wondrous powers of production, which was previously made with great care and laborious patience, generally by female hands, and often by ladies of distinction, from the time when the Spartan Helen received a golden distaff as a present, down to the period when our own granddames wheeled away their hours in plying the busy wheel and distaff, and made a good supply of homespun to be woven into substantial stuff and broadcloth, such as was known before the days of *Shoddy* and *Mungo*. The ancient Roman matrons

and maids, too, were similarly employed, and no better description of spinning woollen yarn with the distaff has ever been given than in the often-quoted lines of the poet Catullus:—

"The loaded distaff, in the left hand placed,
With spongy coils of snow-white wool was graced;
From these the right hand lengthening fibres drew,
Which into thread 'neath nimble fingers grew.
At intervals a gentle touch was given,
By which the twirling wheel was onward driven:
Then, when the sinking spindle reached the ground,
The recent thread around its spire was wound;
Until the clasp within its nipping cleft
Held fast the newly-finish'd length of weft."

Simple and apparently rude as this method is of drawing out the fibres of the "spongy coils of snow-white wool," or of cotton and the more rigid flax, yet so wonderfully did the hand perform its task, that the fibres of a pound of wool have been drawn and twisted into a thread ninety-five miles in length, and sufficiently strong to be woven. This was accomplished in the first year of the present century, by a lady named Ives, of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and was then properly regarded as almost a miracle of the art, for the superfine, commercial spinning of that day was about twenty-two miles, or 39,000 yards to the pound weight of wool. Modern machinery has rendered these results matters of comparative ease.

There are two points of view from which we may now regard the ultimate manufac-

tures of wool, viz., the useful and the beautiful; and in this latter respect wool has a much higher rank than either of the other principal textile materials, not even excepting silk; we shall, therefore, briefly sketch the means by which this material is wrought into articles of utility, and then into works of Art. We have said that modern machinery now produces thread of any required fineness, but it does more: it arranges the individual fibres of the wool in such an artistic manner, that it produces, apparently by the same means, thread of two greatly different characters. Minute descriptions of machinery would be out of place in this work, and we shall be quite as well understood when we say that if the wool, as taken from the sheep's back, is carefully combed, so that the fibres are laid exactly side by side as when growing, those little projections shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4 will not interlock so completely one with another as if the fibres were laid in lines, the roots of some in one direction and some the other, and with others crossing and intermingling with them, as in Fig. 6. Therefore it will not be possible to have such compact threads by the one plan as by the other, nor will the one kind felt or combine so tightly as in the other case; hence there are two modifications of the spinning machinery, and as there is great

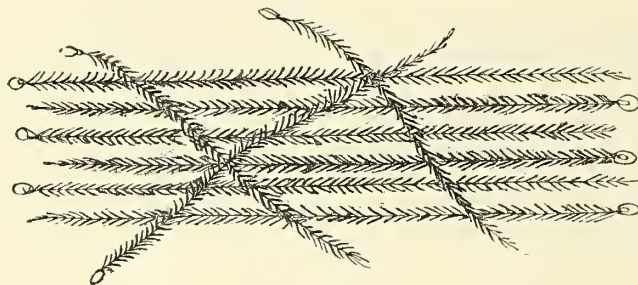


Fig. 6

difference in the quality of various kinds of wool, much care and skill is shown in selecting the sorts which do best for each process. The coarser and longer kinds are best adapted for the machines which lay the fibres side by side, or for *combing*, and these are technically called *combing*, or *long-staple wools*, whilst the finer and shorter kinds are best for the intermingling process, which is called *carding*, and they are known as *carding*, or *short-staple wools*. The former are made into cloths of a looser texture, and without felting, such as the stuffs, coburges, mousselin de laines, serges, bombazines, &c., called in trade *worsted goods*, whilst the latter are employed in making the compact cloths employed for men's clothing, and similar purposes; these are called *woollen goods*. The *noils*, or broken and short or injured fibres, which are separated from each sort during the dressing operations, are either employed to make yarn for inferior textures, or are felted without weaving, and are thus made into druggets, &c., by the beautiful processes of the Patent Cloth Company, at Leeds, who produce compact cloths of great widths without weaving.

We will now suppose the cloth woven—if *worsted*, it is practically finished when removed from the loom; but if *woollen*, it has to be submitted to many operations, the principal of which consist in soaking it in hot soap and water, and then beating it for a considerable time with heavy wooden mallets, called the *fulling stocks*; this drives the fibres into close contact, and interlocks them, the little serratures or projecting scales working closer into each other the more they are beaten. When removed from the *stocks*, the cloth, still wet with soap and water, is placed in a machine, where it is submitted to great

pressure, by passing continuously through weighted wooden rollers; this is called *milling*, which, besides increasing its closeness of texture, also gives a smooth compact surface to the cloth. It is next made to pass over wooden cylinders, which bring it in contact with frames filled with the halves of teasels. These curious vegetable productions are the fruit of the Fuller's Teazel, *Dipsacus Fullorum*, a native plant, the conical head of

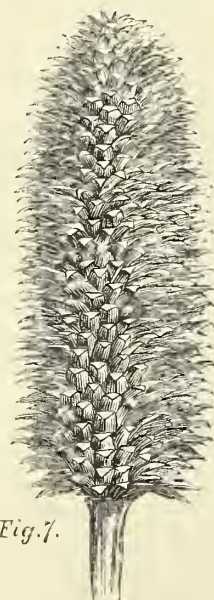
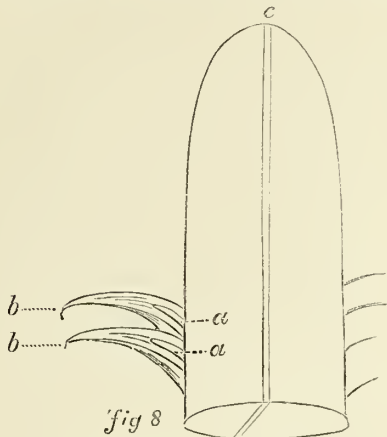


Fig. 7.

which, Fig. 7, is composed of a number of seed-vessels, Fig. 8, *a a*, each enveloped with a sharp, hard, horny, and hooked *bract*, or

scale, Fig. 8, *b b*, these hooked bracts are firmly attached to the central core, or *receptacle*, Fig. 8, *c*—indeed, so tightly are they fixed, and so horny are they in texture, that



it requires great force to detach or break them; they are gathered when ripe, and the seeds are shaken out from the cones; when used, they are divided into halves (*c*, Fig. 8), the flat side of which is set on the frame; here they are arranged in rows close together, the hooked points, of course, being outward, the cloth is made to pass over them, and the little hooks pull out the ends of the fibres, and thus form the nap or pile of the cloth. The nap, however, is very ragged and irregular, but a beautiful machine through which it next passes mows it down with most wonderful nicety, leaving every fibre of the same length, and, consequently, the surface of the cloth perfectly smooth. In this state the cloth wants glossiness, and to gain this, it is rolled up tightly in large rolls, and put into cisterns of hot soap and water, and here, after being almost boiled, or hot-pressed, as it is called, for a time, it is removed and dried in an extended state, after which it is folded into squares, with a large sheet of thick mill-board between each fold, and is submitted to the pressure of hydraulic presses in heated metal chambers; after this second hot-pressing it is ready for use by the clothiers, &c. And here we leave it, for it would be perfectly inexcusable to record in a volume devoted to Art any of those processes by which the modern *Sartorius* produces the most perfect disfigurement of "the human form divine" which ingenuity can devise. The costumes of the red Indians are picturesque, those of the Esquimaux have perfect fitness to recommend them, the dresses of most Asiatic nations are both tasteful in form and colour. Even the Fiji Islander produces a graceful and not inelegant wrapper from his rude preparation of Tapa bark, and his red and black dyes; but the fashionable tailor of the nations which claim especially to be civilised, displays neither taste nor invention; the same conventional laws, with slight and puerile modifications, rule them from year to year, and the cases into which mankind are packed by them are less tasteful than those of the most uncivilised savages.

But if in the direction of costume the arts of working up wool add nothing to the domains of *fine Art* in the present age, such is not the case in the employment of this material for tapestry, carpets, and other ornamental purposes; those who have looked on the marvels of the Gobelins, of Beauvais, and of La Savonnerie, in which pictorial art is so completely identified with the material, that we cannot help feeling regret that our pigments are not equally warm and glowing as our dyes, or that the latter are not quite so permanent as the former. No one can look at the works of the imperially protected

looms of France, or the free machines of Brussels, of Kidderminster, of Axminster, and of Halifax, and of the enterprising Dutch manufactories at Deventer, without being compelled to confess that the microscopically minute scales which so especially distinguish wool from hair, entitle it to the respect of the artist as well as the economist.

In speaking of the looms of the tapestry and carpet works, it must not be inferred that they are all the same; those used for tapestry are not strictly looms, they are mere frames in which a number of warp threads are arranged, as in an ordinary loom, but the pattern or design is worked in with the coloured worsted, which is a compact, tightly-spun thread, in this respect differing much from the loose twisted worsted used by ladies for embroidery, by means of a needle, and always by the hand, no machinery being employed. In carpets, however, the arrangements are all mechanical, being exactly the same as in ordinary weaving. Indeed, in the wonderful invention of Mr. Wytock, and some ingenious modifications of it, either the warp or the weft is printed whilst unwoven, and with such unerring exactness, that when the mottled threads are woven, the apparently unmeaning dots upon them are found to have formed a complete and often very elaborate pattern. A very curious invention has lately been carried out, by which tablemats and other small articles have been made to imitate the velvet-pile carpet, without either weaving or felting. The design is produced by laying lengths of the various tints of dyed wool, so that, although apparently a mere bundle of wool, the end nevertheless shows the pattern; the whole is pressed equally, and the end is carefully cut smooth and coated over with a composition containing caoutchouc. This forms the base of the fabric; then a cutting instrument is made to shave off this, with a slight length of the wool attached, sufficient for the required pile, which gives the pattern. This is repeated as often as the length of the wool employed will allow; it indeed resembles the manufacture of Tunbridge-ware, wool being used instead of wood. Much is still required to be done by the artists of this country in directing the public taste for carpet and tapestry designs. Amongst the specimens exhibited in the International Exhibition were carpets figured with lions, tigers, scenes in Indian jungles, sportsmen returning from the highlands, musical instruments, vases, and many other uncomfortable things to walk upon; and in this respect many of the continental manufacturers were almost as bad; a carpet, even more than a stained-glass window, should have rather the character of rich mosaic, and there is no reason why it should not, for the material can be adapted to any design. No carpets have shown greater improvement in this respect than those of Kidderminster, especially those of Messrs. Morton and Sons, whose quiet and tasteful designs are now enjoying a large share of the public taste. We are often told by manufacturers, that they are not responsible for bad taste, that the public will have certain glaring and gaudy inconsistencies, and they must supply them. They forget that they created this false taste, and that it is as easy, and, we believe, still easier, to restore true taste. The manufacturer has a field for ambition as well as for profit, and those who have sought to compass both have rarely been unsuccessful—witness the names of Wedgwood and Minton, and others who are happily still with us. Let the manufacturer who calls in decorative art choose for his motto—

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile et dulce."*

* To be continued.

VOGELSTEIN'S "FAUST," ETC.*

VOGEL VON VOGELSTEIN holds high rank among the artists of Germany, and especially among those of the Dresden school, where he occupies the chair of professor of painting. The work before us consists of three engraved plates from his designs, representing respectively the principal incidents in Goethe's "Faust," Dante's "Divina Commedia," and Virgil's "Æneid." The arrangement and form of each page of designs suggest the idea of their being intended for stained-glass windows for some hall or public edifice other than ecclesiastical.

It may readily be supposed that the three great writers chosen for illustration would furnish abundant materials for the purpose of any artist. Herr Vogel has limited himself to about twelve subjects for each window, as we think fit to designate the plate, the principal picture filling the largest space in the central compartment, with a smaller subject beneath, and three on each lateral. The upper lights have also several designs, but of smaller dimensions. Accompanying the engravings is an elaborate description of the subjects from the pen of the artist; we can only follow it briefly in the space to which our notice must be limited.

In the centre of the "Faust" series, the learned doctor is seen seated in his laboratory, and gazing with alarm at the apparition of the spirit which has made its appearance in obedience to his summons. Above, in a small circular compartment immediately under the apex of the pointed arch, the form given to the window, is a representation of the Deity. On each side of this, in other divisions, are groups of angels, among whom appears Mephistopheles asking permission of the Almighty to tempt Faust, as Satan solicited to try the patience of Job. In two compartments immediately below, we see respectively, Mephistopheles, in the shape of a dog, running towards Faust and Wagner, and Faust, as a child, accompanying his mother to church. Tracing now the right-hand lateral light downwards, the first design shows Faust in the kitchen of the sorceress, enraptured at the sight of the vision of a lovely female; in the next compartment is an illustration of the incident on Mount Blocksberg, the rendezvous of the witches; and below this is the scene where Faust is being dragged away in the prison by the demon. Immediately under the large central design we see another picture of Faust and his fiend companion riding rapidly past the gibbet; to the left of this is the death of Margaret's brother, Valentin, in combat with Faust; and above the latter design we find Margaret praying in the church; surmounting this is the well-known garden scene, where Faust and Margaret meet and embrace. This completes the series after Goethe; we have taken them, principally, in the order in which the artist has set them forth in his Gothic framework, and not as the incidents follow in the text. The engravings of this set are only very delicate outlines.

In Dante's "Divina Commedia" the engravings have the appearance of highly finished etchings, with a powerful effect of light and shade. They are comprised within a three-light window of German-Gothic design rising above a kind of pediment, also divided into three compartments. Perhaps we ought not to call this a window, for it appears like an out-door construction, the distant landscape being visible at its sides, and through the centre arch, where Dante is seated, under a sort of dome, upon a tomb which, from a bas-relief on the front and an inscription, is seen to be that of Beatrice. The figure of the poet is fine in conception; one hand holds a pen, the other a tablet; his head, wreathed with bay-leaves, is upturned to the regions of Paradise, seen in the compartment above him. Without particularising the various subjects grouped around the centre, it must suffice to say that the artist has selected the most prominent scenes of the poem, those which enable him to portray Dante's upward course towards good contrasted with Faust's downward course in evil.

The design of the framework containing the series of subjects from the "Æneid" is very appropriately in harmony with the architecture of Rome during the reigns of the emperors. The central compartment, which takes the form of a doorway, is flanked on each side by columns with Corinthian capitals; the cornice of each pillar is surmounted by a figure of the Emperor Augustus and of Virgil respectively. The intervening façade is divided into five small compartments, in which appear illustrations of some minor incidents in the Trojan war, as the entrance

* ÉPISODES PRINCIPAUX DU FAUST, DE LA DIVINE COMÉDIE, ET DE L'ÉNÉIDE DE VIRGILE. By C. VOGEL VON VOGELSTEIN. Published by E. A. Fleischmann, Munich; Dulau & Co., London.

of the wooden horse into Troy, Laocöon, Cassandra, Polydorus, and the harpies. The large picture in the centre of the whole series shows Æneas carrying his aged father out of the burning city; the young Ascanius, bearing the helmet of his father, clings to his arm, while the weeping Creusa, wife of Æneas, follows at a short distance. The topmost picture, on the left of the centre, is Æneas at sea in a storm; below this, he is relating his adventures to Dido; and a smaller one, still lower, shows the disembarkation at Cumæ. On the opposite side, commencing at the top, we have the marriage of Æneas with Lavinia, the death of Turnus, and Venus showing Æneas the weapons and armour he is to wear. The three subjects occupying the base are Æneas in the grotto of the Sibyl, the same pair in Charon's boat, and the Elysian fields, with Anchises showing his son the Roman people as the descendants of the Trojans. Stretching across the whole of these designs, and at the top of the plate, is a semicircular compartment, representing Jupiter on Olympus, accompanied by the gods, with Venus on her knees before him, imploring his aid on behalf of her son Æneas. This series of engravings, like that of the "Divina Commedia," is finished highly, and is most effective.

We recognise in Herr Vogel's designs throughout little of what belongs in style and conception to the modern German school of Art. They have the dignity of manner, with much of the pure classic feeling, that characterise the works of the old Italian masters who immediately succeeded Raffaele. Even on the minute scale in which they are here presented to view, we can discern skilful and accurate drawing, embodying ideas no less poetically imaginative than they are true to the writings that suggested them. These writings the artist has carefully studied, and has produced a number of illustrations developing the progress of the respective stories in an intelligent and appreciative spirit.

We rejoice to find the venerable artist, Vogel von Vogelstein, manifesting in his conceptions of the great poet of Germany the vigour and refinement that made the painter eminent in manhood and in youth. We discharge a pleasant duty in according to him in the pages of *The Art-Journal* the honour to which he is justly entitled among the foremost men of his age and country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal,"

THE "PROTO-MADONNA" PICTURE.

SIR,—Having seen the Madonna in your Journal, and read the article concerning it, it seems to me that Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," refers to this identical painting in the thirty-second chapter of that work, towards the end of the chapter, for he says, that when Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius the younger, went to Antioch, "in the Holy Land, her alms and pious foundations exceeded the munificence of the great Helena, and though the public treasury might be impoverished by this excessive liberality, she enjoyed the conscious satisfaction of returning to Constantinople with the chains of St. Peter, the right arm of St. Stephen, and an undoubted picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke."

If this adds another link to the chain of events necessary to be known concerning this curious painting, it will be so much the more satisfactory to the fortunate owner thereof.

Your obedient servant,

Edinburgh.

C. H. RAMSDEN.

SIR,—Your publication of the Proto-Madonna is extremely interesting. The engraving gives a complete idea of the painting, the lines are so beautifully minute and varied. I think that the Chaldaic inscription shows how the tradition of St. Luke being the painter of the Virgin may have had its origin. The painter of this picture simply states that his name is Luke; he makes no allusion to being an evangelist or apostle; or of his living in that age; or of being acquainted with any one of the period. The utmost, as appears to me, that the inscription infers, is, that he had seen the Virgin in a vision.

Your obedient servant,

Cork.

R. SAINTHILL.

[Among several communications that have reached us relative to this curious painting, we have received the above.—Ed. A.-J.]

A PLEA FOR THE ÆSTHETICS OF OUR PUBLIC WAYS.

THE claim of beauty—the beauty of propriety and fitness—to be consulted in the production of works of utility becomes every day a question of more and more public importance. It was tardily admitted among us some few years ago in respect to articles of furniture and manufactured products—but only upon selfish grounds—the necessity of competing with the foreign producer being made palpable to the commercial mind. With what measure of success our manufacturers have entered upon this new struggle, by what amount of correct principle and inventive faculty their labours have been marked, we have from time to time had occasion to discuss in this journal. In the observations we are now about to make it is not our intention to travel over this limited yet fruitful field, but to enter upon a wider and nobler sphere of speculation, taking altogether higher ground, far removed from the province of the factory and the shop; in a word, to consider beauty as an element to instruct, improve, and humanise the mind, to elevate and comfort the soul of man, and as such entitled to consideration upon public grounds, irrespective of the inducement of immediate commercial gain. We say "immediate commercial gain," because we think there is no doubt that the more widely the teachings of beauty are felt and acknowledged, and the more extensively right principles of taste are diffused among the people, the more, eventually, must all manufacturing enterprise, pretending to an ornamental character, be promoted by the increase of skilled producers and appreciating purchasers. A movement, therefore, in the right direction, undertaken in the first instance with the most disinterested motives, may, and probably will, in the end bring its reward, in an endless variety of ways, to numerous kindred individual interests.

To establish our theory upon this high basis, and to support the deductions we would draw from it, it becomes necessary to insist upon the recognition of æsthetic influence as something more than a matter of option—as a duty, and almost a point of religion; as it was with the Greeks of old, who delighted to typify their deities in various forms of physical perfectibility, and who caused their women to be surrounded by noble forms in works of Art, in order that they might be the mothers of beautiful children. The influence of external forms acting through the vision upon the human mind, to fashion it to an appreciation of and sympathy with symmetry and loveliness, or the reverse, has long been insisted upon in the speculations of poetic philosophy, but till recently has been scouted by hard men of the world as a visionary absurdity. The reasonableness of the position, however, has gradually become acknowledged by many thinking persons; and latterly, with most remarkable emphasis and almost with the voice of authority, by one who, of all others, should be classed in the category of matter-of-fact men—namely, the Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer. The opening portion of the address delivered by Mr. Gladstone, on laying the foundation stone of the Wedgwood Institute at Burslem, in October last, abounds in passages of wise and fervent eloquence on the desirableness of "the association of beauty with utility," which may be adopted as texts for our purpose, and to the force of which it is almost impossible to add anything. How grand and comprehensive is the grasp of the subject in these few lines:—"Now do not let

us suppose that, when we speak of this association of beauty with convenience we speak, either of a matter which is light or fanciful, or of one which may, like some of those I have named, be left to take care of itself. Beauty is not an accident of things, it pertains to their essence; it pervades the wide range of creation; and wherever it is impaired or banished, we have in this fact, the proof of the moral disorder which pervades the world. Reject, therefore, the false philosophy of those who will ask what does it matter, provided a thing be useful, whether it is beautiful or not? and say in reply, that we will take our lesson from Almighty God, who, in His works, has shown us, and in His Word also has told us, that 'He hath made everything,' not one thing or another thing, but everything, 'beautiful in His time.' A little further on he illustrates the practical bearings of the question, insisting that "to this constitution of things outward, the constitution and mind of man, deranged although they be, still answer from within. Down to the humblest condition of life,—down to the lowest and most backward grade of civilisation,—the nature of man craves, and seems as it were to cry aloud for something, some sign or token at least, of what is beautiful in some of the many spheres of life and sense." And, again, in another passage, he reduces all these suggestions to a result, which, admitting its reasonableness, invests the question with an importance, as bearing upon our social status, which it is impossible to overrate. The pursuit of the element of beauty in the business of production is to be looked upon, he says, "not merely as an economical benefit; not merely as that which contributes to our works an element of value; not merely as that which supplies a particular faculty of human nature with its proper food; but as a liberalising and civilising power, and an instrument, in its own sphere, of moral and social improvement."

And what is the argument we would found upon this position so admirably expressed? Why this: that if the craving for beauty is so universal in our nature, and the gratification of that desire is followed by such wholesome results upon "the constitution and mind of man," it becomes a duty of the State to tend and nurture that ennobling impulse to the fullest possible extent among the whole community, or at least to prevent, as far as may be done, by legislative enactment or official control, the wanton discouragement of that feeling, by the erection of buildings and other structures of a hideous character, in the public ways. The pride and exultation with which a large urban community may be brought to view an orderly arrangement of stately buildings, with the interior of which the major part of them have no concern, is aptly illustrated in a sister metropolis over the water, where a few miles of new Boulevards have been accepted as a compensation for surrendered constitutional liberties. In unenviable contradistinction, England, where every man is free—free above all to "do what he likes with his own"—unquestionably boasts the most unsightly capital in Europe.

When a man "builds a house upon his own ground," he considers that he is at perfect liberty to fashion it internally and externally just as may happen to please his own fancy; and, in general, the law is on his side. But there is a sort of moral obligation which should be held superior to strict legal right—a moral obligation springing, it is not going too far to say it, from the Divine injunction to "do unto one's neighbour as one would be done by"—not to thrust a hideous and offensive object in his face every time he has occasion to pass your door, the result of your own

caprice or ignorance, or of the evil counsel of some upstart, common, so-called "architect." Nor would we impute to *malice prepense*, nor even to "culpable negligence," every case of offence of this kind. The best intentions are often frustrated through being directed by false principles, or imperfect knowledge, or a naturally defective fancy, and in such cases the most lavish expenditure upon materials and workmanship only serves to intensify and render more conspicuous the original mistake. Perhaps the two costliest and at the same time most unsightly and tasteless private mansions recently built (one, to speak more correctly, is still in course of building) in London, are situate within a stone's throw of one another, in a leading fashionable thoroughfare, and are the result of the munificent ambition of two of the richest merchants in Europe. Of the late Mr. Hope's house at the corner of Down Street, as it has become in some sort familiarised to the public eye, it were late now to speak; but Baron Rothschild's more bulky building, which in its slow progress to completion daily challenges the perplexed and annoyed gaze of the passers-by, may justify a word or two of remark. The first idea that must present itself to every one who considers the quantity and quality of the materials entering into the composition of this ostentatious but dreary pile, is its bald and poverty-stricken aspect; the cold, ungainly expanse of its wall surface, pierced with unmeaning fenestration, in which the shallow meagre mouldings surrounding the voids contrast suggestively, in the mind's eye, with the redundant carvings and other works of a decorative character, which are known to be crowded upon one another in the interior; the whole combination savouring eminently of the hateful and unneighbourly sin of selfishness. To enforce in any point of detail this general condemnation, would perhaps be unnecessary, but we cannot help pointing out, as an instance of inartistic blundering on the part of the architect, the Venetian windows over the portico in which the piers between the centre and side window spaces are double instead of single, as they ought properly to be, producing a heavy and incongruous effect most painful to the eye.

We admitted that, generally speaking, as the law now stands, every man building a house has a right to consult his own fancy and insult the taste of his neighbour, without let or hindrance in point of law, suggesting only the restraining influence which a Christian-like consideration for the feelings of others might exert to qualify the selfish proceeding. But there are, we submit, exceptions even to this rule, which may be supported upon strict analogy with existing and universally admitted laws, that restrict and regulate to a point of mutual concession what would otherwise seem to be the conflicting rights of the owners of lands adjoining one another. According to the strict letter of the law, the tenure of landed property is *usque ad cælum*; so that there would be nothing to prevent a man having half an acre of ground in the midst of a thickly populated district, to cover it to the very verge with a tower as tall as that of Babel, to the great disgust and inconvenience of his neighbours. But here the law of "easements" steps in, and insists that every man has a right to the enjoyment of a certain amount of light and air surrounding his own particular property, and, as it were, received by passage over that of his neighbour's, which the latter has not a right to dispossess him of nor encroach upon. On the part of the public, which recognises and protects the rights of private property, we claim an equally inalienable interest in the enjoyment of the light and air of heaven along the boundaries

of the public highway; and we assert the claim in regard to light not only as regards the quantity of the thing itself, but of the form and manner in which it may be enjoyed. Conceding the bare right of every vulgar owner to set up any fashion of unpleasant wall-work his choice may delight in—from the flattest and most miserable stone-facing to the most extravagant contortions of "Victorian" insanity—we demand of him some respect to public feeling in all those portions of his building, whether roof or parapet, which intercept or in any way deal with that which is the common estate of all—the fair blue arch of the everlasting firmament. It is precisely in roof and parapet that, of all other parts of his building, the true architect has the finest and freest opportunity of displaying the soul that is within him, and of putting a crowning glory to a work of mundane suggestion and requirement, the leading features of which have necessarily been moulded upon considerations of utility beyond his control. But the imperious demands of necessity in the disposal of space in the plan being met in every particular, it is still open to him when he comes to his "sky-line," including roofage, parapet, chimneys, &c., to display his inventive powers with a result which shall be grateful and complimentary to the public eye. Yet how often, in some of the most remarkable of recent structures in the metropolis, as well as in additions made to already existing buildings, has every consideration of this kind been ignored, or grossly and unfeelingly violated. Take, for instance, the long line of Regent Street, which, with its many sins of design (more especially in its arbitrary disregard of individualism of particular dwellings in favour of the one end aimed at, of completeness and homogeneousness of *ensemble*), is a great advance upon the dingy and repulsive network of straggling thoroughfares which it replaced, and may be said to have inaugurated the Renaissance of the nineteenth century,—take, we say, this famed fashionable highway, and see how its uniformity, so stringently insisted upon in the crown leases of the various tenements, has already begun to be violated at the caprice of individuals. Look, for instance, at the well-known Club Chambers, built as a commercial speculation some years ago, and at the huge pile of French architecture, with towering Mansard roof, now in course of erection at the corner of New Burlington Street, in utter and striking contrast to all the long row of buildings of which it forms a part; and worse still, cast a look at the mean attic stories which here and there have been stuck upon the roofs, to serve as dormitories or storerooms, and, more recently, the glass-houses intended for photographic purposes, which have sprung up from end to end of the street, to the complete disfigurement of the decent sky-line originally designed. But the most atrocious infraction of public decency committed in this popular thoroughfare is in the case of the roof of St. James's Hall—a monstrous, shapeless protuberance, not to be likened, as far as our experience goes, to anything in nature or Art, save, perhaps, the hull of an old ship, bottom upwards, and covered with excrescent barnacles (intended as ventilators), the startling aspect of which meets the eye at the top of Regent Street on the left, afterwards, as you descend, moves over to the right, and eventually as, with eager and puzzled curiosity, you approach to inspect it nearer, vanishes altogether, leaving you all in amaze as to the what and whereabouts of the disgusting apparition. Another instance of a roof in itself not so offensive in outline, but in character utterly inappropriate to the building to which it is attached, and to its

surroundings, is that of the Reading-Room at the British Museum, which, from a distance, invites us to a "West Central" St. Paul's, and vanishes before the Ionic portico, behind which it is so incongruously appended, is reached. Again, another singular instance of roof and chimney "impertinence," taking the term in its strictly legal acceptation, may be found in that overgrown tea-caddy production, known as the Middle Temple Library, where the chimneys, rising from the side walls, but to a point below the ridge of the high-pitched roof, having been found inoperative, the smoke is now conveyed from the lower part of the former to the roof in rectangular zinc flues, having the appearance of flying buttresses (only placed in positions never yet occupied by such), and then up the face of the roof to the top of it, where they discharge their smoky stream. To take examples of a different kind: the Tuileriesque roof-structures of Montague House, and the indescribable fungoid excrescences at the top of the Grosvenor Hotel, may be pointed to as *mauvaises plaisanteries*, the emanations of a disturbed intellect and misguided conceit. But what shall we say to the broad acre of stolid lead, with dog-kennel light running down the midst, which, high in mid-air, overhangs the huge area of the Charing Cross Railway Station, forming a hideous background to the parapet, turrets, and lion of Northumberland House, in a word destroying its old familiar "sky-line," in common with that of all surrounding buildings? What? but that we live in a selfish age of money-greed, which blinds the eye and closes the heart against all considerations but those of a profitable investment of capital.

And this brings us to a further and final quotation from Mr. Gladstone's charming and graceful Burslem address, in which the minister whose peculiar and necessary official duty has been to deal with money, and who, least of all, might be supposed capable of underrating its importance as an element of social life, thus expresses himself upon some of the debasing effects of a too great store and care for wealth in the human heart and intellect. "I know not," says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "whether there is any one among many species of human aberration that renders a man so entirely callous, as the lust of gain in its extreme degrees. That passion, when it has full dominion, excludes every other; it shuts out even what might be called redeeming infirmities; it blinds men to the sense of beauty, as much as the perception of justice and right. Cases might even be named of countries, where greediness for money holds the widest sway, and where unmitigated ugliness is the principal characteristic of industrial products."

This position, so sound and wholesome in itself, and withal so calmly and forcibly put, completes the theoretic considerations in view of which we would discuss the general bearings of the question of what is due to "the *Æsthetics* of our Public Ways." It is incumbent upon us now to give them a direct application in reference to existing or projected public works within the bills of mortality, which threaten to alter and cut up the whole face of the metropolis, in the interests of the travelling portion of the community, and the companies "limited," which have stood forward under the pretence of catering for the public convenience, but in reality "in the lust of gain;" with no other views than to make a good market value for their several schemes, and to "do" the public, or one another, to the fullest possible extent. Never since the memorable year 1845 was the business of railway projecting so rife; and now it comes, in great part, with concentrated and peculiar interest, as involving, more or less,

the territorial arrangements and distribution of thoroughfares within the metropolis. In the restricted point of view in which we have taken up the question, we do not feel called upon to examine any of these projects, in regard either to the extent to which they may contribute to the convenience of the travelling community, or the amount of gain they may return to the shareholders. Railway travellers and railway shareholders are undoubtedly entitled to large consideration at the hands of an emphatically-speaking commercial community, but they are not the objects of our solicitude at the present moment. Looking to the importance of regulating our public ways with due regard to æsthetic principles, which we have endeavoured to advocate in the preceding observations, we have to urge with especial emphasis their prompt application in connection with works of such magnitude and importance as it appears probable will, before many years, rear their heads around us in connection with some or other of the railway projects we have referred to; to say nothing of local street improvements, for which companies have been formed, and for the authorisation of which bills are awaiting the decision of Parliament in the present session. The latter class of works, as being strictly of local importance, and having local eyes watching them, we shall pass over for the present, perhaps to recur to them individually, or in groups, on some future occasion. But the junction railway from Wandsworth to Hampstead, or from Brompton to Euston Square, confers no immediate local advantages upon most of the principal thoroughfares or open spaces through which it passes, and entails an amount of inconvenience and annoyance, in the shape of obstructive works and the noise and smoke of transit, upon the inhabitants. What we have to insist upon, therefore, is, that in passing through the bowels of our thickly-populated metropolis and its immediate environs, these junction lines, whether Grand Outer Circle, or Inner Circle, or Metropolitan Grand Union, or other, by whatever names they may be called, be fashioned so as to interfere as little as possible with the local economy of our streets and open ways; and that wherever they come before the public eye, whether on bridge, on viaduct, or in cutting, they should be constructed with a decent regard to æsthetic principles, so as to become, if not exactly an ornament and source of gratification, at least not an eyesore and an offence. Furthermore, in the interests equally of economy and appearance, we would urge—particularly in the case of bridges over the Thames—that, where practicable, the special requirements of the railway should be consulted in connection with that of general traffic in one compound structure. This principle is happily in operation at Cologne and Dresden, but is signally violated in our great metropolis, in the case of the Victoria Railway Bridge, which runs within a hundred yards of Mr. Page's beautiful Wandsworth Bridge, and in that of the Dover and Chatham tank bridge, which, when finished, will run close alongside, at one end actually touching, Blackfriars Bridge, which, as we all know, is itself shortly to be rebuilt.

The extent to which the arguments and suggestions we have adduced in this article are applicable on the present occasion may be judged of from the fact, as appears from the "Report of the Board of Trade on Metropolitan Railway Schemes, 1864," that "thirty-nine bills proposing to sanction the construction of railways within the metropolitan railway district, have been lodged at the Board of Trade," of which number "eight have failed to make the deposit required by the standing orders;" while "in some other

cases portions of the scheme have been abandoned, and a reduced deposit made." Thirty-one schemes (amounting in all to about a hundred and seventy miles in length) thus remain for extending or improving the lines of railway transit within the metropolis, which in their outer sweep comprehend almost every inhabited locality in the wide circuit from Brompton, through Notting Hill, Hammer-smith, Kilburn, Hampstead, Stoke Newington, Stamford Hill, Hackney, Bow, Limehouse, Rotherhithe, New Cross, Wandsworth, and Victoria Station, besides branches too numerous to mention; and in their "inner circle," from Pimlico along the Thames embankment to Blackfriars Bridge, thence to Tower Hill, thence to Finsbury Circus, Trinity Square, and so on back by Notting Hill to Brompton; besides which are numerous lines, north and south, in connection with the Charing Cross Station; another through the Thames Tunnel; and a Metropolitan Grand Union Railway—in some respects competing with the Outer and Inner Circle schemes—which purposes junctions between the London and Blackwall Railway, and the North London Extension, near the Liverpool Street Station, to the proposed extension of the Great Eastern line, near Wormwood Street, to the Victoria Station, Pimlico, and from a point near Tower Hill to the South Eastern and Brighton Railways on the south side of the river. Those who consider the above very incomplete summary of the projects in hand, may imagine for themselves how the metropolis, in its most frequented parts, is to be intersected by them, either in cuttings, in tunnels, or on viaducts. The new termini which these schemes will render necessary in the heart of the metropolis, to say nothing of the suburbs, will be seven in number—one in Wormwood Street, two (high and low level respectively) in Moorgate Street, one a little to the west of the Mansion House, one at Aldgate, one at Trinity Square, Tower Hill, and one near the present Charing Cross Station, at its eastern side. Then in respect of the connection of railways north and south of the river, we are threatened with five new bridges, in addition to those already existing, or sanctioned, at Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Pimlico respectively—namely, one at Limehouse, one at Tower Hill, one at Chelsea, and two (of competing companies) at Lambeth.

What we have to urge in respect of these projects is, that before any of them receive the sanction of Parliament, there should, in addition to the commercial prospects and engineering difficulties involved in them, be taken into account the designs of the several works as regards æsthetic considerations, in order that, in extending the ramifications of our great railway system through our metropolis—the importance of which on the grounds of general convenience, and as an element of civilisation and commercial aggrandisement we do not for a moment dispute—regard should be had, and guarantees obtained, for "the association of beauty with utility," as far as circumstances will possibly admit.

But there is another sense besides that of the eye which claims consideration in these matters. The screaming of the railway whistle, the puffing and rumbling of the train in its dizzy passage, shaking houses to their foundation, already sufficiently painfully appreciable, even in suburban localities, will become an intolerable nuisance when invading the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, unless put under restraint.

It is some consolation in the midst of the apprehensions which the projected wholesale invasion of our streets conjures up, to find that the Government are not altogether indifferent to the exigency of the crisis, and

the responsibility which it imposes upon them. The joint committee of Lords and Commons appointed at the suggestion of Mr. Milner Gibson to hold a preliminary inspection over all the metropolitan railway schemes, before proceeding with any of them, will be of much use if they zealously perform their duty. Let them recollect that the eyes and ears of three millions of her Majesty's subjects, resident in the metropolis alone, to say nothing of visitors, are in their immediate keeping, as well as all the civilising and moral influences dependent on the agency of those senses; and may they acquit themselves of the trust reposed in them wisely, fearlessly, and well.

H. O.

THE NEW COURTS AT KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE upper walls of the New Courts, that is of the Loan Museum, have been painted and divided into pairs of panels, each one of which will contain a full-length portrait of some person who has distinguished himself in Art or science. The figures already finished and placed are—William of Wykeham, by R. Burchett; Cimabue, by Leighton; Wren and Hogarth, by Eyre Crowe; and Michael Angelo, by G. Sykes. Moreover, Mr. Leighton is engaged upon Nicolo Pisano, and Mr. Sykes upon Raffaello, Mr. Cave Thomas on Albert Dürer, and Mr. Redgrave on Flaxman and Holbein. These, with one more—to whom assigned, we know not—will complete the set on one side of the Loan Museum. The conditions to which these figures are finally subjected, have placed their works on trial in a manner for which some of the artists have evidently been unprepared. They are relieved in the first place by a diapered gilt background too near a spread of top-light, which illumines the gilt up to intense reflection; secondly, the figures are placed very high, and few artists have the hardihood to compose their figures purposely out of drawing in order that they may look right from below. From the dispositions of some of the figures they appear short and insignificant. The flood of light upon the glittering background gives to dark figures the effect of a man standing with his back to a window. Thus the figures are heavy, and the drawing is all but lost. Mr. Leighton's Cimabue is admirably suited to the gilt field—he has managed to give the appearance of a light from within, which greatly neutralises the opposition; but the uniformly white dress of the figure makes it look like a painting from a statue rather than the portrait of the man supposed to be alive, and the colouring of the face is not sufficient to dispel the impression. The degrees of tone, however, that Mr. Leighton has secured to his Cimabue are about those necessary for such a light as his figure is placed in. These pictures, we presume, like the corridor frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, are painted in the studios of the artists, and transferred thence to their places. Thus having been worked out in a moderately good light, and with entire reference to that light, they cannot tell favourably placed as they are now. It is not difficult to determine the artists who are unaccustomed to paint large figures. Michael Angelo is placed on a staircase within the Vatican; he carries his designs and his well-known anatomical figure. Hogarth stands with his legs crossed; this might have been a habit with him, but there are few personal habits becoming to what ought to be the dignity of portraiture. Wren stands resting his right hand on a pedestal, and holds in his left his plans for St. Paul's. In some the faults of bad originals have been repeated with a too great prominence to matter of insignificant detail. The portraits yet to be placed, besides those mentioned, are those of Albert Dürer, Palissy, Goujon, Cellini, and Holbein. If other artists engaged upon these works have waited and profited by the effects of those placed, they have done wisely; if not, we may see a continuation of false effects which no skill or experience can guard against without a knowledge of the special conditions of the case.

THE ALEXANDRA VASE.

THIS truly royal vase, the wedding-gift presented to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales by the Danes resident in England, has already been described in *The Art-Journal*, and now we place before our readers an engraving on wood, which faithfully represents this noble work of the goldsmith's art, designed and produced in oxydised silver by Mr. Jes Barkentin.

With its base and plinth the Alexandra Vase is three feet six inches in height, and it weighs about three hundred and fifteen ounces. In the great medallion, which appears upon the body of the vase in our engraving, Queen Thyra Dannebod is represented sitting on horseback, superintending the building of the Dannevirke, and encouraging the workers in their labour. All the figures in this fine and spirited group are executed in salient relief. Queen Thyra, consort of Gorm II. of Denmark (whose great-grandson was Canute the Great), a daughter of our Edward the Elder, and a sister of Alfred, from her patriotic spirit received her surname of *Dannebod*, or the "consolation of the people;" she died in the year 935. The corresponding medallion on the opposite side of the vase is devoted to the representation of a memorable incident associated with another royal lady, who, like Queen Thyra, may be styled a national heroine of Denmark. Queen Dagmar has been represented by Mr. Barkentin as in the act of interceding with her husband, Waldemar the Victorious, on behalf of the imprisoned peasants. This much-loved and honoured princess wears her own "Dagmar cross," and she kneels before her royal lord, supported by two faithful and loving attendant friends, Kirsten of Rise, and the youthful Rigmor; the king himself is attended by an officer of his guard, and by another personage of sterner aspect, in whose charge are the objects of the gentle queen's compassion. In the Norse, *Dagmar* is the "bright day;" and this name was given by her people, in place of her real name, Margaret, to the fair and popular consort of Waldemar II. She was a daughter of Przemisl Ottakar, King of Bohemia, and she died in the year 1213. The cover of the vase supports a statuette of Canute himself, the royal Anglo-Dane, with his crown and sceptre, and his mantle of state fastened over his breast with a true Danish morse, as he would have appeared when he rose from his chair beside the advancing waters of the flowing tide. About the neck of the vase is a band formed of early Danish shields, all of them modelled from existing original examples.

At the head of his mythological poem Mr. Barkentin has placed the two other statuettes in full relief, which, with consummate artistic skill, bind together the crowning figure of Canute and the groups of the two medallions and the small heads in the boss of the stem of the vase. These two beautiful figures, which sit within the handles of the vase, are Idun, with the golden apples of perennial youth, the ambrosia of the Scandinavian immortals; and Freia, the Venus of the north, holding the fatal distaff with which she spins the thread of the married life of the children of men.

Conceived with genuine Scandinavian feeling, and executed with masterly power in *repoussé* work of very low relief—the style of Art and the treatment are most happily consistent with the myths that are shadowed forth below and between the two great medallions, and also ascending the outer faces of the handles of the vase, the other mythological figures appear grouped together in close succession.



So admirably has Mr. Barkentin realised in these groups the spirit of Scandinavian mythology, that his figures may be accepted as the true impersonations of the ancient divinities of the northern races.

Below the Thyra medallion the three Norner, the *Parce* of Scandinavia, appear seated under the shadow of Ygdrasil, the sacred ash-tree that flourishes throughout space; and on the other side, occupying a corresponding position, the mystic triad, the supreme deities of the northmen, Odin, Vile, and Ve, sit in solemn and lofty meditation. Upon each handle of the vase, soaring upwards, are the Valkyries, the winged "shield maidens," who watch over the earthly career of the warriors of the north, and who also conduct their souls from their last battle-field to the Walhalla. Below them, on one side, standing on Byfrost, the bridge that spans the void between the Walhalla and the earth, is Heimdall the Vigilant, a cock on the crest of his helm, with his drawn sword, and blowing his horn—Odin's warder. Lower down, Odin himself sits enthroned, grasping his spear; on either side of him his two tamed wolves and his two ravens—the latter the emblems of the two great faculties of Reflection and Imagination. He contemplates the conflict ever raging between the Aserne and the Jetterne, the gods and the giants, the adverse principles of good and evil; there, encircled by the club-wielding giants, and supported by his brethren, Thor, girded with his belt of strength, delivers crushing blows with Mjölnir, his cross-formed hammer, short in the shaft. On the other side, enthroned like her lord, Frigga, queen of heaven, consort of Odin, mournfully contemplates the death of the best beloved of her sons, Balder the Beautiful, the god of wisdom and purity and the gentler virtues. As he lies dead at her feet, where he fell pierced by the arrow of mistletoe unwittingly shot at him by Huldur, his blind brother, Frigga conceives the idea that it may be possible to recall her Balder again to life; and, on the instant, she despatches Odin's chief minister Hermod, upon the good steed Sleipner, to confer with Hela, Queen of Helheim, where dwell apart the spirits of those Scandinavians who do not die in battle. Around the prostrate form of their brother stand Thor, and Ydun, and Brage, the poet god, with his harp; and Nanna, Balder's wife, is kneeling, as she knelt before she sank down dead upon her dead husband. At the base of the composition, their groups encircling the vase, the dwarfs Brok and Scindre and their brethren, the skilled artificers, are at work, forging in their mountain caves armour and weapons for the celestial warriors, and forming jewels for them also for their adornment.

After such a fashion as this has Mr. Barkentin sketched in silver for our Princess some of the most characteristic of the mythic legends of the Denmark of her ancestors. Perhaps Her Royal Highness may be disposed to suspect that those dwarfs, yielding to the powerful influence of a fellow-feeling, have lent some of their hammers and their graving-tools to the living goldsmith of human parentage, who works, with his two ravens beside him, in Berners Street.

It will be understood that Mr. Barkentin has received the special permission of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales to reproduce the "Alexandra Vase," in either bronze or electro-silver, as an exact model of his original work. These reproductions, accordingly, may be always seen in the atelier of the artist, and they may there be obtained by persons who may desire to possess models of this noble and interesting work, one whereon much of old Danish poetry—curious in its legends—is figuratively inscribed.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

Much has been, and is, said and written about "the power of the pence;" and it certainly is

marvellous what may be accomplished in time by a few of these comparatively insignificant coins. In this age of cheap and good literature, for example, the "pence" will enable a man to surround himself with a little library of useful and instruc-

tive books, illustrated and printed in a manner which, fifty years ago, the riches of the wealthy could scarcely purchase. Among the publishers who have helped forward this most desirable state of things, Messrs. Cassell & Co. have long taken



LOT'S WIFE.

the lead: the numerous works of every kind circulated by them are, for the most part, positive

* THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

blessings to the great mass of their countrymen. These publishers are issuing in *penny numbers*, weekly, a beautiful edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with engravings by Messrs. Linton, W.

Thomas, and Wentworth, of London, and Messrs. Best and Chapon, of Paris, from designs by Messrs. H. C. Selous and P. Priolo, specimens of which are introduced here. Both artists and

critics may differ as to the style in which Bunyan's characters should appear; some contending

that they ought to be dressed as were the author and his contemporaries. But the allegory is for

all time, the pilgrim and his companions belong to every generation; the artist, therefore, is free



HOPEFUL AND CHRISTIAN.

to follow his own fancy in the matter. Mr. Selous and his fellow-worker lean to the modern school of German illustrators, and we are not



CHRISTIAN'S FIGHT WITH APOLLYON.

disposed to quarrel with them on that account. These designs, with their fanciful enriched bor-

ders, are good in every way, evidencing both thought and imagination, and they are very care-

fully engraved. This edition of Bunyan, when complete, will be fit to find a home in any library.

MR. MORBY'S ART-GALLERY,
CORNHILL.

It is now in the rooms of the most eminent picture-dealers that we must look for those productions of our painters that issue from their studios during the intervals between the exhibitions. Time was when those intervals produced nothing, when the year was employed on a few works, all of which went to the annual exhibition. But large works have disappeared from all periodical picture-shows, for which the many reasons have been discussed in these columns again and again. We live in the days of small pictures; these are produced in countless numbers, and whether they go no man can tell. We were much struck by seeing in Mr. Morby's Art-Gallery, near the Royal Exchange, a picture by MacIse called 'A Warrior's Cradle.' To those who know the severity of Mr. MacIse's application to his 'Death of Nelson' in the Royal Gallery in the House of Lords, it is matter of much surprise that he should find leisure, or that, having the leisure, he should be sufficiently elastic, to disport himself on a small canvas. Almost side by side with this, there is an admirable picture by Roberts, called, we believe, 'The Palatine from the Tiber,' wherein we are placed above the Ponte Rotto, with the old bridge on our right, and facing almost the Cloaca Maxima. Prominent also are the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, the Temple of Vesta, the modern church of the Bocca Della Verita, and many other well-known objects. There is, besides, the famous 'Altar in Seville Cathedral,' painted, we believe, for Louis Philippe.

Strewed about Mr. Morby's rooms are some very attractive foreign pictures; among them is a Rosa Bonheur, from which it requires an effort to rise, having once sat down before it; it is a group of red oxen lying on a hill side. The cattle look Scotch, but the scenery is like the pastures at the foot of the Pyrenees; at any rate, there appears to us in this picture a greater amount of unquestionable perfection than in any of the recent works of this great and original artist. We see here, also, one of Mademoiselle Bonheur's most important works, 'Landais Peasants going to Market.' We have never seen a picture having less appearance of elaboration with so much minuteness of description. By the Belgian Gallait is a picture called 'A Voice from the Prison,' wherein we read of a political prisoner of whose whereabouts his unfortunate family are entirely ignorant. In order to learn, however, where he is imprisoned, his wife, bearing with her their youngest child and accompanied by a son, visits all the places of confinement where she suspects her husband to be, making her son play on his violin those national airs of which her husband was fond. We find them accordingly grouped under a barred window, whence the music is acknowledged by a voice within, which the unhappy family recognise as that of him they seek. The picture is painted rather with reference to the past in Art than in relation with anything characteristic of the modern schools; unobtrusive in everything, but deeply touching in its sentiment, which the painter commends to the observer in preference to any resource of *chique*, which is most studiously avoided.

About Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's 'Olivia and Viola' there can be no mistake; the figures point at once to their source. From this we turn to another, by the same hand, called 'The Path where the Brown Leaves are spread,' in which appears a mother playing with her child on a wood-side bank. By the same artist there is a second picture, 'A Bacchante,' an early work, it may be presumed, as wanting the brilliancy of his present manner. 'Romance,' by Alexander Johnston, is a life-sized figure of a girl sitting in deep thought with her head supported by her hand.

The 'Fête de Mariage,' painted long ago by Frederick Goodall, presents beauties of colour and arrangement unsurpassed by even his late works. This is the sketch, so called, for a large picture painted some twenty years since, and really more full of figures than his 'Village Fair.' 'The Swing,' also by him, is a section of the large picture known by that name, and not less brilliant

or finished. Also by the same, 'The Opium Bazaar at Cairo,' which was in the Academy last season. One of Lance's pictures of 1851 is here, 'Modern Fruit and Mediæval Art,' in which appears a selection of very choice fruit, and two chased and carved tankards, such as are seen in cabinets of rare curiosities. In colour the painter seems here to have outdone himself; this is, perhaps, the richest distribution of high tints he has achieved. 'Auld Lang Syne' is the title of a picture by Clark (him of 'The Sick Child'), in which are two children, a boy and a girl, on a hill side, the former, we are to suppose, giving forth the famous Scotch song at the top of his voice. 'The Duke of Guise crossing the Barricades,' is a very crowded composition by Bourgoïn, a pupil of Paul Delaroche. The scene is near the Place de la Grève, and the duke having quitted his house, which is on the spot, is saluted and cheered by crowds of soldiers and citizens, who throw down their arms at his feet. 'Trimming the Harbour Light,' is the title of one of Eugene Le Poittevin's characteristic sketches. The subject is a man preparing a lamp at the entrance to some small seaport in France. The works of this painter, though always small, are remarkably full of point, at times very quaint, but always clearly and forcibly described. 'The Pet Rabbit,' and 'The School Teacher's Visit,' by Edward Hughes, are domestic subjects, bright with high light and powerful colour. In one of Van Schendel's candlelight subjects we see a girl at a market stall buying vegetables; the effect is as successful as those of the best examples of the artist. 'The Widow,' an early picture by Webster, presents a mother with her two children, the latter gleefully blowing bubbles while she dwells sorrowfully on her bereavement. 'Euphrosyne,' an important work by Frost, is one of those poetic conceptions of which we fear we have seen the last, for the failure of Mr. Frost's eyesight compels him to abandon high finish and small pictures. Beautiful and true as are throngs of the domesticities that shine forth among the pictures which annually cover our exhibition walls, we cannot but regret that such Art as Frost's should become extinct. By a picture of Verboekhoven we are reminded that he, too, suffers from partial failure of sight, but the gallant old man goes on with his work, and like many not less worthy will die in harness if the remnant of his sight be spared. The picture which reminds us of Verboekhoven's affliction is as carefully worked as any he has produced. There are also a noble work—the latest bequest of Duffield; the landscape background and a group of figures by John Gilbert; two elaborately coloured pictures of fruit by E. Landell; and two charming groups of flowers by the Misses Mutrie.

'A Dewy Morning,' H. Moore, is a genuine example of the Young England class of landscape painting. The conditions of the theme are worked out earnestly "on the spot," without thought of what is understood as execution, and without any attention to formerly acknowledged precepts of effect. It is a broad, rough-cast landscape, flushed throughout with the modest morning light, according to the actual distribution at the time. 'The Bird Keeper,' C. S. Lidderdale, is a country boy with an old pistol, kneeling as ready for a shot at some of the feathered depredators against whose attacks it is his duty to guard his master's corn. By the same is another called 'In want of a Halfpenny,' wherein is a girl looking very wishfully at the biscuits and sweets in the shop window of a small country huckster. Another picture by Frost, called 'The Graces,' abounds with passages of the most refined feeling. In 'His Portrait,' by Elmore, appears a lady reclining on a couch and contemplating a miniature. In addition to the pictures named, are 'Highland Mary,' by G. C. Stanfield, others by Faed, E. W. Cooke, R.A., George Smith, and an admirable picture by Gerôme, him of the 'Ave Caesar,' &c.; the subject is 'A Turk at Prayer at the Entrance of a Mosque,' two charming examples of Miss Mutrie, and many of Edward Frère. With these we conclude our notice of this collection, wherein are found a number of recently painted pictures which have not been seen, so far as our recollection extends, in any public exhibition.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH.

ORIGINALLY intended to be regarded and used as a church of almost cathedral importance, this fine building has long done good service in the capacity of a civic Hall in the capital city of what we may now distinguish as the royal county of Norfolk. At an early time the destiny of this edifice was changed from ecclesiastical to secular purposes; the central tower, accordingly, was demolished when this change was carried into effect, the projection of the transept was cut short, and the spacious nave, with its aisles and the crossing, formed the Hall, the possession of which any of our provincial cities, or even the metropolis itself, might regard with complacent satisfaction. Very recently it was resolved to take in hand in earnest such a work of restoration as would both make good whatever had been affected by the lapse of time, and also would render the Hall architecturally perfect as an example of Gothic civic buildings. Nothing could be more laudable than the project, which thus it was the voluntary pleasure of the citizens of Norwich to carry into effect. Their hall was a very fine hall, but it needed both reparation and decoration; and various subordinate structures, such as an entrance-porch, refreshment-rooms, &c., were wanting to make it complete. It will be observed, that in this instance a very fine though a late Gothic edifice, which had been designed and built to be a mediæval church, had to be restored and adorned in its existing capacity as a civic hall; accordingly, while carefully working in the spirit of the style as the original builders had treated that style, the restoring architect had before him an admirable opportunity for showing the comprehensive and elastic character of Gothic architecture, by assimilating his entire work of restoration to the present secular appropriation of the building—the hall was to be restored and decorated as a hall, as a Gothic hall, as a Gothic hall also which had been originally intended to be a church. It would have been an easy task for an architect who was a thorough master of Gothic architecture to have given a true civic tone to the restored hall, without in the slightest degree depriving it of its essentially Gothic character. Unfortunately, a local architect was entrusted with this really important work, and some earnest efforts to call in to his aid such a consulting colleague as Mr. G. G. Scott were overruled. The local gentleman had previously tried his hand at civic Gothic restorations and alterations in the Guildhall of the old East Anglian city; and here his most wretched failure might have served to have saved the St. Andrew's Hall from a similar fate. But the warning was neglected, and so the second and much more serious mischief has been perpetrated. Without even the faintest indication of any true Gothic feeling whatever, but with abundant evidence of an absolute misconception of the fundamental principles of the style, the restorer has done all that was in his power to suppress every vestige of secular architecture, and he has left St. Andrew's Hall as much like a bad modern imitation of an early church as he could contrive to make it; and the decorations are as bad in every respect as the restorations and the structural additions. Restorations, indeed, are very commonly perilous affairs, and this is about the worst restoration that has fallen under our notice.

Surely there is enough of public spirit as well as of artistic knowledge in Norwich to do this work over again as it ought to be done, and as it still might be done. The money already expended has bought experience at a high price; but still it has bought it; and now, with this costly experience to guide them, the citizens of Norwich really are bound to undertake the second restoration and decoration of their Hall. They will not forget that they have constantly before their eyes an example of singularly felicitous architectural restoration in their noble church of St. Peter Mancroft. That good work, indeed, is yet unfinished; so that the citizens of Norwich may still achieve the two-fold honour of completing one very good restoration, and substituting another that shall be equally good in the stead of the very bad one, of which they must be thoroughly ashamed.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV.—The caricature of the Reformation continued.—The Pope-ass and the Monk-calf.—Other caricatures against the Pope.—The good and bad shepherds.

THE monstrous figures of animals which had amused the sculptors and miniaturists of an earlier period came in time to be looked upon as realities, and were not only regarded with wonder as physical deformities, but were objects of superstition, for they were believed to be sent into the world as warnings of great revolutions and calamities. During the age preceding the Reformation the reports of the births or discoveries of such monsters were very common, and engravings of them were no doubt profitable articles of merchandise among the early book-hawkers. Two of these were very celebrated in the time of the Reformation, the Pope-ass and the Monk-calf, and were published and republished with an explanation under the names of Luther and Melancthon, which made them emblematical of the papacy and of the abuses of the Romish church, and, of course, prognostications of their approaching exposure and fall. It was pretended that the Pope-ass was found dead in the river Tiber, at Rome, in the year 1496. It is represented in our cut No. 1, taken from an engraving



Fig. 1.—THE POPE-ASS.

preserved in a very curious volume of broadside Lutheran caricatures, in the library of the British Museum, all belonging to the year 1545, though it had been published many years before. The head of an ass, we are told, represented the Pope himself, with his false and carnal doctrines. The right hand resembled the foot of an elephant, signifying the spiritual power of the Pope, which was heavy, and stamped down and crushed people's consciences. The left hand was that of a man, signifying the worldly power of the Pope, which grasped at universal empire over kings and princes. The right foot was that of an ox, signifying the spiritual ministers of the papacy, the doctors of the church, the preachers, confessors, and scholastic theologians, and especially the monks and nuns, those who aided and supported the Pope in oppressing people's bodies and souls. The left foot was that of a griffin, an animal which, when it once seizes its prey, never lets it escape, and signified the canonists, the ministers of the Pope's temporal power, who grasped people's temporal goods, and never returned them. The breast and belly of this monster were those of a woman, and signified the papal body, the cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, &c., who spent their lives in eating, drinking, and incontinence; and this part of the body was naked, because the popish clergy were not ashamed to

expose their vices to the public. The legs, arms, and neck, on the contrary, were clothed with fishes' scales; these signified the temporal princes and lords, which were mostly in alliance with the papacy. The old man's head behind the monster, meant that the papacy had become old, and was approaching its end; and the head of a dragon, vomiting flames, which served for a tail, was significative of the great threats, the venomous horrible bulls and blasphemous writings, which the pontiff and his ministers, enraged at seeing their end approach, were launching into the world against all who opposed them. These explanations were supported by apt quotations from the Scriptures, and were so effective, and became so popular,



Fig. 2.—THE MONK-CALF.

that the picture was published in various shapes, and was seen adorning the walls of the humblest cottages. I believe it is still to be met with in a similar position in some parts of Germany. It was considered at the time to be a masterly piece of satire. The picture of the Monk-calf, which is represented in our cut No. 2, was published at the same time, and usually accompanies it. This monster is said to have been born at Freyburg,



Fig. 3.—THE HEAD OF THE PAPACY.

in Misnia, and is simply a rather coarse emblem of the monachal character.

The volume of caricatures just mentioned contains several satires on the Pope, which are all very bitter, and many of them clever. One has a movable leaf, which covers the upper part of the picture; when it is down, we have a representation of the Pope in his ceremonial robes, and over it the inscription ALEX · VI · PONT · MAX. Pope Alexander VI. was the infamous Roderic Borgia, a man stained with all the crimes and vices which strike most horror into men's minds. When the

leaf is raised, another figure joins itself with the lower part of the former, and represents a papal demon, crowned, the cross being transformed into an instrument of infernal punishment. This figure is represented in our cut No. 3. Above it are inscribed the words EGO · SVM · PAPA, "I am the Pope." Attached to it is a page of explanation in German, in which the legend of that Pope's death is given, a legend that his wicked life appeared sufficient to sanction. It was said that, distrusting the success of his intrigues to secure the papacy for himself, he applied himself to the study of the black art, and sold himself to the Evil One. He then asked the tempter if it was his destiny to be Pope, and received an answer in the affirmative. He next inquired how long he should hold the papacy, but Satan returned an equivocal and deceptive answer, for Borgia understood that he was to be Pope fifteen years, whereas he died at the end of eleven. It is well known that Pope Alexander VI. died suddenly and unexpectedly through accidentally drinking the poisoned wine he had prepared with his own hand for another man.

An Italian theatine wrote a poem against the Reformation, in which he made Luther the offspring of Megxra, one of the furies, who is represented as having been sent from hell into Germany to be delivered of him. This sarcasm was thrown back upon the Pope with much greater effect by the Lutheran caricaturists. One of the plates in the above-mentioned volume represents the "birth and origin of the Pope" (*ortus et origo Papæ*),



Fig. 4.—THE POPE'S NURSE.

making the Pope identical with Antichrist. In different groups, in this rather elaborate design, the child is represented as attended by the three furies, Megxra acting as his wet-nurse, Alecto as nursery maid, and Tisiphone in another capacity, &c. The name of Martin Luther is added to this caricature also.

"Hie wird geboren der Widerchrist.
Megera sein Seugamme ist;
Alecto sein Kindermeidlin,
Tisiphone die gengelt in."
M. Luth., D. 1545.

One of the groups in this plate, representing the fury, Megxra, a becoming foster-mother, suckling the Pope-infant, is given in the preceding cut, No. 4.

In another of these caricatures the Pope is represented trampling on the emperor, to show the manner in which he usurped and tyrannised over the temporal power. Another illustrates "the kingdom of Satan and the Pope" (*regnum Satanae et Papæ*), and the latter is represented as presiding over hell-mouth in all his state. One, given in our cut No. 5, represents the Pope under the form of an ass playing on the bagpipes, and is entitled *Papa doctor theologiæ et magister fidei*. Four lines of German verse beneath the engraving state how "the Pope can alone expound Scripture and purge error, just as the ass alone can pipe and touch the notes correctly."

"Der Papst kan allein ausl gen
Die Echrift, und irthum aufgen;
Wie der esel allein pfeiffen
Kan, und die noten recht greiffen."—1545.

This was the last year of Luther's active labours. At the commencement of the year following he died at Eissleben, whither he had gone to attend the council of princes. These caricatures may perhaps be considered as so many

proclamations of satisfaction and exultation in the final triumph of the great reformer.

Books, pamphlets, and prints of this kind were multiplied to an extraordinary degree during the age of the Reformation, but the majority of



Fig. 5.—THE POPE GIVING THE TUNE.

them were in the interest of the new movement. Luther's opponent, Eckius, complained of the infinite number of people who gained their living by wandering over all parts of Germany, and selling Lutheran books.* Among those who administered largely to this circulation of polemic books was the poet of farces, comedies, and ballads, Hans Sachs, already mentioned. Hans Sachs had in one poem, published in 1535, celebrated Luther under the title of "the Wittenberg Nightingale:"—

"Die Wittenbergisch' Nachtigall,
Die man jetzt höret überall;"

and described the effects of his song over all the other animals; and he published, also in verse, what he called a Monument, or Lament, on his death ("Ein Denkmal oder Klagred' ob der Leiche Doktors Martin Luther"). Among the numerous broadsides published by Hans Sachs, one con-

tains the very clever caricature of which we give a copy in our cut No. 6. It is entitled "Der gut Hirt und böss Hirt," the good shepherd and bad shepherd, and has for its text the opening verses of the tenth chapter of the gospel of St. John. The good and bad shepherds are, as may be supposed, Christ and the Pope. The church is here pictured as a not very stately building; the entrance, especially, is a plain structure of timber. Jesus said to the Pharisees, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the flock." In the engraving, the Pope, as the hireling shepherd, sits on the roof of the stateliest part of the building, pointing out to the Christian flock the wrong way, and blessing the climbers. Under him two men of worldly distinction are making their way into the church through a window; and on a roof below a friar is pointing the way up to the people. At another window a monk holds out his arms to invite people up; and one in spectacles, no doubt emblematical of the doctors of the church, is looking out from an opening over the entrance door to watch the proceedings of the good shepherd. To the right, on the papal side of the church, the lords and great men are bringing the people under their influence, till they are stopped by the cardinals and bishops, who prevent them from going forward to the door, and point out very energetically the way up the roof. At the door stands the Saviour, as the good shepherd, who has knocked, and the porter has opened it with his key. Christ's true teachers, the evangelists, show the way to the solitary man of worth who comes by this road, and who listens with calm attention to the gospel teachers, while he opens his purse to bestow his charity on the poor man by the road side. In the original engraving, in the distance on the left, the good shepherd is seen followed by his flock, who are obedient to his voice; on the right, the bad shepherd, who has ostentatiously drawn up his sheep round the image of the cross, is seen abandoning them, and taking to flight on the approach of the wolf. "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. . . . But he that

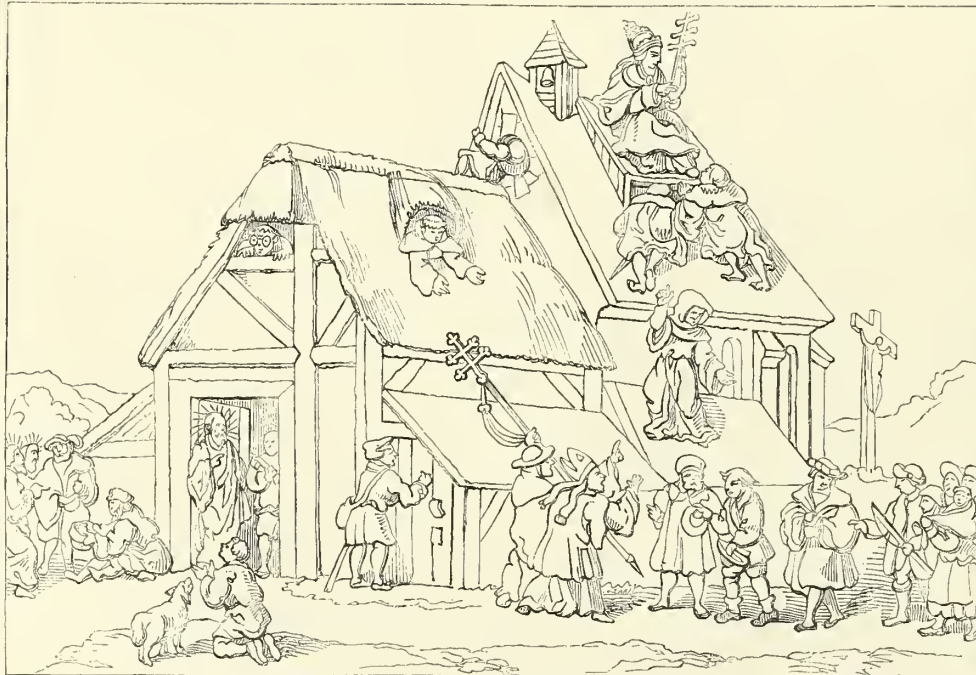


Fig. 6.—THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catch-

* Infinitus jam erat numerus qui victum ex Lutheranis libris queriantes, in speciem bibliopolarum longe lateque per Germaniæ provincias vagabantur.—Echl., p. 58.

eth them, and scattereth the sheep." (John x. 2—4, 12.)

The triumph of Luther is the subject of a rather large and elaborate caricature, which is an engraving of great rarity, but a copy of it is given in Jaime's "Musée de Caricature." Leo X.

is represented seated on his throne upon the edge of the abyss, into which his cardinals are trying to prevent his falling; but their efforts are rendered vain by the appearance of Luther on the other side, supported by his principal adherents, and wielding the Bible as his weapon, and the Pope is overthrown, in spite of the support he receives from a vast host of popish clergy, doctors, &c.

The popish writers against Luther charged him with vices for which there was probably no foundation, and invented the most scandalous stories against him. They accused him, among other things, of drunkenness and licentiousness; and there may, perhaps, be some allusion to the latter charge in our cut No. 7, which is taken



Fig. 7.—MURNER AND LUTHER'S DAUGHTER.

from one of the comic illustrations to Murner's book, "Von dem grossen Lutherischen Narren," which was published in 1522; but, at all events, it will serve as a specimen of these illustrations, and of Murner's fancy of representing himself with the head of a cat. In 1525, Luther married a nun who had turned protestant and quitted her convent, named Catherine de Bora, and this became the signal to his opponents for indulging in abusive songs, and satires, and caricatures, most of them too coarse and indelicate to be described in our columns. In many of the caricatures made on this occasion, which are usually woodcut illustrations to books written against



Fig. 8.—LUTHER AND CALVIN.

the reformer, Luther is represented dancing with Catherine de Bora, or sitting at table with a glass in his hand. An engraving of this kind, which forms one of the illustrations to a work by Dr. Konrad Wimpina, one of the reformer's violent opponents, represents Luther's marriage. It is divided into three compartments; to the left, Luther, whom the catholics always represented in the character of a monk, gives the marriage ring

to Catherine de Bora, and above them, in a sort of aureole, is inscribed the word *Vovete*; on the right appears the nuptial bed, with the curtains drawn, and the inscription *Reddite*; and in the middle the monk and nun are dancing joyously together, and over their heads we read the words—

"Discedat ab aris
Cui tulit hesterna gaudia nocte Venus."

While Luther was heroically fighting the great fight of reform in Germany, the foundation of religious reform was laid in France by John Calvin, a man equally sincere and zealous in the cause, but of a totally different temper, and he espoused doctrines and forms of church government which a Lutheran would not admit. Literary satire was used with great effect by the French Calvinists against their popish opponents, but they have left us few caricatures or burlesque engravings of any kind; at least, very few belonging to the earlier part of their history. Jaime, in his "*Musée de Caricature*," has given a copy of a very rare plate, representing the Pope struggling with Luther and Calvin, as his two assailants. Both are tearing the Pope's hair, but it is Calvin who is here armed with the Bible, with which he is striking at Luther, who is pulling him by the beard. The Pope has his hand upon Luther's head. This scene takes place in the choir of a church, but I give here only the group of the three combatants, intended to represent how the two great opponents to papal corruptions were hostile at the same time to each other.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM BEHNES.

It must be now nearly half a century since the above name first appeared in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, and more than fifty years since that name was inscribed on the books of the Academy. William Behnes, the eminent sculptor, died in the Middlesex Hospital on the 7th of January. His age can only be guessed, for he leaves behind him no relation who could speak to the fact, nor any one to whom he ever communicated it, supposing he himself knew the date of his birth, which may be questioned. As a bust sculptor—especially in male portraiture—Behnes acquired the highest reputation. Perhaps no artist of ancient or modern times has prepared for the chisel with his own hands so many busts as this sculptor. From a very early period his success was confirmed; he seems to have begun life with a command of the materials of his art which many never acquire, even after a life of labour, and which a few approach only after years of study and practice. In the work in which he so much excelled, he allowed himself no assistance; the finish of his heads, not less than the beginning, was his own. Under his small thin hand the clay hastened into form with a softness of line and surface inimitable by the touch of another. With ordinary heads his principle was "flesh to flesh;" he did not exalt them so that they should not be recognised by friends. To these, with infinite beauty of modelling, he imparted an agreeable address with a most inviting expression. On the other hand, with thinking heads he dealt otherwise; if there was anything leonine or Jupiter-like in them, the result was an essay of much grandeur, and without the interchange of any commonplace with the observer. These heads were full of inward meaning. The busts of women that passed from the hands of Behnes were not numerous, although his early promise in this direction also, bade fair to stop nothing short of his accomplishment in the other. In support of this view may be mentioned the bust of Lady Southampton, and that other, the name of the lady we forget, which struck Sir Thomas Lawrence so forcibly that he predicted a brilliant future for an artist who was so much a master of his art as to produce such a work. But subsequently his female portraiture was not what we look for in the busts of women.

William Behnes was generally considered a native of Ireland, but he was born in London about 1794. His father was a Hanoverian, the son of a physician,

but his mother was an Englishwoman. In his native city the elder Behnes was brought up as a pianoforte maker, but his elder brother having studied for his father's profession, entered the English navy, and served as surgeon on board the *Cumberland*. According to German custom, the father of the sculptor, when he had fulfilled the articles of his apprenticeship, left home to travel, with a view to improvement in his craft. He came to London, where he sought and obtained employment, and must have married not long afterwards. The fruit of this marriage was three sons—the subject of this notice, who was the eldest, Henry, the name of the second, and Charles, the youngest. Henry (who changed his name to that of Burlowe), a person of sterling character and generous impulses, died in Rome about the year 1834, having sacrificed his life in devotion to those of his friends who had been seized with cholera. Charles, the youngest, who from his youth had been an invalid, died at the house of William Behnes about ten years after. The three brothers were all born in London, but shortly after the birth of the youngest, the family went to Ireland, where the father exercised his calling, but never, it appears, did he attain to the position of a master profiting by the labours of others. As soon as William Behnes could handle his father's tools, he assisted him in his work, and it was intended that he too should be a pianoforte maker, and as a workman he soon became remarkably skilful. But the pencil was never out of his hand, and such was his success as a draughtsman, that he entered a public drawing-school in Dublin, where he distinguished himself by the accuracy and finish of his studies. On their return to London, the family settled near the Tower, the father and son still working at the manufacture of pianofortes. The latter continued, as well as he could, the cultivation of his taste for Art, and with the entire approbation of his parents, who were proud of his success in that direction, for he was already advanced. But in order to push such a profession as that of Art, it was found that an obscure lodging in the far east of London was not the best site, and it was perhaps this feeling that induced a removal westward. We hear of Behnes next in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, but whether the removal to that residence was direct or otherwise, does not appear. In Charles Street, however, he must have been in practice as a portraitist, and there he arrived at the turning point that fixed him for life as a sculptor. His portraits on vellum are among the most beautiful we have ever seen on that material. There was resident in the same house a French sculptor, an old man of refined taste and gentlemanly bearing, and it was from seeing his works and his practice that Henry Behnes first, then William, formed the resolution of settling definitively to sculpture as their profession. But the difference in the instant apprehension of form and manipulative power between the two brothers was very remarkable. The composition of the one was hard, piecemeal, and disjointed; while the modelling of the other was rapid, certain, soft, and accurate. At this time William Behnes was a student of the Royal Academy, and in practice of a highly remunerative kind as a portrait draughtsman. His success induced him to remove, with, we believe, his parents and relations, to a more commodious residence—No. 31, Newman Street. The house, by the way, does not now commend itself by its outward appearance; little has been done in the way of refection against the wear and tear of a long series of years. The same knocker that announced the sitters of William Behnes six or seven and forty years ago, is yet constant to its round of duty, though since the sculptor's time its calls have been less peremptory. We may here join in a regret frequently expressed by Behnes, that he had not been a painter instead of a sculptor. He had all the gifts for a distinguished, perhaps not a great, portrait-painter; but it is probable that he would not have limited himself to portraits, with the facility of drawing wherewith he was gifted. Even in the midst of his successes as a sculptor, he was not without regret that he had not established himself as a painter, and of late years he has thoughtfully said, "I should like to paint a picture before I die."

Behnes had not to wait for patronage, and then

only obtain it by degrees. He was at once adopted by the wealthiest in the country, by patrons of noble and royal estate. But the tide set in too soon; he was morally too infirm to bear up against the trials of prosperity. One of his earliest sculptural works was a bust of the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Barrington, who held that then enormously wealthy see from youth to advanced age. This bust was modelled in Cavendish Square, where the bishop resided on coming to town. It was carved by Behnes himself in Newman Street—an example of delicate chiselling perhaps as a whole never surpassed. He executed also a bust of Young, the actor; another of Lord Barrington, Rector of Sedgfield, and a nephew of the Bishop of Durham; and we believe that these commissions led to another for the statue of young Lambton, the same so well known from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture. This statue, begun and completed at Lambton Castle, occupied the sculptor more than six months.

With these might be mentioned many other important works, but it is enough to say that profitable employment flowed in so fast that the house in Newman Street was a sphere much too confined to enable the sculptor to meet the demands made upon his genius. The result was a removal to premises in Dean Street, Soho, a place selected without judgment, being altogether unsuited to the exigencies of the profession of sculpture. It was therefore necessary to endeavour to adapt the house and offices to the wants of an artist in marble by the construction of a modelling room at once fitted for sitters and sufficiently lofty to admit of the treatment of a colossal figure. Thus were immediately begun, but never completed, alterations so costly as to initiate a complication of responsibilities, each of which, in its acquittance, generated a succession of others equally prolific, inasmuch that the sculptor lived encompassed by these traditional troubles during forty years of his life. These difficulties, however, were of the ordinary kind that are overcome by common prudence. At this time Behnes's moral reputation began to suffer from irregularities which mark a man even among the "indifferently honest." This was one of the two principal motives that induced Henry Behnes to change his name to Burlowe; the other was an apprehension that the works of two brothers in the same profession might have been confounded. There was, however, no ground for such a fear, for Henry Burlowe, in every way superior to his brother as a man, was his inferior as an artist. A suppression of allusion to the entanglements amid which Behnes struggled so long, would, in his case, be a piece of unpardonable affectation, inasmuch as his position through life was known, not only to the profession, but also to that extensive circle of the public who knew him, not more by his works than his eccentricities.

The great majority of his busts, and all his large statues, were executed in Osnaburg Street, where he resided the greater part of his professional life. He held, till his death, the appointment of Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen, but the distinction was so purely honorary that it did not produce a single commission. This, without question, was his own fault. We can speak of only a few of his works. Than his bust of Clarkson we have never seen anything finer in modern or even in ancient Art. Of very high character are also his busts of Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. D'Israeli, the late Bishop of London, Mr. Grote, the Duke of York, the late King of Hanover, Mr. Macready, and especially famous was he for his marble portraiture of children. His bust of the Queen, at the age of four or five years, is a masterpiece; and equally meritorious are those of the present Duke of Cambridge and his cousin, the reigning King of Hanover, both boys of about ten years of age.

Behnes executed many colossal statues, but these were by no means comparable with his busts. The best of these works is the statue of Dr. Babington, in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is a figure possessing so many admirable points as to cause surprise that other statues by the same hand should be so defective. There were several statues of the late Sir Robert Peel erected by him—one in the City, another at Leeds, and a third elsewhere. In Dublin there is a colossal statue of George IV., and a sitting figure of Baron Joy.

The last of his statues, Havelock, in Trafalgar Square, is the least worthy of all. He had made a posthumous bust of Sir Henry for the family, and in a competition which took place to appoint a sculptor for the statue, the likeness of the late General in Behnes's model was considered so successful, that it was perhaps this that determined the selection of his model, than which, in bronze, few things are worse. This model was repeated also in bronze for Sunderland, the native place of Havelock. The history of these two statues form certainly one of the most melancholy chapters in the artist's life; but we have no space for details.

During the latter years of Behnes's residence in Osnaburg Street, his difficulties increased so much upon him, that, compelled to yield to the adverse tide, he became a bankrupt in 1861. After this event, which swept from him nearly all the mementoes of the labours of his life, he was not the same man. He declined daily, and died of paralysis, in Middlesex Hospital, whither he had been conveyed from his miserable lodgings in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; and thus terminated a career which might have been one of the most brilliant in the history of our Art. William Behnes might have died ripe in honours and laden with riches honourably won. Fortune became at last weary of lavishing her gifts upon him, but had the prodigal, even late in life, made any effort to amend his short-comings, he might yet have possessed a competence. The story of the latter part of his career is indeed melancholy, adding another to the not too rare instances of men of genius falling victims to their own self-indulgence.

The remains of the deceased sculptor were deposited in Kensal Green Cemetery, on January the 12th. The circumstances and comparative suddenness of his death were not generally known to his professional brethren, or there is no doubt a larger number would have been present at the funeral. Among those, and others, who attended, were Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. Woolner, Mr. J. Edwards, Mr. Fontana, Mr. Morton Edwards, Dr. Babington, &c.

SIR FRANCIS EDWARD SCOTT, BART.

THOUGH not coming within the ordinary range of our necrological remarks, the death of this gentleman, in November last, ought not to pass unnoticed by us, for he was an ardent lover of Art, and a liberal and enlightened supporter of all movements for Art-education, as was evinced by his solicitude for the Government School of Art at Birmingham, by his offers of special prizes for design, while the deep interest he took in the progress of architecture, and the ability he showed in advocating his views on the subject, were made manifest by his able pamphlet on the Foreign Office question.

Sir Francis Scott resided near Birmingham, and this brought him into connection with every great work of a public social character carried on in that locality. To the Midland Counties Institute he rendered invaluable services, sparing neither his purse nor more active labour to advance its prosperity and usefulness; and its supporters must no doubt cherish a grateful remembrance of the zeal and ability which he displayed as chairman of the Canvassing Committee appointed to obtain the funds requisite to liquidate the heavy building debt. In the movement for the purchase of Aston Hall and Park—a subject which has recently been brought before the public in a manner not very complimentary to the people of Birmingham—as an aid to the cause of popular progress in this town, he bore a conspicuous part; and, in addition to the time and energy which he devoted to that undertaking, he generously, at his sole expense, fitted up one of the rooms with the publications of the Arundel Society. A local journal has well summed up, in a few brief but eloquent sentences, the character of Sir Francis as the type of an English gentleman:—"True, upright, and honourable, no word of his required any one to certify it; no deed of his could reflect shame upon the doer. Open-hearted and liberal, ready to help, quick to praise, a warm friend, a noble adversary, Sir Francis has left to his young children the glorious inheritance of a good and an unsullied name."

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE BAY OF BAÏÆ.

(APOLLO AND THE SIBYL.)

Engraved by R. Brandard.

ON the western shore of the Bay of Naples, between Lake Lucrino and Cape Misenum, and opposite to the town of Puzzuoli, the ancient Puteoli, stood, many centuries ago, the seaport town of Baïæ, a celebrated watering-place in the reign of the Cæsars. On a cliff above the sea stands the castle of Baïæ, or as it is now commonly called, Baja; it is a comparatively modern structure—we see it between the two fir-trees in the picture—having two ranges of batteries which command the roadsteads, and is garrisoned. Below it, and almost in the centre of the picture, is another building, presumed to be the remains of the Temple of Venus, as it is known the goddess had a temple erected here to her honour. "It is an elegant structure, octagonal outside, but circular in its internal area, the diameter of which is about ninety feet. Adjoining to the temple are several small rooms, having on the walls stucco reliefs, representing amatory subjects." The association of Baïæ and its neighbourhood with the Roman emperors is matter of history, or is assumed on good grounds to be so. Julius Cæsar and Nero had villas here, Augustus frequently visited its pleasant shores, and his nephew, young Marcellus, presumptive heir to the crown, died at Baïæ, having been recommended to try its waters and climate. Under the profligate rulers who succeeded Augustus, the place became, according to Seneca, the scene of the grossest immoralities, in the practice of which Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Caracalla were notoriously conspicuous. The first of these monarchs died in the villa erected by Caius Marius on the pinnacle of the promontory of Misenum. Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, had a villa at Bauli, near to Baïæ, where several of the emperors subsequently resided, and where Nero had his last interview with his mother. The attempt to drown Agrippina took place off Baïæ; but she was afterwards murdered in her own villa, near the Lucrine Lake.

Baïæ is also celebrated in mythological narrative. "Near the immediate foreground of this picture," writes Mr. Wornum, in his notice of the painting, "are Cumæ and the Lake Avernus, which was supposed to be the overflowing of Acheron, the river of the infernal regions, and hence the entrance to those regions. Here, on its banks, the ancients sacrificed to Hecate. It was here that Ulysses descended into Hades to consult the soul of Tiresias; and here the Sibyl was consulted by Æneas. This Sibyl, the same who was treated with by Tarquin, and was the author of the Sibylline verses, resided in a cave or grotto near this lake."

To all acquainted with classic history and its fabulous stories, Turner's beautiful picture must possess additional charms from the association of events with it. Though the painter, as was his custom, has taken abundant liberty with the subject, there is still enough of truth in its general features to identify it with the people who have dwelt there, and the events which are assumed to have occurred in those regions. The composition is peculiarly striking and elegant, if the latter term may be applied to a landscape. A rich and varied scene of mingled architectural ruins, sloping hills covered with verdure, mountains, and tranquil water, all expressed with a delicious tenderness of colour and fervour of feeling, constitute this picture as one of the most glorious pure landscapes Turner ever painted. It belongs to the early part of his second period, having been exhibited at the Academy in 1823. It is now in the National Collection.

The episode of Apollo and the Sibyl, introduced by the artist, connects the locality with the history of the past. Apollo, enamoured of the Sibyl, consented to give her what she asked for—as many years of life as she held grains of sand in her hand; but as she omitted to include in her request those blessings which would alone enable her to enjoy a lengthened existence—youth and health—she became old, ugly, and decrepid, and, at length, it is said, gradually wasted away till nothing was left but her voice.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—Saturday, January 30, was "a great day for Ireland;" a statue to William Dargan was "unveiled," and a national gallery inaugurated, the high priest on both occasions being the eloquent and excellent Earl of Carlisle. The International Exhibition held in Dublin, in 1853, cannot be forgotten; it was formed and sustained by the purse of Mr. Dargan, a wealthy and enterprising railway contractor. At the close it was resolved to erect a statue of the liberal gentleman who had made a large pecuniary sacrifice for the benefit of his country. After waiting ten years, it has been erected on the site of the exhibition building, and happily Mr. Dargan is alive to witness this record of national gratitude. The statue is the work of Mr. Thomas Farrell, A.R.A., and, according to reports in Dublin newspapers, is a production of considerable merit. No living speaker "puts a case" more aptly and gracefully than Lord Carlisle; he is always happy in paying a compliment. We cannot do better than quote his words when directing the statue of William Dargan to be uncovered:—

"We raise his statue because he supplies a memorable instance of how a simple, earnest, honest man, without any help from birth or fortune, by the energetic exercise of the faculties which God has given him, may not only raise himself to a commanding level beyond his own original position, but may also confer signal benefits upon the men of his day, and upon the country which has learned to be proud of him, and thus prides to show it. And we place his statue here because on this very ground before it was that the patient zeal, the strong faith, the disinterested liberality of Mr. Dargan brought to a successful issue that great Dublin Exhibition which gave a fresh impulse to the undertakings of Art and Science, of which we see the imposing monuments before us."

When this ceremony had terminated, Lord Carlisle proceeded to inaugurate the National Gallery of Ireland. Mr. G. F. Mulvany read an address to a very numerous assembly of the rank, wealth, and intelligence of Ireland. The first stone of the building was laid on the 29th January, 1859. It has been erected partly by subscriptions and partly by parliamentary grants. It already contains a good collection of pictures; of these seventy-one have been obtained by purchase, thirty-one have been deposited by the trustees of the London Gallery, twenty-five have been presented, and one oil painting, a portrait of Lady Morgan, and the Taylor collection of water-colour drawings, numbering one hundred and three, have been bequeathed. The gallery is in its infancy, but it is sure to gather strength with years. No doubt party feelings and animosities are dying out in Ireland; with their decay the Arts will flourish, and true patriotism be exerted, on all sides, to benefit and improve that country. The Lord-Lieutenant rightly said—

"The previous course of Irish history has scarcely run smooth enough to foster the growth of galleries or museums of the Fine Arts; while, at the same time, neither the Irish mind or the Irish hand have shown any want of susceptibility or adaptation to them."

The Lord Chancellor added a few remarks, from which we quote the following:—

"My lord, I trust that by the ceremonial of opening this institution you are aiding to develop and assist the culture and the pursuit of the Fine Arts among us—to give to the artistic genius of our countrymen better opportunities than they have yet enjoyed for its practical exercise, and to afford freely to all classes of the community a constant source of instructive recreation calculated to inform their minds and improve their tastes."

This move is an important move in the right direction. We earnestly hope the day when two such duties were discharged will be as the seed of a great tree that is to bear rich and abundant fruit hereafter. The National (not international) Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures, to be opened in May next, will be a first effort to show how profitably the new building can be employed. May it be productive of great good to Ireland, and not to Ireland only.

ABERDEEN.—The *Scotsman* recently stated that at a public meeting held in this city, it was resolved to erect in it a statue of her Majesty. A committee was appointed to carry out the object, and it was agreed that, with the view of encouraging native talent, the statue should be entrusted to Mr. R. Brodie.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the opening of the School of Art for the present session, in January, the Rev. J. P. O. Tomkins, of St. John's College, delivered an address to the students and their friends, taking for his subject "Art-Life."—Mr. Wiles, a sculptor in this town, has recently executed busts of Professor Kingsley and Mr. Lucas Barrett, an eminent geologist, who lost his life some months ago whilst engaged in scientific researches off the coast of Jamaica.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXIT

R. BRANDARD, SCULPT

THE BAY OF BAIA.

(APOLLO AND THE SIBYL.)

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY

CARLISLE.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this city was held in the month of January. The report of the committee stated that at the annual examination, in June last, of the works of the students by Mr. Wylde, one of the government Art-inspectors, the number of prizes awarded was less than on any former occasions, chiefly, if not entirely, owing to a decrease in the number of students during the first six months of the year. This falling off was the result of the indisposition of the head master, Mr. Lord, who was ultimately compelled to resign his post. Under his successor, Mr. Lees, who was previously connected with the school, it is recovering its numerical strength.

GLOUCESTER.—A curious discovery, according to what has been stated in the *Builder*, was recently made in this city, which, as visitors well know, contains some fine old houses and mansions. "One of these abodes, the town house of the Guises, a mansion of about Queen Anne's period, has of late been occupied as a School of Art; and in making some alterations for this purpose the architect observed an unusual and, as it seemed to him, a needless projection of panelling in a small sitting-room, always called 'Pope's room.'* He made up his mind to remove this projection, and in doing so brought to light a fine portrait of Pope. This led him to suspect that the opposite side might also contain some treasure, and on taking it down a painting was revealed, said to be the 'Temptation,' by Guido. A man in a rich dress of the time of François Premier is holding up a string of pearls to a woman, who appears to be resisting his entreaties and tempting offer. It is described to us as a remarkably fine painting." Pope, it is known, was a frequent visitor at this residence of the Guise family, and in a letter which appeared in the *Builder* immediately after this announcement, the writer, who signs himself "A Descendant of the Guises," thus explains the mystery of these hidden treasures:—"My grandfather, Richard Guise, of Clewer, Berks, who died at an advanced age in the very beginning of the present century, told me that when his nearest relative, General Guise, left by will to Christ Church College, Oxford, his valuable collection of pictures (so valuable that they were sent to Manchester for the Arts' Exhibition in that town, which followed the Exhibition in London), his heirs were grievously disappointed at the loss. These pictures, no doubt, hung at his country mansion in the county. Pope's portrait, and the 'Temptation,' by Guido, formed part of the furniture in the Guise residence at Gloucester, and, we may naturally suppose, were secretly 'walled up' out of sight, to prevent their transmission to Christ Church as part of the legacy to that college. Such a step would shut out any claim or dispute about them afterwards; and they could, in due time, be unsealed, and again restored to the Guise family. The parties privy to this concealment dropped off, and the hidden treasures were entirely forgotten." The room in which the pictures were found was called "Pope's Room;" it is therefore considered probable that the poet himself presented his portrait to the family, to be hung up in the apartment to which the Guises had given his name, as he was its frequent occupant.

KIDDERMINSTER.—In the early part of January the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Kidderminster School of Art was held. The number of prizes awarded by the government inspector at the last examination was stated in one of our recent numbers. Upwards of five hundred pupils of all grades receive instruction from the masters of this school, which is superintended by Mr. Kennedy. During the past year the artisan's class has been attended by twenty-one persons, engaged in designing for carpets. Of these seven were selected by manufacturers, and others from among the junior students, for employment in connection with the staple trade of the town. The last year's balance-sheet shows a sum of nearly £20 in favour of the school.

LIVERPOOL.—An adjourned meeting of the members of the Liverpool Art-Union Society, was held on the 6th of January, when a long and somewhat angry discussion took place, arising out of the alleged mismanagement of the funds of the society. The expenditure, it was stated, had reached nearly fifty per cent. of the revenue, though the latter had increased considerably. It appears that some of the agents had been defaulters, and an attempt was made at the meeting to fasten this on Mr. Herdman, secretary, for not exercising due vigilance as to the character of the persons employed as agents. Mr. Herdman defended himself from the charge, by stating that none were appointed without a written recom-

mendation from the postmaster of the town in which each resided. Ultimately the vote of censure was unanimously agreed to, after substituting the word "committee" for that of "secretary," it being felt that the former, few of whom ever attended the meetings for business, had neglected their duties. A proposition was made, and carried, that a working committee should be appointed for the future, and that the society should be reorganised. The subscriptions for the past year amounted to £3,148 3s., in single shillings; the expenditure of all kinds, including commission to agents and the cost of framed chromo-lithographs for prizes, to £1,723. The balance was allotted for the purchase of prizes in pictures as follows:—One of £100, two of £50, four of £40, four of £30, twenty of £20, thirty of £10, and forty-nine of £5.

STOURBRIDGE.—The annual meeting of this School of Art was held in January, when the report of its progress and condition was read; from it we learn that the number of pupils had increased, and that the revenue of the school was in advance of the expenditure by upwards of £27—£25 of this sum was to go to the mortgage fund for liquidating the debt upon the building. Mr. Bowen has succeeded Mr. Yeats—transferred to Worcester—in the head-mastership of the school.

SHEFFIELD.—The annual *conversazione* in connection with the Sheffield School of Art was held on the evening of January 26th. The rooms in Arundel Street were hung with a considerable number of pictures and drawings, lent for the occasion by their owners residing in the town and its vicinity. The estimated value of these works, many of them by our leading painters, was about £11,000. A specimen of wood-carving by Miss Edith Hayball, a young lady only seventeen years of age, and a pupil of the school, attracted great attention. This work is oblong in form, and divided into three lozenge-shaped compartments, each occupied by a group of flowers, good in composition, and very skilfully carved. It is intended for the front of the high altar at Summer Hill College, Ireland. The distribution of prizes to the successful students was made in the course of the evening by Mr. William Overend, who prefaced the ceremony by a long yet instructive address on Schools of Art generally, and the influence they had on the Industrial Arts of the country. Like some other recent speakers on similar occasions, Mr. Overend refers to the Report of the Commissioners of the 1862 Exhibition, and argues from the statements therein made—and especially to the testimony of M. Chevallier, one of the French jurors—that our schools are all they should be, and that British manufactures are taking precedence of all others. It is a pity that gentlemen who undertake the task of making their views public, do not look a little deeper into the question than the statements put forth by the Department of Science and Art. If they did they would learn something more than they appear to know, and something very different from what they authoritatively promulgate. Mr. Overend has always been a liberal supporter of the Sheffield School—one of the best and most successful in the kingdom. He announced his intention of giving a prize, value £50, to be competed for in the present year.

WENLOCK.—The distribution of prizes to the pupils of this School of Art took place some little time since, when ten local medals, eighty-five first-grade prizes, and eleven second-grade prizes were presented. The monetary prizes offered by the Coalbrookdale Company and by Messrs. Maw for competition among the artisan students, have, it is stated, been productive of many good original designs.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The School of Art in this town was, in 1862, compelled to close its doors for want of sufficient encouragement and support, but was reopened about a year ago under somewhat different management. The first annual meeting since the revival took place on the 13th of January, when the Earl of Dartmouth presided. The report stated that, except peculiarly, the school is in a flourishing condition, principally owing to the liberality of Mr. Sturtivant, the master, who had made "a most generous bargain" with the committee. Notwithstanding the balance against the school was £36, and it was stated that the students must either remove from the building in which they meet, or the government must carry out the understanding upon which the edifice was built, namely, that they would give an annual grant equal in amount to the local subscriptions.

WORCESTER.—Mr. Yeats has been appointed head master of the Worcester School of Art in the place of Mr. Kyd, who resigned the post three or four months ago. At the annual examination of last year, twenty-two medals were awarded by the inspector, besides several minor prizes. At the national competition, one "Department" prize, of the value of £10, and one medallion fell to this school.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND:

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.*

THE lovers of portraits painted to perpetuate, as is supposed, the great, the good, the fair, the wise, can derive very little satisfaction from the sarcastic comment of an able artist who knew many of the sitters of the great portrait painter whose works he thus passed criticism upon. John Hoppner, clever alike with pencil and with pen, was wont to express his surprise that Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose skill transferred to canvas two centuries of English beauty, had courage to send home portraits that bore, when finished, so little likeness to their originals.

Hoppner's observation is suggestive, and in this spirit I shall try to treat it. Have we a likeness "to the life" of Shakspeare? Is the Stratford bust a composition by Gerard Johnson from an actual portrait, and a mask after death? Many think so. Ben Jonson's verses under Droeshout's print, before the famous first folio of 1623, were written, I am inclined to think, without his having seen at the time the engraving itself. Milton—beneath Marshall's engraving of his head, put four Greek lines of satire on the engraver, which Vandergucht—in ignorance of course—re-engraved in 1713, little thinking that he was thus appropriating four lines of condemnation on his own performance.

If we have no satisfactory likeness of Shakspeare, it is pleasant to think that we have a thoroughly satisfactory portrait of the greatest performer in his plays—an actor to whose skill and care we are indebted for the traditions of the manner in which Burbage and Shakspeare's other "fellows" played in the plays of Shakspeare while Shakspeare was alive. The engraved portrait of Betterton, the work of Roger Williams, is specially commended by his contemporary, Colley Cibber. Mark Cibber's words—"There was," says Colley in his Apology, "some years ago to be had, in almost every print-shop, a mezzotinto of Betterton from Kneller, extremely like him." The commendation by Colley of this scarce print, has caused it to sell at very large prices.

Connoisseurs and collectors may safely consider that the best portrait of Pope is the head by Kneller, now at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, that portrait which Pope himself gave to Lord Chancellor Harcourt. I have a photograph of it hanging before me while I write, made when, at my request, the late Mr. Harcourt was pleased to transmit the picture to the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. The poet is unconscious that he is sitting for his portrait—he is busy translating a passage in Homer, or turning a couplet (Abelard like) over the anguish of Eloisa. "That long disease, my life"—those incessant headaches of which he complains—have been caught by Kneller with what painters call a *con amore* feeling.

"Lo! where Maotis creeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,"

is the very couplet—the one most musical to his ears—that Kneller, "by heaven and not a master taught," has made Pope on the eve of bringing into euphonious existence.

When my father (no bad judge of faces, having fine eyes of his own) was asked what he thought of Burns's eyes, he replied that they shone like two carriage lamps in a road on a dark night. Listen to what Sir Walter Scott said of them, writing three-and-thirty years after Burns's death:—"I saw the distinguished poet only once, and that many years since, and being a bad marker and recollector

* A subsequent statement in the *Builder* says, the pictures were not walled up in closed recesses, as inferred, but were let into panels.

* Continued from page 47.

of faces, I should, in an ordinary case, have hesitated to offer an opinion upon the resemblance, especially as I make no pretension to judge of Fine Arts. But Burns was so remarkable a man, that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday; and I could not hesitate to recognise this portrait as a striking resemblance of the poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole exhibition."

Strong testimony this, penned, as it was, three-and-thirty years after Burns's death. In aid of the testimony of Sir Walter Scott to the truthful portraiture of Burns, in his so-called portrait by Peter Taylor, there is the strong evidence of the poet's "Clarinda."

"I return the fine portrait of Burns, taken from the life by the late Mr. Peter Taylor, his early friend. In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of the poet I have ever seen; and I say this with the more confidence, having a most perfect recollection of his appearance."

My father, who had often seen Burns, framed the engraving from Taylor's picture, and gave it a place of honour in his little drawing-room; but ultimately he did not believe in it.

On the subject of eyes, I now recall another observation of my father's—"I was fifteen years with *Chantrey* before I found out that he was blind, or even weak, in one eye. We had some argument about distance. 'Why, man,' said he, a little warmly, 'I can see better than you though I have but one eye.' I laughed, and did not believe him. He asked (Widow Wadman like) that I should look into his eye. I did. The difference was for a time unperceivable. That he is blind of his right eye, there is unmistakable proof: his Joe Manton guns—he is a great shooter—are all made for his left shoulder and—his left eye!"

Sir Walter Scott's eyes were remarkable for a pawky, roguish vivacity. Chantrey caught this characteristic excellence by drilling the pupils, a practice he was not partial to.

Aubrey wrote to old Anthony à Wood that Lord Bacon's eyes were like vipers. These viperous eyes of the great Lord Chancellor of Nature and Nature's laws, lost in the "Sic Sedebat" statue at St. Alban's, are visible enough in the fine Vansomer portrait of Bacon, still at Gorhambury.

"And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes," sang Alexander Pope of the exquisite eyes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though the poet, when he quarrelled with the inimitable Letter Writer, withdrew his compliment by the alteration of a single letter, the settled text of the poet reading—

"And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes."

What Wortley's eyes were like—large, very dark, and defiant—the portrait of her at Lord Wharncliffe's, the work of Chevalier Rusca, is still, happily, most ample evidence. In the 'Blinking Sam' of Sir Joshua, that faded example of his pencil, now at Stafford House, we see wisdom at one entrance half shut out. In the Doughty portrait, after Sir Joshua, of the same great man, now at Sir Robert Peel's, we read the secret of the composition of his rolling and balanced sentences. Unable to correct his writings, without overtaxing his eyesight, with his own pen, he formed and rolled each sentence in his own mind before he put pen to paper.

"He mouthed a sentence as eurs mouth a bone."

The graver of Thomas Watson has transferred to paper the eyes of Garrick. And what eyes he had! "I see before me, at this instant, February, 1824," writes Sir George Beaumont, "his quick eye, and hear the electric tones of his piercing and rapid utterance." And Garrick had been in his grave,

when this was written, some five-and-forty years. The eyes of Edmund Kean could pierce into the boxes, and the eyes of John Reeve would twinkle some twenty rows deep into the pit.

The formation of a portrait gallery of British worthies is not an original idea of my Lord Stanhope's. Sir Horace Vere formed a full-length portrait gallery of the soldiers of note who had trailed a pike with him in the Low Country wars of Queen Elizabeth. I made a pilgrimage, some seven years ago, to this remarkable collection, now at Lord Townshend's, at Rainham, in Norfolk. It is impossible to enter this room, ill-assorted, and ill-arranged, and ill-lighted as it is, without feeling a delicious, half-affrighted sense that you are thrown three centuries back, and that you must be the companions of the Dudleys, the Sydneys, and the Veres, and can hold high converse with the dead. That kind of feeling or emotion which came over Roubiliac, in Westminster Abbey, when he approached, with Gayfere, one of the four kneeling figures at the angles of the canopied tomb of Sir Francis Vere—"Hush! hush! he vil speak presently!"—is the feeling that came over me at every turn.

A sense akin to this it was my mixed pleasure to feel, when, in 1857, I paid a visit for the first time to that charming room, so full of associations, at Bayfordbury, in Hertfordshire, which holds those rich treasures of Queen Anne wit and talent in England, the Kit-Kat portraits. Turn which way I would, a poetic line arrested me at every turn. Here—

"Dorset, the grace of Courts, the Muse's pride;"

there—

"Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine;"

now—

"Who would not weep if Addison were he;"

again—

"How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit;"

still again—

"He wears red stockings, and he dines with Steele;"

and again—

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

When lines like these can be brought to memory before portraits, how additionally interesting they assuredly become.

Another room in which I took a great delight (a Gresham House, Crane Court, and Somerset House delight) was the old (sad to say) council room of the Royal Society in Somerset House. There I could hold high commune, "looks commercing," not with "the skies," but with "the dead:" with Halley and with Newton; with Evelyn and with Pepys; with Flamstead and Sloane; with Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Humphry Davy. A few steps would take me to the council room of the Society of Antiquaries, and there I could hold "imaginary conversations" with Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the great collector, and George Vertue, that fertile mine of Anecdotes of Art in England.

A rich memory of like associations recurs to one at Greenwich and at Hampton Court, with the Dozen Flagmen of the Duke of York (James II.), the Dozen Beauties of his duchess (Nan Hyde), and the Beauties of their daughter "William and Mary." I will give a few illustrations of the kind that readily recur to me. Look at Lely's La Belle Stuart—that fine face, with its sweet eye and little Roman nose, is the original of Britannia on the coinage of Great Britain. Look at Kneller's Lady Ranelagh (a Cecil by birth, a widow at nineteen, and next the wife of a gay brisk widower of sixty), and turn in memory to "Tom Jones," bk. iv. chap. ii.:—"The lovely Sophia comes. Reader, perhaps thou hast

seen the statue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the Gallery of Beauties at Hampton Court. Thou mayst remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-Kat. . . . Thou mayst have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia. She was most like to the picture of Lady Ranelagh."

It is impossible to visit Hampton Court and gaze on this fine picture without saying "There stands the Sophia Western, as described and identified by Fielding himself."

The great Lord Chancellor of Human Nature, the great Lord Clarendon, was a collector of portraits, who delighted in portraits of illustrious personages, and filled his house not with Annunciations, Crucifixions, Entombments, Martyrdoms, Raisings, Temptations, and the like, but with "brave pictures"—I use Mr. Pepys' words—"of the present and ancient nobility;" not with landscapes, a ruined mill in the distance; not with cattle pieces, a cottage in the foreground; but with "the pictures"—I use Mr. Evelyn's words—"of most of our ancient and modern wits, poets, philosophers, famous and learned Englishmen, which collection," this thorough example of an English gentleman continues, "I much commended, and gave his lordship a catalogue of more to be added."*

"Whilst unimpaired remembrance reigns," pleasures of memory and unfading associations will follow me to the picture gallery of the Bodleian, the several halls of Oxford and Cambridge, the great room of the old Thatched House Tavern, the Portrait Gallery of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, and the house in Great George Street, which unhappily little more than warehouses or pantheconises, that "collar of SSS collection," the Stanhope, Smith, and Scharf collection of our too-long-omitted-to-be-formed National Portrait Gallery of Great Britain.

It was said of Lord Chancellor Thurlow that "No one ever was so wise as Thurlow looked;" and yet wise as he was on the wool-sack, he does not look over sagacious upon canvas. Lord Chief Justice Mansfield looked infinite wisdom on the bench: has not Flaxman made him to look Wisdom and Westminster Hall—in Westminster Abbey?

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

PICTURE SALES IN AMERICA.

EVERYBODY knows from what he reads in the daily journals here that, amidst all the echoes of the din of battle which float around the mansions and through the streets of New York, Boston, and other large cities of the Northern States; in spite of the grief, misery, and destitution, and the heavy drain the unhappy civil strife is constantly making on the purses of the citizens; they are as fully alive to pleasure, and as eager to possess the luxuries and elegancies that generally accompany wealth, as if the land were at rest, enjoying perfect peace, and blessed with universal commercial prosperity. It is quite clear the Northerners do not consider war as one of the great "ills of life"—they appear to us at a distance, like the spectres of German romance, who

"Dance

Over the gravestones and over the dead."

In one of the latestest written, not very long ago, by "Manhattan," the New York correspondent of the *Standard*, he alludes to the vast number of pictures which are finding their way into the city, and which he presumes to have been surreptitiously abstracted from the Southern States. We take it for granted that no portion of these spoils passed into the collection of Mr. John Wolfe, which was sold by auction at the end of the month of December last. An account of the sale, as reported in the *New York Evening Post*, has reached us; and as many of our readers may

* Evelyn, 20th December, 1668.

be curious to know the value set upon modern European Art on the other side of the Atlantic, we give a list of the principal pictures, with the prices they realised in *dollars*, leaving those who are disposed to turn the American currency into English to make their own calculations. Mr. Wolfe's gallery seems to have contained specimens of the chief contemporary European schools, with a few examples of the American.

Taking them in the order presented by the list, the American works stand first; but the sums at which they were sold were not large, comparatively; for instance:—*'A Landscape'*—Scene from Cooper's *'Prairie,'* T. Colc, 790 dols.; *'Disputed Game,'* T. H. Hinckley, 600 dols.; *'The Edge of a Wood,'* D. Huntingdon, 500 dols.; *'Dance of the Haymakers,'* W. S. Mount, 500 dols., &c. &c.

English School:—*'The Stirrup-Cup in the Time of Charles I.,'* J. F. Herring, 1,950 dols.; *'Morning on the Cumberland Mountains,'* T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 1,775 dols.; *'Welch Sheep, with Mountain Scenery,'* 1,750 dols.; *'A Marauder, or Rival Claimants,'* R. Andsell, A.R.A., 1,150 dols.; *'The Cavalier's Song,'* L. Haghe, 1,150 dols.; *'Cattle and Sheep,'* T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 800 dols.; *'Scotch Mountain Scenery,'* H. Jutsum, 750 dols.; *'Ledder Valley, North Wales,'* H. J. Boddington, 510 dols.; *'Pharaoh's Horses,'* J. F. Herring, 500 dols. Water-colour pictures:—*'Fountain by the Roadside, Normandy,'* J. J. Jenkins, 790 dols.; *'Pilgrims at the Font of St. Peter's, Rome,'* L. Haghe, 760 dols.; *'Venice,'* S. Prout, 460 dols.; *'Head of a Dalmatian Peasant,'* Carl Haag, 460 dols., &c. &c.

German School:—*'Storm Clearing Off, Coast of Sicily,'* A. Acherbach, 3,000 dols.; *'Introducing the New Scholar,'* J. P. Hasenclever, 2,550 dols.; *'The Elves,'* E. Steinbrück, 1,475 dols.; *'Artist Life in the Studio,'* J. P. Hasenclever, 1,425 dols.; *'The Council of Doctors,'* G. Geyer, 1,150 dols.; *'The Politicians—Interior of a Prussian Café,'* J. P. Hasenclever, 1,050 dols.; *'Falkstaff thrown into the Thames,'* A. Schröder, 975 dols.; *'Vintage Fête on the Rhine,'* J. Becker, 950 dols.; *'Early Morning in the Mountains of Norway,'* H. Gude, 925 dols.; *'The Old Beau,'* L. Knaus, 885 dols.; *'Spring and Winter of Life,'* J. F. Waldmüller, 550 dols., &c. &c.

Belgian and Dutch Schools:—*'Sunset on the Upper Rhine,'* B. Koekkoek, 3,550 dols.; *'Halt at Noonday on the Road to Market,'* E. Verboeckhoven, 3,400 dols.; *'Market Scene at Amsterdam, by Candlelight,'* P. Van Schendel, 3,100 dols.; *'The Confidante,'* Baron Wappers, 3,100 dols.; *'The Love Test, Italian Gleaners,'* N. De Keyser, 3,100 dols.; *'Milton and his Daughters,'* N. De Keyser, 2,400 dols.; *'Tarquin and Lucretia,'* W. Van Mieris, 1,800 dols.; *'The Grandfather's Holiday Visit,'* F. De Brackeleer, 1,625 dols.; *'Winter Scene in Holland,'* B. Koekkoek, 1,425 dols.; *'The Sheepfold,'* H. Verboeckhoven, 1,250 dols.; *'Winter Landscape, Holland,'* A. Schelfhout, 800 dols.; *'A Wild Horse attacked by a Lion,'* E. Verboeckhoven, 490 dols., &c. &c.

French School:—*'Day Dreams, or the Indolent Scholar,'* T. Couture, 4,750 dols.; *'Landscape, with Cattle, Normandy,'* C. Troyon, 2,750 dols.; *'Brittany Peasants at Prayer,'* G. Brion, 2,750 dols.; *'Morning Prayer,'* E. Frère, 2,550 dols.; *'Scene in Holland, with Cattle,'* C. Troyon, 2,500 dols.; *'The Sylvan Bath,'* E. Delacroix, 2,400 dols.; *'The Smoker,'* J. L. Meissonnier, 2,250 dols.; *'Love's Diversions,'* E. Dubufe, 2,000 dols.; *'Beatitude,'* C. Landelle, 1,950 dols.; *'The Embarkation at a French Seaport, Time of Louis XIV.,'* E. Isabey, 1,700 dols.; *'Fleurs d'Amour,'* N. Diaz, 1,700 dols.; *'Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice—Sunset,'* F. Ziem, 1,425 dols.; *'The Etruscan Vase Merchant,'* J. L. Hamon, 1,075 dols.; *'Mill at Montreun, Canton de Vaud,'* A. Calame, 1,075 dols.; *'Peek-a-boo,'* H. Schlessinger, 1,000 dols.; *'The Flower Girl,'* A. E. Plassan, 950 dols.; *'The Virgin,'* A. Guillemin, 750 dols.; *'View near Barbison, France—Sunset,'* T. Rousseau, 750 dols.; *'A Card Party in the Eighteenth Century,'* E. Fichel, 675 dols.; *'The Drawing School,'* Lanfant de Metz, 650 dols.; *'The Bouquet,'* J. Trayer, 600 dols., &c. &c.

That these pictures are works of undoubted authenticity may be inferred from the fact that Messrs. Goupil and Co., the eminent print-publishers and picture-dealers of Paris and New York, are stated to have been large buyers.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY LIVING ARTISTS.
1864.

THE present Exhibition of the British Institution we are glad to find somewhat above the low average of late years. Pictures, indeed, of first-class merit are still exceptional; but works wrought out with painstaking care, paintings which narrate with point or pathos the daily incidents of life, which express with simple earnestness the emotions of the heart, and, above all, landscapes that transcribe the poetry of nature in her humble or lofty moods,—such works, we say, in themselves sufficiently pleasing and profitable to look at, are happily in this exhibition neither few nor far between. Before proceeding to the task of detailed criticism, we will simply, out of the list of 633 pictures, enumerate ten which, at the private view, seemed specially worthy of attention. Foremost, let us name Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's *'Well-bred Sitters'*—well born and brought up indeed, as all Sir Edwin's dogs ever are. And then comes, hung as a companion picture, *'The Common,'* one of Mr. ANSDALL's very best works. In *'Ruth,'* Mr. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON gives a lovely reading of a character of which neither poets nor painters ever tire. In *'Rosy Morn,'* Mr. ANDERSON indulges in one of the fancy and fascinating figures for which the British Institution has acquired some fame. *'Weston Sands,'* by Mr. HOPKINS, the figures by Mr. HAVELL, is a busy and breezy scene of light and life. *'Fruit,'* by Mr. LANCE, is after this artist's approved manipulation. *'The Private View,'* by Mr. FRANK WYBURN, attracts the eye as a work of smooth finish and refinement. *'Dutch Fishing Craft,'* by E. W. COOKE, R.A., is a small leaf from the sketch-book of nature, which this artist reads with such literal truth. And *'Athens,'* by Mr. HARRY JOHNSON, and *'Moonlight on the Mountains,'* by Mr. ARTHUR GILBERT, may serve as two striking examples of that dramatic and poetic landscape which we rejoice to see Pre-Raphaelite dogmas have failed to exclude from public favour. To this recital of ten leading pictures very many more might with justice be added, and we shall therefore now proceed to a classification of the entire exhibition into the distinctive heads under which every work of distinguishing merit shall find its appropriate place.

HIGH OR HISTORIC ART.

Works which aspire to the lofty walks of Art, are in this, as in other of our exhibitions, very exceptional. And in the present state of our English school, usually greatest when humbly content to be small, this lack of ambition which is too often but vaulting and vain, can scarcely be mourned over as a calamity. Nothing, indeed, is more melancholy than to witness that false pictorial aspiration which ascends not with the breath of genius, but distends itself by a wind which swells portentously, and then collapses into emptiness. Fortunate, then, it may be that the candidates for fame waiting for admission into the temple of historic or sacred Art are few. These solitary students deserve to be dealt with tenderly. The task on which they enter is arduous. The times whereon they have fallen are inauspicious. Mr. W. M. HAY's *'Christ's teaching to Humanity'* (379) essays to depict the awful agony in the garden. Christ, bowed down in sorrow as under the scourge of an angry God, utters from the depths of His soul in the dark hour of despair, those memorable words: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." The picture is painted after the style prescribed to high Art; the drapery is red and blue, according to the manner of the Roman school. One element, however, we detect as decidedly modern, the sentiment or motive, which smacks a little too much, it may be feared, of the spasmodic drama of the New Adelphi. Near at hand we come upon another work sacred in subject, *'Jewesses by the waters of Babylon'* (367)—sitting down, of course, and weeping. The painter, Mr. REUBEN SAYERS, here introduces us to three maidens, somewhat dark, dismal, and laethymous, and not quite sufficiently charming

to melt the beholder to sympathy. *'Leah'* (22), by Mr. EDGELL COLLINS, which commands the top of the chief room, might be taken solely as a character in a religious drama, did not the likeness to the last new tragedian, Miss Bateman, bring the work within the limits of literal portraiture. We are not disposed to assist at the apotheosis of this tragic muse. The picture, however, like its original in the Strand, merits a moderate meed of commendation; the somewhat leaden colour of the monotonous canvas is, we presume, intended as a mournful echo to the heroine's melancholy doom. Mr. MAW EGLEY's *'Ianthé'* (275), taken from the lovely lines of Shelley, may probably gain admission into the ideal realms of high Art, though the moon, the column, and the arch, here serving as accessories, have been so long known to this nether world, the earth, as scarcely to aid the desired pre-eminence. Mr. Egley, however, has called up by his pencil-wand a very charming vision. Here is a maiden, the "Ianthé" of "Queen Mab," lying on a couch, wrapt in the depth of slumber. Her arms are crossed gently on her bosom; a golden flood of tresses flows in rippling wavelets over her shoulders. The warm light of the setting sun tips on one side the forehead and the cheek; the other, cold as alabaster, is lighted by the silvery moon. The spirit of the lady keeping watch above its earthly tenement, is not quite up to the mark of what spirits in these days of progress are expected to be. The painter will do well to take a lesson from Pepper's patent Ghost.

The present exhibition has the privilege of possessing at least two Magdalens: the one, *'Magdalene at the Sepulchre'* (318), by B. F. RHEINHARDT, hectic in colour and in contrast after a manner more usual to the Germans than to the English; the second a *'Magdalen'* (141), by W. FISHER. The chaste moon sinks in the horizon; the flesh is cold and smooth as ivory; the hair—the last remnant of an unruly nature—golden in a warmth kindling into the fire of red, flows in rampant luxuriance down the back and shoulders, after the mode of Titian, though the colouring of the little picture can scarcely be deemed quite up to Titianesque harmony or fervour. A scene from Mount Calvary, depicted by Mr. P. R. MORRIS under the title *'Where they crucified Him'* (472), is very impressive. The body of our Lord has been borne away, and the cross lies upon the ground. A servant has torn away the superscription, which he rolls together thoughtfully. Three children have tarried behind their mother, as she drives a herd of goats over the hill, and, with the prying curiosity of childhood, they handle and examine the nail just taken from the Saviour's feet. Jerusalem rises in the distance; the painter, however, has failed to reconcile the exigencies of his picture with truth to the actual locality. Such are the elements of a work deep in pathos, and solemn in shadowed richness of colour. Mr. HILLINGFORD's *'Choir of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence'* (487) is a telling subject, painted with power and effect. The expression of the white-robed monks, more droning than devout, is after the true and trenchant monastic character; and the accessories of lectern and choir-book are executed with a vigorous and suggestive breadth, which includes by implication all needful details. We may here mention another scene laid in Florence, *'Students in the Garden of the Medici'* (42), by Mr. JAMES. This work partakes of the severe style which, dating from mediæval Italy, was revived some years since in England, under the assumed name of Pre-Raphaelite. The individual truth pronounced with the hardness of outline and angularity of form that pertains to the school, is reflected in this not unpromising picture. Another work not without promise is *'The Release of Protestant Prisoners by Queen Elizabeth'* (506), painted by Mr. FLOED PAGE: the colour is pleasing, several of the heads are well handled, but the great difficulty which invariably bewilders the tentative historic artist, how to give to his figures the articulation of the anatomy lying beneath the draperies, is only in part overcome. The same may be said of Mr. HOUTON's rendering of *'The Interview between John Cabot and Henry VII.'* (386). The colours are rich in balanced harmonies, but the figures comport themselves as somewhat infirm in stamina. Certainly one of

the most successful attempts at historic treatment in the whole exhibition is to be found in Mr. STUART CALLCOTT'S 'Last Moments of Beatrice Cenci' (83). The girl whose innocence and beauty, wasted by calamity, have aroused the love and pity of the entire world, is here seen on her knees; her rosary and missal lie before her, and a crucifix rests against the wall. Guido, the painter of that well-known portrait, pallid through torturing pain, worn and wan by dripping tears, enters the dark cell; the Cenci is startled from her soliloquy of prayer by the intruder. The composition is simple, the sentiment sincere, the execution careful. Thus will the reader perceive that while there are works which are carried away by an ambition which lacks knowledge and discretion, there are, on the other hand, some few pictures lofty in a thought made sober by good sense. It is, we think, the special privilege of the British Institution to give encouragement to incipient merit, which, in the more crowded arena of the Academy, is in danger of oblivion and neglect.

FIGURE-PICTURES OF FANCY.

Could the institution in Pall Mall, like the Abbey at Westminster, have its poets' corner sacred to painters of the imagination, surely it would be well furnished. The works of fancy which yearly congregate at this exhibition are certainly considerably above the per centage to be found in other galleries. We do not mean to insinuate that the British Institution has reason to be vain of its charms, for, after all, the beauty which blooms on these walls is of the complexion which years ago faded in the pages of annuals, souvenirs, keepsakes, and scrapbooks. There is, it must be confessed, something too sickly sentimental and commonplace in this endless succession of damsels of pink or pallid cheeks, as the case may be, of soft rosy lips, of shoulders downy as velvet, tresses black as a raven, and tortuous as Medusa's snakes—girls who, by their simpering smiles, would wish to win and flirt with every visitor in the gallery. It is possible, we say, to have a little too much of this sort of thing, agreeable though it be. 'Maidenhood' (230), by Mr. HARWOOD, is a good example of its kind. The skin is of a silken softness, the charms of womanhood are budding, if not already in bloom, and the expression is of that indefinite vacuity which leaves the spectator at liberty to conjecture the presence of whatever emotion sympathy may suggest. In this same category we may class 'Zuleika' (43), by Mr. FISHER, of velvet flesh, and idle, listless attitude; also 'Day-dreams' (215), by Mr. DESANGES, a lady leaning with clasped hands upon a cushion, her almond eyes floating in reverie. The colour of this last canvas would be improved by the repose only to be gained through quiet neutrals. Again, in Mr. BUCKNER'S 'Grazia di Benevento' (607), we are introduced to one of the passionate beauties of the sunny south; her hand is on her cheek, her eyes look longing and languishing. The execution of this head is careful and firm. 'Wedding Presents' (291), by Mr. MORGAN, is, we presume, hung on the line because it possesses the charm of being painted in a circular frame. The draperies are in that haze of cloud and mist which would have better comported with a sky outline on the topmost ceiling. But our gallery of beauty has yet other inmates. 'A Lady in a Modern Greek Dress' (496), by Mr. H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A., is carefully painted. This beauty, as she touches the light guitar, seems conscious that when she gets her deserts she will be the heroine of some romance. Among these painters of witching charms Mr. ALEXANDER JOUNSTON is a great adept. His rendering of 'Ruth' (544), indeed, forms one of the most lovely figures in the room. She is of the Madlle. Rachel type, the hair black, the eyes piercing, the nostrils and the lips full, yet finely chiseled. By way of contrast let us, in conclusion, throw in the noble head which Mr. H. W. PHILLIPS designates 'Grave Thought' (173). Here is a man bearing in every feature the mark of power. The philosophic brow, the calm eye, bespeak an intellect made to rule in the realms of thought. The head is altogether remarkably well massed and modelled; the colour solemn, after the manner of the old Italian masters.

Mr. FRANK WYBURD'S two pictures, 'The Offering' (7) and 'The Private View' (184), have deservedly won admiration. In the first a peasant is praying by a side altar of a church; a chaplet of flowers which she has brought as an "offering" at the shrine lies before her on the pavement; a triptych, whereon a painting of the Annunciation, after the manner of Cimabue, may be distinguished, hangs on the chapel wall behind. The sentiment of Mr. Wyburd's picture is exquisite. A pretty idea he has expressed with refined simplicity. In his second work, 'The Private View,' he is no less felicitous. A happy thought has here struck him. His first picture, 'The Offering,' is in this second work introduced on an easel, and forms the subject of 'The Private View.' The artist, we see, has but just left his studio; his palette, brushes, and maul-stick are for the moment laid aside upon the chair. This constitutes the still life of the picture; the living tenants of the scene are a lady with a baby in her arms, who approach the canvas on which the painter has been at work. We watch them as they take their "private view," which seems duly to delight them. The treatment and execution of this picture within a picture are delicate and dexterous. The flesh-tints, however, are somewhat wanting in liquid transparency. 'The Actress and the Author' (29), by Mr. G. POPE, is another fancy thought, pointed, however, with satire. The spectator is introduced into a well-furnished boudoir: "the author" is beheld as lost in the raving recital of his manuscript, but the actress, sad to relate, has fallen asleep under the infliction. Such is the subject: the treatment of the picture partakes of the cheerful and sparkling character suited to comedy. 'The Sunny Side of Life' (161), by Mr. BARNES, exemplified in the happy guise of a mother looking lovingly at her infant children on her knee, forms a picture of sweet and gentle sentiment. In 'The Bracelet' (13) we readily recognise Mr. WOOLNER'S well-known manipulation—the blending of lustrous colours around forms undefined. 'Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Actæon' (24), is another work, about the authorship of which there cannot be a moment's doubt. Forms of ideal grace and lines of flowing beauty Mr. FROST here composes with his accustomed taste. Of like poetic spirit is Mr. FITZGERALD'S 'Fairy's Funeral' (443), worthy of companionship with poor Blake's visions from dreamland. On a leaf the dead body of the fairy floats across the tranquil water, and bright birds harnessed by garland traces bear the funeral bier along. A sisterhood of fairies scatter flowers on the way, and the pendant leaves in canopies above shed tearful dew-drops. Such is the feigned fancy of this 'Fairy's Funeral.'

IN-DOOR RUSTIC AND OUT-DOOR RURAL.

The pictures borrowed, year by year, from the ordinary every-day incidents of life are in number legion. Works of this class are eminently popular: they are, moreover, in their simple and domestic sentiment, peculiarly English, equally within the powers of our painters and the sympathies of patrons. As falling under this general division, we may commence with 'Handel and the Harmonious Blacksmith' (601), by Mr. JONES BARKER. Here we see a blacksmith at his forge, hammering away at a horseshoe, the horse waiting at the door outside. Handel himself, decked in cocked hat, wig, pigtail, buckles, and sword listens to the noise. Certainly the subject has derived little dignity from the treatment which it here receives. The picture, however, is not wanting in showy effect. 'Mending the Net' (62), by Mr. W. UNDERHILL, and 'The Goat-chairs' (73), by Mr. F. UNDERHILL, are obtrusive in figures, rustic and rude in vigour, and ragged in execution. We cannot but feel that naturalism is here pushed to that excess of which the famed Naturalisti of Italy were guilty. We are in all such schools in the presence of a repulsive power. As a contrast, let us turn to a work entitled 'Wishing' (3), by Mr. LIDDERDALE. A little girl looks wistfully at cakes in the window of a village shop, and we cannot but delight in the simple beauty, the quiet truthfulness, and the faithful execution following closely the intention, which mark this meritorious study. Not far distant is a canvas, which must not be passed without

notice, 'The Outpost—Early Dawn' (15), by Mr. BEAVIS. A soldier with helmet and gun, mounted on a haggard steed, casts an anxious, searching outlook for the enemy's approach. The snow lies thick on the frontier of the forest, and in the distant horizon the morning breaks with the blush of red. Mr. HOPKINS as a painter of animals, and Mr. HAVELL of landscapes, conjointly give us two capital works, 'Weston Sands' (279) and 'The Ferry Boat' (260). In the first picture we have the flat beach of a fashionable watering-place on the Bristol Channel, studded with riders and walkers, goats, donkeys, and their attendants; the sun shines brightly in the picture, which, by its flood of daylight, is made remarkably brilliant. The other work, the joint product of the same artists, takes as its subject a ferry-boat laden with a team of horses—animals which Mr. Hopkins is known to paint with mastery and truth.

The school of Dutch interiors has, in every exhibition, its numerous representatives. Works of this class, we have a right to expect, shall be pointed and perspicuous, the incidents narrated with circumstantial detail, and elaborated with care and finish. 'Das Festkleid, a Schevening Girl, buying her Wedding Dress' (478), by Miss KATE SWIFT, has, not without reason, commanded a position on the line. The character of the customers in this general shop has been seized by the artist with point, and the attitudes of the figures are, for the most part, telling. On closer examination, however, it becomes apparent that the excellent intention of the work has not been carried out by commensurate ability in the execution, and the colour scarcely rises above the harmony of a monotone. Mr. LONG'S 'Don Quixote' (154), as might be expected, is a comedy. The knight, in full armour decked, has just sunk upon his knees before two strolling dancers, which he mistakes for high-born damsels. The picture contains some capital painting. The execution, however, is unequal, and the component parts of the composition are a little too scattered, wanting to be brought together. 'Pour les Pauvres' (610), by Mr. MANN, consists of a group of worshippers collected in a church; the central incident, the dropping of a mite into the poor-box, gives to the picture its name. The figures are smoothly painted, without over much decision, but altogether the effect is pleasing.

'The Sunday-school Teacher's Visit' (527), by Mr. EDWARD HUGHES, is a cottage scene of quiet pathos. The grandmother is seated at her spinning-wheel, and close by, propped up in an arm-chair by a pillow, we behold the sick granddaughter. The lady of the parish, in her labour of love and of mercy, reads to the fugitive towards another world words of consolation and hope. This is the sentiment of a composition which wins to sympathy; the manipulation evinces care. In a work numbered 579, and bearing a solemn text from Scripture, we cannot but think that religious sentiment has been carried to the point of pictorial cant. This is a pity, for the picture is well painted. The moral, no doubt, is that of an "awakened conscience." The daughter of poor parents, with a chain of gold about her neck, returns to the hovel of her birth, falling prostrate at the feet of her venerable mother. This tragic situation points, no doubt, to a sad story, yet we think that the painter of a mere *genre* work is scarcely justified in the attempt to raise a religious cry around his canvas by the recital of the awe-inspiring words, "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." There are some pictures which, like some persons, sin by being righteous over much. 'Sunny Days' (592), by Mr. J. C. WAITE, fortunately take us to a happier theme. A young mother gazes with the delight of a mother's heart upon her tender offspring, which evidently has grown into the joy and wonder of all beholders. These "sunny days" are likewise sunny in the play of sparkling lights, which make the canvas shine as a bright spot upon the walls. The works of Mr. HALLE are worthy of high commendation. For example, 'The First Darling' (457) and 'Watchful Eyes' (465) possess, among other excellent qualities, firmness in drawing, precision in execution, and a certain largeness of treatment seldom found in

pictures which follow the style of the Dutch painters. 'At Sea and on Shore' (85), by Mr. G. SMITH, is also another admirable work after the same school. In the like class may be mentioned with commendation, 'The Old Man's Feast' (361), by Mr. R. B. ROBERTS, and 'Lighting a Pipe' (301), by Mr. E. DAVIS. 'Saying Lessons' (459), also by Mr. DAVIS, is a very charming little picture. A group of children crowds around an elder sister, who presides as monitor. These figures are elaborated with infinite care, and the painter in his devotion has entered with philosophic mind into the anxieties and sorrows incident to juvenile lesson learning. 'Le Pas de Deux' (450), by Mr. HEMSLEY, is another small canvas, crowded with labour, and overflowing with incident after the best Dutch manner. 'A Gentle Hint' (505), by Mr. S. B. CLARKE, the hint being given by a begging cat at an old man's breakfast table, shows in the composition, treatment, and colour mature knowledge. 'The Buttery Hatch' (499), by Mr. W. F. YEAMES, looks, no doubt at first sight, a little too slight and sketchy. But the artist evidently holds himself above the smallness of mind implied in high finish. He strives rather to delineate character with graphic hand. Thus every line has its value, and every attitude its meaning. It seems indeed as if the works which crowd for favourable notice under this head would find no end. How, for instance, is it possible to pass over such a picture as 'The Poor Author of the Sixteenth Century' (268), by Mr. CRAWFORD? Here is in very truth a worn and anxious writer seen as seated at his deal desk, surrounded by heaps of papers, probably so many rejected addresses. The picture is faithful to the life, and in treatment unites, to a remarkable degree, character with finish. Among other works by Mr. PROVIS, we may emphasise 'The Village Blacksmith' (118). The walls of this old smithery are time corroded, and the anvil, vice, and other appurtenances of a blacksmith's shop Mr. Provis has painted with a brilliancy and finish little short of that which gained for Teniers his reputation.

ANIMALS, FRUIT, AND FLOWERS.

The pride of the exhibition is a charming picture, 'Well-bred Sitters, that never say they are "bored"' (68), a capital example of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's later and *vaporosa* style of blended softness in execution, and suavity in sentiment. Donkeys on 'The Common' (84), by R. ANSDALL, hung as a companion to the last picture, is first-rate in painting, attaining to a blended harmony of colour and a delicacy of handling not always found in this artist. 'Winter' (261), by Mr. KEYL, is a snow-field tenanted by a flock of suffering and patient sheep. These sheep are truthful in outward form, detailed in the demarcation of their woolly coat; but, above all, the artist has entered into the inner life and sensibilities of the animal, so calm and resigned in its endurance. 'The Guardian' (309), by Mr. EARL, is a dog of decided character, who, looking out of his kennel, is ready to assert his position, wearing a knowing countenance, and maintaining an independent bearing. In 'Waiting for the Ferry-boat' (568), Mr. BOTTOMLEY gives us two bulky, yet noble, horses, which call for emphatic notice from the power gained by boldness in handling, and contrast in colour. The work confesses to the influence of that French school, of which Rosa Bonheur is the representative. A few other pictures of animals, of fruits, and of flowers, remain for rapid recital. 'A Study of a Dog's Head' (171), by Mr. ALFRED CORBOULD, shows a dexterous hand in the rapid play of the brush textured from the wrist. 'Salmon and Trout' (365), by Mr. ROLFE, are as silvery in scale, and as iridescent in colour, as when the angler just pulled them from the stream. 'Difficult Driving' (40), by Mr. F. WEEKES, is a work quiet in humour. The subject is most humble. A swineherd, accompanied by his pig, which he has secured by the leg, takes his rest by the wayside. The careful study which this small effort displays is most commendable. Mr. LANCE, in a picture which passes under the generic designation of 'Fruit' (239), includes gourds, grapes, and golden tankard in rich profusion. 'Autumn' (208), by Miss STANNARD, is another picture of fruit grouped with a background. The colour is

good, but the composition wants massing, and the lights concentration. 'Camellias' (387), by Mr. WORSEY, are careful in execution, and brilliant in colour.

LANDSCAPES.

This gallery is rich in landscapes of a quality, for the most part, excellent, and, in style, of every possible variety—scenes humble and scenes ambitious, effects poetic and prosaic, and treatments broad, generic, and detailed. The numerous members of the family of "Williams," under their several catalogue designations, are here in peculiar force. For example, 'Moonlight on the Mountains' (167), by Mr. GILBERT, must be pronounced, after its kind, a grand work. Here we have a lake all asleep in the tranquil moonlight, a monarch among mountains keeping watch and ward in the placid sky. As a contrast in effect, take Mr. BODDINGTON's 'Source of the Lake' (584). A flood of sunlight is here poured upon the landscape, and the incidents of the foreground are, as habitual to this artist, studied with infinite care. Troops of long reeds rear their spear-like heads among a colony of water-lilies, sailing on the rippling river. 'Evening in the Tyrol' (614), by Mr. A. W. WILLIAMS, seizes on yet another and contrasted effect—poetic and daring. A burning sunset, intense in red, gold, and purple, emblazons a sky pierced by a serrated battlement of mountains. In the foreground shepherds drive their flocks homewards. But we must pass rapidly through the varied moods known to the landscape painter—the ever-changing phases of that nature which reflects the infinite. Mr. PEEL, in 'Stone-thwaite Bridge' (495), paints, as usual with this artist, a landscape of quietism, content with greys and greens, and dewy liquid lights. Mr. ROSE, in 'Autumn Morning' (298), is more impulsive. He has here thrown together a broken scene of furze and brushwood, swelling into rising hills, and crowned by tumultuous mountains, all of which he paints with a free dashing hand, and adorns in rich and varied colour. 'The Conway' (378), by Mr. SYER, is a picture of truth and vigour—qualities which we are always sure to find in this artist. Mr. OAKES, well known for many studious works, is, in 'Mid-day, looking over Maldraeth Bay' (156), chaotic. 'Near Godalming' (2), by Mr. COLE, is a little picture, worthy of Cuyt. The easily recognised facility of touch enjoyed by Mr. JUTSUM, has seldom been turned to better account than in his picture of the present year, 'The Woods in Autumn' (63). Mr. NIEMANN paints with a breadth and a power which contrast with the finesse and refinement of Mr. Jutsum; the vigour which this artist gets into in his picture of 'Bristol Floating Harbour' (545), is amazing. 'The Dogana, Venice' (246), is a remarkably good example of Mr. G. C. STANFIELD's style. 'The Wooden Walls and Iron Sides of old England' (199), by Mr. KNELL, sen., furnish one of the very few good sea-pieces in the present exhibition. 'The Holiday in the Woods' (75), by Mr. T. P. HALL, might have been commended as a figure subject. This picture is carefully and capably painted. Finally, let us throw into one group artists signal in depicting the dramatic effect of the elements, the glory, the victory, and the tyranny of the sun in his power. The painters by whom these walls have been thus adorned, are the two Danbys, Mr. DILLON, Mr. DAWSON, and Mr. HARRY JOHNSON. Mr. DAWSON's 'Isle of Wight' (179) is burning with a magnificence of sky worthy of a Linnell or a Turner. Mr. DILLON, in 'The Gate of the Colossi, Karnac' (95), gilds with a tropic sun the ruins which thirty centuries have mutilated. Mr. T. and Mr. J. DANBY, the one in a golden, the other in a silver key, intone the cadence and the full climax of that concord of sweet colour in which their father rejoiced and gloried. We cannot better conclude this section of our subject than with the two impressive pictures which Athens has given to Mr. HARRY JOHNSON. This artist haunts the scenes where history has set her stately foot, in the midst of a nature lofty and sublime. He knows by intuition, or has acquired through observation, the treatment conducive to grand dramatic effect. Through pictorial contrast and balanced symmetry he attains the ends he seeks—magnitude, grandeur, and scenic display.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—There is as much excitement here among the Art-students as among those in the schools of the Department of Science and Art in England; and in both cases it is caused by government regulations. The appointment of a military officer, the Duc de Morny, as we stated in our last number, to the post of superintendent of the *Ecole Imperiale et Speciale des Beaux Arts*, appears to have excited not only the ridicule but the anger of a large body both of artists and students; and the new rules and examinations to which the students are now subjected have added to their grievances. On the 30th of January a kind of *emeute* occurred in the court of the Louvre, where a considerable body of the latter assembled, and surrounding M. le Conte de Nieuwerkerke, urged upon him, as one who had considerable influence with the government in all matters connected with Art, to endeavour to get a modification of the new rules. After a considerable lapse of time the remonstrances of this gentleman, coupled with those of M. Théophile Gautier, the well-known Art-critic of Paris, induced the assembly to disperse, which they did amid cries of "*Vive l'Institut!*"

ST. PETERSBURG.—The *Invalide Russe* states that the new catalogue of the picture gallery of the Imperial Hermitage Museum has just appeared. This magnificent collection contains 1,631 choice pictures, among 7,000 or 8,000 collected gradually by the sovereigns of Russia, from the reign of Peter the Great. The nucleus of the collection is formed from the celebrated galleries of Baron Crozat, at Paris; of Count Brühl, Minister of King Augustus II., of Poland; and Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of George I. and George II., of Great Britain. To these riches, acquired by the Empress Catherine II., her successor united the finest pictures from the Malmaison of King William II., of the Netherlands, the frescoes of Raphael from the gallery of Campana, and others. Of these 1,631 paintings, 327 belong to the Italian schools, 115 to the Spanish schools, 944 to the German schools (Flemish, Dutch, and German), 8 to the English school, 172 to the French school, and 65 to the Russian school. The true richness of the Hermitage consists in its Spanish and Flemish collections. Among the first are reckoned 20 of Murillo and 6 of Velasquez. Among those of the Flemish and Dutch painters are 60 Rubens, 34 Van Dyck, 40 Teniers the younger, 41 Rembrandt, 50 Wouvermans, 9 Potter, &c. The Hermitage is the only continental museum that possesses a small collection of English pictures, among which figure the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a composition that exhibits numerous faces, representing the 'Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents.' The picture was ordered of this celebrated painter by Catherine II. The French school is the richest after that of the Louvre. Among the paintings of Russian artists some are very remarkable. The gallery occupies thirty-nine rooms and cabinets on the Bel Etage of the Museum.

A DAY FOR J. D. HARDING.

"It is a noisy morning; yet the sky
Looks down as bright as on a summer's day."
BARRY CORNWALL.

THIS is a day for Harding; the dark pines,
And the green elms no less, stand sharp and clear
Against the sky; the rivulet gushing near
Is bright and sparkling; and the hedge-row lines
May all be told; yon purple streak defines
At once the boundary where the hills appear
To bathe them in the cool grey atmosphere:
Just so the Painter's hand his greil work designs.
Those too are Harding's clouds,—so heapeth he
Their pillow beauty (so the giants heaped
Ossa on Pelion): some have edges steeped
In sunlight; some float dark and solemnly;
Some "slope their dusky shadows of thick rain;"*
True Art! Fine Nature! glorious, loving twain!

March, 1834.

G. J. DE WILDE.

[This sonnet, the author tells us, was written thirty years ago, "one 'noisy' morning during a walk between Watford and St. Alban's;" a pleasant country, as we well know, with much beautiful and varied home-scenery. The lines have not previously appeared in print.—ED. A.-J.]

* Leigh Hunt's "Nymphs."

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The secretary has issued the following circular to such artists as are candidates for admission into the Royal Academy:—

"Jan. 30, 1864.

"SIR,—I am directed by the President and Council to transmit to you a copy of a resolution passed at the General Assembly of the 29th inst. :—

Resolved,—That no elections, either of Academicians or Associates, shall take place until the Special Committee shall have presented their report on the constitution of the Royal Academy for the consideration of the General Assembly.

"Your obedient servant,
"J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., Sec."

The Royal Academy thus ignores one of its principal laws, which commands that all vacancies created before the 10th of November shall be filled up before the 10th of February following.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—At a general assembly of this society, held on the 8th of February, the members filled up the four vacancies in the associate list by the election of Mr. F. Walker, Mr. E. Lundgren, Mr. E. B. Jones, and Mr. G. P. Boyce. The three first are figure-painters, and will strengthen the society in a class of subjects in which they were sparingly represented; Mr. Boyce is a landscape-painter. All four are well known, and have already achieved considerable success in their respective walks of Art. There were thirty-three candidates, many of them exhibiting an amount of talent greatly in advance of former competitors, and this rendered the contest a very close run. We believe it is the wish of the society to enlarge their number, so as to admit at least two of the candidates whose works were presented, but who were excluded at this election solely on account of the limit which determines the number of associates.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Some of the daily papers have stated—and it is to be presumed on good authority—that Mr. Dyce, R.A., has been compelled by ill health to entirely cease working on the series of frescoes relating to the legends of King Arthur, on which he has so long been engaged, in the Queen's Robing-room in the Houses of Parliament; and that, having given up all hope of ever being able to finish these works, he has returned to the Treasury the sums paid him on account of them. We deeply regret to hear such report, for it implies, as it seems to us, that the same cause will prevent Mr. Dyce from labouring in his own atelier; and we can ill afford to lose from our annual exhibitions the works of a painter so highly gifted as he. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the illness referred to may prove only of a temporary character.*

FRESCO-PAINTING.—On the evening of the 12th of February, Mr. J. Bevington Atkinson delivered a lecture at the Society of Arts on this subject—an important one, and ably treated by the lecturer. At the close a discussion took place, generally unfavourable to the employment of fresco in this country—an opinion opposed to that of Mr. Atkinson.

THE VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—The project for purchasing by public subscription this fine collection of national war-pictures—as spoken of last month in our illustrated notice of the painter, Mr. Desanges—has been forestalled by the liberality of a wealthy gentleman residing, we understand, near Leeds, who has bought the entire series exhibited of late at the Crystal Palace. We are right glad to know, whatever may be its ultimate destination in the hands of the new owner, that the collection will not be dispersed: possibly the possessor may entertain the idea of becoming a public benefactor, like Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Vernon, by bequeathing his acquisitions to the nation. However this may be, the artist is so far rewarded for his labours as to be rid of his pictures, and on remunerative terms, we believe, though not at the absurd prices often paid at the present day for paintings. We hope to see the places left vacant at the Crystal Palace by the removal of the Victoria Cross Gallery, filled with other works equally excellent in quality, though they may differ in

* After this was written, and just as this sheet was going to press, we received the sad intelligence of Mr. Dyce's death, on the 14th of February. All comment must be postponed.—E. A. J.

subject. The picture-gallery at Sydenham is admirably constructed for the exhibition of works of Art, and the annual sales amount to a considerable sum. Many thousand persons visit it during the year, and among these "buyers" are numerous. The purchaser of Mr. Desanges's collection chanced to go one day into the room wherein they hung, saw them, and at once negotiated for their transfer to his own custody.

Mr. WILLIAM HUNT, one of the oldest members of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, died, at his residence in Stanhope Street, on the 10th of February. His humorous rustic figures, of earlier years, his birds'-nests, wild flowers, and fruits, of a later period, are, of their kind, the perfection of water-colour painting, and will be greatly missed from the gallery in Suffolk Street. Mr. Hunt had reached the seventy-fourth year of his age; he was a native of London.

THE SHAKSPEARE COMMITTEE.—There is still so much "confusion" connected with this subject that we do not consider it desirable to enter into details, although we may perhaps be in a condition to do so next month, when the "affair" must be brought to something like a conclusion. Although the London committee leave us still in the dark, that at Stratford has issued a "programme." We shall deeply regret if there be truth in the rumour that the play of *Hamlet* is to be performed at Stratford for the "benefit" (in one sense) of Mr. Fechter. It will be not a little humiliating to be told that while we are seeking to honour the great poet, we cannot play his Plays without the aid of a Frenchman.

THE MACAULAY MEMORIAL for Trinity College, Cambridge, is nearly finished by Mr. Woolner. The historian is seated in his college gown, with a book in his hand—the fingers pressed into the open leaves, as if he had been collecting points in an argument.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1864.—The Royal Dublin Society having resolved to include a gallery of Fine Arts in the exhibition to be held during the summer of 1864, it is proposed that the gallery shall comprise a collection of modern paintings in oil and water colours, miniatures, enamels, and similar works of Art. They solicit, therefore, the loan of paintings and other works suitable to the collection, and request that all offers to contribute may be sent in at the earliest convenience of those persons who intend to favour them with objects for the exhibition. Communications upon this subject may be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Fine Arts Department, Exhibition of 1864, Royal Dublin Society, Kildare Street, Dublin. We may add that the committee recently had an audience with the Lord-Lieutenant, who promised to give the whole undertaking all the aid in his power.

MESSRS. CUNDALL AND CO. have applied their photographic process to the copying an early manuscript of Gray's "Elgy in a Country Churchyard," a poem destined to live, if any writing can, so long as the world lasts, and in the language of every civilised country. The reproduction is taken from the only existing draught of the poem—at Pembroke House, Cambridge—which is considered to be a fair copy made by Gray, probably for circulation among his friends. The draught formed a portion of the papers bequeathed by the poet to his friend and biographer, Mason. It is written in a very neat and perfectly legible hand, though the century, and longer, which has elapsed since it was penned, has caused some of the lines to become pale. The latter portion does not appear in stanzas as the whole is now printed, probably from the fact that the entire poem is contained on a single sheet of small post paper, which would not admit of space between each verse. Several interpolations appear in the manuscript, together with some stanzas which we do not remember to have seen before. This most interesting legacy, which is accompanied by a history of the poem, is published by Messrs. S. Low & Co.

VAUXHALL SCHOOL OF ART.—Another result of the new minute issued by the Council of Education has been that the chairman of the committee of management of the Vauxhall School lately convened a meeting of the students to inform them that it would be necessary, after the 1st of March, to raise the fees of all students not artisans. The committee, he stated, regretted to

do this, but it was the only alternative if the masters were to be retained; for, under the old system, the expenses were almost more than the income of the school would meet; while under the new, the money granted by Government would be so much decreased, that the masters must be remunerated either by the manner now proposed, or by extra payment on the part of the committee, who were not in a position to incur such an increase.

THE LATE DR. SWINEY bequeathed a sum of money, to be invested in the Society of Arts, for awarding, in conjunction with the Royal College of Physicians, in every fifth anniversary of the Doctor's death, "to the author of the best published treatise on Jurisprudence a silver goblet of the value of £100, with gold coin in it to the same amount." The judges appointed by the will have recently made the award in favour of Henry Sumner Maine, D.C.L., late Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge, and now member of the Legislative Council of India, and author of a work on Jurisprudence, entitled "Ancient Law." The goblet was executed by Messrs. Garrard, after a design by D. MacIise, R.A.

THE GRAPHIC.—On the evening of the 13th of January, there was exhibited by this Society a large and varied collection of pictures and drawings by the late James Ward, R.A., contributed by his son, Mr. George Raphael Ward. The rising generation of painters has heard of the high reputation of the late Mr. Ward as an animal painter, but it has seen little or nothing out of which this reputation has grown, because his works, as animal or local portraiture, have an interest which preserves them as heirlooms in the quiet country families that possess them. Among the works, however, of which we now speak, there were many to tell of the genius, and early freshness and vigour of this painter, certainly the first in his department of Art to show breeding, character, and lively intelligence in the animals he painted. One of his pictures especially drew a large share of attention; it had been painted in emulation of Rembrandt's 'Mill,' which appeared in the ancient collection at the British Institution, in the year 1806. Among the academicians the Dutch picture was a source of great interest and curiosity; inasmuch, that many imitations of it were painted. In reference to it the president, West, proposed to Ward that he should paint an imitation of it at some time, observing that he (Ward) knew more about Rembrandt than any one else. The result was this admirable picture, so truly Rembrandtesque, that it might well pass for an original by the great master. There were also 'Duncan's Horses' (*Macbeth*), with landscapes, portraits of animals, and a great variety of chalk drawings and sketches, many of which had been made for well-known pictures. In the gathering were drawings by Raffaele and Da Vinci, from the Royal collections, and shown by permission of the Queen; with selections from the portfolios of Jutsum, McKewan, Soper, and others.

THE LANGHAM SCHOOL.—On the evening of Saturday, the 9th of January, at a *conversazione*, held in the rooms of the Langham Society of Artists, there were exhibited some of the works intended to be sent to the British Institution. Throughout the evening the rooms were so thronged with members and visitors, as to render it a matter of some little difficulty to see the pictures. It has been suggested that these crowded meetings should be held in a more commodious place, but in such case they would be no longer under the control of the Society. The gathering was not so impressive as some that have been seen there. Prominent among the pictures and drawings were works by Fitzgerald, Rossiter, Weekes, Hayes, Marks, Pidgeon, H. Moore, Stark, Green, C. Cattermole, and others whose names did not appear, with portfolios of interesting sketches. At a glance the visitor understands that he breathes a Young England atmosphere; and the rooms are so full of young painters that there is no room for old ones. The landscapes are painted on the spot, and most of them left crisp with one painting. There is no deference to the principles that inculcate varieties of colour and indispensable tracts of shade—the lights and darks are adopted just as they appear in the subjects—and the figure pictures acknowledge

none of the rules of what is called high Art. The next gathering will be prior to the Academy exhibition, on which occasion a much more brilliant assemblage is expected.

VALENTINES have, within the last few years, become works of beautiful ornamental Art, on which designer, colourist, and machinist have exercised no little skill, taste, and ingenuity. We do not look forward to the 14th of February with the same anticipations that, perhaps, we did a quarter of a century, or longer, ago, but a chance *billet-doux* of the order of St. Valentine comes occasionally into our hands; and this year, one published by Mr. Rimmel, and called the "Sachet Valentine," has reached us. Externally the packet is emerald green and gold, on which is laid a bouquet of musk roses, concealing a verse, by Roscoe, suited to the occasion, and surrounded by a rich perforated border of white; under this outer covering is—we know not what—but something that sends forth a perfume as of all the groves of Araby. Rare skill has Mr. Rimmel in compounding these sweet odours, offered to the public in such an elegant form.

COMMUNION SERVICES.—Art is now almost invariably employed to grace the communion table of the English Church. A service has recently been presented by "Walter Hughes and Emma his wife" to the church of All Saints, Highbate. It is designed by A. W. Blomfield, Esq., the eminent architect, one of the sons of the late excellent Bishop of London, and manufactured by Mr. Keith for Mr. Francis Smith, of "the Ecclesiastical Warehouse," Southampton Street, Strand. The set consists of flagon, chalice, paten, and offertory dish, of silver, the groundwork of the principal engraved ornaments being gilt: a most agreeable effect is thus produced. The paten is engraved with the text: "Take, eat, this is My Body." The sacred monogram is in the centre, within an ornamental quatrefoil on a gilt ground. The offertory dish has the text: "This is My command: love one another as I have loved you." In the centre is a large cross on a gilt ground. The set is very admirable in manufacture, and exceedingly graceful and appropriate in design.

MR. ROLFE, landscape painter and photographer, of the Haymarket, has painted and photographed some views in order to supply the vigour of tone, definition of form, and the artistic distribution of lights and darks considered necessary to pictorial compositions. Grey has been generally considered as preserving in photography the most perfect relation of tones, but it is found that the gradations come out relatively too light. Mr. Rolfe, therefore, works with Vandyke brown, which is found as nearly as possible to yield an accurate repetition of the extremes and gradations of the painting. It is scarcely necessary now to observe that in photographs of landscapes the greens, yellows, and reds come out much darker than in the picture, and the blues, as for instance in seas or skies, are returned white. Mr. Rolfe having painted views of country houses, which it was desirable to have photographed, the pictures were preparatorily copied in Vandyke brown, and hence a true version of the painting. Some of them we have seen; one a view of Esher Place, the site, by the way, of the palace commenced by Cardinal Wolsey; we look from a cornfield, in autumn, down upon the Thames, whence the ground on the other side rises, the eminence being topped by a house surrounded by trees. A view of Breamore, near Salisbury, has been treated in the same way, with perfect success; also the famous view from Richmond Hill, and another at Sanderstead, near Croydon. It is not necessary that these repetitions be as large as a large landscape—a copy of the length of two feet or less is sufficiently large.

MR. DALLAS, a photographer of Fleet Street, announces a discovery, called photo-electric engraving, whereby photographs are transferred in intaglio to a metal plate, by a certain process, yielding prints which have all the minute drawing of the photograph. The example we had the opportunity of examining was a metal plate, the subject the Banqueting Hall, Kenilworth, from which two thousand prints had been taken. The metal is iron, and the printing surface is granulated like aqua-tint; it had never

been touched with a paint, except for the purpose of being cleaned. Mr. Dallas does not patent his invention, preferring to keep his own secret; and from the impunity with which patents are evaded, we think he is right. The plate and the print were everywhere perfect, the former having much the appearance of having been bitten in; but we do not presume to inquire into Mr. Dallas's secret, it is his own, and he has every title to the best results it can give him. Of the perfect success of the invention in another direction, there is also evidence in some plates (porcelain) which contain a very delicate reproduction of a photograph. The cost is about one-third of that of engraving, and it is applicable to the production of engravings for manufacturers' pictures, stereoscopic slides, book illustrations, copies of maps, plans, engravings, manuscripts, and all the round of appliances to which photography or drawing is suitable.

THE ADORNMENT OF ST. PAUL'S.—The estimated cost is, it appears, between £60,000 and £70,000, of which nearly £15,000 has been subscribed. Mr. Francis Fuller proposes that four hundred gentlemen shall agree each to raise £100, or forty to raise each £1,000, to carry into execution this great and noble work.

THE INTERNATIONAL BUILDING is now in rapid process of removal from Kensington to Muswell Hill; we shall take an early opportunity of describing the contemplated structure, &c., at the Alexandra Park.

THE PAINTERS' COMPANY'S exhibition of decorative and imitative work will be held in June, 1864, with two extra prizes of £5 each for decoration.

SCHOOL OF ART, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Mr. Treloar, of Ludgate Hill, has offered prizes for competition by the students of this school, for the "best designs for cocoa-nut mats and kamptulicon floor-cloths."

PICTURE SALE-SHOPS.—There has long been a notorious and flourishing picture sale-shop on the left hand of St. Paul's Churchyard (going east), against which we warned our readers, more than once or twice, ten or twelve years ago. It is, or rather was, kept by a man named Barnes, who has also an "establishment" at the corner of Bedford Street, Strand, and whose son has another, called "The Blue Post," in the Haymarket. That at St. Paul's purports to be an auction room, and whenever a stranger strolls in, pictures are "put up," and "biddings" may be heard. When there is no stranger present, the assembled group (for there are always several persons in "attendance") have a "chat" as to prospects and probable chances of gudgeons coming to the hook. We have so frequently and so strongly described and commented on cases of this kind, that we have, of late years, considered it mere waste of words to give any further warnings on the subject. If men will go into places of the sort with their eyes open, they deserve little pity when they pay the penalty of folly.

MR. F. FRITH, who occupies a very prominent station as a photographer, and whose copies of places and scenery in the Holy Land, have not been surpassed, announces as in preparation a series of "sixty photographs by the best artists of the day," to be published in four parts—one part a year. He resides at Reigate.

WEDGWOOD INSTITUTE AT BURSLEM.—The competition designs for ornamenting this institute are now being exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, in the iron building, near to the works sent in competition for the Art-workmanship prizes of the Society of Arts.

MR. VIAL'S PROCESS OF IMITATIVE ENGRAVING.—This subject has been discussed at a meeting of the Society of Arts. We have given a brief description of it in *The Art-Journal*, and shall ere long recur to it—probably after subjecting it to an additional test.

MR. JOHN LINNELL, the landscape painter, has forwarded to the National Life Boat Institution a donation of £50.

THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS took place on the 27th of last month, and was opened to the public on the 29th. The school for the study of the draped figure has been well attended, and will be reopened at the end of the season.

REVIEWS.

COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.
Illustrated by J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A. Published by the Art-Union of London.

We hesitate not to pronounce this to be the greatest work offered to the subscribers of the Art-Union of London since the establishment of the Society. It was a bold determination, and as laudable as bold, for the council to come to the decision of publishing such a volume, as it will assuredly put to the severest test the public taste. If these extraordinary compositions, so full of the highest poetical fancy and the greatest artistic ability, do not find favour with the thousands who profess to love Art and to know something about it; and if, consequently, the Art-Union does not greatly increase its list of subscribers this year—for it is intended to be given to them—then we shall despair of every attempt that may be made to teach the public what true and good Art is: the society, no less than ourselves and others who for many years have been working in the same field, will have to acknowledge that we have all laboured in vain.

To illustrate Coleridge's strange and imaginative ballad of "The Ancient Mariner" in a manner at all worthy of it, can only be done by an artist of a kindred mind—by a poet-painter. In the story is such a blending of the wild and preternatural with the fervour of energetic description and the tenderness of human feeling, that, as a critic has said, "There is nothing else like it; it is a poem by itself. Between it and other compositions, in *pari materia*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself." Though the versification is irregular, the phraseology oftentimes quaint and inharmonious to modern ears, there is in the manner in which the tale is told such grandeur of thought drawn both from the ideal and the reality of nature, as well as from mortal suffering, and so much power of expression, that the reader's attention is riveted as well by the sublime beauty of the narrative as by the intensely dramatic situation of the unhappy seaman and his shipmates.

Twenty illustrations, in bold outline, slightly shaded, have a place in this volume: from the first to the last there is not one of which we could not find much to say, had we room for long descriptive comment; we can only, however, point out—and without remark—some of those that appear the most striking:—"The Wedding Guest listening to the Mariner's Tale;" "The Bride passing into the Hall;" "The Deck of the Ship, with the Mariner preparing to shoot the Albatross;" "The Discovery of the Strange Ship;" "The Dice Players;" "The Albatross loosened from the Mariner;" "The Mariner Sleeping;" "The Spirit of Mist and Snow;" "The Seraph Bard;" "The Whirlpool;" "The Garden Bower;" and "The Interior of the Kirk." The titles are our own, solely for the purposes of identification; the descriptive verse appears under each plate in the volume.

We have always entertained a very high opinion of Mr. Paton's genius; many of the pictures he has painted, and the designs he has put forth on various occasions, show that his mind is stored with rich and cultivated thoughts of an original character; but we scarcely anticipated such a display of them combined with so much graphic power as these compositions manifest. Our curiosity will be excited to learn how the public receives them; but whether with favour or otherwise, the Art-Union of London has shown great judgment and discrimination, so far as it is the professed object of the society to serve the cause of Art in its highest qualities, in issuing them. If the experiment be a failure—which we cannot and do not look for—the fault will lie at the doors of the public only, and the council must hereafter give the subscribers the rapid prettinesses for which they ask.

VIEWS OF THE RHINE.—Photographed and Published by C. HAUFF & Co., London.

If photography is not superseding entirely the labours of the painter, it is only because, with all its marvellous results, photography cannot do what the painter accomplishes. It does more of some things and less of others; it gives us facts which the utmost cunning of the pencil fails to present, but is totally unable to convey to the eye or mind the loveliness of nature in her beauty and diversity of colour, and the delicacy of her atmospheric tints. The artist has one mission, the photographer another; their interests may not be identical, but they are, certainly, not opposed to each other.

Photographic publications of every kind multiply so rapidly we can hardly keep pace with the demand

they make on our attention. On our table lies a portfolio containing twelve large prints of Rhine scenery, the first instalment, as it seems by the title-page which accompanies it, of a continued series of a similar kind. A trip up the Rhine has become as familiar to thousands of Englishmen as a trip to Richmond or Blackwall; but for this reason, reminiscences of places visited, such as these photographs afford, are additionally pleasant. It is always agreeable to have "at hand" something we can refer to and recognise as old acquaintances. Cologne, one of the earliest great points of attraction on the noble river, is represented by three views; the first shows the western end of the magnificent cathedral, with the restorations now going on; every detail of its rich architecture presented to the light is brought out with the utmost clearness and brilliancy, the most delicate tracery and ornamentation being distinctly visible. The next is a view of the cathedral taken from the new bridge, a striking picture, but not so effective as the preceding; the tone is too uniform, as if it had been taken on a cloudy day. The third shows the city from Deutz, on the opposite side of the river, the point of view being close to the bridge of boats; this is an excellent photograph. Bonn, taken from some rising ground on the outskirts, composes into a beautiful landscape; the foreground fields and gardens, the town in the middle distance, backed by a level line of elevated country. No. 5 is Rolandseck and the Drachenfels, taken from the left bank of the river, which is here a sloping mass of huge flat boulders, the range of hills closing up the view. As a picture, we prefer to the last, No. 6, Rolandseck, Nonnenwerth, and the Drachenfels—the view taken from the road entrance, where trees line the way on each side, and the river winds round the bases of the mountains. The print is rather black, and yet the detail of the trees and herbage is beautifully marked. Still better is the next, the Drachenfels from Rolandseck, with the railroad making a circuit in the foreground, and the range of hills on the opposite side of the Rhine fading away softly into the distance. No. 8, Godesberg and Panorama of the Rhine, shows how incapable the art of photography is of representing space so as to preserve the identity of far-off objects; the distance here is little else than a blank; everything is, as it were, lost in a cloud of mist. The state of the atmosphere at the time the photograph was taken would have much to do with this. No. 9, Panorama of the Rhine—a dark print, but yet the details of the landscape are well preserved: exquisitely soft and tender is the line of country bounding the horizon. No. 10 is the Convent of Nonnenwerth, lying in the midst of a belt of trees, the Rhine immediately beyond, and a vast range of landscape filling up the background. In this, as in No. 9, the receding objects want such clear definition as only the painter's art can produce. The Ruins of the Drachenfels, No. 11, come out well; every fissure of the rock, every scrap of vegetation, is marvellously distinct; even the name of some traveller—not, however, an Englishman—may be detected, with a good magnifying glass, traced on a piece of rock. This, in all respects, is one of the best photographs in the portfolio. The series concludes with a view of the elegant Church of Apollinaris, standing out solidly and clearly, in a rich tone of colour, against a cloudless sky.

Messrs. Hauff, by the publication of these views, will give pleasure to many who have enjoyed the romantic scenery of the Rhine; and to those who have not had the privilege of visiting it, these prints will serve to acquaint them with some of its beauties.

LIFE-PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; a History of the Various Representations of the Poet, with an Examination into their Authenticity. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Illustrated by Photographs of the most authentic Portraits, and with Views, &c., by CUNDALL, DOWNES & CO. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, London.

A timely publication just now, when so much is being thought, said, and done in commemoration of our great dramatic poet. As seven cities contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer, so are there numerous works of Art each urging its claim to be an undoubted representation of Shakespeare. Mr. Friswell has taken considerable pains to investigate the history of these rivals, and to weigh, without prejudice, their merits as authentic portraits. Taking the principal in the order critics assign to them generally, we have, first, the bust on the monument in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, assumed to be sculptured by Gerard Johnson, from a cast taken from Shakespeare's face after death; next, the "Chandos" portrait, formerly in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, and purchased at the sale of the Stowe collection, in 1848, by the Earl of

Ellesmere, who presented it to the nation; then the engraving, by Droeshout, which appeared in an edition of the plays published in 1623. The fourth is known as the "Felton" head; the fifth as the "Stratford" portrait—one somewhat recently brought to light, and whose authenticity was discussed in our columns at the time of the discovery, two or three years ago; and the sixth is the portrait, assumed to be that of the poet, painted by Cornelius Jansen, who was in England from about 1618 to 1648: this picture is in the possession of the Duchess of Somerset.

The history of the majority of these works has engaged the attention and invited the research of many critics and commentators for more than a century. Mr. Friswell, himself an enthusiastic Shakespearean, has collected and sifted these various authorities with no little judgment; but though the narrative is curious and interesting, the verdict as regards the genuineness of even the best authenticated portrait—the monumental bust at Stratford—is "not proven." Englishmen will never know the real features of their marvellous countryman, though they may see what approaches a likeness; we must content ourselves with this.

FAC-SIMILE DELLE MINIATURE CONTENUTE NEL BREVIARIO GRIMANI, CONSERVATO NELLA BIBLIOTECA DI S. MARCO. Eseguito in Fotografia da ANTONIO PERINI, con illustrazioni di FRANCESCO ZANOTTO. Published by A. PERINI, Venice: C. HAUFF & Co., London.

In the famous library of St. Mark, Venice, there exists a notable illuminated manuscript, known to biblioplists as the Breviary Grimani, and executed about the year 1475. It acquired its name from the Cardinal Domenico Grimani, who bought it of the Sicilian painter Antonello, better known in England as Messina, from the place of his birth: Grimani bequeathed the Breviary to the republic of Venice.

It was executed, as Signor Zanotto supposes, by order of Sixtus IV. for the particular use of the Franciscan brotherhood to which he belonged: but as he died before the work came into his hands, the probability is that it was left in those of one of the Flemish artists employed on it, and that subsequently it came into the possession of Messina, who went to Bruges to study under Van Eyck. The early history of this remarkable example of illuminated Art is, however, very uncertain, but there is no doubt of its having been executed in Flanders, and that Hemling, or Henmeling—Zanotto refers to the two names as if they were those of two different persons—Vander Meire, and others of the early Flemish school, including Messina himself, whose name occasionally appears in the list of artists who took part in it, were the painters of the principal pictures.

This Breviary is composed of eight hundred and thirty-one folios, written and illuminated on vellum of the finest quality, very white, and polished on both sides. Twenty-four of these pages are occupied by calendars of the months; then follow the lessons, psalms, and rubrics proper to Advent, and so on through the various services of the Christian year. After these come the hymns for the year, the services for the saints, those of the sacraments, and whatever else remains of the ritual of the Romish church. Each page is richly ornamented after the manner of illuminated works, while to the calendars is prefixed a large picture suited to the season: there are also numerous other pictures of sacred and legendary subjects, amounting altogether to one hundred and ten. It is these, with a few pages of the ornamented text, that Signor Perini has reproduced in photography, and the former of which his coadjutor, Signor Zanotto, describes in his own language, the whole forming a massive quarto volume splendidly bound in crimson velvet with gilt ornaments. It will readily be assumed that the absence of colour much detracts from the value of the pictures, but the subjects are there in all their quaintness and individuality—many of them really beautiful for the period and the country in which they originated. A French translation of the text appears side by side with the Italian version.

A YOUNG ARTIST'S LIFE. Published by HURST AND BLACKETT, London.

Though no author's name appears on the title-page of this volume, we have good authority for believing it to have been written by Mr. Alexander B. Cochran, M.P. To those who can read a story without plot, or sensational "situations," or exciting events, this narrative will be acceptable. "Artist-life," as we generally know it to be, is certainly not described here; artists, as a class, are not made of such stuff as Leonard Holme, nor do they meet with such liberal friends and patrons as Markham. Still, there may be such, and as the preface intimates that these

two individuals have, or rather had—for Holme was drowned at sea—their prototypes in persons whom some readers of the book might easily recognise, we are bound to acknowledge in the existence of such.

Holme's history is not without events, less often-times as regards himself, perhaps, than others. Brought up in the office of a lawyer, he yet has little sympathy with Coke and Blackstone, and parchments, and engrossing. His thoughts are with nature, and his spare hours are spent before an easel, in a garret high up in a quiet back street of the metropolis. He has an earnest, thoughtful mind, and a heart generous by principle, not impulse; and even with means comparatively restricted, he can spare for the wants of others, and leave his canvas to minister to their necessities, and console by his presence and cheering, trustful conversation. Transferred to a position of comparative independence, where he can follow his favourite pursuit without much let or hindrance, and at length placed in circumstances that call forth the strongest feelings of a man's heart, he is true to himself and the demands of honour, and flees the country rather than risk his character. There is little about Art or artists in the story, but it has a healthy tone, and though its interest is divided among several individuals, each sustains well his or her part; and, with the exception of the drunken brother of the two poor sisters, are people of whom the world has only too few of the like.

THE PALM TREE. The Illustrations by the Author. By S. MOODY. Published by NELSON AND SONS, London.

From our earliest years "the palm" is associated in our minds with the East, and with "the glory and the holiness thereof." The figure of a captive woman, seated beneath a palm tree, was chosen as the symbol of Judea by her conquerors, and the device is to be seen on the coins of Vespasian and Titus. The "palm tree" is immortalised in the history of the Jews. In their finest poetry the "palm" is a favourite similitude, and in their architecture a chosen symbol; but the chief glory of this noble tree was attained in the days of the MESSIAH—the one triumphal day when Zion welcomed Christ her anointed king, she laid in homage at his feet the honoured branches of the "palm." And we are told of a multitude that no man can number, who, white robed, with "palms in their hands," shall, in the celestial city of Jerusalem, which is above, sing Hallelujahs to their Saviour God.

"Of this one only tree," Miss Moody truly states in her introduction, "can it be said that, given to be man's delight on earth, it is mentioned by name in the word of God as hereafter to be given in heaven also. Of this one only tree can it also be said that, encircling the globe for a width of 4,860 geographical miles, it is there found in every varied locality—on desert sands, in luxuriant forests, on mountains 14,000 feet high, and on wave-washed coral reefs in the middle of the ocean." Well might Linnaeus proclaim the palm-tree race "princes among vegetation." We talk of "palmy days," and "palmy times," and the "palmy side," so that almost unconsciously the glorious "palm" forms part of our everyday thoughts and conversation, and we feel indebted to the womanly tenderness and affection which Miss Moody has bestowed upon the cherished object of her veneration, and also for the earnest devotional spirit that pervades her history of the tree, which she appropriately calls "the servant of God and the friend of man."

Miss Moody does not intend this palmy record for the botanical student; she has selected only some of the principal members of the family of "palms" from an earnest desire to make the general reader acquainted with the perfectness and the beauty of one of God's most beautiful and gracious works. She is specially anxious that her readers should remember that her book does not profess to be a history of palms,* and points out in her brief preface how it differs from all that have gone before on the same subject, as it was expressly written to illustrate the psalmist's similitude, and to include all the Scripture notices of palms.

If the fair author mounts too frequently on the wings of imagination, and idealises what the botanist would detail, we find excuse for such flights of fancy in the fact that her birthplace was the region of palms, and that after Miss Moody's education had been finished in England, she revisited her island home, and renewed and strengthened her affection for those glorious trees whose history she records, and whose bounty she dwells upon, with all the eloquence of a loving and enthusiastic nature.

* Miss Moody refers those who wish to extend their knowledge of this interesting tribe, to Doctor Borthold Seeman's "Popular History of Palms."

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1864.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.

A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



THE early history of the Staffordshire potteries has yet to be written, and, ere long, will form the subject of one of the most important and interesting chapters in the history of the fictile art of

our country which it can fall to my lot to prepare. In my present paper I purpose speaking of one portion only of that history, and that a portion which commands the most careful attention, the history of the various works (so far as may be gathered from the scanty materials that are available), at Burslem and Etruria, which were worked, or founded, by the immortal and incomparable Wedgwood, and of the various discoveries and improvements in the potter's art which owe their existence to his master-mind.

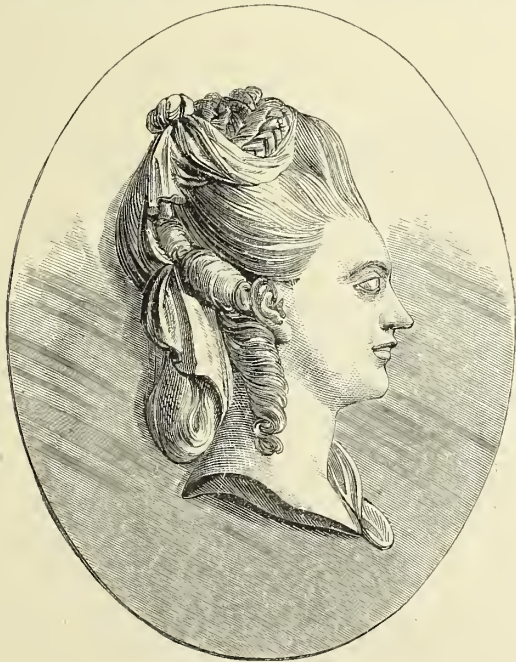
Burslem, the birthplace of Wedgwood, is called the "mother of the potteries," while Wedg-

wood himself is usually styled the "father of potters." With these two close relationships to the potters of England my present notes will, of course, begin, and future papers will trace out the progress of the one and the works of the other, and show how the perseverance, the industry, the energy, and the taste of the latter have conduced, not only to the prosperity of the former, but to that of the whole district and of the commerce of the kingdom. During the early part of the century which saw the birth of Josiah Wedgwood, and in the latter portion of the preceding one, the potters of Burslem, which in Plott's time was the principal seat of the trade, had made much progress in improving their art. Men had risen up amongst them who produced wonders when compared with what had been done by their forefathers, and they began to feel that their art, as yet in its infancy among us, would grow strong and healthy, and become one day what it soon proved to be, a successful rival to foreign workers in the plastic art.

At the time of which I write—a hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago—Burslem was a small, unassuming, straggling little place, with the houses and pot-works, few in number, scattered about in its gardens and by its lane sides. In its centre was a huge May-pole,* around which the "jolly potters" danced and held their festivals, and in every direction were clay pits and "shard rucks" where, from time immemorial, their ancestors had dug the native clay, and thrown by their "wastrels" till they had accumulated to a considerable size. Pitfalls and hillocks, the results of the hard labours of the early potters, were thus the principal features of the place, where now the busy and thriving town, raised by the increase of their trade, so flourishingly stands. The wares then made in the district were the coarse brown ware, the finer cane-coloured ware, also made from native clay, delft ware, crouch ware—a comparatively fine red ware, and clouded, mottled, or marbled ware; and some of the productions, years before the birth of Wedgwood—who is by many people popularly believed to have been the founder of the art in Staffordshire—are of remarkably good form, of excellent workmanship, and are indeed such as it would almost puzzle even an experienced potter of the present day to reproduce. I name this, *en passant*, be-

cause I wish to remove the impression which seems in some places to prevail, that until Josiah Wedgwood's time the productions of the neighbourhood were confined to the manufacture of coarse brown butter-pots, porringers, and other clumsy vessels alone, and that anything approaching towards Art, or even moderate utility, was unknown. Of these early potters I shall have occasion yet to speak, and shall then, I hope, show that Staffordshire could boast not only of master-minds, but of skilful and expert hands, long before the period to which the first approach to Art in the district is generally ascribed.

The family of WEDGWOOD, for many generations before the birth of Josiah, had been potters at Burslem, and indeed a considerable portion of the place belonged to one branch of them, having passed into their hands by marriage with the heiress of the De Burslems, the original owners of the place, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. They were thus people of note in the district, and it is affirmed that one-third of the inhabitants of Burslem at one time bore the now honoured name of Wedgwood, or were descended from them. The alliance with the Burslem family was in the persons of Gilbert Wedgwood and Margaret, one of the co-heiresses of Thomas Burslem, who were married about the year 1612. They had a family of six sons and two daughters. The eldest, Joseph, died without issue, and the issue of the eldest surviving son, Burslem Wedgwood, became extinct in the male line in the third descent. The second surviving son, Thomas, having married Margaret Shaw (who survived him, and afterwards married Francis Fynney), had a family of seven sons and nine daughters, and was the ancestor of the families known as the "Overhouse Wedgwoods" and the "Church Wedgwoods," of which latter Josiah was a member. He died about the year 1678. The other sons were William, Moses, and Aaron, the last was the ancestor of the family known as the "Big House Wedgwoods." The eldest son of Thomas and Margaret, to whom I have alluded, was John, who appears to have been born in 1654 and to have died in 1705. He had by his wife, Alice, a daughter, Catherine, who married her cousin Richard, of the "Overhouse" branch, and had by him John, an only child, who died a minor. This lady, who survived her husband, married, secondly, Thomas Bourne, and,



MRS. WEDGWOOD.



JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

[FROM FLAXMAN'S MEDALLIONS.]

thirdly, Rowland Egerton, and died a widow in 1756. The second son of Thomas and Margaret, Thomas Wedgwood, was born in 1660, and married, in 1684, Mary Leigh. He resided, and had his pot-works close to the churchyard at Burslem, where, as I shall shortly show, they still exist. By his wife Mary Leigh he had a family of four sons and five daughters. The sons were Thomas (the father of the great Josiah

Wedgwood), John, Abner, who died without issue, and Aaron; and the daughters were Catherine, married to her relative, Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, jun.; Alice, married to Thomas Moore; Elizabeth, married to Samuel Astbury; Margaret, married to Moses Marsh; and Mary, married to Richard Clifton. Thomas, the eldest son, was

born in 1687, and married Mary Stringer, by whom, who survived him, he had a family of thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters. The daughters were, I believe, Maria, born in 1711; Anne, born in 1712; Mary, born in 1714; Margaret, born in 1720; Catherine, born in 1726; and Jane, born in 1728: while the sons were Thomas, of the Churchyard and Overhouse, born in 1716; Samuel, in 1718; John, in 1721; Aaron,

* The May-pole stood where the Town Hall now stands.

in 1722; Abner, in 1723; Richard, in 1725; and Josiah, in 1730.

Josiah Wedgwood thus, it will be seen, was—like another self-made man, Sir Richard Arkwright, who was born only two years later—the youngest of a family of thirteen children, and therefore whatever patrimony there might be in the family, it is tolerably certain the usual fate of younger sons—that of having to work out the problem of their fortunes—must have awaited him. How successfully he solved that problem my future papers will amply show. He was born in July, 1730, and was baptised on the 12th of that month, as will be seen by the following extract from the parish register of his native place, Burslem:—"Josiah, son of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood, bapt^d July 12th," 1730.

Of his boyhood and early life as a schoolboy we know, unfortunately, literally nothing, beyond the fact that he was an amiable, thoughtful, and particularly intelligent child, ever quiet and studious, and delighting more in thoughtful occupations than in the games and rough exercises of the boys of that, and indeed of every, time. At this period, or rather thirty years later, there was but one school in Burslem, and that so ill adapted to the purpose, "that two parts of the children out of three are put to work without any learning, by reason" of that school being "not sufficient to instruct them." Probably to the only school in Burslem Josiah Wedgwood was sent, but whether there, or under the tuition of his excellent father and mother, he must have made exceeding good progress, for, at the age of fourteen, he wrote, not a boyish, but a fine, firm, manly hand, as will be seen by the fac-simile I give of his signature at that age. We are told that at the early age of eleven, Josiah was put to the family business of a potter, as a thrower; and thus he had not much opportunity of gaining extended knowledge in any branch.

At the time of Josiah's birth, as for many years before, his parents occupied a house and pot-work closely adjoining the churchyard of Burslem, and in that house the man whose memory all delight to honour was born. The house stood, I have reason to believe, near the site of the slip-house shown in the view of the Churchyard Works; but it has been taken down many years, and not a vestige of the building now remains. I believe in those days there was an open pathway through the churchyard, and that there was an entrance to the works and house from the churchyard also. It is well to note, while speaking of the birth-place of Wedgwood, that the house near the works, now known as the "Mitre Hotel," in Pitt Street, has been said to be the birthplace of Wedgwood, but erroneously. This error has, I doubt not, arisen from the fact of the house having been built and inhabited by one of the Wedgwood family, but at a somewhat later date. It has, however, been occupied since then as a residence by a later owner of the Churchyard Works, Mr. Green, and this, doubtless, has strengthened the belief that the father of Josiah Wedgwood had previously lived in it.

About midsummer, 1739, when Josiah was barely nine years old, his father, Thomas Wedgwood, died, and was buried a few days afterwards in the churchyard at Burslem. And here it may be well to correct an error which has crept into all the accounts hitherto published of this remarkable man. Mr. Smiles says, "His father was a poor potter at Burslem, barely able to make a living at his trade. He died when he was only eleven years old." It will be seen that Josiah was only nine years old, not eleven, when he lost his father; and the statement regarding the poverty of his father is equally erroneous. I believe him to have been a well-to-do tradesman, and this is borne out by the fact that the house and pot-works were his own property, and, apparently, were inherited by him from his father. This error, and the statement which follows it, that at the time when Josiah began "to work at the potter's wheel, the manufacture of earthenware could scarcely be said to exist in England," are so glaringly wrong, that it is well to point them out in this place.

The father of Josiah, I have shown, died at midsummer, 1739. His eldest son, Thomas, who succeeded him, carried on the business at the Churchyard, and probably continued to reside

there until his marriage, between two and three years afterwards. To him Josiah was bound apprentice on the 11th day of November, 1744—soon after he had attained his fourteenth year. The indenture of apprenticeship is fortunately still in existence,* and I am enabled, for the first time, to make it public by presenting the following literal copy to my readers. The indenture is written on the usual foolscap paper of the period, and is duly stamped with three sixpenny stamps impressed at the top. It is endorsed—

Josiah Wedgwood
To
Thos. Wedgwood
Indenture
for 5 years
Novembr. 11th, 1744.

It is as follows:—

"This Indenture, made the Eleventh day of November, in the Seventeenth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, George the Second, by the grace of God, King of great Brittain, and so forth, and in the year of our Lord one Thousand Seven Hundred forty and four, Between Josiah Wedgwood, son of Mary Wedgwood, of the Churchyard, in the County of Stafford, of the one part, and Thomas Wedgwood, of the Churchyard, in the County of Stafford, Potter, of the other part, Witnesseth that the said Josiah Wedgwood, of his own free Will and Consent to, and with the Consent and Direction of his said Mother, Hath put and doth hereby Bind himselfe Apprentice unto the said Thomas Wedgwood, to Learn his Art, Mistery, Occupation, or Employment of Throwing and Handling, which he the said Thomas Wedgwood now useth, and with him as an Apprentice to Dwell, Continue, and Serve from the day of the Date hereof, unto the full end and term of five years from thence next Ensuing, and fully to be Compleat and Ended; During which said Term, the said Apprentice his said Master well and faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his Lawfull Commands Every were gladly do: Hurt to his said Master he shall not do, nor willfully suffer to be done by others, but the same to his Power shall let, or forthwith give notice thereof to




his said Master; the goods of his said Master he shall not imbezil or waste, nor them Lend, without his Consent to any; at Cards, Dice, or any other unlawful Games he shall not Play; Taverns or Ale Houses he shall not haunt or frequent; Fornication he shall not Commit, Matrimony he shall not Contract; from the Service of his said Master he shall not at any time depart or absent himselfe without his said Master's Leave: but in all things as a good and faithful Apprentice Shall and Will Demean and behave himselfe towards his said Master and all his, During the said Term, and the Said Master his Apprentice the said Art of Throwing and Handling which he now useth, with all things thereunto, shall and will Teach and Instruct, or Cause to be well and Sufficiently Taught and Instructed after the best way and manner he can, and shall and will also find and allow unto the Said Apprentice Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging, and Apparell of all kinds, both Linen and Woolen, and all other Necessaries, both in Sickness and in Health, meet and Convenient for such an Apprentice During the Term aforesaid, and for the true performance of all and Every the said Covenants and Agreements either of the Said Parties Bindeth himselfe unto Each other by these presents, in Witness whereof they have Interchangeable Set their hands and Seals the Day and year before mentioned.

Scaled and Delivered }
in the Presence of }
SAMUEL ASTBURY.
ABNER WEDGWOOD.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.
MARY WEDGWOOD.
THOS. WEDGWOOD."

This indenture, by which it will be seen Josiah Wedgwood was bound apprentice to his eldest brother, Thomas, for a period of five years, "to learn his art, mistery, occupation, or employment of Throwing and Handling," is signed by himself, his mother, and brother Thomas, as the three parties to the deed, and attested by Samuel Astbury and Abner Wedgwood. Of these signatures, so historically interesting, I give the accompanying carefully engraved fac-simile.

Samuel Astbury
Abner Wedgwood

Josiah Wedgwood 
Mary Wedgwood 
Thos. Wedgwood 

Abner Wedgwood, whose signature here appears, must have been either uncle or brother to Josiah—for there were two Abners—but I am inclined to believe the latter, who was seven years the senior of Josiah, and had therefore already attained his majority. Samuel Astbury, the other attesting witness, was uncle to Josiah, having married his father's sister, Elizabeth Wedgwood. He was one of the family of Astbury to whom the potters were indebted for the discovery of

so many improvements in their art, some of which it may not be out of place briefly to notice.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, when the brothers Elers had begun their manufacture of fine red ware at Bradwell, and had surprised their neighbours with their productions, and excited their jealousy by their success and the care with which they guarded their secret, a potter of Burslem named Astbury determined to discover their secret, and accordingly took means to do so. To accomplish his end he is said to have assumed the garb and manners of an idiot, and then sought the hovel of the Elers, and with every appearance of vacant idiocy made it

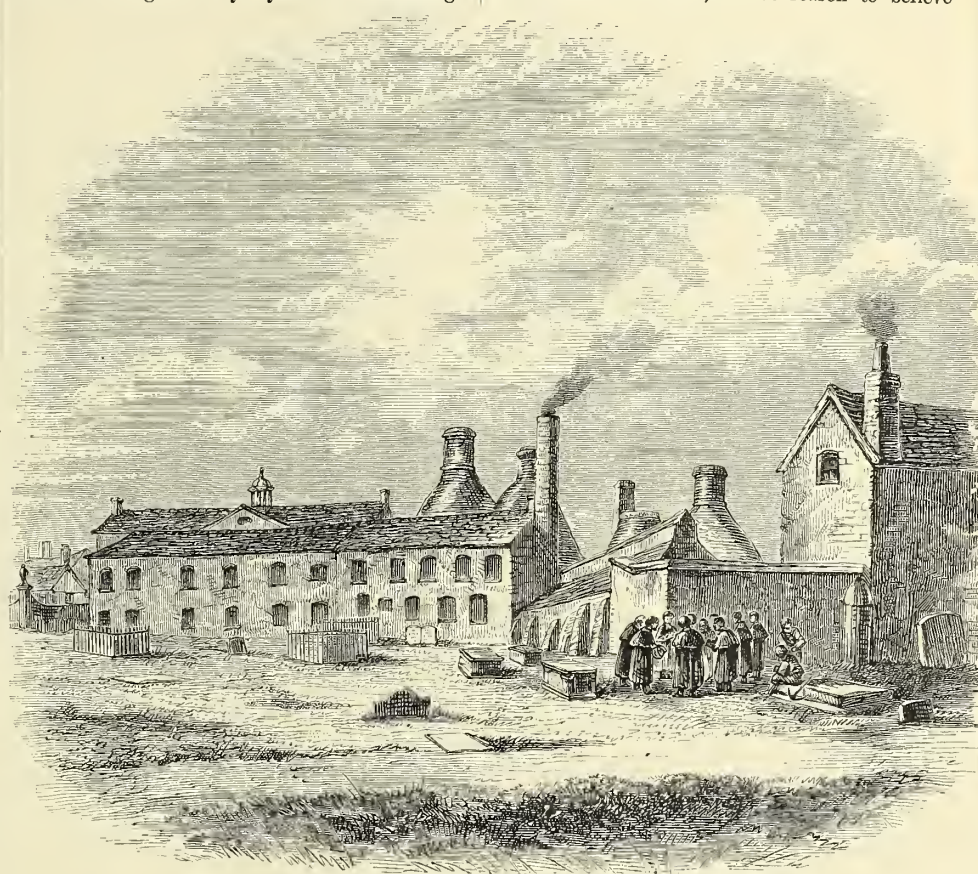
* This highly interesting document is preserved in the Museum of the Hanley Mechanics' Institution, along with other matters relating to the great Wedgwood, of which I shall have occasion yet to speak.

understood that he was willing to work. Here he "submitted to the cuffs, kicks, and unkind treatment of masters and workmen, with a ludicrous grimace, as the proof of the extent of his mental ability. When food was offered to him, he used only his fingers to convey it to his mouth; and only when helped by other persons could he understand how to perform any of the labours to which he was directed. He next was employed to move the treadle of an engine lathe, and by perseverance in his assumed character he had opportunity of witnessing every process, and examining every utensil they employed. On returning home each evening he formed models of the several kinds of implements, and made memoranda of the processes, which practice he continued a considerable time (nearly two years is mentioned), until he ascertained that no further information was likely to be obtained, when he availed himself of a fit of sickness to continue at home, and this was represented as most malignant to prevent any persons visiting him. After his recovery he was found so *sane* that Messrs. Elers deemed him unfit longer to remain in their service, and he was discharged, without suspicion that he possessed a knowledge of their manipulations." The information he had thus surreptitiously and dishonestly acquired, he soon turned to such good account that the Elers "mortified at the fact that their precaution had been unavailing, and disgusted at the inquisitiveness of the Burslem potters"—for another potter named Twyford had also discovered their secret—found that their trade was fast leaving them, and removed at once from the neighbourhood. Astbury commenced business on his own account, and soon became a "man of mark," and took journeys to London to sell his wares and to procure orders. On one of these journeys it is said he accidentally discovered the use of flint as an ingredient in the plastic art. This circumstance is thus recorded. On one of his journeys, on arriving at Dunstable, he found the horse on which he rode so much affected in its eyes, that he feared blindness would result. Having spoken to the ostler at the inn, he recommended burnt flint, and having put a piece of flint in the fire, and kept it there until red-hot, allowed it to cool, and then powdered it. Some of this powder he blew into the eyes of the horse, and relieved it. Mr. Astbury, who had watched the process carefully, was much struck with the pure whiteness which the flint attained on being burned, and the ease with which it might be reduced to powder; and having also noticed its clayey nature when moistened in the horse's eyes, immediately conceived the idea that if mixed with clay in his trade, it would produce a finer and whiter kind of ware than any which had been yet produced. Having procured some flints on his return home, he profited by his observation, and the result of his experiments was more than satisfactory to him. He soon obtained a preference for his ware over others, and amassed a comfortable fortune; and thus flints became a general ingredient in the potter's materials. Samuel Astbury is said to have been a son of this eminent potter; and thus was united to the Wedgwood family the ability and skill of the Astburys.

It will be noticed that in the indenture of apprenticeship, both Mary Wedgwood, the mother of Josiah, and Thomas, his brother, to whom he was bound, are described as "*of the Churchyard, in the county of Stafford*," the town, or village as it then was, of Burslem not being named. It is probable, from this fact of *both* being described as "*of the Churchyard*," that not only was Josiah, as a matter of course, at that time living with his mother, but that Thomas, the eldest son, and successor of his father, also resided under the same roof. Whether this was so or not is, however, matter of grave doubt; for, although in the indenture of apprenticeship executed in November, 1744, he is described as "*of the Churchyard*," yet in his marriage settlement with Isabel Beech, dated October 12th, 1742—two years previously—he is described as "*of the Over House, Burslem, Potter*." By this deed the Churchyard house and works, then his property, are settled, as will soon be shown. The probability is, that Thomas Wedgwood resided at the Over House at the time when Josiah was apprenticed to him, that he carried on his potter's business both there and

at the Churchyard (which was his own property), and that he was in the indenture described as "*of the Churchyard*," because at those works, where his mother resided, it was intended that Josiah should serve his time, and thus, with nearly the whole of her large family, continue under her roof, and consequently under her careful and watchful eye.

The "*CHURCHYARD WORKS*," at which the boy Josiah was apprenticed, are, in their present state, shown in the accompanying engraving, from a drawing made by myself a few weeks ago.



THE "CHURCHYARD WORKS," BURSLEM.

stood near where the present slip-house now is, being taken down, the site has since been occupied by fresh buildings, and new hovels have recently been added to the establishment, which is now a very complete and commodious manufactory.

These works, which seem for several generations to have belonged to the Wedgwoods, are described in 1698 as belonging to Thomas Wedgwood, "*of the Churchyard House*," to whom they appear to have passed on his father's death. His son Thomas, eldest brother of Josiah, inherited this property on his father's death in 1739, and three years later, on his marriage with Isabel Beech, by marriage settlement dated 12th of October, 1742 (in which he is described as Thomas Wedgwood, of the Over House, Burslem, Potter), "*the messuage, with the appurtenances situate and adjoining the churchyard, Burslem, and all outhouses, work houses, &c. then in the occupation of the said Thomas Wedgwood, or his under tenants*," were settled upon the children of this marriage. On the death of Thomas Wedgwood, in 1772, this property, and the other he had acquired, descended to his son Thomas, of the Over House, subject to portions to his younger children, under the settlement of 1742. The works were for some time carried on, along with the "*Bell Works*" and "*Ivy House Works*," by Josiah Wedgwood. On his removal to Etruria, they were occupied by his second cousin, Joseph Wedgwood (brother of Aaron, and nephew of the Aaron Wedgwood who was partner with William Littler in the first manufacture of porcelain in the district), who lived at the house now the Mitre Hotel, near the works. This Joseph Wedgwood, who made jasper and other fine bodies under the direction of, and for, Josiah, occupied the works until the time of their sale to Mr.

The sketch is taken from the large graveyard which surrounds the old church of Burslem. The manufactory, it will be observed, forms the boundary of the churchyard on its north-east side. The building with the bell-turret, seen above the works, is the National Schools.

Since the time of Wedgwood, these works have, naturally, been much altered and enlarged, but the site is the same, and some of the buildings now there are what stood and were used in his day. The house in which he was born, which, as I have said before, I have reason to believe

Green, when he removed to Basford Bank. About 1780 "*the Churchyard premises* were sold to Josiah Wedgwood, then of Etruria, who in 1787 conveyed them to his brother John, also of Etruria, who in 1795 sold them to Thomas Green, at which time two newly-erected houses near the pot-work were included in the sale." Mr. Green manufactured earthenware at these works, and for some time resided at the house near the works, now known as the "*Mitre Hotel*," which had been built by one of the Wedgwood family. The property remained in Thomas Green's hands until his bankruptcy in 1811, when it was, I believe, purchased by a manufacturer named Joynson, or Johnson, from whom it again passed, some years later, to Mr. Moseley, its present owner. While in his hands, the pot-work has been held by different tenants, and until about seven years ago it was let off in small holdings to different potters. About that period Mr. Bridgwood, of the now firm of Bridgwood and Clarke, the present occupiers of these historically interesting works, became the tenant of the premises as a general earthenware manufacturer, and was soon afterwards joined in partnership by Mr. Clarke, whose large practical experience has tended much to increase the reputation of the works. This firm, having taken a lease of the premises, remodelled many of the buildings, and erected others, and greatly improved the whole place by bringing to bear many improvements in body unknown and unthought of by their predecessors. The productions of the Churchyard Works at the present day are principally intended for the American market, where they very successfully compete with the French porcelain, and where, being opaque porcelain of the finest and hardest quality, they are known by the name of "*white granite*." Many of the goods,

as services, &c., are embossed in excellently designed patterns, and the greater proportion are sent off white, and are then decorated, on the glaze, in the States.

One of the most notable features in the manufactures at these works, is that of artists' materials, for which they rank deservedly high. Their palettes, tiles, slabs, saucers, &c., possess all the requirements of hardness, evenness, and durability of glaze, and are consequently much esteemed. Another prominent feature of the productions of this firm is door furniture, which is here manufactured to a large extent both in black and in white, and highly gilt and decorated porcelain, the peculiarly hard and fine nature of the body being well adapted for these useful and elegant articles. Messrs. Bridgwood and Clarke have also extensive works at Tunstall, and give employment to nearly four hundred hands. They have lately turned their attention to the home markets, in which they are gradually extending their connections, and producing services faultless in style and material. My readers who see the impressed mark of "Bridgwood and Clarke," or the printed mark of a royal arms, with the words "Porcelain Opaque, B & C, Burslem," will be pleased to know that these are made at the works at which Josiah Wedgwood was born, and at which he served his apprenticeship.

Having traced, briefly, the history of the works in which Josiah Wedgwood was born, at which he was apprenticed, and in which he grew up to man's estate, down to the present day, it will be necessary to again revert to the time when he there learned the "art, mystery, occupation, or employment of Throwing and Handling." Of the period of his apprenticeship, of the habits of the boy, of his occupations when away from the wheel, or of his progress at the wheel or the mould, but little is known. It is not mere conjecture, however, to say, that his boyhood, and the years which he passed in growing up to man's estate, were spent in the most exemplary manner, and that he grew up a credit to himself, an honour to the place which gave him birth, and a blessing to his friends and relatives. I have heard it from those best able to know—from some of the oldest inhabitants of the place—that in their boyhood, at the end of the last century, they were continually admonished by their parents and grandparents to be good, as Wedgwood had been, and to lead such a life as he, as a youth, had done before them. It is pleasant to put this fact on record, and to hear this kind of testimony given to the character of this great man, even when young, that he was held up to the youth of his native place as a pattern for emulation.

During his apprenticeship, probably about his sixteenth year, Josiah Wedgwood was seized with illness—a violent attack of the small-pox, it is stated—and was laid up for a considerable period with that complaint. By this illness, and the weakness which followed it, he was incapacitated from following, to any extent, one branch of the art to which he had been bound—that of a thrower—and thus, fortunately, his ever active mind had more time, and more opportunity, to develop itself in the other and more ornamental branches of his trade. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in his recent able and truly eloquent address at Burslem, on occasion of his laying the foundation stone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute in that town, thus strikingly and pleasingly alludes to this affliction—or, rather, blessing—which visited the boy-genius:—

"Then comes the well-known attack of small-pox, the settling of the dregs of his disease in the lower part of the leg, and the amputation of the limb, rendering him lame for life. It is not often that we have such palpable occasion to record our obligations to the small-pox; but in the wonderful ways of Providence, that disease, which came to him as a twofold scourge, was probably the occasion of his subsequent excellence. It prevented him from growing up to be the active, vigorous English workman, possessed of all his limbs, and knowing right well the use of them; but it put him upon considering whether, as he could not be that, he might not be something else and something greater. It sent his mind inwards, it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art; the result was that he arrived at a perception and a grasp of them, which

might perhaps have been envied, certainly have been owned, by an Athenian potter. Relentless criticism has long since torn to pieces the old legend of King Numa receiving in a cavern, from the nymph Egeria, the laws that were to govern Rome; but no criticism can shake the record of that illness and that mutilation of the boy, Josiah Wedgwood, which made for him a cavern of his bed-room, and an oracle of his own inquiring, searching, meditative, fruitful mind.

"From those early days of suffering—weak, perhaps, to him as they went by, but bright, surely, in the retrospect, both to him and us—a mark seems at once to have been set upon his career. But those who would dwell upon his history have still to deplore that many of the materials are wanting."

It would be far from my wish to destroy, or to entrench, even in the slightest degree, on the true poetry of this relation; but as its sentiment cannot be altered, or its beauty impaired, by correcting one of the statements, I do not hesitate to say, what I have every reason for believing to be the case, that the amputation of the leg was not altogether the result of the small-pox, which had produced a disorder and weakness in that limb, but of an accident, and that it did not take place during the boyhood of the great man, but at a much later period of his life. The boy had genius and thought, energy and perseverance, in him, which wanted not the bodily affliction to become developed, and to bring them to active perfection. His mind was such as would have surmounted every obstacle which manual employment could offer, and would have risen above every unfavourable circumstance by which he might be surrounded. The small-pox, it is true, at that early period gave him leisure and opportunity to think, to experimentalise, and to form those ideas which in after life he so successfully and beneficially, both to himself and to the world, worked out; but he would have become a great man even without that ailment to help him on.

The small-pox left a humour which settled in the leg, and on every slight accident became so painful, that for one-half of the time of his apprenticeship he sat at his work with his leg on a stool before him. The same cruel disorder continued with him till manhood, and was at one time so much aggravated by an unfortunate bruise, that he was confined to his bed many months, and reduced to the last extremity of debility. He recovered his strength after this violent shock, but was not able to pursue his plans for some years without frequent interruptions from the same sad cause. At length the disorder reached the knee, and showing symptoms of still advancing so as to endanger his life, he was advised to undergo amputation, and submitted to it, it is said, about the 34th year of his age. From this period he enjoyed a tolerably good state of bodily health and activity, and has been known to attribute much of his success of life to his confinement under this illness, because it gave him opportunities to read and to repair the defect of an education which had, as I have shown, been necessarily narrowed by circumstances.

It is recorded that during his apprenticeship he worked in the same room, as a thrower, with his brother Richard, who was five years his senior, and who, it is fair to presume, was also an apprentice, having probably been bound to his father during his lifetime. Richard, however, unlike his thoughtful brother, appears to have left his employment, and enlisted as a soldier. A fragment of an interesting little memorandum in the handwriting of the late eminent potter, Enoch Wood, which I saw, and copied, at Hanley, gives an interesting reminiscence of the boyish days of Josiah Wedgwood. It was written in 1809, and appears to read thus (it refers to a piece of early porcelain made by Littler)—"This was given to E. Wood by Wm. Fletcher in Jan., 1809. He informs me he remembers it being made by Mr. Wm. Littler,* at Longton,

* Although only stated to be made by Littler, this piece was doubtless the joint production of William Littler and Aaron Wedgwood, his brother-in-law. These two potters having observed how closely in some respects the fine "white stone" were approached to porcelain, united their skill and means to prosecute experiments in the manufacture of "china." Their experiments were eminently successful, both in the body and in the liquid glaze discovered

near Stoke, about 55 years ago—say in the year 1754. It has never been out of his possession during that time, and is highly valued. This Fletcher says he used to work at the Churchyard works, and made Balls* for two of the Throwers at the same time, namely, Richd. Wedgwood and Josiah Wedgwood, both of whom worked in one room for their father, who was the owner of the works. William Fletcher, within named, was in my employ during part of the last years of his life, and said he was about the same age and size as Josiah Wedgwood, and generally had his old cloaths, because they fitted him well. E. Wood." "Fletcher was a 'Stouker' by trade. I gave him a pint of ale to shew my handlers the old manner of 'Stouking.' He did so, and the men gave him a few pence, with which he bought more ale and got tipsy, and took a cold, and never recovered, but died soon after, and was buried by the parish officers." As an interesting illustration of the rate of wages in the days of Wedgwood's apprenticeship, it may be mentioned that Fletcher, who "made balls" for the two brothers working at two corners of a small room, he being placed between them and supplying them alternately, was *fourpence* per week for his first year, *sixpence* for the second, and *ninepence* for the third. Of these rates of wages I shall yet have more to say later on.

While yet in his apprenticeship, Josiah lost his mother, who died, it is said, at Burslem, early in the year 1748, when he was between seventeen and eighteen years of age.† She was buried near to her late husband, in the graveyard adjoining the works—the graveyard shown in the accompanying engraving, where the burial-place may be seen to the left—but the tomb in which they were both doubtless interred has been despoiled of its inscription. Close beside it are other tombs of members of the family. After the death of his mother, to whom Josiah was, I believe, most deeply attached, he is said to have continued to reside with his brothers and sisters in the same house in the works, and to have applied himself most sedulously to the improvement of his art.

While yet an apprentice he had made great progress in his art, not being content to follow simply that branch practised in his brother's works. He particularly made himself master of the method of colouring wares with metallic calces in imitation of agate, tortoiseshell, &c. During this period, too, he first made advances in his afterwards famous cream-coloured ware. He thus, however, spent so much of his time in experiments, and in trying new applications of his art, that his brother became uneasy, and continually exhorted him to give up these flights of fancy and confine himself to the beaten track of his ancestors—an exhortation which, happily for himself and for the world, was of no avail. At the expiration of his apprenticeship Josiah Wedgwood pointed out to his brother many modes of increasing their trade, and made proposals to be received into partnership. His brother, however, did not think it right to put his wealth at stake in the pursuit of projects which he deemed to be visionary, and declined the proposition.

The term of Josiah Wedgwood's apprenticeship for five years naturally expired on the 11th of November, 1749, when he was a little more than nineteen years of age, and it appears more than probable that, for a short time at least, after he was "out of his time," he remained at his old home as journeyman to, instead of as he had hoped partner with, his brother. It will have been noticed that by the terms of the indenture, no wages were paid him during those five years, his brother merely covenanting to find him in meat, drink, lodging, and clothes. It is most likely the youth had a small sum of money belonging to him at this time, for we next find him, having left home, lodging with a Mr. Daniel Mayer, a mercer, at Stoke, and engaged in making mottled earthenware knife handles, in somewhat rude imitation of agate, tortoiseshell, and various kinds of marble, which he supplied to the hardwarer of Sheffield and Birmingham.

by Wedgwood; but heavy losses were the result, and the work was given up. The information they had gained was afterwards imparted to Josiah Wedgwood by his relative.

* Balls of clay ready for throwing.

† On this point I hope in a future chapter to give more specific information.

Here, at Stoke, in 1752, Josiah Wedgwood entered into partnership with John Harrison, of Newcastle, afterwards of Cliff Bank, Stoke, a man possessed of some means but little taste, and the two commenced business in manufacturing the same kind of goods as I have just named. Harrison was not, it appears, a practical potter, but was taken into partnership by Wedgwood for the advance of capital. Wedgwood, it is said, found the brains, and Harrison the money, and the craft to appropriate to himself the lion's share of the profits. The partners carried on their manufactory at what was Mr. Aldersea's pottery, at the top of Stoke, and opposite to the works belonging to Mr. Hugh Booth. Here, besides agate and other knife hafts, they made the ordinary kinds of wares then in demand, both "scratched and blue," and no doubt, but for "the cupidity of Harrison," the works here would in time have become as celebrated as the later ones of Wedgwood have done.

The works at Stoke are not now in existence, having been destroyed many years ago. They were, I am informed, at the failure of Harrison, bought by Josiah Spode, who pulled them down, and built cottages in their place.

In 1754 Wedgwood and Harrison entered into partnership with Thomas Whieldon, the most eminent potter of his day. The partnership with Harrison, however, continued but for a very short period, and in two years from Wedgwood first joining him (in 1752), he went out of the concern altogether, and the two remaining partners, Wedgwood and Whieldon, continued in partnership for five years. The basis of this union was the secrets of the trade which Wedgwood possessed, and was to practise for their common benefit without any stipulation to reveal them.

"Mr. Wedgwood," says a document I have before me, "spent six months in preparing the models, moulds, and other necessary apparatus for this work, and the first fruit of his genius was a new GREEN earthenware, having the smoothness and brilliant appearance of glass. He made principally of this ware services of dessert; the forms were different kinds of leaves, and the plates were moulded with fruits grouped in a very fanciful way, and they had a considerable sale. He also made toilet vessels, snuff-boxes, and many different toys for mounting in metals, coloured in imitation of precious stones. When he offered these things to the jewellers of London and Bath, they considered them as the productions of some valuable discovery, the nature of which they could not guess at. But there was one of them, among the first at that time in fashion, who, having bestowed many encomiums upon them, excused himself from encouraging their sale when he heard the low price at which their maker estimated them. It was during this connection that he was so much reduced by his complaint, and rendered incapable of attending to business. He was then under the necessity of communicating the knowledge of his mixtures to a workman, and these two first works soon became a general manufacture in the neighbourhood."

In 1754, then, Josiah Wedgwood became the partner of Thomas Whieldon, at whose works at Fenton Low the two carried on their business, bringing to bear on the concern their united skill and united taste. Whieldon at that time was a man of substance, and had been in business as a potter for many years. "In 1740," says Shaw, "Mr. Thomas Whieldon's manufactory at Little Fenton consisted of a small range of low buildings, all thatched. His early productions were knife hafts for the Sheffield cutlery, and snuff-boxes for the Birmingham hardwaremen to finish with hoops, hinges, and springs, which himself usually carried in a basket to the tradesmen, and, being much like agate, they were greatly in request. He also made toys and chimney ornaments, coloured in either the clay state or biscuit, by zaffre, manganese, copper, &c., and glazed with black, red, or white lead. He also made black glazed tea and coffee-pots, tortoise-shell and melon table plates (with ornamented edge and six scollops, as in the specimens kept by Andrew Boon, of the Honeywall, Stoke), and other useful articles. Mr. A. Wood made models and moulds of these articles; also pickle leaves, crab stock handles, and cabbage-leave spouts for tea and

coffee-pots, which utensils, with candlesticks, chocolate-cups, and tea-ware, were much improved, and his connections extended subsequently, when Mr. J. Wedgwood became his managing partner. He was a shrewd and careful person. To prevent his productions being imitated in quality or shape, he always buried the broken articles, and a few months ago we witnessed the unexpected exposure of some of these, by some miners attempting to get marl in the road at Little Fenton. The fortune he acquired by his industry enabled him to erect a very elegant mansion near Stoke, where he long enjoyed, in the bosom of his family, the fruits of his early economy. He was also sheriff of the county in the twenty-sixth year of the late reign. The benevolence of his disposition, and his integrity, are honourable traits of character, far superior to the boast of ancestry without personal merit. He died in 1798 at a very old age, and in 1828 his relict was interred beside him in Stoke churchyard. Of the four apprentices to Mr. Whieldon, three commenced business, and were eminently successful: Mr. Josiah Spode (the first), Mr. Robert Garner, Mr. J. Barker, and Mr. Robert Greatbach," &c.

Whieldon had already acquired a reputation for his wares far exceeding that of most, or almost any, of the potters of his day, and was thus as desirable a partner for Wedgwood, as Wedgwood, with his exquisite taste and skill, was for him. He had increased his works very considerably, and was employing many hands, some of whom became eminent and wealthy potters. I have now before me the original account-book of hirings, and lettings of land and houses, &c., of Thomas Whieldon, in which all the entries are in his own handwriting, and show him to have been a man of precise and careful business habits, and of good education. From this highly interesting book, in which the entries extend over the period from 1747 to 1754, with some entries of a still later date, I make a few extracts, to show the rate of remuneration paid to potters in the days when Josiah Wedgwood first began business, and the curious bargains and customs which were usual at hirings, which, it may be well to remark, were always among potters from Martinmas to Martinmas.

In 1749, Thomas Whieldon built for himself an addition to his works, and as these were the works at which Wedgwood, as a partner, carried on his business, the following account of the "Expenses of the new end & Seller of the Over Work-house" will be found to possess much interest:—

		£	s.	d.
1749.				
June 10.	John Wood, at sinking seller,			
" "	8 days	0	8	0
" "	Hancock, 8 days.....	0	7	4
" "	Stananer, 2 do. 10d.			
" 17.	Wood, 3 days	0	3	0
" "	Hancock, 3 days.....	0	2	9
" "	Boys to help	0	2	0
" "	Stanner, 2 days	0	1	8
July 26.	1 foot Poplary 1 in. thick.			
June 26.	Moses Stockleys team card.			
" "	brick & loam 2 hour qtr. One			
" "	o'clock to Six, but no man			
" "	with it.			
" "	In 4 windows 30 foot glass by			
" "	Jno. Hatton, 6d.....	0	15	0
" 27.	Moses Stockleys team, 1 load			
" "	timber from Bootheu Green.			
" "	2 or 3 loads Shawds,* & 2 or 3			
" "	load brick to the wall.			
" 28.	4 load Shawds to wall.			
" "	12 load brick.			
" "	7 load to wall.			
July 1.	3 to Wk. house.			

From this curious account-book some extracts, which I shall give in my next chapter, will show the rate of wages, the amounts of "earnest money," and the extra bargains of old clothes, &c., which were made and agreed upon at "hirings" among the potters, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago, and add to the interest of this narrative of the career of Wedgwood.

Having now, in this first chapter, seen Josiah Wedgwood fairly embarked in business, I must defer to my next the history of the career of that great man to the period when he received the proud appointment of "Queen's Potter."

* Shawds, Pot shards, broken pot for the foundations.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

This society holds its exhibition earlier this year than last, having opened its doors to the public on the 29th of February. There are among both the water-colour and the oil pictures many brilliant examples, but in the former many artists do themselves injustice by the amplitude of the white margins by which their drawings are surrounded. Of this "mistake" we have complained in past years. To good drawings these white mounts are altogether unnecessary, and they render doubly conspicuous the defects of faulty works. We remark a feature that has not appeared before in this institution, that is, the exhibition of studies made in the School for painting from the life, which has been established in connection with the society.

Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE contributes two, one of which is a small head, and another an old man got up as a monk or a hermit; both in oil, and touched with much spirit. Miss COODE also exhibits two life-sized heads painted in oil; they are drawn with much vigour, and painted with substance and decision. Exhibited instances of this kind of profitable study are as yet few, but they show a nerve which, as far as drawing and painting go, ought to sustain the artists in much higher aims. 'The Romance' is an elaborately finished water-colour drawing by Miss GILLIES, with greater depth and variety of colour than is usually seen in the works of this lady. The purpose is fully answered, that of imparting delicacy to the complexion of the lady, who is deep in a large illuminated volume that rests on her lap. The stiffness of some bygone costumes is extremely difficult to deal with, but so skilfully are the obstructions here disposed of, that all looks easy, inasmuch that the eye scarcely wanders from the face of the fair student, save, it may be, to the ancient volume she peruses. 'Desolation' is an oil picture by the same artist, presenting a figure in a loose white drapery seated on the sea-shore. Everything here enhances the history of a broken heart—the hopeless attitude, the expression of the features, and even that of the hands. 'The Sandringham Gipsy,' by Mrs. BACKHOUSE, is a very finished example of water-colour painting; the subject is the head of a child, sparkling, round, and life-like. The treatment has no weakness, the artist having apparently carried her work up to the point desired with a display of brush-work as firm as that of the most accomplished painters of the other sex. By the same hand there is a group of portraits (23), 'Montague, Malcolm, and Henry, with a story book—the three little kittens.' 'Beggars' (45), 'Berlin Wool' (100), and 'The Broken Lily' (78), by Miss ADELAIDE BURGESS, far excel anything that has before been exhibited under this name. 'Berlin Wool,' especially, is a drawing of much merit; the manner in which the figure is relieved is a great success. 'Girl Resting' (67), ALICIA H. LAIRD, a well-drawn figure, is one of three sent by this lady, the others being 'A Study made in the Life School of the Society' (109), and 'A Fern Gatherer' (111). The drawings of Miss BOUVIER, although perhaps too similar in character, are striking and effective. They are, 'Little Nut-brown Maids' (7), 'Come in' (57), 'Little Saucebox' (98), and 'Learning to sew' (108). Two subjects contributed by Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE are respectively Egyptian and Syrian: 'Caravan arriving at a Well near Thebes, Upper Egypt' (187), and 'Jebel esh Sheikh—Syria as seen from Gadara at early Morning' (199). The sound principles on which these two admirable views are painted are only to be acquired by the most earnest application. Both are desert scenes, and in both the distances have an indefinite tenderness of which hard painting in that part of a picture is entirely destitute. In the latter the silent expanse of the twilight desert, remotely bounded by the mountains of which the summits just catch the morning sunlight, is wonderfully suggestive, considering the simplicity of the material. 'Das Trauerkleid' (193), is the title of a large picture by Miss KATE SWIFT, showing the widow, apparently, of a fisherman in the act of purchasing mourning for her deceased husband. 'Alice' (194), by the same hand, but different in manner, and very carefully drawn, is a life-sized

portrait. 'We are seven' (5), 'Prayer' (116), and 'A Portrait,' are by Miss ELLEN PARTRIDGE, the two former in water-colour, the last in oil, all very carefully worked out. 'On Thoughts of Charity intent' (196), Miss EMMA BROWNLOW, is a little French peasant girl hunting in her deep pocket for a sou to contribute to the *trône pour les pauvres*. 'The Orphans' (204), and 'The Baby Brother' (213), are by the same; all three are distinguished by an energetic readiness of touch rarely met with in the productions of ladies. 'Dutch Fishwoman mending Nets' (172), Miss G. SWIFT, is a characteristic figure. 'The floodless wilds pour forth their brown inhabitants' (169), Miss LEFROY, is the title of a picture showing a herd of deer passing over a snowy waste; this may be thought a difficult subject for a lady, but really the animals are correctly drawn and spiritedly painted. 'Baia, from Pausilippo' (177), Mrs. E. DUNDAS MURRAY, is a very accurate version of one of the most charming passages of Italian coast scenery. Miss RAYNER has contributed many drawings, in all of which the object has been to produce the greatest amount of effect; this has been accomplished with much success, inasmuch as to give point and interest to fragments of architecture and street scenery, which, presented in an ordinary way, would fail to arrest the eye. They may be called paintings *in tempera*, so unsparing is the use of body colour in them, yet it is all turned to good account. The subjects are, 'Market Day, Chippenham' (27), 'Street View, Salisbury' (38), 'Leith Harbour' (47), 'Wells Cathedral, from the Vicar's Chapel' (55), 'Porch of Lichfield Cathedral' (77), &c. By Miss MARGARET RAYNER there are 'Old Watermill, Chester' (74); and two other subjects. A 'Hen and Chickens' (203), by Madame PEYROL (*née Juliette Bonheur*), of which it must be said that it is scarcely credible such a subject could be made so interesting; the picture is low in tone, and throughout wonderfully equal in softness of touch, yet withal spirited and full of life are the parti-coloured brood and their mother.

Prominent among the landscapes, are those of Mrs. J. W. BROWN, as (207) 'In North Wales,' a picture of much excellence, with others smaller—'Snowdon' (244), 'Scottish Wild Flowers' (248), &c. In the same and other departments are many works of much beauty, as 'On the Lake of Llanberis, North Wales' (14), Miss GASTINEAU; 'View from Matlock, Derbyshire' (66), and 'A Composition' (88), Miss WARREN; 'An Old Mill and Cottage' (189), Miss C. F. WILLIAMS. Two studies of heads by Miss H. H. COODE, mentioned above. 'English Kingfishers' (222), 'Snap—a Portrait' (157), and others, by AGNES DUNDAS; 'Crookholme Mill, Rade, with Bell Bridge House' (205), and 'Sebergham Bridge, looking towards Carrick Fell, Cumberland' (212), Miss M. CLEMONES; 'Ruins at Rome' (58), Miss CLARA MITCHELL; 'A Gipsy Girl' (15), Mrs. OLIVER; 'A Rivulet at Llangollen, North Wales' (73), Mrs. WILKES; 'Spring' (95), Madame DU GÉ. On the screen are six pen etchings (229), by Miss FRASER, meriting especial notice, being 'Illustrations for six of Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.' In comparison with painting, etching is considered dry and uninteresting; all honour, therefore, to the perseverance which in this wise has made a conquest of the art. These beautiful and delicate drawings possess qualities which only very rare endowments and accomplishments could impart. So earnest now is the competition in fruit and flower painting, that this department has attained to a degree of excellence far beyond what might have been augured of it in years gone by. Miss WALTER sustains her reputation by the living freshness and surpassing brilliancy of her compositions, which are (71) 'Greenfinches and Flowers,' and (88) 'Grapes and Vase.' By Mrs. WITHERS are two of exquisite delicacy, (96) 'Grapes,' and (97) 'Red and White Currants.' Those by Miss LANE, 'The Red Admiral' (69), 'Magnolia Grandiflora' (89), &c., leave nothing to be desired either as representations of flowers or works of art. The contributions of Miss JAMES, Miss FITZ-JAMES, &c., are worthy of all praise.

Looking at the exhibition as a whole it must be acknowledged, that in the great majority of cases there is a remarkable advance over what has appeared on former occasions.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE LESSON OF THE PASSOVER.

E. H. Corbould, Painter.

F. Heath, Engraver.

COMPARING the figure-subjects which appear annually in the exhibitions of the two Water-Colour Societies, it is generally admitted that the New Society, or as it is now entitled the "Institute of Water-Colour Painters," excels its elder rival in this especial department of Art. One of the oldest members of the former, and one also of its most effective supports in figure-painting, is Mr. Corbould, whose talents and especial qualifications for teaching gained him the notice of the late Prince Consort, who, we believe, appointed him instructor of drawing to several, if not all, of the royal children who were of an age to receive lessons. Had he been satisfied to employ his pencil upon a lower range of subject than that which he has generally adopted, he would, in all probability, have become more popular, in the widest sense of the word, than he is; but he has aimed, as a rule, at a high standard, and if full success had not always followed his attempts, it is rarely that the failure has been of such a nature as to expose him to the charge of venturing far beyond his strength. It is better to strive after the highest point of excellence, even though it may never be reached, than not to try at all.

Many of Mr. Corbould's best pictures are taken from sacred history; one of these, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' is in possession of the Queen, and is engraved in "The Royal Gallery of Art." Another of equal merit, and certainly not inferior in interest, is that from which the accompanying print is taken: it is an illustration of a passage in the book of Exodus, chap. xii. vers. 26, 27: "And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses." The artist's rendering of the subject is rather symbolical than according to the strict letter of the commandment respecting the Paschal festival. The family of a Jewish patriarch, both children and grandchildren, have gathered round the doorway of his dwelling, while he explains to them the meaning of this, the most solemn of all the Jewish feasts; the grouping of the figures is picturesque and easy, though a little confused, and the recognised Jewish type of countenance is not generally visible in the faces; the young female who stands with an elder sister, probably, near the doorway, is a striking figure in the composition, which is lighted up by her white dress, that falls loosely but gracefully from her finely-rounded shoulders. Both of these females seem less attentive to the explanatory teachings of the aged Israelite than absorbed by the lamb, which they have possibly helped to rear only to be slain as the Paschal offering.

Though the subject takes us back to the country and the period when the Jewish ordinances were strictly kept, it is clear, from the omission of certain forms essential to the true keeping of the Passover, that the artist did not intend to present in the picture a faithful illustration of any one portion of this lengthened ceremony, but only to indicate its leading characteristic; and this he has done in an impressive and very pleasing manner. With respect to the commemoration of the ordinance of the Passover, it may be remarked that the ceremonies practised by the ancient Jews at the eating of the Paschal supper were nearly the same as those observed by the Jews of our own time, and which are related in their books. But as no sacrifices were permitted out of the land of Judea, the dispersion of the Jewish nation has necessarily caused an alteration in that part of the service which involved the slaughter of the lamb.

Pictures of this class, whatever their artistic merits may be, are suggestive of thought in a right direction, and, as such, deserve commendation.

UNINTENDED PHOTOGRAPHS.

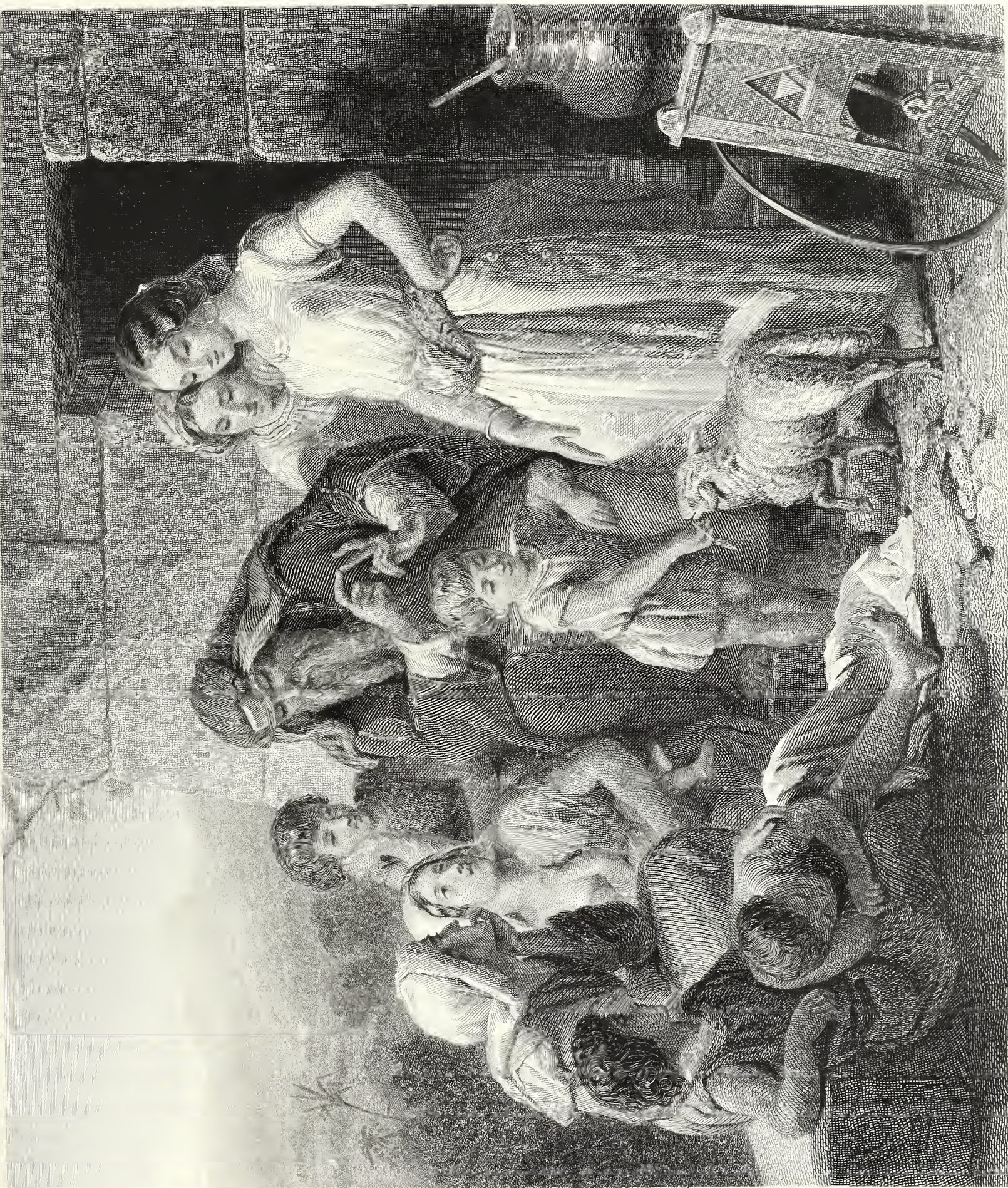
BY CHARLES TOMLINSON,

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I CANNOT call to mind a more wonderful event in the history of Art than the discovery and successful practice of photography towards the end of the last century, and its sudden extinction. When Beechey visited the Soho factory of Boulton and Watt, in 1794, for the purpose of painting the elder partner's portrait, and saw a regular manufactory of pictures, by a process equally rapid, certain, and satisfactory in its results, he was alarmed for the safety of his craft, and was directly or indirectly the means of buying off Boulton from the further pursuit of photography. There are doubtless many pictures hanging on the walls of old houses at the present day, which, behind their dingy frames and glasses, pass for mezzotints or coloured prints, but are really photographs that were issued three-quarters of a century ago from the Soho factory, at a price easy enough to create a large demand.

Nature, too, in the person of that rising artist, Herr SOL, is constantly engaged in secret photographic processes, which the genius or industry of science holds up from time to time to our admiring gaze. And not only is the sun thus active, but the rays of invisible heat are every moment at work in producing molecular changes, often so difficult to trace, but which every now and then surge up to the surface, where they are caught and secured. When Moser, in 1842, announced the general proposition that "when two bodies are sufficiently near together each impresses its image on the other," crowds of facts before unnoticed, or not generalised, were added to those by which Moser sought to establish this strange property of matter. Moser showed that if we write with a blunt point of any material on the surface of well-polished glass, and then rub out the characters, and again polish the glass, they will reappear on breathing on the surface. Or if we breathe on the glass, and write amidst the condensed moisture, the characters will reappear on again breathing on the surface after the moisture has evaporated. The surface of mercury, if kept quite still, will exhibit these phenomena after many days. Or if a coin be placed on a piece of glass on a warm mantelshelf, and be left for half an hour, on throwing off the coin and breathing on the glass, or holding the glass over vapour of mercury, a negative copy of the image and superscription of the coin will be produced on the glass. Or if a coin be placed on a plate of metal, which is afterwards exposed to the vapour of iodine, the details of that side of the coin which was in contact with the metal will be made out. All these results take place in the dark, but in the case of the iodised plate no image is seen after the removal of the object until the plate be exposed to the sun. In all these cases it is not even necessary that the coin or other object be in contact with the glass or metal surface; if suspended just over it, without being in contact, the effect is sometimes produced in ten minutes.

Soon after these experiments were published, I pointed out a few facts which seemed of an analogous kind. Thus M. de Mairan, in his "Dissertation sur la Glace," published in 1749, gives an engraving of the forms assumed by the hoar-frost on his window panes, which he thinks were due to the lines in the glass produced by the various motions to which it is subject in the course of manufacture, while yet in a fluid state. The curved lines thus formed may produce



furrows on the surface invisible to the eye, but still sufficient to retain the particles of vapour, and to throw them into the curved form in freezing. He also suggested that in cleansing the windows with fine sand or ashes, as is common on the Continent, the motions of the hand may produce minute scratches and furrows, in which the particles of water lodge and become frozen. This idea was confirmed by Carena in 1814, who cleaned four of his window panes with sand, rubbing two with a circular movement, the third in straight lines from top to bottom, and the fourth in diagonal lines, when it was found that the hoar-frost arranged itself in the lines or furrows produced by the friction. So also, if we write with a blunt point inside a white glass bottle, and put a bit of camphor into the bottle, and close it, the vapour of camphor will arrange itself along the marks traced, and make visible the characters that were before invisible. In this case it seems probable that we disturb the organic film that covers all matter exposed to the air, and raise that film into a ridge by the action of the blunt point, and the vapour

of camphor condenses along that ridge as a nucleus, or something to hold by.

This explanation will not apply in many cases in which molecular action may be traced to a considerable depth below the surface. The Chinese magic mirror is probably a case of this kind. The surface presents a smooth polished, slightly concave speculum. On the back of the mirror, in the specimen examined by me, is a landscape, with figures in high relief. On allowing the rays of the sun to fall on the face of the mirror, and then to be reflected on the wall or ceiling of the room, the reflection will contain all the details of the back of the mirror, apparently through a thickness of nearly an inch of metal. It is not so, however; there is a trick connected with the phenomenon, which, though a cheat and a fraud, is not the less illustrative of molecular action. It is said that an outline copy of the figures on the back is engraved on the reflecting surface or front of the mirror, and that, in the process of polishing, the engraving is worn off so as to be quite invisible to the eye. When, however, the powerful light and heat of the sun fall upon

contact with it, a reproduction of portions of the print. When Moser's experiments came to be talked about in 1842, it was stated that Rauch's observation was well known to the framers of prints; that the effect could be obtained on glass after a couple of days, without using vapour to bring out the image. If the glass were not in contact, but were placed from two-tenths to three-tenths of a line from the print, a longer time would be required. The effect was easily produced on plates of metal, and if a surface were covered with a perforated pattern, and exposed to the sun for some hours, the pattern would be beautifully made out by exposing the surface to vapour. Breguet, the celebrated watch-maker, also stated that it had long been known in his workshop, that the inner surface of an *outside* watch-case would copy the maker's name, &c., from the inscription on the back of the *inner* case; and that in machines, &c., where the parts were at a small distance from each other, the opposed parts would copy each other. Anyone can verify M. Breguet's observation by examining his own watch-case.

A curious example of this molecular action, or whatever it may be called, has recently been brought under my notice. Portraits of a gentleman and his daughter,—we have engraved the former,—cut out of black paper, and mounted on cardboard framed and glazed, with a deal panel at the back, had been hung during thirty years in an inhabited room. On lately examining these portraits, it was found that a perfect negative impression of each figure had been made on the inner surface of each panel, produced by a partial darkening of the wood; that is, those portions of the wood behind the black portions of the figure are bright coloured, while those behind the white parts of the figure, such as the shirt collar and frill, the triangular space between the book and the knee, the openings in the chair, &c., are all dark on the panel, together with the parts corresponding to the white portions of the card. The dashes of shade on the floor are put in with Indian ink, so that they are not in low relief like the figures. The panel measures eleven inches by seven. An attempt has been made to represent the effects described in the accompanying figure.

An apology may not be necessary for bringing these details before the readers of a journal devoted to the Fine Arts. Every photographer is aware of such facts, and if noted down from time to time, a kindly exchange between Science and Art is thus effected, to the advantage of both.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

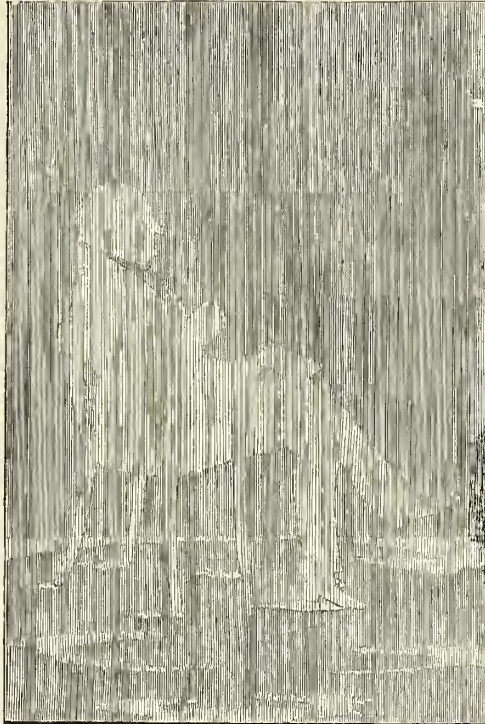
PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.*

I AM greatly pleased with a passage in Colley Cibber's inimitable "Apology" for his own Life. "The most," he says, "that a portrait by Vandyck can arrive at is to make his portraits of great persons *seem to think*; a Shakespeare goes further yet, and tells you what his pictures *thought*; a Betterton steps beyond 'em both, and calls them from the grave to breathe and be themselves again in feature, speech, and motion."† The noblest compliment ever paid to any actor.

It was said by Northcote, and very happily, that "Vandyck's portraits are like pictures, and very perfect ones; that Sir Joshua's are like the reflection of the persons in the look-



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN CUT OUT IN BLACK PAPER. 1833.



NEGATIVE COPY OF THE SAME ON THE INNER SURFACE OF THE PANEL. 1863.

the mirror, the molecules, which had been condensed, as it were, by the graver, start up, and catch and reflect the light into the forms engraved on the face, while the bewildered spectator naturally refers to the back of the mirror for their source. In like manner, when a coin is placed on glass on a warm mantel-shelf, the heat, streaming through the glass, arranges the molecules symmetrically, except where it meets with the coin, and this, projecting more or less upon the surface, offers greater or less impediment to the passage of the heat, and so impresses faithfully on the glass the difficulties of the passage, by causing some molecules to project more than others, and these catch the condensing breath with sufficient differences to make out the coin.

It is well known to photographers, that when glass plates are wrapped up in white paper that has been printed on, the print will appear on the surface of the glass at some stage or other of the photographic process. Old glass that has been once written or printed on will sometimes reproduce its characters, long after they have been apparently hopelessly obliterated. A case of this kind created

a great sensation in a little village in the Tyrol towards the end of the last century. On the morning of the 17th January, 1797, the daughter of a labourer was astonished to see the image of the Virgin on one of the panes of glass in the cottage window. The news spread rapidly over the village; a crowd was soon collected round the cottage, and in the midst of his flock appeared the priest, who happily was a sensible man. He endeavoured to calm the excitement, and obtained permission to remove the sacred pane. He took it to Innsprück, to the Jesuit Professor of Natural Philosophy, happily also a sensible man, and the two together proceeded to investigate the circumstances, when they found that the glazier who mended the cottage window had used some glass from a painted window in the village church, which had entirely faded, and had been replaced, some years before, by another window.*

The sculptor Rauch noticed on the interior of the glass placed many years previously over an engraving after Raphael, but not in

* See Murx, "Das Land Tyrol," vol. i p. 402.

* Continued from page 86.

† Cibber's "Apology," ed. 1740, p. 88.

ing-glass; and that Titian's are the real people themselves." There is, however, more ingenuity, and a love of saying something clever, than truth, in this Hazlitt-coloured contrast. When Sir Henry Halford opened the grave of King Charles the First, he knew the king at once by the extreme likeness of the dead man to the living portraits of him by Vandyck. When, at the earnest entreaty of *Father* Beckford, the coffin of the Emperor Charles the Fifth was opened, Beckford in a moment recognised the Emperor by the unmistakable likeness which the living canvas of Titian had preserved of the unanimated mass that lay before him.

Pope, wanting a living likeness upon canvas of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made use of every artifice to induce "the charming Mary Montagu" to sit. Listen to his seductive words:—

"Still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw the face first, which, he says, can never be set right on the figure if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house in a morning: from whence he will transfer it to the canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner in which they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with secret pride and pleasure."

And this from that great master of compliments, alike in poetry and prose, from the nephew of that consummate master in another line—our Vandyck in little—Samuel Cooper.

Portrait-painting in England has been practised by several "eminent hands," from the reign of Henry VIII. to the reign of Queen Victoria—from Hans Holbein and Paul Van Somer to Frank Grant and Watson Gordon; and it is noteworthy that in the three centuries over which their labours extended, how many have been knighted in recognition of their claims to distinction. Hans, it is true, missed knighthood at the hands of Henry; not so Sir Antonio Moore from the hands of Queen Mary. Elizabeth was sparing with her honours—so was her Scottish successor, at least to painters. King Charles (the Martyr) knighted Rubens and Vandyck; King Charles of the Oak knighted Lely; the hero William and the first George made both knight and baronet of Kneller; King George the Second knighted Thornhill; and King George the Third knighted Reynolds, a portrait painter, and Strange, a portrait engraver. Since then honours to portrait painters—Lawrence, Raeburn, and others—have been common enough. I wish I could add that the Fine Art they follow had been additionally dignified by the portraits painted by them after knighthood had been conferred upon them by so many successive sovereigns.

It has been said, and said again, that portrait painting has been the lucrative branch—the golden tree of the many mansions in the Temple of the Fine Arts. Turner's landscape-fortune and probate-duty paid, give, in some degree, a striking exception to this rule. Chantrey and Westmacott died rich; Flaxman died comparatively poor.

The highest price ever paid for a portrait by an English painter, of an Englishman's head, was paid by the Minister Sir Robert Peel for Dr. Johnson's head, by Sir Joshua—four hundred and ninety-three guineas. This was in 1821. The present Sir Robert Peel could obtain for it to-morrow, under Christie's inevitable hammer, one thousand guineas. How little Sir Joshua received, and was satisfied with, for his Streatham portraits—how comparatively little they sold for at Mrs.

Piozzi's sale—Burke, 240 guineas; Goldsmith, 127 guineas! Who will name the sum at which the Sheffield Place portrait of Edward Gibbon would sell for in the coming prolific season of sales at the "great room" in King Street, St. James's?

It is noteworthy that Sir Joshua's Grosvenor Gallery portrait (for so I am afraid it must continue to be called) of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" was sold at Watson Taylor's sale for 1,745 guineas. This picture is thought to be the original; but if dates, not excellence, may be trusted, it is not so. Mr. Cotton, in his useful catalogue of Sir Joshua's portraits (compiled from Sir Joshua's pocket-books), gives the year 1787 to the supposed duplicate known by Howard's admirable engraving, and the year 1784 to the Dulwich picture.* That the Grosvenor Gallery picture is the original, there cannot be a doubt.

A digression touching originals, repetitions, &c., from the same hand (unquestionably) may here be allowed me. Chantrey made at different periods five marble busts of Sir Walter Scott. I will name them in the order of time. 1. The bust presented by the sculptor to Scott himself, and *happily* still at Abbotsford. 2. The bust bought by King George IV., and still at Windsor Castle. 3. The bust bought by the great Duke of Wellington, and still at Apsley House. 4. The bust bought by Sir Robert Peel, and now, I believe, at Drayton Manor. 5. The bust bought by the late Mr. Vernon, and now in the Vernon Gallery. Of these five marble busts, inimitable examples of Chantrey's skill, the Abbotsford bust would of course sell for the highest price; and after the Abbotsford bust (I have heard my father say) the bust Sir Robert Peel was induced, by the same accomplished judge, to buy of Chantrey after Scott's death, with "no reluctant amorous delay." "Many a time and oft," in Chantrey's studio, have I stood with wonder before this fine bust—so admirable and to be approved in every way—alike excellent in conception, treatment, and execution. Chantrey was never greater; Heffernan never happier.†

There are portraits which rise immensely in value, artistically and pecuniarily, by some little anecdote connected with them. When Peel, on a fine summer Saturday afternoon, was induced to throw open his collection to the many in London whom he thought entitled to admission, it was my good fortune to be present,

Amid the many great but little known,

but with a love for Art inherent, and willing to be taught. In the busy labour of looking, admiring, and being lost in admiration—here with a Rubens, there with a Hobbema—the great Duke of Wellington was seen intently looking at a Sir Joshua of George the Fourth (head size only) when Prince of Wales, and heard to exclaim—with only a half desire to be heard, and yet I hear him still—"Ah, my old master! and very like him." A recognition like this was something more than the house-dog bark of recognition, of which Northcote complains as common among the mob, to an acknowledged excellence in portraiture.

"Tis a pity," says gossiping John Aubrey, in a letter to the Oxford Antiquary, "that in noblemen's galleries the names are not written on or behind the pictures."‡ The same diligent inquirer after likenesses of illustrious men, renews his request to his friend, in words to be remembered:—"Write his name in red

letters on his picture for his widow to preserve." The widow was no less a person than the wife of Milton, and the picture was the portrait of the poet, from, it is thought, the pencil of Faithorne.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

THERE is now some prospect of a judicial inquiry into the management of these institutions, and that, at least, the "grievances" of the masters, arising out of the recent minutes emanating from the heads of the Department at Kensington, will be redressed. On the 26th of February a deputation, representing sixty-six Schools of Art, headed by Colonel Wilson Patten, M.P., and attended by Mr. Pease, M.P., Mr. G. Greenall, M.P., Mr. Potter, M.P., Mr. F. Powell, M.P., Mr. Egerton, M.P., Mr. Gregson, M.P., Mr. A. A. Bathurst, M.P., with several of the chairmen, secretaries, and head-masters of various schools in the metropolis and the provinces, had an interview with Earl Granville at the office of the Privy Council. Colonel Wilson Patten introduced Mr. Beresford-Hope, who had been elected to open the interview, and who laid before his lordship the opinions entertained by those present and by many others, as expressed in a numerous signed memorial which he held in his hand, setting forth—First, the injustice of withdrawing the masters' certificate allowance; Secondly, the impolicy of doing away with Art pupil-teachers; and Thirdly, the unfairness of spending so overwhelming a proportion of the annual grant on South Kensington. Mr. Hope urged on his lordship's attention the perilous nature of the new code of regulations, and showed the impossibility of any school advancing if burdened with the restriction. Moreover, he objected to the system adopted by the Department of payment on results, as not being *real*, but *picked* results. Lord Granville expressed the great desire on the part of both political and permanent officers of the Department to do what they thought would be most conducive to the interests of Art in the kingdom. In their opinion the amount ultimately expended according to the new minutes would be quite as great as that expended under the old. Having taken a comprehensive view of the subject, the noble lord said that if a committee of inquiry were appointed, the government would be willing to carry out any suggestion which might lead to the better working of the system. He thought that the certificated masters had not a legal, nor even a moral claim, to payment on their certificates; neither would he consent, as was asked, to the suspension of the new code till the time when the commission could produce its report. In all probability the committee will be sitting before this number of our Journal is in the hands of the public. But we may express a hope that the gentlemen who compose it will be such as have a knowledge of the questions at issue in all their bearings, and that the inquiry will be in every respect ample, so that the country, which has a right to expect that the Schools of Art should be of real service to the community, may be put in full possession of all the facts connected with the practical working of the Department of Art system, which has always appeared to us, and to many others, radically wrong. A parliamentary inquiry is what we have long and urgently contended for; now it is about to be made, we trust that those who have promoted it will take care to collect all the evidence they can from those who are *not* connected with the Department, even more than the testimony of those who are, however opposed to the system these latter, as we know some are, may be.

Since the above was written, Sir Stafford Northcote has moved for a "Select Committee to inquire into the constitution and working, and into the success, of the Schools of Art wholly or partially supported by Government Grants, or otherwise assisted by the Government, and into the system upon which the sums granted by Parliament for the promotion of National Education in Art are distributed and administered."

* See Cotton's Catalogue of the Portraits painted by Sir Joshua. 8vo. 1857, p. 69.

† Some particulars of James Heffernan and his works should find a place in the columns of *The Art-Journal*. Several of your readers can doubtless supply the information I thus seek.—P. C.

‡ Aubrey's Lives, iii. p. 291.

* Lord Byron.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXI.—PENRY WILLIAMS.



EXCEPT as a tolerably regular exhibitor at the Academy, and as an occasional visitor to London in the "season," this painter would be entirely unknown both to the public and his professional brethren. Like the sculptors Gibson and Spence, he has become almost an alien from his country: he took up his residence in Rome as far back as 1827, and has ever since made the old city his dwelling-place. There are so many exhibiting artists bearing the name of Williams that it is no easy matter to distinguish them from each other. Mr. Penry Williams has, however, a peculiar Christian name not readily mistaken. He was born at Merthyr

Tydvil, Glamorganshire, but in what year we have been unable to ascertain: he is, however, not a young man now, his earliest exhibited pictures of which we can find any record dating as far back as 1824, when he sent to the Academy a landscape, 'View from Westcombe Park, Blackheath,' and a portrait. In 1826 he exhibited another landscape, 'View of Lancaster,' which appears to have terminated his Art-relations with English scenery and English subjects, except an occasional portrait of some countryman or countrywoman, painted, in all probability, in Rome.

Henceforth his attention was given to Italian life and manners: these he represents in a way that shows how strong, but by no means unfavourable, an influence foreign residence has had upon his style.

In 1828 he sent from Rome to the Royal Academy exhibition three pictures—one, 'Young Italian Peasants,' another, 'Rome, from the Gardens of the Barberini Palace,' and the third was entitled 'A Town in Switzerland.' In the following year he exhibited at the same gallery, 'A Cottage Scene in the Campagna, Rome,' and in 1830, 'A Roman Beggar Woman and her Child,' and 'Italian Peasants praying to the Madonna.' These works were, however, only the precursors of one of far greater pretension and magnitude, the 'PROCESSION TO THE CHRISTENING: A SCENE AT L'ARICCIA,' it was exhibited at the Academy in 1832, and again at the late International Exhibition, for which purpose it was lent by its owner, Lady Charlotte Schreiber, of Roehampton: an engraving of it appears on this page. The small town of L'Ariccia stands on the summit of a hill about fifteen miles from Rome, and one mile from Albano; a deep ravine, abounding with beautiful scenery, separates the two towns. The "christening procession" has just reached the Church of the Assunzione della Virgine, and is entering it. The father of the infant, accompanied by an elderly man, heads the procession; then follow two young children of the family; immediately after comes the mother, supported by two relations or friends, one of whom carries the new-born infant, and several females close up the train. The figures are most picturesquely grouped, and in their gay and fanciful attire form a very striking assembly.

Mr. Williams's next contribution to the Royal Academy was in the following year, when he sent 'A Scene at the Festa of the Madonna dell Arco,' a subject he repeated in 1837. One of these two pictures—our recollection cannot determine which—was in the late International Exhibition: it is the property of Sir M. W. Ridley. The late Thomas Uwins, R.A., painted a picture of this popular ceremony about the same time, and he has described the festa so graphically, that we feel sure his account will interest our readers, besides giving them some idea of these pictures. The communication was made in a letter—now in our hands—to a friend in 1836; it says,—“That the festas of the south of Italy are remnants of ancient Paganism mixed up with Christianity, and that the Madonna, or the Queen of Heaven, as she is styled in the Romish Church,



Engraved by

PROCESSION TO THE CHRISTENING: A SCENE AT L'ARICCIA.

[W. Green.

is made, under her various titles, to supply the place of the mythological gods and goddesses, are notions not new to any persons who have given the slightest attention to the subject. Whoever should happen to witness the rabble rout returning from the Festa of the Madonna dell Arco, their heads fantastically dressed with leaves and flowers, carrying rods and standards in their hands, blowing the shepherd's pipe of reeds, or sounding

their conch shells and other rude instruments of music, would be disposed to say, 'This is certainly one of the Bacchanalian processions such as we often see represented in the Greek marbles and bassi-relievi.' But after all, this festa, though so closely resembling ancient customs, is not a feast of much antiquity: the miraculous powers of our 'Lady of the Arch' have not been established more than two hundred years. The miracle was first

manifested at a game of quoits, when one of the losing players, in revenge for the disappointment of his prayers, threw his quoit at the head of the figure, from which immediately flowed a stream of blood. The culprit was hung on a tree, and the picture, that till then surmounted a common arch by the roadside, was at once enclosed within a chapel of curious workmanship, which has grown by degrees into a large and magnificent church, situated about six miles from Naples, near the base of Vesuvius; a convent is built, a society of monks established to maintain the dignity of 'Our Lady,' and multitudes crowd daily to the shrine to get cured of every bodily disorder incident to humanity, for this Madonna is one of all work. Some saints take to eyes, others to limbs; some protect sailors and fishermen only, others prefer the military; and there is one who confines her good deeds to giving people lucky numbers in the lottery. But 'Our Lady of the Arch' is good at everything; she cures the blind and the lame, she makes the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, and as for diseases, nothing comes amiss to her, from a chilblain on a child's foot to a confirmed leprosy."

The whole scene, both inside and outside the church, is characterised by intense feeling, ungoverned passion, and wild superstition. They who take part in it come from the city of Naples, and from the villages among the

mountains for a considerable distance; these, in the varied costumes peculiar to each locality, have a most picturesque appearance. Their personal ornaments are the productions of nature—leaves and wild flowers decorate the head; hazel-nuts, peeled by hot water, are strung together as beads for the hair; chestnuts, too, are made use of for necklaces, or are twisted round the rods and standards. The reason for the adoption of these rustic ornaments at this particular feast is, probably, that those who attend it are supposed to go there as penitents, with hair undressed, and without the usual decorations of their persons. But the penance performed, and the grace obtained, they must be dressed in honour of the day; then comes the necessity for such ornaments as may be found at hand in the fields and woods. To the credit of these pleasure-seekers it may be recorded that absolute intoxication is unknown among them, though they drink wine enough to render them merry and boisterous. Unlike too many of the lower orders among ourselves, these Italian worshippers do not drain out the dregs of the feast, but after dancing and singing to their hearts' content, they return to their homes at the close of the day.

In 1835 Mr. Williams sent to the Academy 'Pilgrims reposing at a Cross,' and the 'FERRY ON THE RIVER NINFA;' the latter is engraved on this page, and was in the late International Exhibition: it belongs to



Engraved by]

FERRY ON THE RIVER NINFA: SARMONETA IN THE DISTANCE.

[W. Palmer.

Mrs. W. H. Forman.* The scene lies in the Pontine Marshes; the flat-bottomed, strangely-shaped ferry-boat is deeply laden with a group of peasants returning from their day's labour, probably to the little village of Sarmoneta, in the distance. It is a cleverly painted picture, with a fine atmospheric effect. His solitary contribution of 1837, one of the Madonna dell'Arco subjects, has been already referred to. With the exception of a small painting, 'The Young Goatherd,' at the British Institution in 1841, Mr. Williams did not exhibit again till 1842, when he sent to the Academy a very striking work, called 'Il Voto, or the Convalescent;' it represents the fulfilment of a vow made to the Virgin during sickness, on which occasion the convalescent person attends church with his or her family and friends. The principal figure in this composition is a young girl, whose pallid face bears evident marks of recent suffering; she is mounted on an ass, and is dressed in black, according to the custom of the ceremony. Her crutches, now no longer required, are carried by the mother, and the

friends are the bearers of small offerings in gratitude for her recovery. The picture is in every way one of a high class, excellent in composition, admirably expressed, and faultless in execution. Six years were allowed to elapse from the last-mentioned date before we saw anything from the artist's pencil beyond three portraits: one, in 1844, of his friend and companion in Rome, Gibson, the sculptor; the others, in the year following, of Lady Charlotte Guest, and the Viscountess Jocelyn, respectively.

By way of compensating, as it would almost seem, for past omissions, Mr. Williams sent to the Academy in 1848 three pictures, the largest number he had ever exhibited at any one time since the first year of his public appearance as an artist. One of the three was only a single figure, 'A Young Goatherd of the Campagna of Rome,' walking indifferently along, with his arms supported by a stick placed transversely on his shoulders; the pose is singular, yet not unnatural for a lad in a kind of listless mood. The picture is a most faithful transcript of the living figure, the features are of true Italian style and complexion, and the whole subject, including the background of landscape, is painted with much delicacy and finish. The second work, called 'Italian Playmates,' was a replica of, or at least very like, one by this artist in the Vernon collection,

* This very beautiful picture was painted for W. S. Forman, Esq., of Pip-brook, Dorking, and is now the property of his widow. The late Mr. Forman was a collector of much taste and liberality. His early Roman and British antiquities remain intact; they form one of the most extensive and valuable collections in the kingdom.

and engraved some years ago in *The Art-Journal*; the subject, two young girls, one of whom holds a tambourine, and is seated at the bottom of a flight of steps, while her younger companion leans playfully upon her shoulder: the faces of the girls are sweetly expressive, and very animated. The third picture, called in the Academy catalogue 'The Artist's Portfolio'—Scene near Olevano, neighbourhood of Rome, is the property of Mr. W. C. Kerr, and was exhibited in the late International Gallery under the title of 'Rustic Amateurs.' The subject is a landscape composition of considerable size; in the foreground is an artist painting from nature: some of his materials lie near him, and his portfolio of sketches rests against the trunk of the tree; two women and a child are examining the drawings with no little curiosity. It is a fine picture of its class, most carefully studied, and is carefully executed throughout.

In the following year also we noticed three pictures by this artist in the Academy. The first, 'A Mother praying to the Madonna for the Recovery of her Sick Child,' represents an Italian woman counting the beads of her rosary before a figure of the Virgin, while she holds in her lap the afflicted child. The simple story explains itself, and is worked out with the careful treatment which all his pictures show. The second, 'An Italian Mother,' is little more than the portrait of a young female peasant of the country;

and the third, engraved on this page, is called 'THE FOUNTAIN: A SCENE AT MOLA DI GAETA,' a spot which Rogers so pleasantly and characteristically describes in his "Italy." Under the cooling shadow of the o'er-spreading vine, from which rich clusters of purple grapes hang, the fountain pours forth its refreshing waters from a mask; peasant women and girls are filling their jugs of classic form, and are preparing to carry them homewards, while one maiden tarries to make her toilette after ablution in the huge stone cistern into which the water runs. It is a pleasant scene, such as one sees only in the sunny regions of the south; a picture very graceful as a composition, painted with great firmness and delicacy, and beautiful in colour.

The title of 'An Italian Cottage Door' was given to a small picture of a young girl spinning at the door of her home; in colour the work is more subdued than is usual with the artist, but the subject is truthfully brought forward, and the execution is unexceptionable. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1850, with another, 'A Scene in the Campagna of Rome, looking towards the Alban Mount,' a fine landscape, with a goatherd's family grouped in the foreground. 'A Rustic Toilette' (1853) shows two young Italian girls, wandering minstrels, one of whom is dressing the hair of her companion in a shady covert: it is one of those commonplace



Engraved by]

THE FOUNTAIN: A SCENE AT MOLA DI GAETA.

[W. Green.

subjects which depends entirely upon the artist's execution for whatever merit attaches to the picture; in this instance the work has enough of careful treatment and harmonious colouring to render it highly acceptable. In the following year Mr. Williams exhibited at the Academy a beautiful passage of Italian scenery, 'A Scene in the Campagna of Rome, looking towards the Alban Hills, the Claudian Aqueduct, &c.:' a bright and glowing landscape, into which are introduced most effectively a bullock waggon and several figures, the whole most skilfully painted.

Six years elapsed before the artist put in another appearance in our picture galleries. In 1860 he sent to the Academy one of the finest works he ever painted, 'Mass being performed for the Reapers during Harvest-time in the Campagna, near Rome:' it cannot be better described than in the comments made upon it in *The Art-Journal* at that time:—"You cannot stand three minutes by this picture without hearing the silk and satin bravery of these Italian women pronounced an impertinence in a harvest-field. But the description has, nevertheless, truth on its side. The women of the Campagna do not work in the harvest-field as with us; harvest labour is done by the men, and when they are at a distance from their homes they sleep in tents on the spot. On Sunday, as they cannot

attend mass, the priest comes to them, and performs mass in a caravan, as here shown; and on these occasions the wives and female relations in their *fiesta* attire visit the harvest-men on the scene of their labours; and this accounts for the apparent inconsistency, the women in their Sunday best, and the men in their every-day gear. It is the most important picture we have seen by this painter. . . . The work is in all respects admirable."

Including a small composition, 'Italian Mother and Child,' exhibited in 1861, the foregoing list includes all, we believe, Mr. Penry Williams has contributed to the Academy and elsewhere in London. Considering that the time extends over a period of nearly forty years, the catalogue is not long; but it is not to be presumed it takes in the whole of his labours during the time. No doubt many of his works have found purchasers in Rome, and have never been brought to London; or they have been quietly transferred to the homes of the buyers. His style of painting, as we remarked at the outset, is so entirely foreign, so thoroughly identified with the country of his adoption, that it would scarcely pass for the work of an English painter. But his pictures form a most agreeable variety among our nationalities, and are valuable and beautiful examples of Art.

JAMES DAFORNE.

APRIL.

1	F.	Architect. Inst. Meeting.—Architec. Assoc.
2	S.	[Meeting.—Cambridge Term begins.
3	S.	<i>First Sunday after Easter.</i>
4	M.	Institute of British Architects. Meeting.
5	Tu.	[New Moon. 2h. 8m. p.m.
6	W.	Soc. of Arts. Meet.—Oxford Term begins.
7	Th.	Soc. of Antiquaries. Meeting.—Society for
8	F.	[Encouragement of Arts. Lecture.
9	S.	
10	S.	<i>Second Sunday after Easter.</i>
11	M.	
12	Tu.	[Soc. for Encouragement of Arts. Lect.
13	W.	Soc. of Arts. Meet.—Architec. Assoc. Meet.—
14	Th.	Soc. of Antiqs. Meet.—Moon's First Qr.



15	F.	Architectural Association. Meeting.
16	S.	
17	S.	<i>Third Sunday after Easter.</i>
18	M.	Institute of British Architects. Meeting.
19	Tu.	
20	W.	Society of Arts. Meet. [Commemoration.
21	Th.	Soc. for Encouragement of Arts.—Shakspeare
22	F.	Full Moon. 1h. 18m. a.m.
23	S.	Soc. of Antiqs. Annual Meeting.
24	S.	<i>Fourth Sunday after Easter.</i>
25	M.	
26	Tu.	Art-Union of London. Annual Meeting.
27	W.	Society of Arts.—Architec. Assoc. Meeting.
28	Th.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting.
29	F.	Architectural Association. Meet. — Moon's
30	S.	[Last Quarter. 4h. 34m. a.m.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN APRIL.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

If we take the advice of our elders, and begin at the beginning, we must commence our notice of the present month with the curious ceremony that has rooted itself so firmly in the public mind, but which has lately shown signs of decay, as is likely with a custom which has survived from time immemorial. Perhaps, when *The Art-Journal* for April, 1964, is published, the writer may refer to the practice of April fooling as a usage which has long passed away, and which, like other seasonal observances, has become extinct through the operation of natural causes. The more need, therefore, that it should be perpetuated by Art before it is totally banished and become a thing of the past.

Halloween has furnished subjects for many a picture, and a first of April still possesses elements equally picturesque, especially for those painters who can depict boy-nature. The April fooling of their elders is apt to degenerate into clumsiness, and too often into ill-nature, but the thorough boy throws himself so completely into the spirit of the thing, and watches the result of his frolic with such abandonment, that the student of human nature will find himself well repaid by transferring to his sketch-book the unsophisticated and joyous countenances which as yet are to be found in every village upon the first of April.

In this month the hedges put forth their leaves, displaying a tender green that only lasts for a few days, and is perhaps the very sweetest hue which verdure can assume. As the sunbeams pass between the branches, and stream upon the leaves, each spray seems lighted up with an almost unearthly splendour, and not even the unobservant rustic himself can pass along without being moved by the exquisite beauty of the scene. The elm now arrays herself in her verdant mantle; the beech is clothed with close and massy foliage; and the graceful birch, the Pysche of forest trees, puts on her delicate leafage, and waves her trembling branches in the breeze. The large leaved lime-tree is now fully clad, and the woods have nearly assumed their natural aspect.

There is much to be seen in the forests by one who has no objection to wet. Theoretically, it is very pleasant to walk through the woods in spring-time, to sit upon the mossy banks, and cull the early flowers. Practically, no one ventures to walk in the woods, unless prepared to be well wetted, and to be covered with soft black mud from foot to knee; while as to the mossy bank, a pailful of water will hardly prove a damper seat; for the thick branches allow the rain to pass through them, and to saturate the ground below, while they effectually shut out the sunbeams, and keep off the winds that would in more exposed situations dry up the wet soil. Then, a forest is full of natural mantraps, in the shape of puddles and concealed holes, over which the moss has grown, but which receive the unwary pedestrian in a most unpleasant manner, covering his legs with a thick coat of mud, and spattering his whole dress with the black splashes. If analysed, the contents of these holes would be found to consist of a most heterogeneous mass of substances, animal and vegetable. The basis of their contents is mud, pure and simple, *i.e.* ordinary soil saturated with water. But these holes have a natural attraction for the fallen leaves that so plentifully bestrew the forests, and these, together with broken twigs and the husks of seeds, are added to the mixture. Those who have macerated leaves in order to preserve their

skeletons, or who have passed through a field where flax is being steeped, know that decomposing vegetable matter is not peculiarly fragrant. Nor is animal matter wanting. Hundreds of the large-bodied moths tumble in the hole, get their limbs clogged, and so perish in the mud. Beetles often succumb to the same fate; and an occasional skeleton tells us that the field-mice have contributed their quota to the seething mass. These holes never dry up entirely, though they are sometimes filled up to the level of the surrounding soil, so that the artist who wishes to penetrate into the wood must make up his mind to use his eyes for directing his footsteps rather than for observing scenery.

Moreover, in a forest no man can choose his own path. To walk among the trees requires the aid of paths, and the paths are always sloppy long after the rest of the ground is dry and pleasant to the feet. The fern, too, is a mighty retainer of wet, and is most liberal in bestowing its watery treasures on the unwary passenger who wades through its thick masses. Ten minutes in a forest will often wet the pedestrian as completely as an hour's exposure to a storm in the open country. The inconvenience is fully repaid by the lovely sight of a forest bursting into bloom, but it is as well to know beforehand that the interior of a forest in April is not so charmingly agreeable as is popularly supposed.

Flowers are now fast bursting from their bonds, and some of them may be found amid the forest trees. There is, of course, the sweet-scented violet, which Alphonse Karr will not allow to be modest, hiding its purple flowerets under the shining leaves, but betraying itself by its inimitable perfume. In more open places, the common pansy spreads itself boldly, as if demanding for beauty the tribute which is paid to the sweet odour of its fragrant sister. Under the clumps of trailing bramble, the wild strawberry hides itself, and if the aspect be southern, the end of April will generally see its pretty white flowers, with their promise of autumn fruit. As to cowslips and oxlips, they are more plentiful; and in some places the ground will be actually carpeted with spring flowers, among which the azure of the wild hyacinth covers the earth with glory.

Over the flowers hovers many an insect, for the butterflies are now fast breaking from their long peaceful slumber, and on a fine sunny day, when the air is not disturbed by wind, the earliest specimens of our most lovely insects may be watched as they flit from flower to flower, enjoying life merely for the fact of existing. In very moist and shady spots there often lurks the curious moschatell, with its pale green petals on their short stems, an unobtrusive but pleasing flower.

If we make our way out of the wood, and descend to the brook, the signs of spring crowd fast upon us. In the meadows the fritillary rears its slender stem, and nods its snake-like flowers to every passing breath; while the lady-smocks, immortalised by Shakespeare, are scattered here and there, and hold themselves up as if proud of their pre-eminence. On the margin of the brook are many water-loving plants, among which the vernal water-starwort is conspicuous for its blossom, almost the only flower which adorns the banks at this season of the year. Towards the end of April the beautiful dragon-flies appear, flashing through the air with wondrous speed, pursuing and invariably securing some passing insect, or reposing themselves on the aquatic plants that edge the bank.

In some parts of England the hops are now being furnished with poles, a time when the busy scene nearly equals that of the picking. In themselves, hop-poles are not picturesque objects, but when gathered into the

wigwam-like stacks, which experience has shown to be the most convenient form for stowage, they make the plantation look like an encampment of American Indians, and add to its flat and otherwise uninteresting surface a picturesque element peculiar to itself. In one part of the plantation the poles are already fixed in the ground, regular and upright as a battalion of soldiers, and, indeed, arranged on similar principles. In another part the poles are still stacked, while one set of labourers is busily transporting the long and weighty staves, and another set is carefully planting them in the ground.

As to farming operations, they present but little which is worthy of special notice, except, perhaps, that the heavy roller is now dragged over the fields, so as to compress the soil and render it more fit to sustain its crop of wheat. Orchards are now in their full magnificence, for the month of April brings forth the blossoms of the pear, the apple, the bullace, and the cherry; and we all know what may be done with "apple blossoms," by one who has the eye to see and the hand to execute. The hops are generally enlivened by the pretty flowers of the blackthorn, which give promise of the "may," or white-thorn, which seldom comes into flower until the beginning of next month. The wild pear and the service tree are frequently in blossom during a mild April, though the period of flowering necessarily depends much upon the weather.

In this month we welcome back many of our feathered friends, who have left us during the winter, and now return to their old haunts. First and foremost comes the cuckoo, whose well-known notes proclaim that spring has fairly conquered winter, and whose hawk-like outline may be seen passing through the air with its peculiar flight, or seated on the half-clad branch, and answering the call of a distant companion. Among feminine rustics, the first cuckoo's cry of the year causes a general turning of money in the pocket, and so rife is this superstition, that many a penniless lass will borrow a piece of money to be kept in her pocket, and returned when the ceremony has been duly performed. Of course the wry-neck accompanies the cuckoo, thus carrying out its popular title of "cuckoo's knave," or cuckoo's servant, and its marvellous mottlings of black, brown, and white, may be seen upon the tree trunk, as the bird peers into crevice after crevice, seeking a convenient spot for her home.

The wide-mouthed goat-sucker visits us in this month, and though for the most part unseen and unheard by day, by night it sweeps boldly round the trees in search of chaffers, and even shoots by the windows in chase of the moths which are attracted by the light. By night also it utters its strange vibrating cry; so loud, that a bird of ten times its volume would seem hardly capable of uttering it; so harsh, that its throat seems to be torn to pieces by the effort; and so long and sustained, that the hearer may take three full breaths while the goat-sucker utters a single unbroken cry. Sometimes, if the observer will remain perfectly motionless, he may see the goat-sucker wheel rapidly after a dor-beetle, or chaffer, and chase it fairly to the ground, snapping it up before it can shelter itself, and then starting afresh in its busy flight.

April evenings produce the nightingale, that sober-coated little bird, with so wondrous a voice; and in the still evenings, the liquid tones of the nightingale may be heard alternating with the grating cry of the goat-sucker, each equally a sign of joy, though not equally delectable to human ears. Mid-day will often hear the nightingale's song, and I have seen three nightingales on one tree,

singing against each other in sweet rivalry, heedless of the meridian sun that was shedding its rays upon them.

The swallow tribe now muster in force, and the pretty little birds may be seen daily at work, some engaged in searching for food, and others in preparing the home for their coming family. In the evenings the noxious snails and slugs issue from their winter quarters, and glide into the gardens, leaving in the morning a slimy path and sundry nibbled leaves as reminiscences of their renewed vitality. Many a sparrow has suffered death for the crime of a slug, which has emerged from the earth, crawled up a gooseberry or currant bush, eaten the young and budding leaves, and then slunk under the soil at the approach of morning. When day breaks, the sparrow comes and looks about for a breakfast, and being seen on the spot is suspected of the crime, condemned, and summarily executed.

April is especially a favourite month with boys, because it brings birds'-nesting in its train. Now, birds'-nesting is mostly picturesque, though not always. There is nothing peculiarly attractive in a skulking, beetle-browed, surly lad, who is spending his Sunday morning in looking after birds' nests, and on the high road to poaching and the jail. But a party of lively happy-looking boys always possesses many artistic elements, and if they can be depicted in so congenial an occupation as climbing trees, few better subjects for a rural picture could be desired. But let me again request the artist to see the boys climb and take the nests before he draws them, or he will assuredly fall into ridiculous errors.

I have now before me some shocking examples, valuable as teaching the artist what he ought to avoid. Boys, when engaged in birds'-nesting, are not in the habit of posing themselves in elegant attitudes, nor of clothing themselves in elegant attire. There is energy enough in their attitudes, but no elegance, except it be the unconscious grace of nature, while their clothes are more agreeable to the eyes of an artist than to those of a parent.

In my day I have seen as much birds'-nesting as most persons, and yet I never saw a boy stand on a horizontal bough, some forty feet from the ground, with his feet in the "first position," a nest of birds in his left hand, and his right helping a comrade from a higher branch, towards which he is looking. I should like to put the artist in such an attitude, and on just such a bough, and to see how long he could keep his feet in the first position, and how long he would stand without holding another branch.

Any one who has ascended a tree, cannot but see that at least three of the four boys who are depicted as engaged in birds'-nesting must inevitably tumble head foremost to the ground, and the only doubt in his mind will be, which will stand the best chance of escaping with life. As to the tree itself, the less said about it the better, for such an arrangement of branches is not to be found in any tree upon this sphere, whatever may be the case in Jupiter or Saturn, Neptune or some still more remote member of our system. Moreover, upon the planet Tellus, there is no bird as yet known to ornithologists, which makes a nest like a soup plate, and fastens it against the trunk of a tree by one of its edges.

Hitherto the work of the landscape-painter for the months has been in his studio rather than out of doors; but so far as preparing for the exhibitions for the current year is concerned, his labours are now brought to a close, and he soon will be intent on seeking after new materials in woods and pastures. May, and some following months, will enable me to discourse more practically on these subjects than I have as yet done.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PARABLES.*

FEW persons who have paid attention to the discussions which have followed the introduction of what is called Pre-Raffaellism into our school of painting, but will be disposed to admit that it has suffered as much in public estimation from the injudicious advocacy of its supporters as from the virulent hostility of its opponents. The one can see in it nothing but what is open to censure, the others recognise no excellence in anything which comes not within its range; and thus, while its disciples have been lauded to the skies, on the one hand, as the only painters capable of showing us what true Art is, on the other hand, they have had to bear the charge of artistic fana-

ticism and ignorance, and even of absurdity. In this case, as it generally is in all heated controversy, truths are lost sight of or ignored, errors are magnified, and the one side will not see what is palpable enough to the other.

Pre-Raffaellism, as it first appeared among us, has had its day. It was a revolution in Art, labouring to overturn existing systems; this it did not, and could not, effect; but the leaven of its impulses has been widely diffused, has become incorporated in many instances with the practice opposed to it, and the union has produced what every real lover of genuine Art desired to see—the earnestness and deep feeling of the mediæval painters grafted, as it appears, on the more enlarged views and wider inventive powers and independence of action which are the characteristics of our time. The men who have aided to accomplish this result are not to be lightly spoken of, or



THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

denounced as heretics from the faith. We are, of course, speaking of those who have been the great leaders of the movement, not of the little host who have joined in it without knowing why or wherefore, but only because of its novelty and of its being a thing that people talked about. These men wofully mistake the whole matter; first, in their own powers; and next, in the truths that underlie the surface of what is meant by Pre-Raffaellism *proper*. Ill-drawn and gaily-coloured forms, ugly and repulsive countenances, strict attention to the minutest atom of natural objects, a disregard of the acknowledged principles of even rudimentary Art—these are what the small herd of painters who incline to the

creed accept as definitions of the style practised before the appearance of Raffaele Sanzio, of Urbino. But if they will examine and carefully study the works of such old painters as Fra Angelico, Fra Bartolomeo, Francia, Perugino, and others of about the same period, it will be found that mind, and not matter, is the pervading expression of their works. To revert to a period of Art which deserves no other epithet than "antiquarian," for the sole purpose of producing the like, is to assume that every step subsequently taken has been in a wrong direction. Such an opinion could be formed only by those whose ideas are limited to the narrowest circle.

As one of the ablest exponents of the resuscitated style, Mr. Millais has borne no small portion of the opprobrium attached to its revival, as he has also carried off a large amount of the honours awarded to the school by its supporters. In

* THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST: with Pictures by J. EVERETT MILLAIS, engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, London.

some of his later works, he has rubbed off the sharp angles, so to speak, of his earlier productions, has softened their asperities, and given to his ideas a character more in harmony with what both nature and æsthetic beauty teach us to be the true expression of Art. Though the materials with which the artist works neither add to, nor derogate from, the value of his compositions, simply as such, there is a relative importance which the public, generally, attaches to one form of production over another; as, for example, a fine oil-painting when compared with a sketch in chalk of the same subject by the same hand. The award in favour of the former is perfectly just, inasmuch as qualifications other than those of the mere designer, as in the case of the latter, are required to work out the result. It is, therefore, most encouraging to those who desire to see Art of the best kind popularised, when such

a painter as Mr. Millais is content to lay aside his easel and palette for a time, and employ a lead pencil and a block of wood to express his ideas, as he has done in these "Illustrations of the Parables," a beautiful volume briefly noticed in our Journal of February last, and to which we are tempted to refer again by having the opportunity afforded us of introducing some examples of the woodcuts.

It opens with the parable of the Sower. By an ingenious arrangement of the landscape, the whole scriptural narrative is brought into it; we see all the ground travelled over by the husbandman: there is the way-side with the fowls devouring the grain, the stony place, the thorny spot, and the good ground; each has its place in the picture, which is suffused with light, as if a hot sun were already scorning up the young blades of corn. The parable of the Leaven is



THE UNMERCIFUL SERVANT.

illustrated by a woman kneading bread, which a young girl is preparing to place in the oven: it is a literal pictorial rendering of the text, and yet there is nothing in the treatment antagonistic to its sacred character. The Enemy Sowing Tares is represented by a most sinister-looking man performing his task in the dead of night; two serpents are near his feet, a wolf approaches from behind: he is too intent, however, on his insidious work to notice anything but the cottage where the "good men" sleep, its position marked only by a gleam of light from a solitary casement: this is a true poetical composition. The next is the parable of the Hidden Treasure. The ploughman has stopped his yoke of oxen on the discovery of some vessels amid the furrows, and he kneels down to examine their contents, a portion of which he holds in his hand. The Pearl of Great Price is one of the cuts introduced here. The

heads of the merchantmen and the owner of the gem are fine; that of the slave, as we presume, in attendance upon the former, has certainly no pretension to beauty, and Mr. Millais evidently never intended it should aspire to such a quality. But what strikes us as the leading idea of this composition is the apparent distrust of each other manifested by the two principals of the group; the merchant grasps his bags of gold tightly in one hand, while he extends the other for the pearl: the seller seems unwilling to part with his treasure till the gold is in his possession. Perhaps a different reading is intended, and the latter is credulous to believe that he is to have so much real wealth in exchange for what, perhaps, he thinks of little value. The design will bear either interpretation, whatever the artist may have meant it should convey.

The heads, especially that of the "king," in the

Unmerciful Servant, introduced on this page, are exceedingly striking, and the grouping of the figures is very impressive and full of meaning. The Labourers of the Vineyard is one of the most original compositions in the volume, as it is also among the most suggestive. Mark the attitude of the man who holds out the penny before the "householder": how truly it expresses his dissatisfaction with the wages received. The parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins is represented by two illustrations: one, the five wise virgins going forth to meet the bridegroom; the other, the foolish virgins knocking, at the midnight hour, for admittance at the closed door of the house, while the storm beats pitilessly on their uncovered heads: both subjects are finely conceived. We do not remember to have seen at any time the Good Samaritan illustrated with more pathetic eloquence than in the design before us. Kneeling down by the side of the wounded man, he gently raises him from the ground to place him on the "beast" standing by: the posture of the two figures is most true to nature. A fine passage of landscape, through which the Levite is wending his way, forms an attractive background to the picture. This is immediately followed by the Importunate Friend; he is standing at the door of the householder, clad in a rough shaggy garment, while the man whom he has awoke from his slumbers offers the loaf of bread with one hand, and holds the other threateningly towards him. The man without a wedding garment in the parable of the Marriage Feast, is forcibly being taken from the banquet-table, the very impersonation of shame and guilt, while the guests stand up as in awe of the sentence pronounced against him. But there is a misquotation of the text with reference to the subject. St. Luke, to whom it is here ascribed, makes no mention of this incident in his version of the parable, but St. Matthew does—chap. 22, vers. 11, 12, 13. And, again, St. Luke speaks of a "great supper;" St. Matthew of the "marriage of the king's son."

The Lost Sheep must be placed among the best of these illustrations. The stray animal has been found amid a mass of wild, rocky scenery; in the foreground is the shepherd bearing it home on his shoulders; a huge vulture, disappointed of its prey, follows in the air. The other subjects, which we can only point out, are—the Wicked Husbandmen, the Lost Piece of Silver, the Prodigal Son, the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Unjust Judge, the Pharisee and Publican, and the Good Shepherd: each of these will bear comparison with the majority of those more specifically referred to.

In our former brief notice of this book, we spoke commendatorily of the manner in which Messrs. Dalziel had engraved the drawings. As in the case of the designs themselves, there are, doubtless, some persons who may object to their peculiar character; so also there may be some who would take exception to the style in which they are cut; but it must be remembered that the engraver follows the artist, whose work he cannot alter to any great extent, even were it necessary, or he felt inclined to do so. The style of these woodcuts certainly differs from the generality of such works; it approximates very closely to etching; there is in it but little of what is technically known as "cross-hatching." The lines are cut in bold parallels, and yet with great delicacy, and the shadowed portions are remarkable for their depth and solidity. As examples of the latter, we may notice the engraving of the Tares, the oxen in the Hidden Treasure, the Foolish Virgins, and others, where the work is as solid as if the graving-tool had never passed over the block, and yet the lines are perceptible enough on close examination. The heads, almost without exception, are finely engraved, some of them with extraordinary vigour and expression, as the head of Lazarus, of the two figures in the background of the Labourers of the Vineyard, of the "king" in the Unmerciful Servant, of the owner of the Pearl, of the man sowing Tares, &c. In a word, these "Illustrations of the Parables" are not pictures to be heedlessly looked at; they must be examined closely and considered thoughtfully to comprehend their true meaning, and to appreciate their real value as examples of Christian Art in the comparatively humble form of woodcuts.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE*.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore.

HAD the *Téméraire* never fired a shot against the enemy, or mingled in the strife and din of a deadly sea-fight, Turner's picture would have rendered her immortal. But she long "braved the battle and the breeze"—first, in the service of her original builders and owners, the French; and next, in the ranks of our own navy, after she had lowered her flag to the Union Jack, and been incorporated with the British fleets: hence the distinguished title she acquired of the "Fighting" *Téméraire*. In the battle of Trafalgar she took a most conspicuous part, under the command of Captain Eliab Harvey. She was a three-decker, mounting ninety-eight guns; and when Nelson, in the *Victory*, seemed determined to lead the attack on the combined forces of the enemy, some of his officers, knowing that he would thereby draw upon himself the whole weight of the enemy's fire, and unnecessarily endanger his life, expressed to him a hope that he would allow the *Téméraire*, then close astern, to go a-head. Nelson smiled significantly at his captain, Hardy, and replied—"Oh, yes! let her go a-head;" meaning, if she could. During the action, however, the two ships kept close company, and when the French—after Nelson had fallen, and a large portion of the *Victory's* crew had left the upper deck, on which a most destructive fire had been poured from the rigging of the *Redoubtable*—attempted to board the admiral's ship from the latter vessel, the *Téméraire* ran up alongside the Frenchman, lashed the bowsprit of the enemy's ship to the fore part of her own main rigging, and poured in such a tremendous broadside as to draw off her fire in a great measure from the *Victory*. This was scarcely done, when another French vessel, the *Fougueux*, thinking the *Téméraire* was so disabled as to fall an easy prey, steered up on the other side of her. She had not yet discharged her starboard broadside, and as soon as the *Fougueux* got within one hundred yards, every gun opened upon her. Crippled and confused, the Frenchman ran foul of the *Téméraire*, was immediately lashed to the spare anchor of the latter, and in ten minutes' time the British boarders were in possession of their antagonist. This was the last great exploit of the gallant *Téméraire*, which, if this action alone be considered, well merited her title of the "fighting." She was terribly cut up at Trafalgar, and her loss in killed and wounded was large.

This brilliant victory so entirely destroyed the strength of the French and Spanish navies that England was left without an enemy at sea to cope with her. The *Téméraire*, and many other ships of war, were put out of commission soon after the peace of 1815, and, in 1838, the former vessel, being no longer serviceable, was brought to Deptford dockyard to be broken up. Of this, her last voyage, Turner has made, perhaps, the grandest and most poetically-conceived picture that even he ever put on canvas, whether viewed as a composition or with respect to its general treatment. Mr. Ruskin, speaking of it, says:—"It is the last picture Turner ever painted with his perfect power. . . . I consider Turner's period of central power, entirely developed, and entirely unabated, to begin with the 'Ulysses' and to close with the 'Téméraire.'"

What can be more simple than the subject? and yet how full it is of imaginative material, suggested by the painter's poetically-constituted mind! How majestically the war-beaten vessel, with her masts still erect, and her yards trim and squared, moves on to her final doom, gently impelled by a grim steam-tug, small in size, but great in strength, and a type of the new power then coming into use to supersede the old. The sun, like the old ship, is setting in a blaze of glory, tinging the heavens and the river with hues of crimson, deep as the blood which aforetime stained the decks and sides of the noble *Téméraire*. High up in the sky is the crescent moon, another type, as we read it, significant of the new power, steam, which is to defy wind and tide. The picture is an epic poem of the loftiest character.

It was exhibited at the Academy in 1839, and is now in the Turner Collection at Kensington.

THE NEW STUDIO.

THE progress the Fine Arts have made of late in this country has been so great, and its professors have been so generously remunerated by the public, as to surpass anything to be met with in the past history of Art. The subsidiary branches have consequently received a corresponding impetus. Genius requires little stimulus, but there is a class of persons possessing talent and taste to whom the drawing-master may render essential service. Hitherto his efforts have been much neglected, and the drawing-master has failed to take the honourable position he ought to occupy.

To attain proficiency in the Fine Arts requires both acquaintance with principles, and skill in their practical application; in other words, the education of the eye—or, more correctly, the mind—and the training of the hand. Theoretical knowledge must precede manual dexterity. Books may, and can, teach the first; the second is only to be acquired by practice. To attempt to draw from nature, without previous preparation, is often to make sure of failure and disappointment; but it is remarkable how little previous "copying" is needed, if accompanied by a sound theoretical knowledge and intelligent instruction, to fit the student to draw from nature, and how still more readily the hand is taught sufficient skill in manipulation to prepare it to draw from a simple "model." This should be sufficiently large to illustrate the rudiments of perspective, and the laws of light and shade. The transition from this description of study to nature herself is comparatively easy, and the student at length almost imperceptibly learns to select, combine, and compose, with a reasonable ground of success. Thus, and thus only, can instruction in Art aspire to the dignity of a science, or claim the respect due to a "system."

These remarks have been suggested by a visit to the studio of Mr. W. Walker, of Manchester, where an attempt is being made to carry out the principles laid down by the late Mr. J. D. Harding, in his numerous and admirable publications. The difficulties felt by persons residing in large towns, far removed from the picturesque, have been in a great measure overcome, models from the most simple to the really complex being provided at a great sacrifice of money, time, and thought; the models are very large, composed of materials from nature, and in every case making a near approach to reality—are admirable studies for form, light and shade, and colour. The result has been most satisfactory so far, and it is no rash conjecture that what has been commenced in a provincial town will ultimately travel to the metropolis, and eventually work a complete change in the mode of giving instructions in drawing; by this method the mind and hand co-operate, knowledge is gained, taste improved, and talent is fostered.

How few there are who do not enjoy the beauties of nature, and fewer who do not take pleasure in her effects, when skilfully delineated. That the mind should have been so long permitted to remain in comparative ignorance of the principles in Art by which these delightful sensations have been produced, must be attributed in some measure to the worse than useless way in which the drawing-master has occupied himself: the pupil has been allowed to make bad copies from drawings placed before him (mechanically)—the result has been disgust and disappointment.

It is to be hoped that a knowledge of drawing will shortly form an essential branch of education, and that the cultivation of taste will be another step towards the perfection of civilisation.

[This account of Mr. Walker's studio was sent us by a correspondent perfectly competent to form a correct opinion of the subject on which he writes; but we remember Mr. Harding describing to us, some time back, Mr. Walker's models, and speaking of them in terms of unqualified approbation. Four or five years ago, we had brought to our notice a set of models of a similar kind, invented, we believe, by Mr. James Fahey, and which we described at the time; these are good of their kind, but far more limited, we apprehend, in size and variety, than those of Mr. Walker.—ED. A.-J.]

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BATH.—A correspondent who signs himself "One of the Students," has written to the *Bath Chronicle*, stating that the School of Art in that city is about to be closed "in consequence of a paltry debt of about £30 or £40 having been incurred." He pertinently adds that this "is a shame and disgrace to a city like ours." And, if this story be correct, we are of the same opinion.

CAMBRIDGE.—The annual examination of the students of the School of Art took place in February, when Mr. S. Hart, R.A., one of the Government Inspectors, awarded twenty-one medals, and made "honourable mention" of ten candidates. Miss M. E. C. Hitch gained three medals, and Miss A. Lenton two. Drawings by these ladies, by Miss Wiles, and by Mr. J. Turner, were selected for the National Competition. On the following evening the drawings of the pupils were exhibited in the School to a large number of visitors; and afterwards Mr. Hart delivered a lecture in the Town Hall, taking for his subject, "The Suggestions offered by the surrounding circumstances in Nature to the Painter." The chair was occupied by the Master of St. John's, and several members of the University were present. The lecturer prefaced his essay by some remarks on the satisfactory condition of the School, observing "that he had not examined one which had been more ably administered than this." The Cambridge School has now upward of 120 pupils, and also prospering branches at Ely, Huntingdon, and Royston.

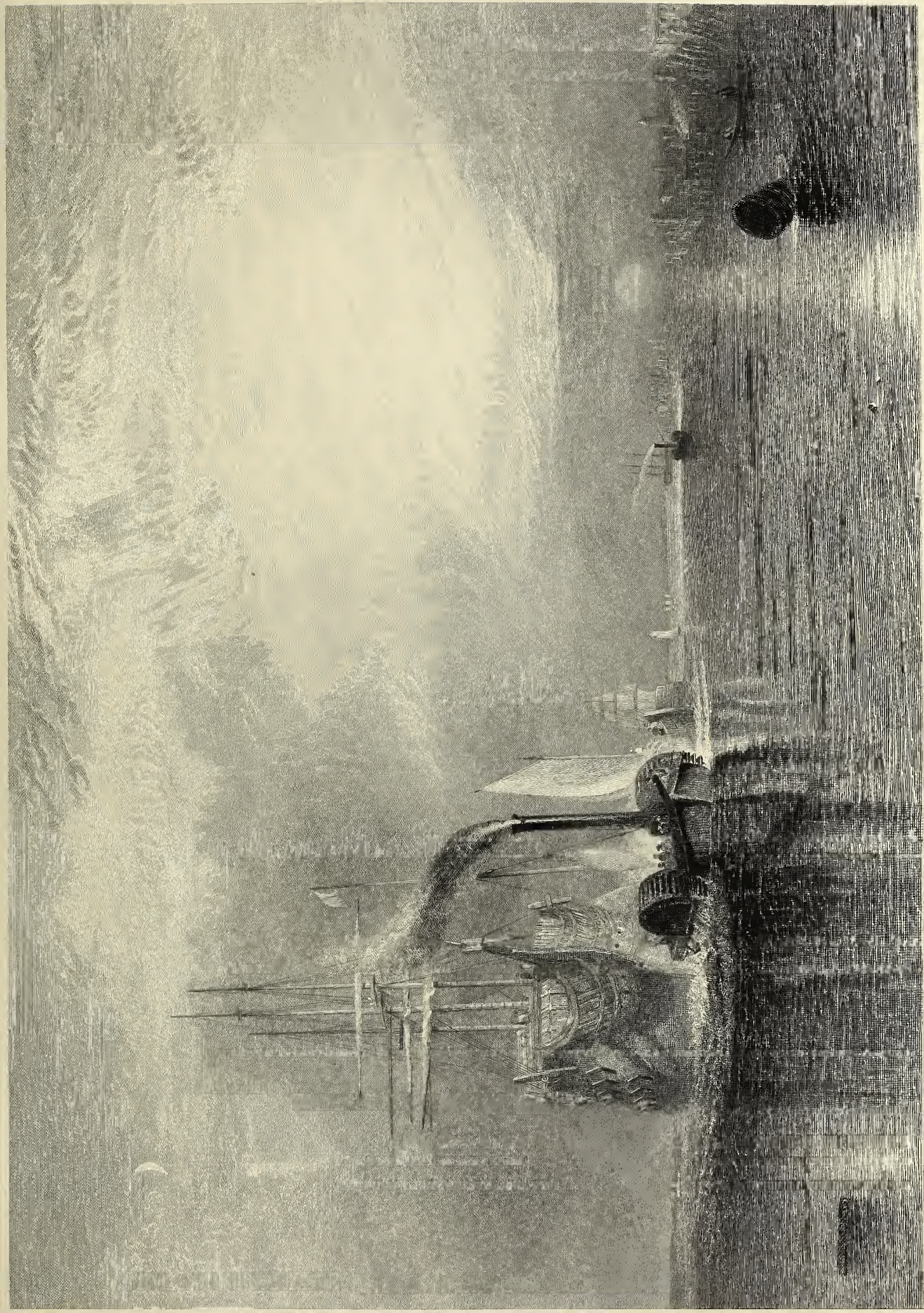
DONCASTER.—A School of Art is about to be opened in this town, under the superintendence of Mr. Swallow, head-master of the York School.

HANLEY.—At the recent annual examination of the students in the Hanley School of Art, by Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the government inspectors, twenty-five local medals were awarded, and a specimen of painting on porcelain, after Mulready, by Mr. E. Dunne, the successful competitor for the premium offered by the Society of Arts for porcelain painting, was selected for national competition. The prizes given by Mr. Alderman Copeland, M.P., and Mr. Grenfell, M.P., were also awarded.

LEEDS.—At the last annual meeting of the Leeds School of Art, the report states that the institution had been prosperous in every department; and notwithstanding the disadvantage of insufficient room for the accommodation of the more advanced students, their number was gradually increasing. During the last year 5,936 pupils received instruction through the agency of Mr. Walter Smith, head-master, and those under him: of this number, 5,001 belonged to the parochial schools. Twenty-nine medals were awarded, at the last examination, to the Central School, and six to each of two branches. The committee contemplates the immediate commencement of the new School of Art and Mechanics' Institute, to which government had made the maximum grant of £500. The balance sheet for last year shows a deficit of £78, consequent on the alteration of premises and the purchase of fittings; the latter are available for the new building. The annual subscriptions had increased from £35 to upwards of £70.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—The prizes offered by Mr. Bercsford-Hope, and by the committee of the School of Art in this town, to the students, have been recently awarded. The drawings and models, instead of being examined at home, have been forwarded to the head-quarters in London, in consequence of the school coming under the new regulations for payments to be made by results. We may remark here that Mr. Potter, M.P., has presented a petition to parliament, on behalf of the Carlisle school, in opposition to these new minutes; a subject referred to in another part of our Journal, in connection with the deputation that recently waited upon Earl Granville, for a parliamentary inquiry.

YORK.—A monumental tomb to the memory of the late Archbishop Musgrave, who died in 1860, has just been placed in the Ladye Chapel of York Minster. It is the work of Mr. J. Noble, of London, and takes the ordinary form of such memorials. A recumbent figure of the primate, attired in his episcopal robes, his hands folded over a Bible, rests upon a mattress, the head being supported upon a tasselled cushion: the whole is sculptured out of a large block of pure Carrara marble. The figure, with its accompaniments, is placed upon an elongated pedestal of Caen stone, divided into panels, each one having a quatrefoil, combined with the armorial bearings of Dr. Musgrave. Round the tomb are sixteen columns of alabaster of a reddish tint, surmounted by elaborately carved foliated capitals, the whole designed by Mr. Brandon, the architect.



J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINXT

J. T. WILLMORE, SCULPT

THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON JAMES S. VIGUE

ON THE ARTS EMPLOYED IN PRODUCING THE ESSENTIAL MATERIALS OF CLOTHING.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHER.

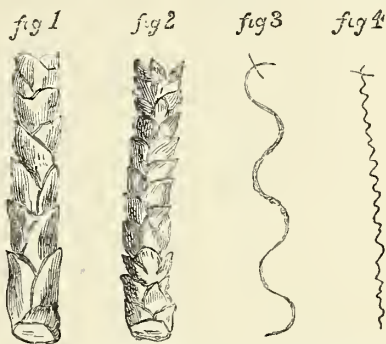
PART II.

BESIDES the sheep, there are a few other animals of primary importance, as producers of materials for textile fabrics; these are the alpaca, vicunia, the goat, the camel, and last, but by no means least, the silk-worm. We have arranged them in accordance with their affinity to the sheep, rather than in the sequence of their historical claims, and in that order will proceed to describe their respective properties.

The alpaca (*Llama alpaca* of the zoologists) is a native of the elevated and colder parts of the Peruvian Andes, where it is called *paco* by the natives, the term alpaca having been given it by the Spaniards, who added the Moorish prefix *Al* to its native name. It is a graceful and gentle animal, now pretty well known in this country, from the repeated, but so far unsuccessful, attempts to naturalise it. When the Spaniards invaded Peru, this animal and its allied varieties, or species, were of the utmost importance to the Peruvians, yielding them not only materials for clothing and food, the same as our sheep, but performing also the part of beasts of burthen, for which they are most admirably adapted by their great size, strength, and lightness and sureness of foot, so necessary in mountain regions. Much care was used by the ancient Peruvians in the selection or stapling of the wool. It was sorted into three qualities: the finest was spun into yarn, and woven by men into cloths of exquisite softness, for the use of the Incas, and their families and friends; the second was spun and woven by women into a fine cloth called *cumpi*, which formed the clothing of the nobles and the wealthy classes; and the third was also worked into cloth by women, under the name of *havasca*. The texture of these fabrics was so superior to those worn by the Spanish invaders, that their envy was excited thereby, and it became one of the most anxious desires of Philip II. to introduce these beautiful and useful creatures into Spain; but in this he did not succeed; it was reserved for British enterprise to introduce both the animal and its fleece to Europe, and to give to the latter a practical commercial importance. A grim interest is attached to the only specimens of ancient alpaca cloths and wool which have been discovered: the former have been found in tombs, in the form of shawls around the shoulders of female corpses, fastened in front with silver bodkins, or, in the case of humbler individuals, with the long thorns of some tree; the wool itself has been found in the tombs under circumstances which prove that the corpse was placed on a couch stuffed with this material, probably the same which was used as a bed by the individual when living.

The colours of the alpaca are very distinct and clear; they are black, white, grey, brown, dark brown, and light brown, or fawn; and, when well scoured and woven, they surpass any similar colours produced by dyeing, hence great care is taken in keeping each colour, and shade of colour, distinct, so that patterns, such as stripes, plaids, &c., can be woven in the natural colours, and fabrics of great beauty are produced. Unfortunately the demon of cheapness leads too frequently to the substitution of dyed wools in the place of these, and the result, although pleasing when the price is paid, by no means equals expectation after a short use. Another

quality of the alpaca wool is its extreme softness, and a pleasing though not very bright lustre. When speaking of sheep's wool, we said that of the alpaca partook of the nature of hair and wool; it does so in being much less crisp, and although not straight, it is waved in much larger curves than in wool. Figs. 3 and 4 show the relative curvings of alpaca and sheep's wool, and Figs. 1 and 2 show their scaly structure. The portions represented in these two figures are equal to the small portions marked off at top, Figs. 3 and 4; it will thus be seen that



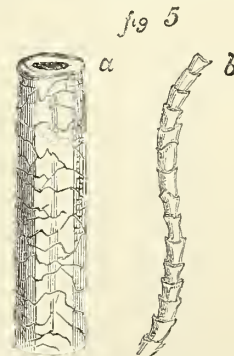
the scales and the curves are both much larger and, consequently, less numerous, in alpaca wool than in that of the sheep.

This produces so great a difference in the woven fabrics, that the alpaca more nearly resembles silken than woollen cloths; and it is peculiarly adapted to light and elegant manufactures, in which softness and a small amount of warmth are required. Such fabrics are supplied by the looms of Halifax, Bradford, and Saltaire—indeed the last-mentioned place is a town which has arisen entirely upon the manufacture of this material. Mr. Titus Salt was the first to develop the manufacture of alpaca wool, about fifteen years ago, and his large and magnificent works now form the centre of the town named after him, and which has sprung up in consequence of his most successful speculation. The Messrs. Foster and Sons, of Black Dyke, near Halifax, have also magnificent mills, giving employment to fifteen or sixteen hundred people, and in beauty of designs and excellence of fabric competing most successfully in the foreign markets with the previously-mentioned firm. Alpaca fabrics of the highest class are amongst the most beautiful productions of our looms, and the manufacture is especially, and almost exclusively, English, except that a certain quantity of yarn of our manufacture is exported to the Continent. Nevertheless, the great consumption of the fabrics is not in Great Britain; France, Italy, Germany, and America, especially South America, are our chief customers, it being particularly suitable to climates less severe than our own.

The allied species (*Llama vicugna*), which yields the vicugna, or vicunia wool, is not so well known, nor is its fleece so much used; it is also an inhabitant of the Peruvian Alps, where, unlike its congener, it has ever roamed untamed, and beyond man's power to domesticate. This alone is sufficient to ensure its rarity, for, like the chamois of the European Alps, its wild and shy habits, and its fleetness, render it necessary that the sportsman shall be both courageous and skilful, to follow it to its haunts and get within shooting range. It has been brought to Europe, and in our Zoological Gardens and other places has shown that, under proper care, it is not very difficult to domesticate it. The general colour of the wool is a pretty fawn, or light brown, and it possesses a most remarkable softness to the touch. White ones occur, but very rarely; the first were discovered by the Spaniards in

1799, on the ridges of the Andes, above the snow line at San Antonio de Lipes, and a few others have been observed since. For some time after the conquest of Peru, cloth made of vicunia wool was extremely fashionable in Madrid and in France, but its costliness limited its use entirely to court dresses. Great restrictions were placed on the export of the wool from Peru by the Spanish authorities, and in 1636 a royal ordinance expressly forbids its export to any country but Spain, in that decree the prohibitory laws of our own country are quoted as a reason for this exclusiveness. England has left such laws in the very horizon of the past; Spain remains rigidly moored to them, but has lost control over the products of Peru, which are every year rising in importance. The Peruvians, at the time of the conquest, obtained the vicunia wool by the slaughter of the animals, and this was effected by hunting and driving them into enclosures; they styled these hunts *chacos*, and they were favourite field sports of the natives, being regulated by especial laws established by the Incas. The wool is still obtained in the same way; but instead of that courtly race of nobles whose *chacos* resembled the *battues* of European courts, before the days when the champions of the Cross deluged the land with human blood, there now remains but a few semi-barbarous half-breed Indians to track the vicunia, and collect its wool for European manufacturers. France for more than a century has used a small quantity of vicunia wool, and has made great but unsuccessful efforts to naturalise the animal. The wool now chiefly comes to England; and as it is suitable to the same machinery as alpaca and mohair, our manufacturers have an advantage which they are turning to good account. The fabrics made from vicunia wool are exquisitely soft to the touch, but they want the lustre and variety of colour of the alpacas, and this, with the very limited supply, renders its applications of minor importance.

The patient camel which carries the tent and the whole worldly possessions of its Arab master across the desert plains, also furnishes the material for that tent, and for much of its master's clothing. The camel is closely allied to the sheep and alpaca; indeed, the latter in size and general appearance holds an intermediate position, appearing to connect together the small sheep with the larger camel; but we are more accustomed to hear of camel-hair than of camel-wool, the former being chiefly used in this country, and its application to the manufacture of artists' hair-pencils being familiar to us from earliest childhood. The camel, however, is well clad with wool, amongst which the hairs are scattered, and when shorn, the hairs have to be carefully picked out by hand from the much more abundant wool. The former of these is



straight, cylindrical, without a scaly surface, but with markings indicating a rudimentary scaly structure, Fig. 5, a: the latter has all the distinctive characters of sheep's wool,

namely, a crisp waviness and semi-detached scales, giving the surface a serrated appearance, Fig. 5, *b*. It is generally of an uniform reddish brown colour, and sometimes of a mouse-colour: occasionally a white variety is reared in Persia, which is much valued. It is very soft, equalling many good sorts of sheep's wool, but inferior in this respect to the silky alpaca wool. Of course it is easily spun and felted. The thick woolly covering of the camel serves the opposite purpose to that of the sheep dwelling in cold or temperate climates, for as a non-conductor of heat, it keeps the creature cool, and protects him from the burning heat of the sun. Once a year it is cast naturally, and replaced by a new growth. At the casting time the Arabs and Tartars who collect the wool pull it off the animal; it is never shorn as in the case of the sheep. There is much difference in quality, according to the age of the animal, and other circumstances, and the coarser kinds from the older animals are used for inferior purposes. Possibly the employment of this material may be as old as that of sheep's wool. Ctesias, a Greek physician in the employ of Xenophon, writing in the fifth century B.C., distinctly says, that in Persia the priests and other high dignitaries were clad in robes of camel-hair, which was as soft as the celebrated fleeces of Miletus. In the New Testament we read in Matthew, "And the same John had his garment of camel-hair;" and in Mark, "And John was clothed with camel's hair;" and these allusions to the nature of his clothing are clearly for the purpose of indicating the common and unpretending nature of the material. Those rich brown cloths used for awnings, tent-covers, and for bournouses by the natives of North Africa and parts of Egypt, which harmonise so admirably with the arid scenery, and are consequently so very picturesque, are made of this material, which is never dyed. Our brave soldiers, too, became very familiar with it in the brown cloths of the Russian uniforms in the Crimea; for this last purpose vast quantities are manufactured by the Tartar women of the Crimea, and large imports take place from Chinese Tartary into Russia and China, where it is also worn. Fine and inferior cloths of camel-wool are manufactured at the Roomiantsof Factory, in Korsun, government of Simbirsk, for the use of the officers and men of the Russian army; the former, which are called *vigogne*, a corruption of *vicunia*, are extremely fine and soft, and closely resemble in colour and texture the vicunia cloths, which were so much in vogue amongst the gallants of the courts of Madrid and Versailles at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. In this country it has been a little used during the last ten or twelve years, and some exceedingly beautiful fabrics have been made of it, but they are by no means common, and even the wearers are probably unconscious that they are wearing camel-hair cloth.

The only other animal whose wool is extensively used for clothing purposes is the goat, but not the common goat of our hills and mountains; it is the variety inhabiting Nepal and Thibet, called the Changra, or greater shawl goat. It is domesticated in Thibet, and is an object of great consideration with the natives, who pay much attention to its culture. The body generally is covered with long hair, which is mixed with an undergrowth of remarkably fine wool. This wool is the great object of the husbandman's care, and it is pulled off at the proper season and sent to the manufacturers in Kashmir, where it is worked up into those shawls which for ages have been regarded as miracles of beauty and fineness. Eastern writers have exhausted their luxuriant language in describing these Art-productions of the beautiful

valley. In the Mahá-Bhárata, a Sanscrit book written 200 years B.C., the tribute which was brought to Gundeshthira, the eldest of the Panda princes, is described as consisting of woollen shawls embroidered with gold.

Of such importance were those shawls in the reign of the Great Mogul, Emperor Jelâ-leddin Mohammed Akbar, that he gave personally much attention to their manufacture; and Mr. Francis Gladwin's celebrated translation of the statistical account of the empire by Akbar's grand vizier, Abulfazl, in his work called "Ayeen-Akbery," gives us very interesting particulars concerning the precious shawls. Thus, for instance:—"His Majesty has ordered four kinds of shawls to be made. First, *Toos affee* (grey affee), which is the wool of an animal of this name, whose natural colour in general is grey, inclining to red, though some are perfectly white, and these shawls are incomparable for lightness, warmth, and softness. Formerly they were made of wool in its natural state, but his Majesty has had some of them dyed, and it is surprising that they will not take a red colour. Second, *Sufed-aleheh* (white aicha), which they also call *Terehdar*. The natural colours of the wool are white or black, and they weave three sorts, white, black, and grey. Formerly there were not above three or four different colours for shawls, but his Majesty has made them of different hues. Third, *Zerdozee* (gold-leaved), and others, as *Goolabum* (rose-body), *Keshedeh* (worked, probably embroidered), *Kulgha* (pine-shaped), *Bandhemim** (spotted), *Cheet* (like chintz), *Aleeh* and *Perdzar* (with a nap). Fourth, from being in short pieces he had them made long enough for *jamehs* (or gown-pieces). The shawls are classed according to the day, month, year, price, colour, and weight, and this manner of classing is called *Missel*. The Mushrif after examination mark the quality of each on paper affixed to its corner. All those brought into the palace on the day of Ormuzd of the month Ferirdin (10th March) are preferred to those received afterwards of the same fineness, weight, and colour, and each is written down in order.

"Every day there are received into the store the following kinds:—*Toos*, grey; *Sefed*, white; *Lakereen*, red-golden; *Navengce*, orange; *Gulpumbek*, rose cotton; *Sendeley*, sandalwood; *Badamee*, almond; *Arghuwanee*, bright red; *Anaby*, musk perfumed; *Assely*, pure; *Gulkasnee*, cock's-comb colour; *Sibeky*, light; *Alifee*, marked with alifs, or sprigs; *Festoky*, sea-green; *Perzhgul*, a Turkish wood; *Goolkhear*, spotted; *Nczybereen*, spear-head pattern; *Asmany*, sky colour; *Goolabee*, rose; *Kulghy*, pine-shaped; *Aby*, watered; *Zytoony*, olive-coloured; *Segecy*, liver-coloured; *Zemroody*, emerald; *Benefsa*, violet; *Fakhleh*, ring-dove coloured; and from this account of one day may be formed an idea of what is done in the course of a year.

"Formerly shawls were but rarely brought from Kashmir, and those who had them used to wear them over the shoulder in four folds, so that they lasted for a long time. His Majesty has introduced the custom of wearing two shawls, one under the other, which is a considerable addition to their beauty.

"By the attention of his Majesty, the manufacture in Kashmir is in a very flourishing state, and in Lahore there are upwards of a thousand manufactories of this commodity. They also make an imitation of shawl with the warp of silk and the woof of wool, and this kind is called *mayan*. Of both kinds are made turbans."

This slightly altered quotation from the "Ayeen-Akbery," written shortly after the

* Probably the origin of the familiar Bandanna handkerchiefs; and the following word, *Cheet*, as likely originated the chintz of modern times.

middle of the sixteenth century, gives a vivid idea of this remarkable manufacture; and taking this in connection with the allusion to these shawls in the much earlier writing, Mahá-Bhárata, above mentioned, and the fact that they are still the most costly garments in the world, we have a most striking proof that fashion has no chance against even a garment which is conceived in good taste, and which bears unmistakable evidence of high artistic merit both in colour and in design. The finest Kashmir shawls are often sold for from 1,500 to 2,000 rupees, or £150 to £200, at the manufactories; whilst the best European imitations will rarely fetch a fourth of that sum.

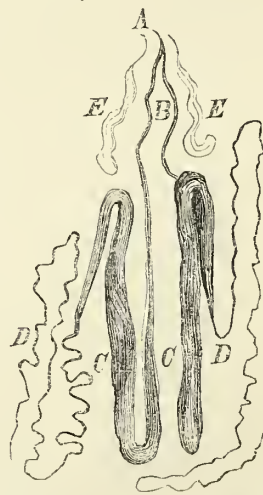
Another kind of goat's wool, called *mohair*, derived from the Angora variety of the common goat, has been very largely imported of late years, and in the length of its staple and its silky softness, it greatly resembles alpaca; it has, however, a much brighter lustre. Its colour is a beautiful white; indeed, properly held by the side of silk, it would not be easy to distinguish one from the other.

The Angora goat is a native of the mountains in the interior of Asia Minor, in the neighbourhood of Angora, the Ancyra of the ancients, and it must be raised in vast numbers, as the quantity of wool consumed by this country alone is very large. The Turks also use it largely; indeed, the fine white woollen cloths formerly known as camlets, were of Oriental origin, and received their name from being made of yarn spun from this wool, which in Arabia is called *Chamal*, "fine." The skins are also very valuable, as when properly tanned they constitute the real morocco leather.

These are the chief wool-producing animals which contribute to form the clothing of mankind: many others, however, are useful, and are used for the same purpose. It is not, however, within the scope of the present article to notice their points of interest: the only other animal fibre we shall describe is the very important one, silk, which is of a totally different nature to those already mentioned.

Silk, the most beautiful of all fibres used for weaving, is an animal secretion, peculiar to the division of the animal kingdom to which insects belong, though not to insects themselves, because spiders, which belong to another order of the articulate division, are also provided with an analogous secretion. The general history of the silk-worm is too well known to need description here, but it is necessary to describe the peculiar organs which yield this marvellous produce, which

fig 6

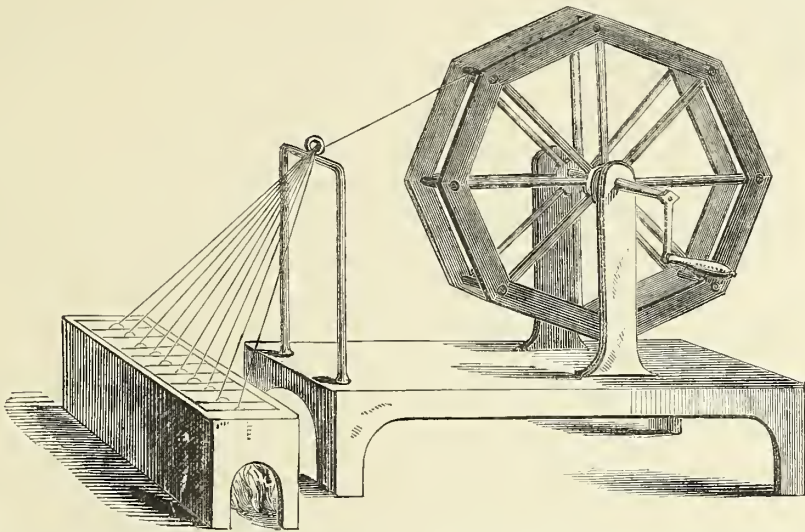


is only found in the larva or caterpillar state of the animal, and is not limited to one, but is common to many species of insects, all

belonging to the order, *Lepidoptera*, or Butterflies, and to that division of the order which are commonly called *moths*. The silk-secreting moths are all furnished with the glands called by physiologists, *sericteria*, which are of very large size, being at the time just previous to the emission of silk, equal, in the common and some other silk-worms, to a

third of the whole body. These curious glands are represented in Fig. 6, which shows them as they appear when removed from the body, and washed free of fatty and other adherent matters. Of course these organs lie much more compactly *in situ*. The true *sericteria* or reservoirs of secreted silk are shown at c c. The portions which have the

fig 7



secreting power are the convoluted tubes, d d, which are placed on the surface of the thicker glandular parts, and they draw up from the alimentary canal the necessary elements of the silk, which is, when in the *sericteria*, a very fluid matter. b shows the delivery-tubes of the glands, joining together in the throat of the animal, and forming one open point, a,

which is called the *spinneret*, and through this, which is an inconceivably small opening, the silk is emitted, and hardens instantly on exposure; but, before it passes from the mouth, it receives a coating of saliva from the salivary glands, e e, which has a peculiar gummy character, and remains adhesive for a short time after its emission; hence, when



fig 8



fig 9

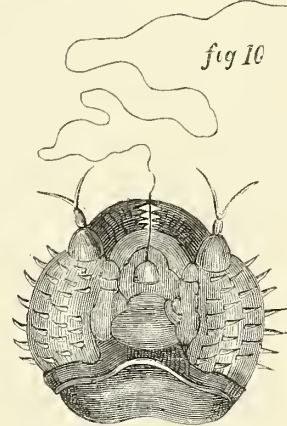
the animal passes the thread of silk round and round, and backwards and forwards in spinning its cocoon, the thread adheres wherever it touches another portion, and in the end the whole is firmly connected together. This gummy saliva plays a very important part in the economic history of the silk; for, as silk is one continuous thread, and is wound

off as such from the cocoon, and is not only much too thin, but probably much too smooth for the weaver's purpose, therefore it is usual to wind off a number, usually ten or twelve at a time, and for this purpose they are put into a basin of hot water, which softens the gum and thus liberates the thread. The fibres of all the cocoons being brought together

soon after leaving the hot water, adhere, and form one twisted thread, still finer than a hair, and this is carried so far as to harden and dry by exposure to the air before it reaches the reel upon which it is wound; without this precaution the thread would adhere on the reel, and spoil the whole winding. The water in the basin or vessel which holds the cocoons is kept hot with a few pieces of burning charcoal placed below it, as seen in Fig. 7, which gives the whole arrangement of one of the simplest contrivances, such as is used in India, China, Japan, and many parts of Italy. Much more complete mechanism is in use in France, and is gradually making its way in other silk-producing countries of Europe.

There is a peculiarity about the cocoon itself which needs explanation, in order to understand all the applications of silk. When the caterpillar begins to spin its silken house, it chooses some suitable position; this naturally is amongst the smaller twigs of the trees upon which it lives; but in the domesticated state a variety of arrangements are made to meet this want, amongst which a very common one is a small dry branch, as in Figs. 8 and 9, which show one begun and one finished. It begins its work by emitting the silken thread in an adhesive state from its mouth, Fig. 10—which

fig 10



gives a view of the underside of the head, and the silk issuing from the mouth—and attaching it to a point in the extreme circumference of the intended cocoon; its body is so poised that it can move its head and the fore part of its body freely in every direction; it therefore makes out a thin outline with threads wide apart, and gradually working on the inside, distributes them closer and closer together, until it gets to what may be called the second layer of silk, which is arranged much more evenly, and with the threads closely and compactly wound one within the other, shutting out light and air almost. This seems to exhaust the best portion of the silk, for there occurs a third layer, which is of a different texture, being finer, and so compactly adherent as to form a sort of bag not unlike the husk of a grape, and very tough, and downy both inside and out. The French *sericulturists* call the outermost layer *La Veste*, the middle or principal one, *Du Paquet*, and the innermost one, *Du Duvet*. Examined externally, the cocoons indicate no such divisions except in some varieties in which the *veste* is very loose; usually they present the appearance shown in Fig. 11, which represents four varieties of good Italian cocoons. In all cases the *veste* portion must be removed before beginning to wind, and it is taken off with care by the operator, who scratches it off with a little instrument made for the purpose; it is thrown aside in a lumpy condition, from its wet gummy state causing it to stick together whilst in the workmen's fingers; the *paquet* is then wound off, and the remaining *duvet* is thrown aside with the *veste*. These, under the name of *silk-waste*,

were formerly of no use except for packing material, or for cleaning machinery, &c. They are now turned to admirable uses, being carded like wool, and afterwards spun into yarn, and

then woven into excellent fabrics, which are soft and durable as well as cheap. This application of silk-waste has been of great value to this country, where it has been

fig 11



largely developed with great profit to our manufacturers.

The silk wound off from the *paquet* is, as before described, always made up of several cocoons, and although even then far finer than a hair, is much loaded with the gummy saliva, which makes the fibre harsh and irregular; hence it has to pass through another operation called *throwing*, by a class of operatives who are called *silk throwsters*. Their work consists in unwinding the skeins of *raw silk*, the result of the first winding, and passing the fibre through small smooth apertures, which cleanse it as it runs through to the reel upon which it is wound. Silk so treated is called *dumb-singles*, and of it gauze, blonde, common silk handkerchiefs, and other fabrics are made. If in addition to the above processes it is twisted, or, as it is called, *thrown*, it is then called *thrown singles*, and is used for plain-woven silks, called broadstuffs, and for plain ribbons, &c.; but if instead of the one thread being twisted or thrown, two are treated in this way, or *doubled*, it constitutes *tram silk*, which is used for the finest silk fabrics, such as velvets, Gros de Naples, brocades, &c., but

only for the weft in the richest fabrics, the warps consisting of the silk advanced another stage, namely, to *organzine*, which is the raw silk first cleaned, then rewound, then spun or twisted, then doubled, and then again thrown or twisted so as to resemble, under a magnifying-glass, a rope of several strands. These terms are all familiar in commerce, and are not a little puzzling to those who seek for information concerning them. The weaving of silk is like that of other fibrous materials, but its exceeding beauty enables the artisan to produce fabrics of greater variety; thus, besides the plain-woven silk, we have satin, glacés, moirés, velvets, plushes, reps, and a vast host of less easily-defined sorts, many of which have some unmeaning shop name as their chief distinction. Satins are woven so that only as many of the warp threads are brought to the surface of the fabric as will hold the weft together; thus a large proportion of the latter is laid on the top of the web, and has its fine silky lustre unbroken by the alternate crossings of the warp, as in the transverse section shown in Fig. 12, where the continuous line represents the warp,

fig 12



and the round dots sections of the weft threads; every thread of the warp is in turn brought in, so that the fabric is strong and compact. In plain weaving, such as broad-

stuffs, Gros des Naples, &c., the weft regularly alternates with the warp, as in Fig. 13. In *glacés* the weft is white and the warp coloured, and as the silk is semi-transparent,

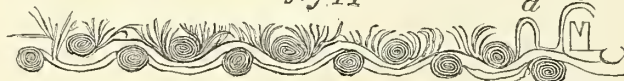
fig 13



the white is reflected through the coloured silk, and gives that icy brilliancy peculiar to those fabrics. If, however, a coloured weft is used of a different tint to that employed in the warp, then the one colour is reflected through the other, and produces the peculiar appearance called *shot*. If a thick cotton weft is used with a silk warp, each shoot is ridged or fold-like; hence the French term *repli*, which our drapers have converted into *rep*. If a piece of woven silk be sprinkled with water, and folded so as to keep the

wetted surfaces together, and then submitted to great pressure between rollers, it receives the peculiar *watered* appearance which is the distinguishing feature of silks called *moirés*. In velvets and plushes (*peluche*, French), besides the ordinary warp and weft thread, there is a second warp, the threads of which are placed so as to alternate with the ordinary ones, but they are arranged so loosely that between every shoot of the weft they can all be taken up and made to form loops (Fig. 14, *a*) over a small grooved rod of brass (Fig. 14, *b*)

fig 14



which is inserted. When the whole of the loops across the web are made, the brass rod is covered; the weaver then takes a small knife and runs it along the small groove on the top of the brass rod, and thus cuts through the middle of the loops, leaving each as two free ends. These constitute the pile of the velvet. Plush is made on the same principle, although some of the details differ, especially the size of the loops, which are made on a much deeper piece of brass; hence the pile is very much longer, and lies down like hair on a skin; besides which it is not taken up so

regularly as in velvet. In addition to these varieties of surface, which are not confined to silk fabrics, although best adapted for them, the extreme brilliancy of the colours which can be imparted to silk renders it *par excellence* the material best suited for surface decoration, either by ornamental or pattern weaving, such as figured stuffs, brocades, or raised patterns, or by embroidery, and nothing gives such fine scope to the taste of the designer. Hence, too, silk is, of all other materials, the most elegant, and with proper management the most picturesque.

Its history is remarkable, for although known from very remote times by the Chinese, it was comparatively late in coming to the knowledge of Europeans. In the Bible silk is mentioned in Ezekiel xvi. 10, 13, but scholars are generally agreed that there is no proof that the word in the original rendered *silk* in the translation really means it, and strong reasons exist for supposing it does not; and two other allusions—one in Genesis and the other in Proverbs—are still less admissible. The best Hebraists assert that it is never mentioned at all in the original. The Chinese claim the discovery of the use of silk, and place its date as far back as 2,600 years B.C. They give the credit of it to a lady, the Empress Si-Ling, wife of Hoang-Ti; her name is not improbably the origin of the word silk. Du Halde, in his "History of China," says, after this important discovery, the cultivation of the silk-worm and the preparation of the thread formed an agreeable pastime for the empresses and their court ladies and attendants. From a passage in Aristotle, *Hist. Animal*, v. c. 19, p. 850, Duval Edit., we learn that silk, but not silk-worms, were introduced into Europe in the fourth century B.C., and that the fair fingers of Pamphile, daughter of Plates, were the first to weave it. This was in the island of Cos, and for a long time after, the silken fabrics from the Coan looms were held in very high esteem. But they were very rare and costly, and had made so little way, that when the Romans saw the silken banners of the Parthians, 54 B.C., they regarded them as marvels of costly Art. From this time, however, silk is frequently mentioned, but only in such a way by poets and historians as to show that it was the greatest of all luxuries in dress. From the time of Virgil until that of Pliny, almost every author alludes to Cos as the source of all the most beautiful fabrics; and it is evident that great taste and nice Art were brought to bear in making them. Moreover, it is equally clear that they were constructed like gauze, and frequently mixed with threads of gold; thus Tibullus writes—

"Illa gerat vestes tennes, quas foemina Coa
Texuit, auratus disposuit que vias."

And Horace, in Satire I, ii., 101, writes—

"Cois tibi pæne videre est,
Ut nudam."

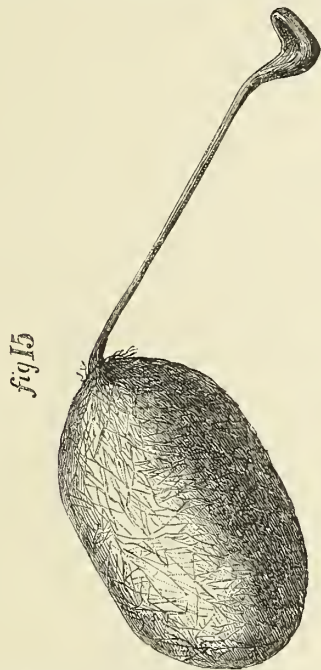
("As if unclod'd, she stands confess'd
In a translucent Coan vest.")

In the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, A.D. 270, silk was worth its weight in gold, and on that account he refused his wife a silken shawl; nor would he wear the costly material himself, although silken garments had been the especial pride of his predecessors.

Until the time of the Emperor Justinian, A.D. 530, no silk had been raised in Europe; but under the promise of a reward from him, two monks succeeded in introducing the eggs from China, it is said in the hollow of their walking-sticks; and being successful in rearing them, they rapidly increased, and have ever since formed an important part of the wealth of Europe, thriving, however, only in certain localities, chiefly in Italy, where the culture of the silk-worm and of its food, the white mulberry, is carried on upon a vast scale. And it is needed, for when it is remembered to what an extent silk is now used, by almost all classes of women, and to some extent by men,—and when it is also borne in mind that it requires the work of at least three thousand insects to make one silk gown,—it will not excite surprise that this country alone consumes more than fifteen millions of pounds of *raw silk*, that is, silk of the first winding, which represents one hundred and eighty million pounds of the cocoons before winding. Italy alone produces over

five millions of pounds of *raw silk*, and under its improved political condition this branch of its industry is largely increasing.

It is not within the limits of this article to enter into full details of the history of silk and the silk-worm; hence we omit the mention of the other species of silk-worms which have excited the attention of sericulturists of late. Suffice it to say that no very satisfactory results have yet been obtained, except in the case of the large wild species of India, the tusseh-moth, the cocoon of which, Fig. 15, is four times as large as



the average size of the common silk-worm. It is collected from certain trees, to which it is attached by a curious stalk with a ring, as seen in the engraving. The thread is coarse, but for some purposes it answers well, and makes a good and durable material, used for lining coats, &c.

A complete history of the silk-worm and its congeners would be as full of interest as the most exciting narrative; and no romance can rival in strangeness the fact that the secretion of two glands in the body of a small caterpillar yields the most coveted and most beautiful material, in which the fairest part of creation delights to be clad. Verily

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ROTTERDAM has lost its greatest ornament—its museum. On the night of the 16th of February, a fire broke out in the upper story of the building, and in a few hours the valuable collection of paintings, porcelain, &c., was destroyed by the flames. In 1847, Judge Boymans, of Utrecht, bequeathed to the city of Rotterdam his collection of paintings, which, though amounting only to twelve in number, were of great value, and were accepted by the municipality as the nucleus of a museum which it was determined to form. A liberal sum was voted by the town council for the purchase of pictures, &c.; and, as time passed on, the collection considerably augmented, till it amounted to four hundred and fifty paintings and numerous rare specimens of Japanese porcelain. Among the former were four by Backhuysen, one by Jan (Velvet) Breughel, three by Crayer, five by Cuypp, two by Durer, one by Hobbima, three by Koekock, one by Frans. Mieris, four by Mirevelt, two by Ostade, one by Paul Potter, three by Jacob Ruysdael, five by Schelfhont, four by Jan Steen, three by David Teniers, two by Adrian Van de Velde, two by Rembrandt, two by Weenix, three by Philip, and two by Peter, Wouvermann. The fire progressed so rapidly that only one hundred and fifty paintings were saved, many of them in a damaged state. The basement hall was used for the School

of Design, and all the models, &c., of that institution, as well as the sculpture in the museum, and the Japanese porcelain, were destroyed. The building was erected in 1662, and during many years was the palatial residence of the counts of Schieland; it was moreover associated with many interesting historical events. The collection was insured for £25,000—a sum much below the value of the treasures destroyed. Probably had the fire-engines been of a less defective character a much greater number of the paintings might have been saved. The cause of this calamity is at present unknown.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE LATE J. D. HARDING.

SIR,—You have always justly admired, and given prominence in your Journal to, the works of this eminent artist, and I feel no apology need be offered for addressing you on a subject which I am certain you will do your utmost to promote.

I would respectfully suggest that every teacher of drawing and every Art-student should be solicited to subscribe a small sum—say a half-crown each—for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of this distinguished painter, whose life was so usefully employed in promoting Art-education both at home and abroad. Such a proposition once made, will unquestionably meet with favour from one end of the kingdom to the other, and I know of no better medium than *The Art-Journal*, with its wide circulation, for soliciting the aid necessary for the object proposed.

Penzance.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

[The proposition of our correspondent is one that ought to receive wide and cordial support; and there is no reason why the subscription should be limited to the sum mentioned in his letter, from those who can afford, and are disposed, to give more. The artist who has done so much as Mr. Harding did to spread the knowledge of Art throughout the world, deserves such a record of his services as is here suggested.—ED. A-J.]

CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

SIR,—Under the head of "Canadian Photographs," in your February number of *The Art-Journal*, you make mention of R. S. Duncanson as a Canadian artist. He was born in Ohio, of Scotch parentage, and has resided in Cincinnati up to the present time, with the exception of a short interim spent in Italy and this country; he is therefore an American artist, and *not* Canadian, as you have by mistake named him. He painted the 'Lotos-Eaters' in 1861; after exhibiting it in companionship with 'The Tornado,' the two were sent to Canada for view, *en route* for this country. By an accidental circumstance he was unable to carry out his intentions, and the two paintings have remained in Toronto, Canada West, till, I believe, the present time. They are both large pictures, about seven feet by four. 'The Tornado' depicts the fearful ravages of a western tornado, sweeping in wild havoc across the prairies and forests of Illinois and Indiana—full of force, truth, and good colouring. Besides these he has lately—within these two or three years—painted a replica of the 'Lotos-Eaters,' a view of Niagara, 'The Prairie on Fire,' and 'Enone,' an ideal view of the Vale of Ida, Mount Gargarus, and the Trojan city in the far distance. This I consider his finest work. All these paintings are of nearly the same dimensions as the 'Lotos-Eaters.' He has also painted several views on the upper waters of the Mississippi, and the 'Falls of Minnehaha,' and a few small scenes from the ideal. For all these paintings he has, to my knowledge, made no preliminary sketches, but works out the design in his brain, and then places it by his brush on the canvas. He is one of the most rapid painters I have met with; his largest works have been begun and finished in ten days, perhaps not at work on them only, but on others during the same time. Several of his works were purchased, I believe, by the Marquis of Westminster. When I left Cincinnati in last May, he then fully intended coming to this country for a home, bringing his large paintings with him for exhibition.

EDWARD RADFORD.

Irlam, near Congleton.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.

THE note appended to a short paragraph in our last number, referring to the severe illness of Mr. Dyce, announced his death: it took place at his residence at Streatham on the 14th of February. In him the country has lost a painter who had a consummate knowledge of his Art, and a reverence for its highest expression; and the Royal Academy has lost a member whose general qualifications added dignity to the whole body, and aided in no slight degree to uphold its position among the learned societies of Great Britain. We are not prepared to say whether, had Mr. Dyce survived Sir Charles L. Eastlake, he would have been elected to succeed him in the president's chair, but certainly there is no one among the academicians who, on the ground of fitness, could have put forth a stronger claim to the suffrages of the members.

Those of our readers who may feel interested in the history of this artist and his works, will find it sketched out at considerable length in *The Art-Journal* for October, 1860, Mr. Dyce himself having furnished the writer with such memoranda as the latter required for his purpose. Since that year he exhibited only once at the Academy, in 1861, when he sent 'George Herbert at Bemerton,' and 'A Portrait,' the former picture received ample comment from us at the time of its appearance.

It is now nearly sixteen years since he commenced the series of frescoes, illustrating the legend of King Arthur, in the Queen's Robing Room in the Houses of Parliament. The subjects completed are 'Religion,' or the vision of Sir Percival and his company; 'Generosity,' Arthur, unhorsed, spared by his enemy; 'Courtesy,' or Sir Tristram; and 'Mercy.' The largest of the series, 'King Arthur's Court,' is left unfinished, and it is this incomplete work which has caused so much discussion of late. It is greatly to be lamented that the state of the artist's health compelled him to desist from a task which his previous undertakings showed him to be peculiarly fitted to carry out. How far the anxiety occasioned by his works at Westminster may have hastened his death, it is impossible to say; but there is no doubt that the labour inseparable from these fresco-paintings and the ungenial atmosphere of the apartments at certain seasons of the year, acting on a constitution not too robust, contributed to the disease under which he ultimately sank.

Mr. Dyce was a learned artist rather than one of great original genius: a thorough theoretician, well versed in all the dicta of Art and its technicalities, from the simple rudiments of ornamental design—a subject to which in earlier life he had given much attention—to the construction of a grand historical picture. His easel pictures, of which 'Joash shooting the Arrow of Deliverance' is, perhaps, his finest historical work in oils, are finished with the utmost delicacy of handling in all their details. 'St. John leading home the Virgin,' though a small canvas, is characterised by intense feeling and great power of expression; it must always take rank with the most esteemed productions of the English school in sacred Art. The tendency of Mr. Dyce's mind inclined strongly in the direction of religious subjects, as was evidenced by the interest he took in matters ecclesiastical, whether they related to the church itself or its services: his frescoes in All Saints', Margaret Street, are examples of the former, and the establishment of a society for the performance of ancient church music is a proof of the latter.

His resignation, in 1844, of the positions he held—first, as Superintendent and Secretary of the entire Department, and next as Inspector of the Provincial Schools of Design—as what are now known as the Schools of Art were then called,—was an irreparable loss to these institutions. His intimate acquaintance with the practice of the continental schools, and his thorough knowledge of ornamental design, eminently qualified him for the direction of our own. But his counsels were unheeded and his actions thwarted by influences against which he felt unable to contend, and he therefore relinquished his post. Had he continued to hold it on independent

terms, no one can entertain a doubt that the teachings of the Department would have been followed by far different results than those we now witness.*

Notwithstanding the strong bias of his mind to what may be termed the conservatism of Art—in other words, his mediæval tendencies in painting, architecture, and sacred music—Mr. Dyce took his place with those members of the Royal Academy who desire to see that institution reformed and its borders enlarged. He felt that changes might be effected with advantage to the Academy and with great benefit to the Arts of the country, as well as to that of the profession at large. To lose—and in the vigour of life, for he had not reached his fifty-eighth year—a man of such enlightened views, a painter so sound both in theory and practice, and who to these qualifications added those of a scholar and a gentleman, is a loss not easily repaid.

WILLIAM HENRY HUNT.

The memory of this justly popular artist merits a more lengthened notice than the few lines which appeared in our last number, written upon the eve of our going to press. We are now able to offer some additional remarks to the foregoing.

Hunt's boyish desire to become a painter was, like that of many others, thwarted by his father, a well-to-do tradesman following the business of a tin-plate worker in the neighbourhood of Long Acre; but yielding at length to his son's wishes, he artied the boy to John Varley. Water-colour painting at that period was far different from what we now see it to be; the artists of that day—we are speaking of quite the early part of the present century—were but just emerging from the thin aqua-tint style practised by Hearne, Girtin, and others, but which soon was succeeded by a richer and more luxurious tone of colouring. Varley's best drawings, for example, were those he executed about the years 1814 and 1815; at a later period of his life, when he worked upon grocers' sugar-paper, he changed his manner entirely. But Hunt appeared first as an oil-painter, when in 1807, and some successive years, he exhibited several landscapes at Somerset House, then the *locale* of the Royal Academy; he was then, and till 1815, residing with his master, in Broad Street, Golden Square. In 1824 he was elected an Associate of the Water-Colour Society, and in 1827 a full member of that institution; from this date till the last year of his life he was a regular exhibitor at the gallery, and continued an indefatigable worker in his studio till within a very few days of his death, which resulted from a cold caught while examining the drawings sent by candidates at the recent election for membership.

It seems almost impossible to believe that the same mind and hand which produced those humorous rustic boys and girls, that for so many

years delighted and amused the visitors to the Society's exhibitions, should also have created the marvellous representations of such comparatively humble subjects as a sprig of May blossom, a cluster of grapes, a bunch of primroses, the nest and eggs of a chaffinch or of a hedge-sparrow—the brightest gems hanging on the screens and the walls of the same room—the former class of works so bold in their handling, so broad in their general treatment, so comic in sentiment and expression; the latter, perfect fac-similes of nature, drawn and arranged with masterly skill, worked with a pencil of the most subtle delicacy, and in colour as brilliant as the pigments employed could render them. Art, in such a form, never attained so high a position as in these exquisite little pictures, whose prototypes were culled in the hothouse, from the garden-wall, in the meadows, or plundered from the hedgerow.

There are those who call such Art as Hunt practised "low" art; and, certainly, it is not to be compared, for grandeur, dignity, and great mental power, with historic, or even with the best kind of *genre*, Art; but, as Hazlitt remarks in one of his critical essays, "though I have a great respect for *high* art, I have a greater respect for *true* art, and the principles involved are the same in painting an archangel's or a butterfly's wings." That Hunt's fruit and wild flowers—ay, and his chubby-faced boys in round frocks, and girls in pinafores and cotton dresses—are examples of the truest Art, none can deny; and we care not to discuss the question of their admittance into the category of what is generally called "high Art."

LEO VON KLENZE.

Bavaria has to mourn the loss of her most distinguished architect in the person of Leo Von Klenze, who died at Munich, early in the month of February, having attained, to within a few days, the advanced age of eighty years; he was born at Hildesheim, Lower Saxony, in 1784.

To the munificence and taste of Ludwig I., King of Bavaria, Munich owes no small number of her Art-treasures, and Von Klenze was indebted to the monarch for the patronage which has given him so high a reputation. His name is identified with Bavaria and her capital; the city being, in fact, the theatre upon which his genius was chiefly displayed. Like many men with strong early predilections for Art, and who have lived to become celebrated, he had to contend against the feelings, or prejudices, of his parents; the latter, however, yielded to his wishes by allowing him to attend the *Bau Académie* at Berlin, and finding what unusual progress he there made, under Professor Gilly, consented, after a period of about three years, to his visiting France, Italy, and Greece. On returning to his native country, in 1808, Klenze was appointed architect-in-chief to the then King of Westphalia, Jerome Napoleon. When this mushroom monarch was compelled to abdicate his throne by the events of 1814, his architect went to Munich, where he found a liberal and zealous patron in Ludwig, then crown prince. From this period commenced the success that followed all his after career. The great monuments he has left behind in that city are, the Glyptotheca, the Walhalla, the King's Riding-house, the War Office, the Pinacotheka, the Allerheiligen Chapel, and the palace for Prince Maximilian.

In 1834 Klenze was sent by the Bavarian government to Athens, in order to project various improvements and embellishments for the late King Otho; and though it does not seem he did more than make suggestions, one result of his journey was the publication entitled, *Aphoristische Bemerkungen*, which appeared in 1838. Another of Klenze's printed works was *Christliche Baukunst*, a series of designs intended to recommend the Grecian style as one that ought to be exclusively adopted for ecclesiastical architecture.

MR. GEORGE JACKSON.

The late Mr. George Jackson, of Manchester, whose recent and sad death, on the 14th of January, is so generally deplored in Manchester and its neighbourhood, was the son of a highly

respectable London tradesman, who was stucco ornamentist to George IV., and being of an artistic mind, he was reared to the avocation of his father. Some thirty years ago he purposed settling in Glasgow, and on his way, calling at Manchester, was influenced by the principal of a furnishing firm to waive his resolve and establish himself there, at a time when there was great scope for one with his feeling for beauty. The old quaint window-pole, covered with black velvet, and decorated with brass ornaments, was soon replaced by tasteful cornices, and a look of elegance, harmony, and symmetry are now distinguishable in the dwellings of the wealthy; for those living within a radius of twenty miles have mostly, in a greater or lesser degree, been influenced by his taste. For the visit of Royalty to Manchester the corporation employed him in its decorations, viz., the Exchange, triumphal arches, Dutch garden, &c.; and the interior of the Free Trade Hall is a much admired specimen of his ornamentation. He worked hard in the first exhibitions of the Manchester and Salford Mechanics' Institutions (the first of their kind). At Cooper Street, 1837, he read two essays on the necessity of a school of design, and afterwards was actively engaged in its establishment; in 1844 he accepted the office of honorary secretary. Mr. Jackson occasionally lectured on ornamental art, and in 1844 was brilliantly welcomed at the Athenæum, when he read an address on the means of improving public taste. Whoever sought his advice or assistance had it ungrudgingly, and the skilled workman found in him one ever ready to improve his taste and better his condition. Unhappily his business became adverse, and the circumstance so preyed on his mind that it hurried him to a premature end. In manner Mr. Jackson was gentlemanly and congenial, and was possessed of ability bordering on genius.

THE FISHER

(H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD).

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

ABOUT two years ago we introduced into our Journal engravings from statues, by Mrs. Thornycroft, of two of the younger female branches of the royal family, namely, of the Princess Helena, in the "character" of *Peace*, and of the Princess Louise in that of *Plenty*. By way of additions to this small Royal Sculpture Gallery we have engraved the statue, by the same sculptor, of Prince Leopold, who appears in the character of a fisher drawing his net to land.

To represent portrait-sculpture under a figure is to invest it with a poetical expression that is always agreeable, though it may detract from its identity with the living model. Such transformations are only permissible under certain conditions. It would be absurd to personify a Wellington as Hector or Ajax, a Nelson as an ancient Norse sea-captain, but it would not be ridiculous to place the *toga* of Cicero on the shoulders of a Pitt or Fox, because the association of the costume with senatorial dignity appears to be almost independent of time and place. The robes of the Lord Chancellor in the Peers', of the Speaker in the Commons' House, of the judges in the courts of judicature, have been handed down, as it were, from the dress worn by the grave senators who sat in the Roman Forum. But admitting every objection which might be urged against the ideal or symbolical representation of adults, the same arguments can scarcely be applied justifiably to that of young persons; here a latitude may be given, which, in the other instance, would not be allowed, and so long as the "thing signified" is not inconsistent with reason and nature, no valid objection can be urged against it, even by those who look at Art from the most realistic point of view.

Mrs. Thornycroft's statue of 'The Fisher' is very carefully and accurately modelled, the attitude is consistent with the action, which brings the muscles into play without forcible development. The likeness of the young prince, who is now about eleven years old, to his royal mother, is most striking. The statue, as are all the works of this clever lady-sculptor, is highly wrought.

* With reference to Mr. Dyce's connection with the Schools of Design, we have been requested to insert the following letter. This we do with much pleasure, well knowing how laboriously and effectively Mr. C. H. Wilson worked in advancing these institutions at their foundation.—ED. A.-J.

"To the Editor of the Scotsman.

"Sir,—Interesting memoirs of Mr. William Dyce, R.A., have appeared in your columns, and in those of the *Athenæum*, in which full justice is done to the talents of that accomplished and admirable artist. In both articles reference is made to a printed letter addressed to the late Lord Meadowbank in 1837, which is thus described in the *Athenæum*:—

"In 1837 he (Mr. Dyce) published a pamphlet on the management of Schools of Design. In this he proposed a scheme for the improvement of the School of the Board of Manufactures, Edinburgh. The pamphlet contained what was probably the most complete scheme for Art-education then known in this country; and by its own merits and the reputation of the author fairly entitled him to hold the office which was immediately offered."

"In both articles the authorship of this letter is exclusively attributed to Mr. Dyce. As that letter, however, bears my signature also, I trust that you will give me an opportunity of explaining that it was a joint production."

"I have always fully acknowledged, not only in fairness, but also in a sincere admiration of the great ability of Mr. Dyce, that to him was due any literary elegance or polish which may have characterised the letter in question; but I took my full share in preparing the matter which it contains, and the portions of it referring to the extension of the school of form, and describing the practice of the old masters, were written by me."

"—CHARLES HEATH WILSON.

"Glasgow, Feb. 23, 1864."



THE FISHER.

(H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.)

ENGRAVED BY T. J. BREDART, FROM THE STATUE BY MRS THORNYCROFT.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XV.—*Diablerie* in the Sixteenth Century.—Early types of the diabolical forms.—St. Anthony.—St. Guthlac.—Revival of the taste for such subjects in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century.—The Flemish School of Breughel.—The French and Italian Schools, Callot, Salvator Rosa.

WE have seen how the popular demonology furnished materials for the earliest exercise of comic Art in the middle ages, and how the taste for this particular class of grotesque lasted until the close of the mediæval period. After the "renaissance" of Art and literature, this taste took a still more remarkable form, and the school of grotesque *diablerie* which flourished during the sixteenth century, and the first half of the seventeenth, justly claims a chapter to itself.

The birthplace of this demonology, as far as it belongs to Christianity, must probably be sought in the deserts of Egypt. It spread thence over the east and the west, and when it reached our part of the world, it grafted itself, as I have remarked in a former chapter, on the existing popular superstitions of Teutonic paganism. The playfully burlesque, which held so great a place in these superstitions, no doubt gave a more comic character to this Christian demonology than it had possessed before the mixture. Its primitive representative was the Egyptian monk, St. Anthony, who is said to have been born at a village called Coma, in Upper Egypt, in the year 251. His history was written in Greek by St. Athanasius, and was translated into Latin by the ecclesiastical historian Evagrius. Anthony was evidently a fanatical visionary, subject to mental illusions, which were fostered by his education. To escape from the temptations of the world he sold all his property, which was considerable, gave it to the poor, and then retired into the desert of the Thebaid, to live a life of the strictest asceticism. The evil one persecuted him in his solitude, and sought to drive him back into the corruptions of worldly life. He first tried to fill his mind with regretful reminiscences of his former wealth, position in society, and enjoyments; when this failed, he disturbed his mind with voluptuous images and desires, which the saint resisted with equal success. The persecutor now changed his tactics, and presenting himself to Anthony in the form of a black and ugly youth, confessed to him, with apparent candour, that he was the spirit of uncleanness, and acknowledged that he had been vanquished by the extraordinary merits of Anthony's sanctity. The saint, however, saw that this was only a stratagem to stir up in him the spirit of pride and self-confidence, and he met it by subjecting himself to greater mortifications than ever, which of course made him still more liable to these delusions. Now he sought greater solitude by taking up his residence in a ruined Egyptian sepulchre, but the farther he withdrew from the world, the more he became the object of diabolical persecution. Satan broke in upon his privacy with a host of attendants, and during the night beat him to such a degree, that one morning the attendant who brought him food found him lying senseless in his cell, and had him carried to the town, where his friends were on the point of burying him, believing him to be dead, when he suddenly revived, and insisted on being taken back to his solitary dwelling. The legend tells us that the demons appeared to him in the forms of the most ferocious animals, such as lions, bulls, wolves, asps, serpents, scorpions, panthers, and bears, each attacking him in the manner peculiar to its species, and with its peculiar voice, thus making together a horrible din. Anthony left his tomb to retire farther into the desert, where he made a ruined castle his residence; and here he was again frightfully persecuted by the demons, and the noise they made was so great and horrible that it was often heard at a vast distance. According to the narrative, Anthony reproached the demons in very abusive language, called them hard names, and even spit in their faces; but his most effective weapon was

always the cross. Thus the saint became bolder, and sought a still more lonely abode, and finally established himself on the top of a high mountain in the upper Thebaid. The demons still continued to persecute him, under a great variety of forms; on one occasion their chief appeared to him under the form of a man, with the lower members of an ass.

The demons which tormented St. Anthony became the general type for subsequent creations, in which these first pictures were gradually, and, in the sequel, greatly improved upon. St. Anthony's persecutors usually assumed the shapes of *bond fide* animals, but those of later stories took monstrous and grotesque forms, strange mixtures of the parts of different animals and of others which never existed. Such were seen by St. Guthlac, the St. Anthony of the Anglo-Saxons, among the wild morasses of Croyland. One night, which he was passing at his devotions in his cell, they poured in upon him in great numbers; "and they filled all the house with their coming, and they poured in on every side, from above and from beneath, and everywhere. They were in countenance horrible, and they had great heads, and a long neck, and lean visage; they were filthy and squalid in their beards; and they had rough ears, and distorted face, and fierce eyes, and foul mouths; and their teeth were like horses' tusks, and their throats were filled with flame, and they were grating in their voice; they had crooked shanks, and knees big and great behind, and distorted toes, and shrieked hoarsely with their voices; and they came with such immoderate noises and immense horror, that it seemed to him that all between heaven and earth resounded with their dreadful cries." On another similar occasion, "it happened one night, when the holy man Guthlac fell to his prayers, he heard the howling of cattle and various wild beasts. Not long after he saw the appearance of animals and wild beasts and creeping things coming in to him. First he saw the visage of a lion that threatened him with his bloody tusks, also the likeness of a bull, and the visage of a bear, as when they are enraged. Also he perceived the appearance of vipers, and a hog's grunting, and the howling of wolves, and croaking of ravens, and the various whistlings of birds, that they might, with their fantastic appearance, divert the mind of the holy man.

Such were the suggestions on which the mediæval sculptors and illuminators worked with so much effect, as we have seen repeatedly in the course of our preceding chapters. After the revival of Art in western Europe in the fifteenth century, this class of legends became great favourites with painters and engravers, and soon gave rise to the peculiar school of *diablerie* mentioned above. At that time the story of the Temptation of St. Anthony attracted particular attention, and it is the subject of many remarkable prints belonging to the earlier ages of the art of engraving. It employed the pencils of such artists as Martin Schongauer, Israel van Mecheln, and Lucas Cranach. Of the latter we

have two different engravings on the same subject—St. Anthony carried into the air by the demons, who are represented in a great variety of grotesque and monstrous forms. The most remarkable of the two bears the date of 1506, and was, therefore, one of Cranach's earlier works. But the great representative of this earlier school of *diablerie* was Peter Breughel, a Flemish painter who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century. He was born at Breughel, near Breda, and lived some time at Antwerp, but afterwards established himself at Brussels. So celebrated was he for the love of the grotesque displayed in his pictures, that he was known by the name of Peter the Droll. Breughel's Temptation of St. Anthony, like one or two others of his subjects of the same class, was engraved in a reduced form by J. T. de Bry. Breughel's demons are figures of the most fantastic description—creations of a wildly grotesque imagination; they present incongruous and laughable mixtures of parts of living things which have no relation whatever to one another. Our first cut repre-



Fig. 1.—ST. JAMES AND HIS PERSECUTORS.

sents a group of these grotesque demons, from a plate by Breughel, engraved in 1565, and entitled *Divus Jacobus diabolicis prestigiis ante magum sistitur* (St. James is arrested before the magicians by diabolical delusions). The engraving is full of similarly grotesque figures. On the right is a spacious chimney, and up it witches, riding on brooms, are making their escape, while in the air are seen other witches riding away upon dragons and a goat. A kettle is boiling

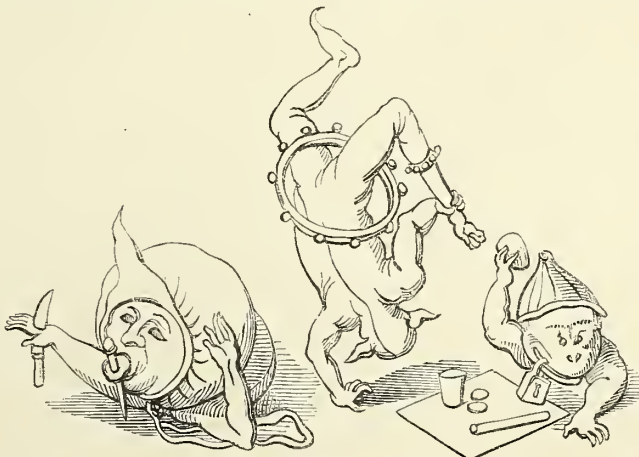


Fig. 2.—STRANGE DEMONS.

over the fire, around which a group of monkeys are seen sitting and warming themselves. Behind these a cat and a toad are holding a very intimate conversation. In the background stands a

boils the great witches' caldron. On the right of the picture the *magus*, or magician, is seated, reading his *grimoire*, with a frame before him supporting the pot containing his magical ingre-

dients. The saint occupies the middle of the picture, surrounded by the demons represented in our cut and by many others; and as he approaches the magician, he is seen raising his right hand in the attitude of pronouncing a benediction, the apparent consequence of which is a frightful explosion of the magician's pot, which strikes the demons with evident consternation. Nothing can be more *bizarre* than the horse's head upon human legs in armour, the parody upon a crawling spider behind it, the skull (apparently of a horse) supported upon naked human legs, the strangely excited animal behind the latter, and the figure furnished with pilgrim's hood and staff, which appears to be mimicking the saint. Another print—a companion to the foregoing—represents the still more complete discomfiture of the *magus*. The saint here occupies the right-hand side of the picture, and is raising his hand higher, with apparently a greater show of authority. The

demons have all turned against their master the magician, whom they are beating and hurling headlong from his chair. They seem to be proclaiming their joy at his fall by all sorts of playful attitudes. It is a sort of demon fair. Some of them, to the left of the picture, are dancing and standing upon their heads on a tight-rope. Near them another is playing some game like that which we now call the thimble-rig. The monkeys are dancing to the tune of a great drum. A variety of their mountebank tricks are going on in different parts of the scene. Three of these playful actors are represented in our cut No. 2.

Brueghel also executed a series of similarly grotesque engravings, representing in this same fantastic manner the virtues and vices, such as pride (*superbia*), courage (*fortitudo*), sloth (*desidia*), &c. These bear the date of 1558. They are crowded with figures equally grotesque with those just described, but a great part of which it

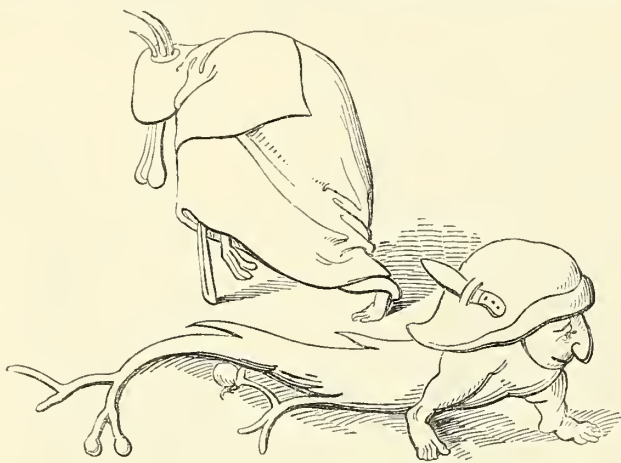


Fig. 2.—IMPS OF SLOTH.

would be almost impossible to describe. I give two examples from the engraving of "sloth" in the accompanying cut (No. 3).

From making up figures from parts of animals, this early school of grotesque proceeded to create animated figures out of inanimate things, such as machines, implements of various kinds, household utensils, and other such articles. A German artist, of about the same time as Brueghel, has left us a singular series of etchings of this description, which are intended as an allegorical satire on the follies of mankind. The allegory is here of such a singular character, that we can only guess at the meaning of these strange groups through four lines of German verse which are attached to each



Fig. 4.—THE FOLLY OF HUNTING.

of them. In this manner we learn that the group represented in our cut, No. 4, which is the second in this series, is intended as a satire upon those who waste their time in hunting, which, the verses tell us, they will in the sequel lament bitterly; and they are exhorted to cry loud and continually to God, and to let that serve them in the place of hound and hawk.

"Die zeit die du verlorst mit jagen,
Die wirstu zwar noch schmerzlich klagen;
Ruff laut zu Gott gar oft und vil,
Das sey dein hund und federspil."

The next picture in the series, which is equally difficult to describe, is aimed against those who

fail in attaining virtue or honour through sluggishness. Others follow, but I will only give one more example. It forms our cut No. 5, and appears from the verses accompanying it, to be aimed against those who practise wastefulness in their youth, and thus become objects of pity and scorn in old age. Whatever may be the point of the allegory contained in the engraving, it is certainly far-fetched, and not very apparent.

This German-Flemish school of grotesque does not appear to have outlived the sixteenth century, or at least it had ceased to flourish in the century following. But the taste for the Diablerie of the Temptation scenes passed into France and Italy, in which countries it assumed a much more refined character, though at the same time one equally grotesque and imaginative. These artists, too, returned to the original legend, and gave it forms of their own conception. Daniel Rabel, a French artist, who lived at the end of the sixteenth century, published a rather remarkable engraving of the Temptation of St. Anthony, in which the saint appears on the right of the picture, kneeling before a mound on which three demons are dancing. On the right hand of the saint stands a naked woman, sheltering herself with a parasol, and tempting the saint with her charms. The rest of the piece is filled with demons in a great variety of forms and postures. Another French artist, Nicolas Cochin, has left us two Temptations of St. Anthony, in rather spirited etching, of the earlier part of the seventeenth century. In the first, the saint is represented kneeling before a crucifix, surrounded by demons. The youthful and charming temptress is here dressed in the richest garments, and the highest style of fashion, and displays all her powers of seduction. The body of the picture is, as usual, occupied by multitudes of diabolical figures, in grotesque forms. In Cochin's other picture of the Temptation of St. Anthony, the saint is represented as a hermit engaged in his prayers; the female figure of voluptuousness (*voluptas*) occupies the middle of the picture, and behind the saint is seen a witch with her besom.

But the artist who excelled in this subject at the period at which we now arrive, was the celebrated

Jacques Callot, who was born at Nancy, in Brittany, in 1593, and died at Florence on the 24th of March, 1635, which, according to the old style of calculating, may mean March, 1636. Of Callot we shall have to speak in another chapter. He treated the subject of the Temptation of St. Anthony in two different plates, which are considered as ranking among the most remarkable of his works, and to which, in fact, he appears to have given much thought and attention. He is known, indeed, to have worked diligently at it.

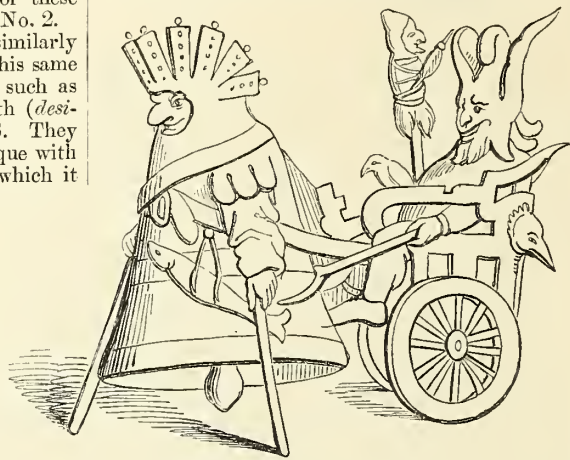


Fig. 5.—THE WASTEFULNESS OF YOUTH.

They resemble those of the older artists in the number of diabolical figures introduced into the picture, but they display an extraordinary vivid imagination in the forms, postures, physiognomies, and even the equipments, of the chimerical figures, all equally droll and burlesque, but which present an entire contrast to the more coarse and vulgar conceptions of the German-Flemish school. This difference will be understood best by an example. One of Callot's demons is represented in our cut No. 6. Many of them are mounted on non-descript animals, of the most extraordinary demoniacal character, and such is the case of the demon in our cut, who is running a tilt at the saint, with his tilting spear in his hand, and, to make more sure, his eyes well furnished with a pair of spectacles. In our next cut (No. 7), we give a second example of the figures in Callot's peculiar *diablerie*. The demon in this case is



Fig. 6.—THE DEMON TILTER (CALLOT).

riding very uneasily, and, in fact, seems in danger of being thrown. The steeds of both are of an anomalous character; the first is a sort of dragon-horse; the second a mixture of a lobster, a spider, and a craw-fish. Mariette, the Art-collector and Art-writer of the reign of Louis XV. as well as artist, considers this grotesque, or, as he calls it, "fantastic and comic character," as almost necessary to the pictures of the Temptation of St. Anthony, which he treats as one of Callot's especially *serious* subjects. "It was allowable," he says, "to Callot, to give a flight to his imagination. The more his fictions were of the nature of dreams, the more they were fitted to what he had to express. For the demon intending to torment St. Anthony, it is to be supposed that he must have thought of all the forms most hideous, and most likely to strike terror."

Callot's first and larger print of the Temptation of St. Anthony is rare. It is filled with a vast number of figures. Above is a fantastic being who vomits thousands of demons. The saint is seen at the entrance of a cavern, tormented by some of these. Others are scattered



Fig. 7.—UNEASY RIDING (CALLOT).

about in different occupations. On one side, a demoniacal party are drinking together, and pledging each other in their glasses; here, a devil is playing on the guitar; there, others are occupied in a dance; all such grotesque figures as our two examples would lead the reader to expect. In the second of Callot's "Temptations," which is dated in 1635, and must therefore have been one of his latest works, the same figure vomiting, the demons occupy the upper part of the plate, and the field is covered with a prodigious number of imps, more hideous in their forms, and more varied in their extraordinary attitudes, than is the same artist's first design. Below, a host of demons are dragging the saint to a place where new torments are prepared for him. Callot's prints of the Temptation of St. Anthony gained so great a reputation, that imitations of them were subsequently published, some of which so far approached his style, that they were long supposed to be genuine.

Callot, though a Frenchman, studied and flourished in Italy, and his style is founded upon Italian art. The last great artist whose treatment of the "Temptation" I shall quote, is Salvator Rosa, an Italian by birth, who flourished in the



Fig. 8.—ST. ANTHONY AND HIS PERSECUTOR.

middle of the seventeenth century. His style, according to some opinions, is refined from that of Callot; at all events, it is bolder in design. Our cut No. 8 represents St. Anthony protecting himself with the cross against the assaults of the demon, as represented by Salvator Rosa. With this artist the school of *diablerie* of the sixteenth century may be considered to have come to its end.

THE SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY MOVEMENT.

To do honour to the name and memory of Shakspeare required, one might have supposed, no especial incentive, when men in all civilised society throughout Europe, and in all parts of the world where the English language and literature are known, pay daily homage to him, treasuring his thoughts, and thinking through the medium of his sayings, which, in the fullest and most emphatic sense, have become familiar as "household words." Yet the recurrence of the three hundredth birthday of the immortal bard which will signalise the current month, seemed to afford occasion for some especial tribute, not so much of homage as of recognition and gratitude, and has led to a "movement," the conduct of which has occupied much of public attention during some months past, and which is shortly to come to fruition, with what amount of credit to the promoters—the honour of the illustrious object of their solicitude being beyond all involvement in their proceedings—it may be interesting now to speculate upon.

The first proceedings in this affair, in London at least, originated, we believe, early last year with a body of literary gentlemen, constituting the "Urban Club," and meeting at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, a spot peculiarly interesting to the antiquarian, the scholar, and the dramatist, as the place where periodical literature was founded by Cave, and developed by Johnson; where David Garrick made his first essay as an actor, and was wont to meet the wits of his time; and where, for some years past, a number of the poet's ardent admirers have commemorated the anniversary of his birth, in that—with Englishmen—time-honoured form of demonstration, a public dinner. It was under these favouring auspices that a "Shakspeare Tercentenary Monument Committee" was formed, and it had arrived at something like proportions of maturity, when a new organisation, having a similar object in view, was established at the west end of the town, under the following circumstances. There had existed, since 1861, a fund known as the "Shakspeare Fund," the object of which was the purchase of Shakspeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, and other Shakspearian memorials in that neighbourhood, and the erection and endowment at the same place of a Shakspearian library and museum. The promoters of this "Fund" met at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, in St. Martin's Place, on Monday, June 23rd, the Duke of Manchester in the chair, and inaugurated a precisely similar "movement" to that already undertaken by the Urban Club. The inconvenience of continued divided action, with a common object in view, however, soon became apparent to the promoters of the two schemes, and eventually, after some negotiation, the two bodies united their forces, and the "National Shakspeare Committee" was the result.

Meantime the inspiration thus given birth to spread rapidly throughout the length and breadth of the land—to say nothing of various parts of Germany and other continental states, where people hastened to prepare a tribute of recognition to genius, which was for all time and all humanity—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Southampton, Edinburgh, and other towns, all preparing their Shakspearian celebration after their own fashion, and according to their means. Amongst the rest, Stratford-upon-Avon, as the birthplace and burial-place of the Bard of Avon, put forth peculiar claims to become the centre and head-quarters of the Tercentenary commemoration. It was vain against these pretensions to aver, that if Stratford-upon-Avon heard the infant breathings of Shakspeare, and contained his buried bones, London had been the birthplace of his numerous wondrous efforts as a dramatist and an actor; and that, apart from these considerations, as the metropolis of the United Kingdom, and the greatest city of the civilised world, she was most properly entitled and best qualified to do fitting homage to a name which was the nation's pride, and the object of the whole world's solicitude and admiration. These arguments availed not; and a distinct rivalry was established, which

has since been carried on with great spirit on both sides, between the Stratford and London committees—more especially as regards the securing of influential "names" to adorn their respective lists, and the collection of funds, by subscription and otherwise.

In what follows we shall restrict our observations to the London, or so-called "National," and the Stratford committees, as their proceedings comprise all that engages general public attention, and, to all appearance, pretty equally divides it. And first, with regard to the constitution of the respective committees, and the recognised prime movers who direct their proceedings, we observe that, whilst both committees comprise (amidst many names of no sort of pretensions) several scores of men of the highest eminence in station, as in letters, Art, and taste, their working has been confined in the one case to the editor of a critical journal of peculiar and restricted influence, and in the other to a very worthy gentleman whose fortunes and claims upon society are chiefly attributable to the fact of his local influence, as recognised by his elevation to the office of mayor. With all respect for Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. E. F. Flower in their respective vocations, people have a right to ask, and have asked, whether they are exactly the men to whom our suffrages in honour of Shakspeare should be confided?—whether they are, beyond all others, the men who are entitled to take the lead in an intellectual and enthusiastic national and local movement in recognition of a poet and philosopher who, in his mighty productions, exhausted the wisdom and experiences of nature? It is needless to say, that if these questions be not resolved in the affirmative, it is natural that we should prepare for failure to a greater or less extent; whilst the gentlemen who have assumed so much responsibility must, to their own shame, prepare, in so far as they fall short of the success of which the cause was legitimately susceptible, to meet the rebuke and denunciation of men who fancied with Milton that "our Shakspeare" needed no monument other than that formed by his works—no monument, at any rate, which they could fashion for him.

A "national" movement in honour of a national poet should, one would think, be so universal and so impulsive as not to call for any persuasive arguments in its aid, nor any titled names amongst its promoters in its justification. Yet from the beginning the "National Committee" have shown themselves singularly indifferent to public sympathy, which might well be strongly enlisted in such a cause, inasmuch that at the time of this present writing—now nine months after the matter was formally taken in hand—they have not had a single public meeting in support of their proceedings. But whilst the masses of the people have been thus ignored in a proceeding in which they had such potent claims to consideration, there has been no lack of industry in hunting up great names—names with "handles" to them—to adorn the ranks of the committee. Accordingly a long list of dukes, marquises, earls, and other peers, archbishops and bishops, right honourables, &c., has been formed, who, we are told, "have charged themselves with the duty," not of erecting a monument to Shakspeare, but "of inviting the patronage of her Majesty, the presidency of the Prince of Wales," &c.—invitations which, hitherto, have been without favourable response. To this miserable "toadyism" has been added a spirit of cliquism utterly unworthy of such an occasion; the petty jealousies of literary men having frequently broken out in a way to bring the whole movement into contempt, and to imperil its very continuance. The omission of the name of Thackeray as one of the vice-presidents was the first fruitful source of scandal and discussion; then came the scornful rejection of the weak and silly address drawn up by Mr. Dixon; and this was quickly followed by the secession of Mr. Tom Taylor and his party, and by numerous others, singly, and by twos and threes, who fancied they saw nothing but failure and disgrace impending—conditions for which, in connection with such a name as Shakspeare's, they did not feel disposed to be responsible in any way.

The same paltry spirit which marked the conduct of the committee in matters purely personal, has been shown also in what concerns material

interests. A timely appeal to the public in such a cause would have brought in thousands of pounds in shillings and pence; the committee prefer taking £50 from a fashionable west-end jewellery firm, as the price of their sanction to the publication of a Shakspearian bust, and £25 from a Coventry ribbon firm for a similar concession in favour of a Tercentenary badge, with which all loyal Shakspearians are expected to decorate their button-holes on the 23rd instant. Then there is an "entertainment" sub-committee, which has been very assiduous in catering for the eleemosynary aid of managers, actors, singers, and other professionals, towards getting up a variety of dramatic and musical performances in honour of the day, and as a means of raising funds. Of the blaze of talent which is to keep the whole town in a state of pleasurable excitement the live-long day on the 23rd instant, we have not the full particulars at present; but that it will be of a very miscellaneous character may be judged of from the fact, that whilst music halls and Ethiopian serenaders are to be put under contribution, Handel's "Messiah" is to be performed with a choir of 1,000 voices, if a building sufficiently spacious for the purpose—Westminster Hall and the Agricultural Hall have both been suggested—can be obtained. The association between Handel and Shakspeare does not appear very clear; but then the "Messiah" is a "sure card," and always draws money, and that is enough for the National Committee; and for the same reasons, it appears the Stratford committee have also included it in their programme. We confess that in all this tuft-hunting, and money-hunting, and jobbery and scheming of every kind, we see a great peril for the Shakspeare Tercentenary as a "national" demonstration; and already for want of a grand and intelligible purpose, and of mutual confidence amongst the promoters, the "movement" is breaking up into factions, which must divide the suffrages of the public in a manner fatal, as we apprehend, to its success.

It was not without misgiving that we heard of the first meeting of the Site and Monument committees, combined, having taken place at the private residence of Mr. W. Cowper, the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, who also presided on the occasion. Nor is the selection of the Green Park as a site, under such auspices, altogether reassuring; and whatever be intended to come of it, it is already apparent that some degree of secrecy and exclusiveness is considered necessary for its due accomplishment. No sooner was the report of the first meeting of the Site and Monument committees presented and adopted, than a resolution hastily brought forward, without notice, dismissed these worthy gentlemen, twenty-two in number, from their functions, and placed the whole future management of the affair in the hands of an "executive" of seven, viz., the Duke of Manchester, Mr. W. Cowper, Sir Joseph Paxton, Professor Donaldson, and Messrs. Titc, Beresford-Hope, and D. MacLise, all, with one exception, being selected from the previous Site and Monument committees. It will not fail to be observed at the first glance that this "executive," entrusted with the duty of preparing a monument to Shakspeare, does not comprise the name of a single sculptor. But what of that? Has not the Chairman of the Board of Works displayed his fine feeling for the claims and resources of monumental Art in the Jenner statue, which gazes in vacancy on the stagnant surface of the round pond in Kensington Gardens; and in the little naked boy squeezing a dolphin which ornaments the dry pond near Grosvenor Gate? And for the combination of monumental sculpture with architectural surroundings, does not Mr. Tite, in the noble disposition of the statue of her Majesty in the stately gloom of the Royal Exchange, offer guarantees of superior taste and judgment which can leave nothing to desire? From such hands, chastened by the refining dilletantism of a Duke of Manchester, can we doubt seeing reared in the Green Park—provided the public afford the money—a work of monumental Art which may rival anything of the kind—in Trafalgar Square itself?

But indeed there are a considerable number of those who have taken part in this movement who begin seriously to doubt whether the public will subscribe their moneys in the extent once

anticipated. At first, as we understand, £100,000 was the minimum sum looked for by the committee; afterwards £30,000 was declared to be required; and now, after all the unseemly squabbling, hesitation, and unbusiness-like habits displayed by the committee, it may be considered as very doubtful whether the net receipts will exceed the third of the last-mentioned amount. Now £10,000 would be but just sufficient to put up a statue of the ordinary kind, perched on an ordinary pedestal, with four conventional figures at the corners, and friezes "complete," in the phraseology of auctioneers' catalogues, somewhat after the fashion of that erected last year to the Prince Consort in the Horticultural Gardens; and therefore we are not surprised to find that, when Mr. Webster applied for participation in the subscriptions for the purpose of building and endowing schools at the Dramatic College, he looked upon the promise of such aid, contingent upon a "surplus," as a hollow mockery, and at once proceeded to start a Shakspearian Tercentenary Fund of his own. This opposition by a practical and earnest man, who knows what he is about, and which a little timely concession might have averted, will materially cripple the committee's already impaired prospects, and render their success, upon anything approaching the scale originally contemplated, extremely problematical. It is for them to consider—and we would seriously advise them to do so whilst yet there is time—whether they will be altogether justified in associating a failure, or even a *demi succès*, with the name of our immortal Shakspeare; and whether it would not be wiser and better to restrict their future exertions to the getting up of a general holiday, enlivened by appropriate festivities, in honour of the birthday of the bard, without committing themselves to anything of a more enduring character.*

Meanwhile the Stratford movement, under a "spirited management," exhibits good promise of commercial success. The festivities will occupy a week, and will include Shakspearian plays, Shakspearian music, besides Handel's "Messiah," a grand banquet in a pavilion an acre in extent, a fancy ball, &c. The ultimate objects of the fund expected to be raised comprise the endowment of scholarships in the Stratford Grammar School, where Shakspeare was educated, and a monument. Perhaps the most startling incident which will mark the proceedings, and which might well wake the bard from his rest, will be the performance of *Hamlet* by a Frenchman! Such the assumed degeneracy of native Shakspearian talent at the period of the tercentenary of the poet's birth, when all the world is going wild with enthusiasm about him and his works!

If, then, the Shakspeare "Commemoration" be, as we believe and fear it will be, a failure, we shall lament the issue as a national discredit and disaster; but we shall not plead guilty to the charge that will be universally urged against us by foreigners, that we are, as a people, either indifferent to, or incapable of, estimating the genius to which so many millions have rendered homage for more than two hundred years. The misfortune is that a great cause was taken up and monopolised by little men.

We shall have no other opportunity of reference to this subject until "all is over." With much more of dread than hope we await the issue—apprehensive that all the canvassing for "big" names, the Monday "bickerings" at the Society of Arts, the patronised "busts" and Coventry "ribbons," and the persuasive eloquence, long postponed, of the few who now represent the committee among "the masses," will, in the end,

"Leave but a wreck behind."

* Since the above was written, a circular marked "private and confidential," and signed by the members of the "Executive," has been issued, the *Athenæum* says, "to various eminent persons"—(Shakspearians!—and a matter "private and confidential," entrusted only to "eminent persons!") which, in very bad and rambling style—commencing in the third person, then running into the second, and back again—invites "co-operation and contribution." The only noteworthy point in this document is the fact that the "Executive," improving (?) upon the recommendations of the Site and Monument committees, "prescribe that the statue shall be of bronze, and that it shall be placed under an architectural and decorated canopy, in a style of the period at which Shakspeare lived"—the exact meaning of which, and the ultimate object attainable from which, we do not pretend to appreciate, though we have great doubts as to the artistic result.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE thirty-eighth exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy has opened with such evident superiority over its predecessors, as to prove satisfactorily that the Scotch School of Painting has received its full share of that spirit of Art-revival which is so palpably lighting up our country. Moreover, this exhibition is so manifestly the exhibition of Scotch Art, and is so distinctly marked with characteristics of the school to which it belongs, that, although in the seven hundred and forty-seven works exhibited there are few which can claim a high rank, there are still fewer which do not exhibit traces of real genius, and that cultivation which arises from a study by the artist of his own surroundings, which is the foundation of every true national school. The indomitable perseverance of the Scotch character, the determination to see the world without being seduced from the beauties of their own country, are qualities which exercise a marked influence upon Scotch Art, and have already contributed a goodly number of names to the history of British Art. Few artists are more favourably circumstanced for Art-study than those of Scotland; placed as they are in a land of most romantic beauty and associations, they have the sublimity of mountain scenery, the softness of the most luxuriant valleys, the broad lakes and rivers, the picturesque cascades and rushing burns, the rocky coasts and sheltered bays, the hoary castle and the stately mansion, the picturesque villages, and the most magnificent cities, within their reach—in fact, within their studio. Moreover, all these beauties of nature and Art have their own distinctive lights and shadows and colour effects, which, being fairly studied, will continue to stamp this school with its own characteristics as it year by year increases in excellence. It is impossible to study the pictures which Macculloch has in this exhibition, without feeling that Scotch landscape painting, in the hands of a master, is not only worthy the best efforts of genius, but also requires them to do it justice. His 'Sundown on Loch Achray,' the property of James Patrick, Esq., of Benmore, shows his power to grapple with the broadest subject, and master it in its most difficult phase. Loch Achray, one of Scotland's most picturesque lakes, is represented bathed in the glorious light of the setting sun, not the hot glowing red of an Italian sunset, but that paler and more cheerful light of our northern sky; whilst his 'Kilchurn Castle, Loch Ave,' the property of his fellow-academician, Daniel Macnee, shows his wonderful power to seize upon nature in her sterner moods, to catch the ever-shifting lights and shadows of mountain scenery, and fix them upon his canvas. These are both large works, and will certainly rank amongst the best he has painted. As if to show the full range of his power, he has also a night scene, 'McFarlane's Island, Loch Lomond—Moonlight,' and a sunrise, 'Sun Rising through Mist.' There is in these works good evidence of careful genius, of deep thought, and of a full appreciation of the natural beauties he has so ably depicted.

While on the subject of landscapes, we cannot do better than mention the fine work of D. O. Hill, R.S.A., 'Stirling and the Carse of Mentieth from Wallace's Pass;' in this he has shown his full strength and his thorough knowledge of Art; few landscapes could offer greater difficulties or greater temptations to an artist—its immense extent, its varied character, and its mixture of bold and soft features, required courage to undertake, and vigour to carry it through with such success. Moreover, he has indulged in greater

brilliancy of colour than he usually attempts, and with the happiest results. He has several other pictures in the exhibition, but they are all small sketches. S. Bough, A., has no less than eight pictures; there is a fresh breeziness and characteristic breadth of feeling about them, but they show want of care, as if prepared rather for the market than for the exhibition. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., has two minutely-finished landscapes, of which the one named 'At Braid Burn towards Evening' is the better; the tall trees clothing the steep banks of the burn are admirable studies of nature, which, if given with a little more warmth, would have been most perfect. The landscapes of Walter H. Paton, A., possess considerable merit, especially in colour. His warm, rich sunsets are pleasing and harmonious, but longer practice will tend to improve the manipulation of his pictures, which are a little fuzzy and indistinct. His large picture of 'Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat, at Sunset,' has great merit, and is grand in its general conception, but it is much marred by the fault we have mentioned. His numerous small cabinet pictures are more highly finished. Among the most promising artists of the Scotch school, though not connected with the Academy, is Mr. John McWhirter. This young painter has drawn his inspirations, not only from the beautiful scenes of his own country, but also from the wild, romantic, and almost weird scenery of Norway, and he has wisely studied in Rome, where it is impossible to fail in getting information and improvement in the technical details of his Art. His pictures of 'The Arch of Titus,' and of 'The Campagna,' deservedly excite much attention; but it is in his remarkable power to delineate woodland and rocky scenery that his talent is most conspicuous. In a small picture of the 'Barberini Pine, at Rome,' his wonderful talent for tree-painting is unmistakably shown, but not to the same extent as in his 'Old Mill in Norway,' where so true are the trees, shrubs, and flowers, that they would satisfy the botanist, while at the same time they are all that Art can wish. Mr. McWhirter feels and expresses the genius of each tree, but he makes no effort to give its microscopic details; he is essentially an artist and not a copyist. His sister, Miss McWhirter, also exhibits one or two clever sketches. James Giles, R.S.A., has several pleasing landscapes, of which his 'Glen Sannox' is one of the best. As an illustration of success in treating atmospheric effects successfully, we are led to notice a picture by Peter Graham, A., 'Twilight after Rain,' the property of Mr. James Cowan; the dark clouds and departing sunlight, the gloomy wood and the patch of corn, all sinking into shade and darkness, are given with great truth and feeling. 'A Summer's Day at the Trossachs,' and 'Highland Moorland,' are two landscapes of a high order, by Alex. Fraser, R.S.A., very characteristic of this painter—fresh, vigorous, and true in colour and feeling. A masterly coast-scene, 'The Castle and Rock of Alicant,' by E. W. Cooke, R.A., is one of the gems of the exhibition; its clear breezy sky, the truth and force with which he has rendered the bold features of the jutting rock, and the majestic palm agitated by the wind, in the foreground, are deserving of high praise. An exquisite moonlight scene, 'Moonlight on the Haff,' is shown by Ludwig Herman, of Berlin; and a masterly picture of the 'Grand Canal and Ducal Palace, Venice,' is also exhibited by the same artist; the latter wants the brightness of Canaletti, but it truly expresses the now faded glories of the beautiful city. A view in Venice is also exhibited by J. E. Lauder, R.S.A., but it is not a fair example of the admirable talents of this artist; there

is a want of warmth, a chalk coldness which is far from pleasing. The landscapes of E. T. Crawford, R.S.A., on the contrary, delight by their warm and pleasing tones. His river scene in Holland glows with the brilliancy of Both; and he has selected just such a scene and accessories as Cuyp delighted to paint; whilst the rich deep colours of our home scenery receive ample justice from his pencil.

The number of portraits in this exhibition is not large; indeed, it requires a bold artist to hang his works beside those of her Majesty's Limner, the President of the Academy. Three portraits by Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A., effectually prove that there is no diminution in the vigour or skill of this master. The most admired one is that of Archibald Bennet, Esq., Secretary to the Bank of Scotland. D. Macnee, R.A., has also several large works which more than sustain his reputation in portraiture. His fancy picture, probably a portrait, called 'Childhood,' is, however, more to our taste than either of the others; it is less wanting in colour, and is drawn with greater freedom than is usual in his works. The mother is playing with her child, not standing stiffly for her portrait.

There is as usual a large number of pictures of the *genre* class, and not a few have considerable merit; foremost amongst these is the 'Penny Bank,' by George Harvey, R.S.A., whose genial warmth of disposition speaks out in the sentiment of the picture. It represents a room at Leith, with little furniture besides the table and chair of the receiver, before whom is a small group of the thrifty poor bringing their slender savings for deposit. There is the hardy fisherman and the picturesque fishwife; the young woman, probably a domestic servant, earnestly impressing upon the receiver the particulars of her account; several 'careful lads' are also contributing their mites, and probably sowing the seeds of future fortunes. Behind the receiver is a box in which the deposits are placed, and his faithful dog is keeping watch and ward over it. Without straining at effect the scene is telling, and, as an interior, it is masterly in the arrangement of its lights and shadows; the open door and window are well managed, and give relief to the dark interior. J. A. Houston, R.S.A., has a pretty peasant sitting on a bank holding the downy bud of a dandelion for her child to blow, it is called 'What's o'clock?' from the well-known habit of children in playing with the dandelion. Near it is a bright little gem called the 'Castle of Assynt,' a small landscape by the same artist. K. Halswelle has the merit of possessing a distinct style of his own, bold, sketchy, and graphic, strong but rather raw in colour, yet vigorous and healthy in tone. His favourite subjects are sailor boys and rustic people, whose ruddy open faces and occupations have formed his principal study; his faces want expression sometimes, but he can avoid this if he likes. Erskine Nicol's droll delineations of Irish character have become necessary features in the exhibitions of both this and the Royal Academy, they are so true, so clever, so humorous, and often so pathetic. 'The Renewal of the Lease Refused' is full of expression. The dogged determination of the agent, who evidently has a better offer from the person waiting in the anteroom, and the downcast look of the rejected tenant, are exceedingly dramatic. His other picture is more pleasing in subject, but is not equal in its execution. It bears no name, but is explained by a quotation:—

"Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king."—POPE.

It represents one of his well-known Irish cabin interiors, where all seem happy. A

mother and father are playing with their youngest child, and a happy grandfather is looking on. One boy is watching with blissful anticipations the well-filled frying-pan on the fire, whilst another is most happy in disposing of a mealy potatoe; indeed a king might envy the bliss so apparent in this humble home. Charles Lees, R.S.A., has one of his well-known hockey scenes, which are with him a speciality, and it must be admitted that he has attained a marvellous excellence in grouping a crowd of figures, and giving them all the appearance of life and motion. To attempt a crowd of boys playing "hockey" on the ice, and in the heat and wild excitement of the game, is what very few could do, and still fewer succeed in—perhaps none so well as Charles Lees. He gives us an interior of a smithy which is carefully executed. R. Herdman, R.S.A., has greatly enriched the exhibition with some of his choicest works. 'La Culla,' his diploma picture, is a charming work; and still better is 'The Captive of Lochleven,' representing the fair queen looking wistfully through the open window of her island prison, pensive thoughtfulness expressed by a side view of the face. The perfectly natural and easy position of the figure, the arrangements of the room, and the careful and rich colouring, make this picture, in our opinion, the choicest of Herdman's works. His 'Fern Gatherer' is a small and unpretending bit of colour study. 'The Grape Gatherer—Andalusia,' and 'Faith,' are two characteristic Spanish heads by J. Phillip, R.A.: the former a handsome peasant, of the true Andalusian type, with a basket of grapes; the other is a similar half-figure at a small shrine. He has also a portrait of a lady, which, though carefully executed, is not equal to his usual style.

Of those Rembrandtish pictures by which William Douglas, R.S.A., is so well known, there are several; his 'Hudibras and the Lawyer' is powerfully expressed, and is quite Hogarthian in its broad and telling mode of treatment. 'The Alchemist on the Verge of a Discovery' has a touch of humour in it. Disturbed in his study by a noise in the adjoining room the dreamy student has come to search for the cause; the dark outer chamber is draped with tapestry, on which a love-scene is brodered, but below the picture are seen two pairs of feet—one masculine, the other delicately feminine—and an open window and rope-ladder tell the tale, not very moral it is true, but artists are privileged. The beautiful glimpse of the external city through the open window, the lighted study of the alchemist, and the dark tapestried outer chamber, form an artistic combination which has called forth the nicest skill of the painter. 'Curiosity' is another tale of domestic infidelity. A lady amusing herself with her beautiful child in the study of her absent spouse has the curiosity to look into a portrait case, and there sees the cause of his absence. Another picture by Mr. Douglas, of a totally different character, is his portrait of David Laing, Esq., F.S.A., Honorary Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Scottish Academy, a name well and deservedly beloved by all who value Art in Scotland. It is a picture of this esteemed antiquarian in his library, the still life of which forms an admirable exercise for the genius of Douglas. Another large picture called the 'Spell,' and a small sketch styled 'A Nook for a Novel Reader,' complete the list of his works in this exhibition. H. O'Neil, A.R.A., has a large picture called 'The Volunteer,' it represents a shipwrecked crowd on a raft, and a sailor stripped and ready to start for the shore with the line which is to save them. The artist has made a great effort to

depict all the misery of such a moment. Crouching and horror-stricken women and desperate men give a horrible interest to the picture, until the eye falls on the theatrical figure of the naked sailor, and still more upon that of the captain, who, as if in contrast to the volunteer, is dressed in a very gentlemanly style, and is addressing the sailor with all the air of a most bland can-vasser asking for his vote and interest; it is a strange failure in an attempt to produce a sensation picture. Colvin Smith, R.S.A., is chary this year, and only gives us one picture; he calls it 'A Young Monk,' but there is a want of that feeling which would induce a youth to embrace the recluse life; the face is well fed but spiritless; the handling of the picture is otherwise bold and striking. G. Gilbert, R.S.A., has some clever fancy heads and portraits carefully executed, and delicately and warmly coloured. 'The Evening of Life,' by W. Smellie Watson, R.S.A., is probably a portrait; it is a touching picture, representing an aged man, who evidently is enfeebled and has not long to live; it is painted with much feeling, and will, with two portraits he also exhibits, add to his well-deserved reputation. A picture of much merit, by John Reid, arrests the attention of every visitor; it is called 'An Essay at Venetian Harmony'—a music party of ladies and gentlemen in rich costumes in a Venetian balcony. The style is that of the old Venetian school, and in richness of colour is quite Titianesque. Mr. Reid has talents of no mean order, and will be well known at no distant period. James Cassie, of Aberdeen, claims a passing word, not for his portrait of that cold, dreary-looking, 'Minister of West Parish,' but for his cheering bits of life on the coast, 'The Mussel Gatherers' and 'Fisherman's Daughter Baiting Lines.' These have a freshness and vigour of colour which show that his time is wasted on portraits, especially clerical ones. Arthur Perigal, A., has more than his share of the walls. No less than nine pictures are sent by this artist. It is true several other artists exhibit as many; but whenever this is the case, we are struck with the conviction that one or two works, finished with greater care, would have conduced more to the painter's credit; although he might not have had so many pictures to sell which had been in the exhibition. James Archer, R.S.A., charms with his rich harmonious colouring in the only historical picture he exhibits, 'Sir Launcelot looks on Queen Guinevere,' which has all the fine finish of an old Flemish painting. Besides this he has a charming little bit of country scenery, 'Spring in Surrey,' and a portrait of 'A Lady.' Thomas Faed, A.R.A., merely sends the original sketch for his now well-known picture 'From Dawn to Sunset.' John Faed exhibits his diploma picture, a charming little bit of Scotch life, 'Annie's Tryste.' Poor Annie's wan cheeks, and Willie's earnest entreaties, constitute the subject of the picture as of the ballad, but it is treated with true artistic feeling and taste. 'The Arrest of a Rebel after Culloden,' by J. B. Macdonald, A., though somewhat hard, is well designed and full of feeling. A fine picture of Tilbury Fort, by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., should have been mentioned before, it is in his best style. A fresh breeze tosses the Thames and the river craft upon it with a feeling of life and motion bespeaking true genius. This picture is the property of James Graham, Esq., of Skelmorlie. Rosa Bonheur is represented among the exhibitors by a picture, also lent by Mr. Graham, 'A Highland Raid,' a group of wild Highland cattle and sheep driven by still wilder Highlanders armed with spear and targe. The frightened beasts

are jostling together with that wonderful truthfulness of effect in which Mdlle. Bonheur so much excels.

There are several animal paintings by Gourlay Steel, two of which we only mention as examples of want of taste in allowing them to be hung on the walls; the one is a prize horse of huge dimensions, with mane and tail in holiday trim, and its companion picture is a prize bull. These pictures are well suited to the hall of an agricultural society, but appear rather out of place in the elegant rooms of the Royal Scottish Academy, surrounded with living beauties, and a great number of mediocre pictures, in which the Bible is always a prominent feature. Art should always be suggestive of purity and truth; grossness and cant are antagonistic to it. A fine poetical picture, with all the warmth of an Italian scene, is seen in the 'Remains of the Amphitheatre of Cumæ,' by James Giles, R.S.A. The figures in the foreground are put in very effectively. Alexander Leggett is best seen in his 'Palissy the Potter modelling from Nature,' though not equal in execution throughout, this is a very meritorious work. Almost the best historical painting in the exhibition is 'King James VI. publicly returning Thanks after the Gowrie Conspiracy,' by J. Drummond, R.S.A. The scene is at the High Cross of Edinburgh, the numerous figures are well grouped, and the scene has a rich regal look, which makes us wish to see that picturesque but dingy locality once more lighted up with colour and cleanliness. William Crawford has sent a picture that attracts much attention, 'The Keeper's Daughter,' a Scotch lassie in a boat on a loch, with game and a dog; it reminds us of some of Hook's beautiful figures freshened up by the bracing air of the North. In crayon drawing this artist shines especially; his masterpiece in this style is a beautiful family group of three of the children of Charles Cowan, Esq.

Our space admits of but few words on the sculpture. W. Calder Marshall's 'Undine' is a fine poetical conception. Brodie's 'Winter,' his 'La Vignorala,' and several excellent busts, bear marks of his recent visit to Rome. J. Hutchinson, A., too, is fresh from the Eternal City, and his genius, which is not small, has received a healthy stimulus therefrom. Miss Brodie and Mrs. D. O. Hill have each several small works of considerable merit.

PICTURE SALES.

On the 27th of February, Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold at their rooms, in King Street, St. James's, a collection of paintings, by the late F. R. Bridell, from the Bevois Mount Gallery, Southampton. Among them were:— 'The Temple of Venus,' from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' a large and very fine picture, 670 gs. (Isaac, of Liverpool); 'The Coliseum at Rome by Moonlight,' exhibited at the Academy in 1860, and in the International Exhibition of 1862, 410 gs. (Vokins); 'Lake Constance, from the Heights above Lindau,' 260 gs. (Gibb); 'The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli,' 195 gs. (Gibb); 'Ave Maria, at Bolzano,' 165 gs. (Fisher); 'Ehrenbreitstein—Morning,' 135 gs. (Vokins); 'A Sunny Day in the Derbyshire Hills,' 205 gs. (Cox); 'Etruscan Tombs at Civita Castellana,' 255 gs. (Morby); 'The Villa D'Este, near Rome,' 220 gs. (Isaac); 'Under the Pine Trees at Castel Lusano, Romagna,' 200 gs. (Gibb); 'Waterfall and Grotto of Neptune, Tivoli,' 195 gs. (Lloyd). The collection included eighteen pictures, which, with the copyrights, produced the total sum of £3,323. The pictures, finished and unfinished, and the sketches in oil left by this highly-esteemed landscape painter, were sold in the same rooms, and realised a very large sum.

At the conclusion of the above sale, a small gallery of English cabinet pictures, the property of the Rev. C. H. Craufurd, of Old Swinford, near Stourbridge, was disposed of. It contained:— 'Summer Crops,' W. Linnell, 160 gs. (Moore); 'The Ford,' T. Creswick, R.A., 194 gs. (White); 'Refreshment,' a girl carrying a tazza of fruit, C. Baxter, 112 gs. (Moore); 'The Letter,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 185 gs. (White); 'The Rose of Seville,' J. Phillip, R.A., 175 gs. (White); 'Catherine Seaton,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 155 gs. (Moore); 'The Bird Trap,' G. Smith, 310 gs. (Cox); 'In for a Ducking,' G. Smith, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'Olivia and Sophia,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Moore); 'A Lady and her Children,' Sir J. Reynolds, 135 gs. (Holland). The thirty-eight pictures included in Mr. Craufurd's collection realised £2,786.

Messrs. Christie & Co. sold, on the 4th of March, a number of pictures in oil and water-colours, the property respectively of Mr. G. H. Burnett and Mr. C. H. Knowles. Among the more valuable examples were:— 'Snowdrops,' a small oval drawing, by W. Hunt, 120 gs. (Vokins); 'Plums, Peaches,' &c. (White); 'Vase, with an Orange,' &c. (Walter); 'Fisher Boy' (Wilkinson); these three drawings, also by W. Hunt, sold for 188 gs. The following are oil-paintings:— 'Interior of a Spanish Posada,' D. W. Deane, 140 gs. (Flatow); 'River Scene, with a Mill,' W. Müller, 175 gs. (Flatow); 'Land Lehen,' W. Gale, 95 gs. (Chaplin); 'Norbury, on the Mole,' J. Brett, 96 gs. (Martineau); 'The Old Ward,' interior of a workhouse, E. Frère, 345 gs. (Taylor); 'The Morning Meal,' E. Frère, 218 gs. (Chaplin); 'Scene from Tennyson,' P. H. Calderon, 280 gs. (Walter); 'Edfou, on the Nile,' and 'Waiting for the Ferry,' a pair, by J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 500 gs. (White); 'The Eagle's Haunt,' the bird by W. Duffield, the landscape by H. Bright, £100 (White); 'The Important Letter,' J. F. Herring and H. Bright, 180 gs. (Flatow); 'The Rest by the Way,' C. Baxter and H. Bright, 215 gs. (White). Mr. Burnett's collection realised £3,350, and Mr. Knowles's £2,100.

The collection of pictures in the possession of the late venerable Lord Lyndhurst, son of John S. Copley, R.A., included many works especially interesting to every Englishman, and scarcely less so to our American brethren. It was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 5th of March. Several of the most important works, as historical records, were secured for our national collections.

The following were the principal paintings, all by J. S. Copley, R.A.:— 'Portrait of Admiral Duncan,' a full-length of the hero of Camperdown; it was exhibited at the Academy in 1798, and has been engraved. The picture was knocked down to the Hon. H. Duncan, at the price of 235 gs., and is destined, doubtless, to form an heir-loom in the family, now ennobled, of the gallant admiral. 'Head of Lord Heathfield,' a study for the well-known picture of 'The Siege of Gibraltar,' 38 gs. (bought by Mr. Scharf for the National Portrait Gallery); 'Their R.H. Princess Mary, Princess Sophia, and Princess Amelia, children of George III.,' this is a highly finished sketch for the beautiful picture in Buckingham Palace, which was engraved in *The Art-Journal* of September, 1860, 245 gs. (Whitehead); 'Samuel and Eli,' engraved by V. Green for Macklin's Bible, 100 gs. (Cole); 'Portrait of Lord Mansfield,' seated, and in his robes, 230 gs. (Scharf, for the National Portrait Gallery); 'Boy with a Squirrel'—this picture was exhibited anonymously at the Royal Academy in 1760, and was the cause of the artist's coming to England; it was also exhibited at the late International Exhibition—230 gs. (C. Bentley); 'The Death of Major Peirson,' the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist, originally painted for Alderman Boydell, and subsequently re-purchased by the artist, £1,600 (Sir Charles Eastlake, for the National Gallery); 'Portraits of the Artist, his Wife caressing an Infant—the late Lord Lyndhurst—and their three other Children, in a landscape,' 1,000 gs. (Clarke).

The following pictures also formed a portion of Lord Lyndhurst's gallery:— 'Geoffrey Palmer, Speaker of the House of Commons in the time of Charles I.,' Sir P. Lely, 120 gs. (Anthony); 'Archbishop Laud,' in his robes, Van Dyck, 72 gs. (Mr. Scharf, for the National Portrait Gallery). The whole realised nearly £5,150.

THE
ART-UNION COMPETITION PRIZE
OF SIX HUNDRED POUNDS.

THE time having arrived for the award of this prize, the works of the competing sculptors have been assembled in the North Court of the Kensington Museum, than which for the display of sculpture no more suitable place could be found. There the statues are seen in all fairness in one unbroken breadth of light, wherein the beauties of some are modestly attractive, and the defects of many loudly importunate. The proper light of the court is strictly impartial—all are dealt with alike; it might, however, be desirable to modify it, inasmuch as to sweeten the savour of the plaster, of which at present we see and feel too much of the grit; not that it is expedient to produce anything like the pink haze under which we see Danneker's Ariadne at Frankfort. The number of the statues sent in is fifteen, but there is one which cannot be admitted in competition as not being of the size prescribed by the conditions. On this occasion the arena has been thrown open to all comers; we know not whether it has been so in former instances of the same kind. On this account we might have reasonably expected a *salon* thronged with gatherings from the immortal verse of perhaps many nations. Six hundred pounds, besides the honour of the thing, is a prize tempting even to native artists of confirmed reputation; but nothing, it appears, will ever overcome their aversion for competition, and the distinguished foreigner seems to share their repugnance. The awards of the Art-Union have always been scrupulously just, and in this instance the decision will not be less faithful than heretofore. A case, however, might arise which could only be justly dealt with by withholding the award; the council may upon this occasion have escaped such a dilemma, but a consideration of present circumstances would suggest the discretion of such a right of reserve in future. Inasmuch as sculpture can, less than painting, dispense with originality, so should sculptors be diffident of stock subjects, for not one in ten can, in treating these, vindicate his position against the greatest men of all time, who have made such material their own. That which is facetiously called high Art is not an inexorable condition of a competition like this; there is more originality in a successful dereliction of "high-Art" principles than in a happy imitation of the antique. But artists cannot see this, even when they are bidding for a popularity which attaches itself more readily to the beautiful than the sublime.

The group called, we think, 'A Wood Nymph,' has many charming points to recommend it. The nymph is seated, and having linked one leg within the other, nurses a fawn on her lap, while the doe stands by sharing her caresses, and apparently somewhat jealous of the fawn's perfect happiness. The right arm of the figure lies over the fawn, which licks the hand; and the left is thrown over the doe, towards which the nymph looks. The action on all sides is easy, graceful, and natural, and in the dispositions there is a harmony which would be disturbed by any change. The fawn, for instance, in the lap of the girl, is a most interesting incident; the animal could be nowhere so well placed as it is. The lines and quantities tell well on all sides, but especially on the left, on which side the light falls on the face. The head being inclined downwards, the features are in some degree shaded, yet we see in them the tranquil enjoyment experienced in nursing the fawn and fondling the mother. The figure is full of youthful grace, worthy of a poet's dream; and in the face we read of the wildest transports, now subdued by tender emotion. This work has the high and rare merit of easy and obvious interpretation; every movement or disposition speaks for itself. 'Lurline,' a semi-nude figure, is seated on the ground, and represented as looking earnestly over the Lurley Berg, at, perhaps, one of her victims precipitated into the stream, for her harp lies by her side. But this figure will not read for Lurline. If it has not been worked out from a model of forty years of age, that is the age given to the embodiment which, in the

lower part of the person is heavy and coarse, and in the head there has been no attempt to go beyond the patterns of everyday life. The German legend is sufficiently rich in telling points, but the sculptor has entirely failed to seize any of them; moreover, if his right hand have any cunning, he gives it no chance by the selection of such a subject. Of 'A Sleeping Diana' it must be said that the artist has done himself injustice by making the figure so lengthy. The *pose* is an ancient and approved acceptation, the head resting on the right arm, and one of the legs drawn up. The head is deficient in dignity. 'The Queen of the May' is a suggestion from the lines of Tennyson—

"Last May we made a crown of flowers, we had a merry day,
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May."

She is in the act of dancing, and holds above her head the chaplet of flowers whereby she has been confirmed to regal dignity; the modelling of this figure has been more careful than many of those around it; but much more careful than this, and in another vein, is 'Samson breaking his Bonds,' the only male figure of the fifteen. It is a nude figure of heroic stature, having the arms bound at the wrists. He stands perfectly erect, which may be intended to show that he breaks his bonds without an effort. This is a subject that would be proposed at the Academy as a gold medal essay; in evidences of strength it abounds, even to approaching the Farnese Hercules, which, being in repose, has perhaps less pretension to tension of muscle than a Samson in action. In 'Euphrosyne and Cupid' there is evidence of painstaking; the nymph holds a dove upon her right hand; this, *sans* the Cupid, and with some difference of treatment, might have been made a production of much interest. 'Modesty' is a small Hebe-like figure holding a vase, and near it stands a cast called 'Lady Macbeth,' of which it must be said that it is so deficient of all sculptural pretension, and even remote allusion to the subject, that it is impossible to believe such a work could have been sent in with any hope of success. There is a *Pietà*, a subject very little fitted for the purpose with which this competition has been instituted; were this even a work of surpassing merit, we conceive that it would be one of the last to be selected for a prize. 'Imogen entering the Cave' is faithful in its adhesion to the one idea of Imogen, than which no other has ever been enunciated. The properties of the figure are those which have always been familiar to us, and in such wise is it that artists are enemies to themselves. In this statue there is a crying error, which, under any circumstances, should be corrected. In the front view, the hat, which hangs at the back, is seen rising over the left shoulder, so presenting a most unseemly object, which cannot be ascertained to be a hat until the back of the statue is seen. The group, 'Beauty spell-bound by Love,' shows the former submitting to bondage by a chain of roses imposed by Cupid. 'The Spirit of the Storm' is an erect statue, entirely draped, having her hands crossed before her. What in this most impresses the observer is its essentially French character, wherein we read rather the story of a school than any narrative of elemental turmoil. As regards subject, the artist has been desirous of quitting the beaten path, but he has not succeeded in freeing himself from the trammels of manner, and his essay has not exaltation in proportion with the theme he has proposed to himself. There remain yet three, which to name is sufficient: these are a 'Rebecca,' a group called 'Innocence imploring the Protection of Justice,' and a small figure called, we think, 'Summer,' to which allusion has been made as being in height below the stature indicated in the conditions. It is a statue of Ceres, with a certain classical propriety harmonising but little with that which should be the aspiration of an artist competing on an occasion of this kind. And this is the sum of the response to the handsome proposal of the Art-Union. We write with a feeling of disappointment; for how faulty soever may be the awards of private committees, the decisions of the Art-Union cannot be otherwise than just, therefore the best men are safe in their hands.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

A NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—It is publicly stated that the Government contemplates the erection of a new National Gallery, on the large plot of ground at the back of Burlington House, Piccadilly, the removal to it of the national collections, and the resignation of the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square to the Royal Academy. Plans for a new National Gallery have been prepared by Messrs. Banks and Barry, and will be submitted to the House of Commons in June next. The estimated cost is £150,000. The architects propose to erect seven parallel galleries, the ground admitting each of these to be 900 feet in length, which is about two-thirds of the length of the whole of the present building in Trafalgar Square. The vistas will be uninterrupted from end to end; but in the centre there is to be a grand hall, with columns and lofty dome, which will have a very imposing effect from numerous points of view. The galleries are to be 40 feet in width and 40 feet in height, which is only 10 feet less in each measurement than was the unnecessarily vast picture gallery of the International Exhibition.

THE MULREADY EXHIBITION.—It was said by Wordsworth, that "an author's life is to be found in his works;" it is even more emphatically true of the artist. An exhibition of sketches, drawings, and paintings, by William Mulready, R.A., is now open at South Kensington, free to the public. The great painter is thus made a great teacher, after he has left earth:—

"He is not dead—he's but departed—
For the artist never dies."

The exhibition was opened too late in the month to enable us to do it justice. Our review of it must therefore be postponed.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION in Pall Mall has closed, after a season of unequalled success. The exhibition of sketches and studies by members of the Water-Colour Society has also been brought to a close.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY.—The display of pictures and drawings at the second *conversazione* of the season, on the 25th of February, was one of the most brilliant the members of this Society ever got together. The large room at Willis's was filled with works by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., Turner, C. Stanfield, Dewint, Barrett, W. H. Hunt, Cattermole, S. Prout, Richardson, W. C. Smith, Sandys, Soper, D. Cox, sen., E. Brandard, and many other well-known artists. Among the numerous portfolios of sketches sent for exhibition, those by L. Haghe, W. Bennett, and D. Cox, jun., attracted special attention, as did also one of flower subjects by W. Coleman. The Society has adopted this season a new plan of lighting the room, or, rather the pictures, by rows of gas jets, shaded: the result is admirable.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The annual meeting of this society was held on the 29th of February. The report congratulates the subscribers upon the continued prosperity of the institution; the total net income during the past year amounting to £1,528 15s. 9d., of which sum £852 9s. 5d. were received at and subsequent to the last annual dinner: a second donation of £50 has been sent by the Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts. Sixty-six applicants have been relieved with the sum of £1,120, sixty at the quarterly meetings with £945, and six "urgent cases" with £175. The balance of current account in the hands of Messrs. Ransom, the society's bankers, on the 31st of December, 1863, was £439 8s. 8d. The next anniversary dinner will take place on the 16th of April next, when the Bishop of Oxford has consented to preside. His lordship, who is a most finished orator, will doubtless attract a large company.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY announces the intention of holding, in the gardens at South Kensington, exhibitions of sculpture in the present year and in 1865. In each year the council will make purchases to the value of £500, provided that new and original works of sufficient merit are exhibited under the conditions hereafter stated. As a general rule it is desirable that all works should be finished works in plaster; but works

may be sent in in marble, bronze, terra-cotta, and other materials than plaster. The works sent for purchase must be figures, groups of figures, large ornamental vases with bas-reliefs, ornamental pedestals with bas-reliefs, but not simply bas-reliefs unapplied. Artists of all nations are invited to send works. All works for the competition of 1864 must be sent on or before the 1st of June, 1864, and must be left in the gardens until the 30th of September in each year.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES has recently given several sittings to Mr. Morton Edwardes for a marble bust, intended for the city of Toronto. The Prince appears in the uniform of the 10th Hussars.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION is to have imitators in places where, a few years ago, such an idea would have been a dream. One is to take place at Malta, and another at New Zealand, in "the city of Dunedin."

MR. W. BURGESS has been delivering at the Society of Arts a series of lectures on "Fine Arts applied to Industry." As they are not printed in the journal of the Society, we presume it is his intention to publish them.

MR. G. TENISWOOD is engaged in writing a life of Flaxman, about whom there is still much left unsaid, notwithstanding all which has been published. Flaxman and his works form a wide, most interesting, and instructive theme.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—The second *conversazione* of the Langham School was held on the evening of March 9, when there were exhibited many charming works both in oil and water-colour. Among the former was the picture by F. Walton, to which was awarded the Turner gold medal; it is a view in Surrey, with Leith Hill in the distance; also others of various classes by Fitzgerald, Weekes, Rossiter, H. Moore, Hayes, Nicholls, Stark, &c. First among the water-colour works was a drawing of rare merit by F. Walker, the subject from one of Thackeray's novels; and others by J. Lewis, A.R.A., Carl Haag, Cattermole, E. Hayes, H. C. Pidgeon, Mole, with portfolios and a number of other works, which could not be approached, so full were the rooms.

SHAKESPEARIAN BADGES.—Messrs. Mulloney and Johnson, of Coventry, have woven a very elegant ribbon badge, consisting of three separate leaves falling from a button, on which is displayed Shakespeare's armorial bearings. Each leaf contains a medallion centre, on which respectively is introduced a portrait of Shakespeare, the house in which he was born, and the church of Stratford-on-Avon, with appropriate inscriptions, all very artistically rendered. Though manufactured expressly for those who intend taking part in the approaching tercentenary commemoration, we hope the badge will find a far more extended circulation, as a means of aiding the weavers of Coventry, whose business is yet in a depressed condition.

A NEW ELEANOR CROSS.—We hear that Mr. E. Barry, the architect of the Charing Cross Hotel, is about to erect a monument, as nearly as possible the same in size and feature as the original Eleanor Cross, which stood in the village of Charing. Mr. Barry has found a most convenient site in the open space in front of the terminus, very near the exact spot on which the ancient cross stood. The height of the edifice will be nearly 70 ft. Of the ten crosses which marked the halting-places of the coffin of Queen Eleanor on the road from Grantham to Westminster Abbey, only three are now in existence, the finest being that at Waltham. Such a work as that contemplated would, doubtless, be a great ornament to the locality; but how will it harmonise, architecturally considered, with Mr. Barry's hotel?

MESSERS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS announce several important picture sales to take place during this and the ensuing months. Among them are Mr. J. W. Brett's gallery of old masters, with some modern paintings and drawings; a large collection of the old foreign and English schools, formed by the late Bishop of Ely; a collection of modern pictures, drawings, and sculpture, the property of the late Mr. W. Herbert, of Clapham; the remaining drawings and sketches of the late W. Mulready, R.A.; a collection of beautiful drawings, with a few

cabinet oil-pictures, the "property of a gentleman;" the gallery of the late Mr. E. W. Anderson, composed principally of Dutch and Flemish pictures; sketches and pictures by the late J. D. Harding and W. H. Hunt; modern pictures and drawings collected by the late Mr. J. M. Threlfall; the important gallery of Dutch and Flemish paintings formed by the late Mr. J. M. Oppenheim; and the collection of Italian and Spanish works left by the late Mr. G. A. Hoskins, with several others.

BATH MINERAL WATER HOSPITAL.—There are, we know from past experience, many of our readers desirous of co-operating in any work of benevolence. We offer, therefore, no apology for bringing before them the claims of this valuable institution, to which our own attention has recently been directed from circumstances in connection with *The Art-Journal*. The mineral waters of Bath have long been celebrated for their curative and alleviating powers in particular bodily disorders; and this hospital was founded, more than a century ago, for the benefit of those whose means may not allow them to visit the city at their own expense to obtain the relief required. It differs from almost every other institution of a similar kind in that it is entirely gratuitous; no recommendation of a governor or subscriber is necessary to obtain admission. All that the authorities require is that the case of the applicant should be properly stated, on medical authority, as one likely to be benefited by the waters; and, while an inmate of the hospital, he is provided, free of any charge, with board, lodging, washing, the best medical advice, nursing, and baths. We have the testimony of one who has but lately left it to the care and attention given to the patients, and to the kindness and liberality with which their necessities are supplied. The number of patients admitted during the last seven years has not been many short of 4,000, from all parts of the country, though the hospital cannot accommodate more than about 140 at a time. Somewhat recently it was deemed indispensable to make several important additions to the building, which entailed a cost of upwards of £20,000 of which the sum of £11,500 remains still unpaid, while the income of the institution is insufficient to meet the expenditure, in consequence, chiefly, of the additional accommodation afforded. Under these circumstances the president and governors are compelled to ask the assistance of the public to relieve them from their responsibilities; and we are glad of the opportunity of lending our columns in furtherance of the object, by making known the position of the authorities, as well as the existence of such an institution, with which, we feel assured, a large portion of the public is unacquainted. The hospital is not of local advantage only; its doors are open to the whole community; and it has, therefore, a claim upon the entire country.

MR. W. PERRY, wood carver in ordinary to her Majesty, has received a commission from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to execute a bust of Shakespeare out of a block of Herne's Oak, similar to the one Mr. Perry sculptured for the Queen, only of rather smaller dimensions. We are gratified to record this fact, as it testifies to his Royal Highness's appreciation of the work of a most skilful and meritorious artist.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The annual exhibition of the students' drawings took place on the 12th of March and two following days. At the examination thirty medals, the full number allowed by the Department of Art, were awarded by the inspector; and fifteen drawings were selected for the national competition. It is proposed to hold, in June next, a grand fête and bazaar, in aid of the building fund; her Majesty, who has the school under her special patronage, having given her sanction to the project. We have before appealed for aid to this institution, the accommodation at present afforded being too limited to admit a sufficient number of students to render the school permanent and self-supporting. The committee of management earnestly desires to provide for this want by adding two class-rooms to the freehold premises in Queen Square. The Committee of Council on Education has promised a grant of money towards the building fund, if the remainder of the sum required can be raised by other means. The pro-

posed bazaar is one of the channels through which it is hoped the result may be effected. Contributions, both of money and of articles for the bazaar, will be thankfully accepted by the lady superintendent, Miss Gann, at the school, 43, Queen Square.

SOUTH LONDON WORKING CLASSES.—There has been an interesting novelty in the way of exhibitions, held during the past month at Lambeth. It consisted mainly of the productions of working men. The number of exhibitors was 125, and articles exhibited 500. These were classified under seven heads—1. Useful. 2. Ingenious. 3. Ornamental. 4. Scientific. 5 and 6. Artistic and Literary. 7. Curious and Amusing. Prizes have been awarded, and it is understood the exhibition, if successful, will be repeated. At the opening, many wealthy and philanthropic amateurs attended. They will no doubt take care that the experiment shall not involve a loss to those who are responsible for the issue.

"ARTISTS' STUDIOS."—Mr. Ballantyne, a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and one of a family to whom Scotland owes a large debt, has been for some time occupied in painting a series of very interesting pictures. They represent the "studios" of leading British artists; there is no saying to what extent the collection may be carried; at present those of Roberts, Stanfield, MacIse, Phillip, Elmore, Frith, Faed, and Creswick, are pictured, while those of Landseer, Mulready, and Ward are "in preparation." As works of Art they possess great merit; but they are valuable, and will be "for all time," as memorials of some of the leading men of the age. The artist is exhibited at his work; he is in the act of painting one of his more prominent productions; his walls are covered with his sketches, while various "professional" accessories are placed carelessly, yet judiciously, about the room. The studio of MacIse, however, is the House of Lords; he is painting his immortal fresco. Frith is taking the likeness of a royal sitter—the Princess of Wales. The other portraits of the men and the places are precisely as they exist, but naturally and necessarily they afford abundant objects for pictorial effects. It would be difficult to overrate the value of such a series; let us imagine the worth of an assemblage of the kind, in which Reynolds, Gainsborough, Barry, Wilson, and a score of other high souls, are seen. What a rare treasure would have been secured for the profit and pleasure of a long future, if an artist, so able as Mr. Ballantyne, had conceived the idea a century ago and carried it out. Posterity will owe a large debt to Mr. Ballantyne for the legacy he will bequeath to artists and Art-lovers, when hereafter they accord homage to the great men of the past, who, while they live in their works, will be thus brought palpably before their successors.

BRITISH MANUFACTURERS are justified in accepting as a high compliment the very singular fact that France is beginning to entertain towards British manufactures feelings akin to those of envy and jealousy, such as England is supposed to have felt towards France for centuries gone by. M. Rouher has appointed a commission, including M. Michel Chevalier, M. Le Pay General Morin, M. Tresca, M. Piedmont, and M. Arlés-Dufour, to inquire into the means of improving the Art-education of the middle and working classes. "The results of the International Exhibition of 1862," says M. Rouher, in his instructions to these gentlemen, "proved that, if new and rapid progress was not made in Art-education, France would be surpassed by her rivals."

"ENGLISH SCENERY."—Such is the title given to a series of stereoscopic views issued by Messrs. Catherall, of Chester, and produced by Mr. Bedford, who is second to no British photographer in the combination of artistic judgment with manipulative skill. It will be at once understood, therefore, that the series is of rare excellence; we believe none better have been published in England. Although the number even now amounts to two hundred and fifty, but few themes have been chosen; those that have appeared are limited chiefly to the midland counties, but they comprise views of Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, Kenilworth, Coventry, Cheltenham, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon. Thus English scenery is given in every possible variety—baronial castles, venerable ruins, river banks, hills and dells, and all that

makes "the country" attractive and charming. The series is indeed rich in the picturesque, while the subjects are treated so extensively that nearly every point of interest is preserved. Of Warwick there are no fewer than fifty. We have therefore a boon of magnitude in these perfect "portraits" of famous places, for which we are grateful to the publisher and the accomplished artist.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The theatres, though prosperous, have of late given us little to do; "sensation" dramas are supposed not to need the aid and influence of Art. At the Princess's Theatre, however, there has been a "revival" of much interest. The "Comedy of Errors" is rarely performed, chiefly because of the difficulty of finding representatives of the twin brothers, on whom the play depends. That difficulty has been removed by a singular chance. Two brothers, named Webb, who are evidently men of talent, and good, if not first-class, actors, are so alike in form and in features, that it is almost impossible to distinguish one from the other, even when together on the stage. Availing himself of this fortunate circumstance, the manager has revived the comedy, giving to it the best accessories of costume and scenery, and doing his work in all respects well. The result is a performance of very great interest; a rare treat to lovers of the true drama. We rejoice to know that it is largely as well as deservedly popular.

SHAKESPEARE TOYS.—Independent of the "bust" to be issued in terra-cotta, porcelain, and bronze, and the Coventry ribbon—articles specially recommended by the Shakespeare Committee—the *Athenæum*, of March 5, introduces us to half a score of other novelties which are to strike the fancy on the 23rd of April next. Among them are Mr. John Leighton's "Pack of Playing-cards," Mr. Hazlett's "Shakspearian Jest Books," a Rev. Mr. Jephson's photographic illustrations of the Birthplace, and Mr. Marsh's "Reference Shakspeare." Some of these are, no doubt, mere clap-traps of the hour, while others are designed in homage to the high soul who, three hundred years ago, was given to the world as a glory and a shining light.

THE CITY ARCHITECT.—This office, vacated by the lamented death of Mr. Bunning, has been conferred on Mr. Horace Jones.

MESSRS. MAULL AND POLYBANK, whose photographic portraits have obtained extensive and merited renown, have issued a series of "cartes" of British artists, numbering nearly fifty, and including a large proportion of living celebrities with whose names and works the public is familiar. They are admirably executed. We may naturally suppose that in most cases the *pose* has been arranged by the "sitter," who knew how best to be placed to advantage; but the manipulator must have some of the credit due to the collection, for he has skilfully varied the attitudes, so that we have a collection of portraits of the deepest interest, each being indeed a picture, the result of careful study, and of course true. Not only have we "views" of the Art-veterans, Pickersgill, Linnell, Stanfield, &c. &c., but we have before us the younger aspirants for fame, such as Calderon, Marcus Stone, and Linnell Brothers, with whose exteriors we are less acquainted.

FRENCH IRON-WORK.—The *Building News* stated, some short time ago, that, "the bronze works for the decoration of the late Prince Consort's tomb at Frogmore are being executed by the famous French firm of Barbedienne. It is said they will be very costly." If this be the case, we may well ask of what service to England have been the compliments paid to our advance in Art-manufactures by French critics in the report so ostentatiously put forth by the Commissioners of the late International Exhibition? Have we, or have we not, those in this country capable of producing such works as are required? Whoever gave the order to France indirectly negatives the questions; but no one acquainted with what the Coalbrookdale Company, Messrs. Skidmore, of Coventry, or Messrs. Barnard & Co., of Norwich, have done in ironwork, can disbelieve the fact that either of these eminent firms could produce bronzes for Frogmore just as well as Messrs. Barbedienne, of whose skill as workers in metal we are fully cognisant.

REVIEWS.

THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM. Twelve Illustrations by JOSEPH VON FUEHRICH; engraved on wood by AUGUST GABER. Published by DULAU & Co., London; A. GABER, Dresden.

That the majority of modern German artists who essay to illustrate the Scriptures approach the subject with deep veneration and devotional feeling, must be manifest to all who have seen and studied their works. Like their old countrymen before them, and like those, too, of the early Italian school, these contemporaries of our own strive earnestly to attain to the spirituality of what they undertake; and, notwithstanding a certain amount of quaintness and apparent crudity in their designs, one recognises in them a truth and a meaning consonant with the subject, and which, after all, constitute the very essence of Art. Other qualities may sometimes be absent, but these, the very highest of all, may generally be accepted in lieu of what would, perhaps, better please the eye.

Vn Fuehrich's illustrations of the infant life of Christ form no exception to the above remarks; they are completely German in manner, yet evidence throughout a feeling of profound sanctity mingled with no inconsiderable beauty of form and expression, as well as skilful composition. In the plate of 'The Annunciation,' Mary stands meekly, with her hands folded, before the angel, who kneels to announce the honour to which she has been chosen, pointing, at the same time, towards the clouds where the Supreme Being sits, with the infant Jesus descending to earth preceded by a dove. Another angel is ringing a bell attached to the wall of the dwelling, on which is written "Ave Maria." 'Christ in the Manger' is an admirable composition; Mary wraps the Babe in its swaddling clothes, while Joseph looks on, and the very cattle, peering over their barricade, seem to take an interest in the process. 'The Offerings of the Wise Men' is another excellent picture, containing a number of figures, some mounted on horseback. 'The Presentation,' and 'The Flight into Egypt,' are also among the best of this series, and carry the thoughts truthfully back to the time and country when the events took place. In each one of the subjects there is a figure occupying as prominent a place in the composition as Mary and her husband; it is a female pilgrim, with scollop shell on her garment, with "sandalled shoon," a staff in one hand, a lighted lamp in the other; she stands always at a little distance from the principal group, watching with intense interest and veneration the young Child and its parents. This figure, it may be presumed, is meant to symbolise the Gentile world converted to Christianity, the lamp typifying Simeon's application to Christ of the words—"a Light to lighten the Gentiles." The background of each picture contains one or more striking little episodes in connection with the advent of the Child of Bethlehem.

The engravings are on wood, and of large size; they are comparatively slight in execution, but bold and effective. There is one subject in the series the withdrawal of which we strongly recommend, as offending against English ideas of propriety: its appearance must prevent the work from becoming popular, as it might otherwise be, in the homes of our country.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK PICTURE GALLERIES. Forty Photographs by A. A. TURNER. Selected and described by WILLIAM YOUNG. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co., London; D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

This is the most ambitious essay in photographic illustration that has yet appeared. It is a large and sumptuously bound volume, containing a long series of photographs of interesting pictures with descriptive letter-press. The selection takes a wide range, as embracing valuable examples of both ancient and modern schools, with a preference for those of the latter. If we are to accept this selection as a fair draught from the galleries of New York, there seem to be but few native or English productions in the collections, the greater number being examples of French and Belgian Art, in which the collections of New York are rich. In looking through these photographs, which are of the first order, every allowance must be made for the caprices of photography when dealing with varieties of colour. It is generally surprising to observers of nature that foliage in landscape photography should come out so many degrees below the tone of the natural object, but this is equally the case with reds, yellows, and browns, while, on the other hand, blues take an opposite direction, and reappear much lighter than in pictures or in nature. These pictures have per-

haps been chosen, regard being had to these discrepancies. Whether this be so or not, the photographs are wonderfully clear and sharp, with as much gradation and variety of tone as we should expect in the pictures. In 'Idle Dogs,' for instance, by the veteran Verboeckhoven, every part of the plate has detail, and the balance of lights and darks seems to be maintained. In 'The Flower Girl,' C. C. Ingham, the American flowers that fill the basket at once pronounce the picture an American production. There is in 'The Interrupted Wedding,' by Flüggen, a story which tells of a bride and bridegroom with their friends assembled, when the door is thrown open by an aged man, followed by a young woman, a former victim of the bridegroom. The accusation scene is shown, and the result is according to the title. 'The Village Postboy,' Eastman Johnson, is by an American artist, who, we presume, has studied in France. This is followed by 'Maternal Affection,' by Madame Peyrol, the sister of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. The title is illustrated by a cat and her kittens. The mother is extended on her side, while the blind kittens scramble about her. We can fancy the excellence of the picture from the genuine nature in the photograph. 'The Miser alarmed,' by Guillemin, a French artist, has, in photography, much the character of a water-colour drawing. The miser, hearing the approach of some unwelcome intruder while he is counting his money, hastily rises from his seat, clutching his bags, and looking with fear towards the door. The description is very pointed. We then come to a picture by Gerome, the painter of 'The Duel after the Masquerade' and the 'Ave Caesar.' It shows a band of Egyptian conscripts marching across the desert; the figures are small, but we can imagine the high finish with which they are worked out. In 'The Cabaret,' by Jules Breton, also a French artist, there are as principals a man devoted overmuch to the wine-cup, whose wife, pointing to the door, imperiously commands him to begone. The supplementary characters, the *garde champêtre*, &c., are admirably appropriate. From the picture called 'The Proposal,' by Vautier, also a French artist, the photograph is extremely clear and definite. The so-called historical subjects in the selection are not numerous. Remarkable, however, among the few is 'William the Silent—Womanly Devotion,' representing the affectionate attendance of the wife of William of Nassau on her wounded husband after he had been shot at Antwerp. He survived, but his wife died a sacrifice to her conjugal devotion. This is a production of Penneman, the court painter of the King of Holland. 'The Fair Housekeeper,' David de Noter, is a beautifully clear example of photography; as also are 'The Council of Blood,' by Gallait, a subject from Motley's 'History of the Netherlands.' We remark also 'The Scarlet Letter,' E. Leutze; 'The Bone of Contention,' Alfred de Dreux; 'The Last Honours to Egmont and Horn,' Gallait; 'The Fruit Seller,' Van Hamme, &c. The pictures have been selected from the galleries of A. Belmont, W. P. Wright, M. O. Roberts, J. W. Wallack, A. M. Cozzens, H. S. Jaques, J. C. Force, J. J. Bryant, Esqs., &c., and they speak well for the discrimination and taste of the proprietors.

HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND. Western Division. With Illustrations. Published by J. MURRAY, London; J. H. and Jas. PARKER, Oxford.

In continuation of his series of "Handbooks" descriptive of our English cathedrals, and recording their history, Mr. King, in this volume, writes of those which he has thought fit to term the "Western Division," comprehending Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, and Lichfield. Relatively to their geographical position these can scarcely be called the *western* churches, for Exeter, which is farther west than any other in England, is not included in them; and the two last, especially, are more midland than western. But, assuming that a person desirous of visiting our great ecclesiastical edifices, should divide his journey into four or more separate routes, then these five cities, lying at no very great distance from each other, and being easy of access from either extreme point—that is, from Bristol or Lichfield—the tour may be made with facility, and in a short space of time; and this, it may be supposed, Mr. King had in view when determining the arrangement of his books.

This volume is not a wit inferior in beauty of illustration and historical interest to those which have preceded it,—namely, two descriptive of the southern division, and one of the eastern; the northern and the Welsh cathedrals are yet to come. Having very recently visited two of the edifices here spoken of, Gloucester and Hereford, we are in a position to examine and compare the results of our own observations with what the author records, and the

conclusion arrived at is that the descriptions of the buildings are truthful, concise, and intelligent—as a rule, even to the non-professional reader—nothing is omitted that would interest the visitors. It must be borne in mind that these books are intended as *guides*, chiefly, or for reference by architects and those who take especial interest in architecture; while, therefore, the wants of these classes of persons have been sufficiently studied, those who belong not to either are principally cared for. We purpose referring to this "Hand-Book" again, when we shall introduce some examples of the engravings.

INDIA AND HIGH ASIA. By HERMANN, ADOLPHUS, and ROBERT DE SCHLAGINTWEIT. Published by TRUBNER & Co., London; F. A. BROCKHAUS, Leipzig.

On two former occasions, the last nearly three years ago, we have directed the attention of our readers to this valuable and almost gigantic undertaking. We use the word "gigantic" less, perhaps, because the work is in itself voluminous—though this would prove a sufficient justification of the term—than because it results from long and laborious travel in regions where the greatest hardships were frequently endured—where danger was rife, and obstacles of every kind were only overcome by the highest courage and the most persevering efforts; and because a publication of this vast and comprehensive nature could only emanate from men of great scientific and artistic attainments, such as qualified for the task the three accomplished brothers who originally were engaged upon it; one of them, Adolphus, having lost his life in the pursuit of their joint object.

A somewhat recent interview with Dr. Hermann de Schlagintweit induces us to notice again the progress of this great work. He brought for our inspection several of the plates which are to accompany the text: of the entire number—about one hundred and fifty—to be executed thirty-three are ready for delivery, representing a variety of subjects, but which may be divided into two groups—one more immediately connected with Ceylon and the southern coasts of India, as far as the valley of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra; the other from the Himalaya through Thibet and Turkistan to the foot of the Kuen-lün. These illustrations, all of them of large size, are not only of topographical value; the purpose of the travellers was also to offer specimens of the manufactures of the places they visited, facsimiles of native industrial Art. Hence among the plates are representations of all kinds of woven materials, from the richest stuffs and silks to the very coarsest Thibetan cloths made of Lepeha hemp, as well as of varieties of paper, woods, and stones.

It may readily be imagined that with so large a field of text and illustration supplied in such a work as this, there is ample scope for a long analytical and critical notice. Nothing less can do justice to it; and as this is beyond our power, though not beyond the will, we can only thus briefly refer to the subject, and congratulate the survivors of the courageous and learned trio on the results of their mission, so far as these have been made public. Not their own country alone, but Europe, and indeed, every civilised part of the world where knowledge is estimated at its true worth, owes them a debt of gratitude, and should pay them the honour which is their due.

It is right to state that a work so costly, as this naturally is, comes within the reach of those only who are comparatively wealthy; but certainly no private library of repute, and still more, no public library, can be considered complete if these volumes are not found in it.

STUDIES FROM THE ANTIQUE AND SKETCHES FROM NATURE. By CHARLES MACKAY, Author of "Egeria," "The Salamandrine," &c. &c. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

Dr. Mackay—why has he here abjured the LL.D.?—has returned from the arena of American strife to give his countrymen more of those pleasant poetical reveries which we aforesaid found so agreeable. No fruits of his sojourn in the far West are observable in this collection of lyrical and other poems, none of the events which have excited the feelings and stirred the thought of every European nation find utterance in his verse, save a solitary sketch of the "War-Christian"—what a contradictory term!—a poem in which a bitter yet just rebuke is administered to those who, unmindful of their sacred and peaceful calling, would kindle the worst passions of our nature,

"And, shouting,
Loose the dogs of hell upon their country."

In the lives and stories of ancient mythology, in the histories of gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines,

mortals and immortals, the author has found more sympathetic subjects for his muse. And let not any one think that out of these fanciful and improbable stories there is nothing which sober-minded people like ourselves may take and apply to ourselves, no moral to be learned nor instruction to be received. Beneath so much that often not only appears, but is, absurd, there are as often truths perfectly applicable to us, and sentiments that deserve to be written in letters of gold. The poetic feeling, deep and luxurious, pervading the fictitious literature of Greece and Rome it is needless to point out; an English writer, therefore, may well make use of it, and work out themes, as Dr. Mackay has done, in pure and graceful metrical verse, as in his "Proteus," "Astrea," "Momus," "Dynamene," "The Prayer of the Priest of Isis," "Phidias," "Admetus," &c. &c. His "Sketches from Nature" embrace a variety of subjects, among which a series of twelve lyrics, under the general head of "Heart-sore in Babylon," describe feelings which are but too common with many dwellers in our great metropolis, and scenes that too often painfully meet the eye. In these, and indeed throughout the whole of the poems in the book, the author shows a sympathy with all that is good and bright, an abhorrence of evil, and a generous spirit that can make allowance for human weakness and frailty. "Studies from the Antique," and their companions, will add another leaf to the chaplet Dr. Mackay has already won as a lyric poet.

LYRA ANGLICANA. Hymns and Sacred Songs collected and arranged by the Rev. R. H. BAYNES, M.A. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

A collection of sacred lyrics chosen with unusual judgment and discrimination from the best compositions of contemporary writers, some of which may take rank with the highest devotional poems of any time, beautiful in thought and expression, fragrant with the spirit of genuine Catholic piety. Take, for example, Mrs. Alexander's "Burial of Moses," a "Hebrew Lyric," which, for grandeur of description and originality of idea, may stand side by side with the best poems of the same kind penned by Byron or Moore; Mr. Ford's "Mount of Olives," Dr. Bonar's "Hymn for Easter," Anna Shipton's "Sowing and Reaping," Owen Meredith's "The Ten Virgins," "The Emigrant's Farewell Eucharist," by the Rev. G. W. Brameld, "A Fine Day in Passion Week," by the Rev. W. Alexander, with many others. These sacred songs are not intended for the services of the church, but for private reading. The little volume is sent forth to the world with all the extraneous aid that good printing, paper, and binding, can offer to render it acceptable. The initial letters are by Mr. Leighton, who has also furnished a very elegant and appropriate design for the cover.

EDINBURGH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD, GEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL. WITH THE GEOLOGY OF THE BASS ROCK. By HUGH MILLER, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "My Schools and Schoolmasters," "The Testimony of the Rocks," &c. &c. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

This book comes before the public as a kind of legacy from the lamented Hugh Miller: it has been edited by his widow, who says—"I have at length the melancholy satisfaction of presenting to the reader the last of that series of works fit for publication left upon my hands by my beloved husband;" and she has performed the sacred duty in a way that shows how deep an interest she took in the labours of his life, and how justly she appreciated them.

If there has been one writer who, more than another, possessed the faculty of making a peculiar science attractive to the unscientific mind, it was Hugh Miller. There are thousands to whom the study of geology has become a very pleasant occupation, and to whom the earth, or at least a portion of it, is no longer a *terra incognita*, merely through his writings: his "Testimony of the Rocks," for example, has reached a sale of nearly twenty-nine thousand, and his "Old Red Sandstone," and "Foot-prints of the Creator," have each passed through many editions; thus evidencing their popularity. Though the essays and other papers which form the volume before us are new to the general public, they are not unknown to the people of Edinburgh. The first two papers, entitled "Geological Features of Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood," were delivered as lectures before the Philosophical Institution of that city, and those respectively on the "Brick-Clays of Portobello," and the "Raised Beach at Fillyside," before the Edinburgh Royal Physical Society. The miscellaneous essays which follow were written for

the *Edinburgh Witness*; and the description of the "Geology of the Bass Rock" was contributed to a work devoted to an explanatory history of that singular ocean-girt formation, originally published in 1847.

The book is, therefore, divided into three sections, as it were, each of about equal length with the others; the first portion scientific, but with so little of the formula of such writing as to commend itself to every intelligent mind; the second, consisting of several most attractive papers on a variety of subjects, the "Funeral of Chalmers," "St. Margaret's Well," "Lady Glenorchy's Chapel," "The Queen's First Visit to Scotland," &c. &c.; and the third portion, which is both geologic and historical, is limited to the subject of the Bass Rock, one that in the hands of an ordinary writer would offer only little interest; but treated, as it is here, by a man whose mind was practically, as well as philosophically and inquisitively constituted, is turned into a very charming and instructive narrative. The perusal of such writings as are comprehended in the volume only leaves behind the deeper regret that the hand which penned them has performed its last labours in the field of literature and science.

LINNET'S TRIAL. By the Author of "Twice Lost." Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

"Twice Lost" is, as it deserves to be, a popular tale, and there is no doubt that "Linnet's Trial" will find many admirers; it is a well-sustained story, and the characters are elaborated with a firm hand, and evidences of a perception at once keen and clear. We do not approve of dissecting a story so as to give its outline and plot to the reader; it takes away the interest naturally excited while cutting the pages of a new book. There are few persons, at least few novel readers, who would greatly care for the "here-and-there" incidents of a tale of which they already knew the plot and the principal actors therein: we shall, therefore, suggest that "Linnet" is not the only heroine in the story, which commences with a wedding. At one time this was the end, not the beginning, of a tale; a great mistake, for the real development of woman's life is during the years of marriage, bringing, no matter how happy the union, a train of duties, hopes, and anxieties, that call into existence a new and stronger life than can belong to the fresh days of maidenhood. The author of "Linnet's Trial" is quite aware of this, but has managed skilfully, for—we may whisper so much—the tale not only begins with a marriage, but ends with one, and so will be read with interest both by those who delight in the throes and throbs of maiden hopes and fears, and those who believe that the trials of married life call forth whatever is most noble in woman. The volumes are beautifully printed on delicate cream-tinted paper.

A TREATISE ON METEOROLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS: Explanatory of their Scientific Principles, Method of Construction, and Practical Utility. Published by NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, London.

The authors and publishers of this book are one and the same individuals—the firm so well-known as manufacturers of a certain class of scientific instruments. The work is not, however, what is often considered a mere trade advertisement, but a concise explanatory description of the various instruments now used in meteorological computations, to enable those who are but little instructed in the science to choose those which seem best adapted to their requirements. Meteorology is just now attracting so much attention that a treatise like this, abounding with information on the subject, and fully setting forth the varied apparatus employed, and the method of using all, cannot but be deemed an acquisition to those who take an interest in the science. That the student may be able to compare the instruments with each other, engravings of the principal are introduced.

THE POETRY AND POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN. By DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

This is a goodly volume of six hundred pages, carefully arranged, well digested, and an excellent example of typography. It embraces all the leading poets from Chaucer to Tennyson. The memoirs are not so satisfactory, while the engraved portraits are decidedly bad. Much allowance, however, must be made for the space to which the author-editor was necessarily restricted in the biographical notices. Yet, to our mind, some of them are too long (that of Byron, for example, occupies five pages), and others too short; to Professor Wilson a dozen lines are devoted, to Leigh Hunt still less, and to Hood about the same.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

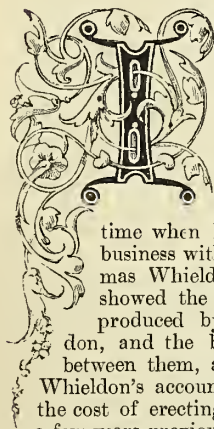


LONDON, MAY 1, 1864.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.
A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART II.



N my last article I traced the career of Josiah Wedgwood, it will be recollected, from his birth down through the period of his apprenticeship and his affliction, and so on, through his short partnership at the start of life, to the time when he was fairly embarked in business with his second partner, Thomas Whieldon, at Fenton. I there showed the kind of wares which were produced by Wedgwood and Whieldon, and the basis of the arrangement between them, and gave an extract from Whieldon's account book, showing a part of the cost of erecting an addition to the works a few years previously.

From the same curious and highly interesting account book I extract the following entries of "hirings" for the purpose of showing the small amount of wages paid in those days as compared with the present, and the curious and amusing bargains which were made between masters and workmen as to "earnest money" and gifts of "old cloaths," &c. The following are a few of the entries:—

	£	s.	d.
1749.			
Jany. 27. Hired Jno. Austin for placing white, &c. pr week	0	5	6
Pd. his whole earnest	0	3	0
Feby. 14. Then hired Thos. Dutton	0	6	6
Pd. 1 pr. Stockins	0	3	6
Earnest for vineing	0	15	0
1 pr. Stockins	0	2	6
Pd. in part	0	1	0
Pd. do. in 7 yds. cloth	0	8	9
" 16. Hired Wm. Keeling for handling	0	6	0
Pd. his whole earnest	0	1	0
" 20. Hired Wm. Cope for handling & vineing & east ware, for ...	0	7	0
Pd. his whole earnest	0	10	6
" 28. Then hired Robt. Gardner	0	6	6
pr week	0	6	6
Earnest	0	10	6
Pd. him toward it	0	1	0
I am to make his earnest about 5s. more in something.			
March 8. Then hired Jno. Barker for ye huvel, @	0	5	6
Pd. earnest in part	0	1	0
Pd. it to pay more	0	1	0
" 24. Hired Low for making Slip	0	5	3
Pd. him in part of his earnest	0	2	6
To pay more	0	2	6
" 26. Then hired George Bagnall, for firing for this year, for	0	5	3
Full earnest, 5s.			
Pd. in part, 2s. 6d.			
Hired for 1750	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.
1749.			
April 9. Hired Siah Spode, to give him from this time to Martemas next 2s. 3d., or 2s. 6d if he Deserves it.			
2d year	0	2	9
3d year	0	3	3
Pd. full earnest	0	1	0

This entry is of considerable historical interest, as being the first hiring of the great Josiah Spode, the founder of the family which rose to such eminence in the art. The "hiring," which appears to have been the apprenticeship, or, what was tantamount to it, the learning of the trade, would, from this entry, appear to have been for three years. The first at 2s. 3d. per week, "or 2s. 6d. if he deserves it," and the succeeding years at a rise of sixpence per week each. There are two other entries in this same book relating to Josiah Spode, which I here give, as they relate to future hirings after the expiration of the first term:—

	£	s.	d.
1752.			
Feby. 22. Hired Josiah Spod for next Martemas, per week	0	7	0
I am to give him earu.	0	5	0
Pd. in Part	0	1	0
Pd. do.	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
1754.			
Feby. 25. Hired Siah Spode, per week ...	0	7	6
Earnest	1	11	6
Pd. in part	0	16	0

	£	s.	d.
1749.			
June 2 Hired a boy of Ann Blows for Treading ye lathe, per week	0	2	0
Pd. earnest	0	0	6

	£	s.	d.
1751.			
Jany. 11. Then hired Elijah Simpson for Turning, he is to have pr week	0	8	0
Whole earnest	2	2	0
Pd. in part	1	2	0
Then hired Saml. Jackson for Throwing Sagers and firing pr week	0	8	0
Whole earnest	2	2	0
Pd. in part	1	2	0
Pd. more	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Feby. 9.			
Hired Jno. Edge, for per week	0	6	0
He is to have earnest	0	5	0
& a new pr. stockins	0	2	0
Pd. in part	0	1	0
Hired his son Saml for	0	1	3

	£	s.	d.
April 6.			
Hired Wm. Kent, per week ...	0	7	6
To give for earnest	0	12	0
Pd. in part	0	1	6
To give a new Shirt at 16d. per yard.			
Hired Ann Blows Girl & Boy			
Girl	0	0	9
Boy, Joseph	0	2	0
To give earnest, Testament.			

From the same document we learn the prices charged for some of those beautiful and peculiar wares for which Whieldon and his partner, Josiah Wedgwood, were so famed. One or two of these items I here give:—

To send Mrs. DAVISON

6 ½ pt. mugs, white, 2d.
1 flat candlestick, Tor.*

Mr. THOS. FLETCHER, Dr.

	£	s.	d.
To 1 doz. Plates, Tor.	0	8	0
" 2 ½ do. plate	0	2	6
" 2 2 dishes	0	2	0
" 1 do. painted	0	2	0
" 1 do. Cream Colr.	0	1	8
" 5 pails	0	2	6

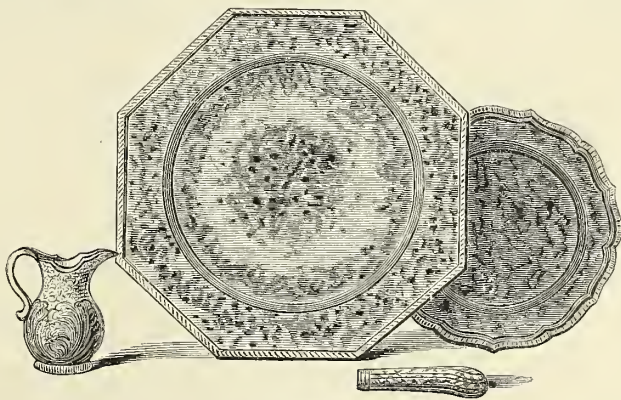
Mr. DAVISON.

	£	s.	d.
1 pail	0	0	6

From this document I shall have occasion in another paper to make further extracts, but the above will be read with interest by collectors of these early productions.

The goods manufactured by Whieldon, both during his partnership with Wedgwood and afterwards, were of remarkably good quality, of excellent form, and were well "potted" in every respect. They are now very scarce, and are highly and deservedly prized by collectors. I have in my own collection a fine "tortoiseshell plate" and a small "cauliflower jug," which have passed into my hands from the present aged descendant of the Uriah Sutton who is named in more than one place in the document just referred to as being "hired" by Whieldon. These, on another occasion, I shall have more particularly to note, and shall then speak of the different kinds of ornamental wares which were made by him and other potters at that early date. Of these kinds, one variety—the marbled, or "combed patterns," as I venture to name them—are deserving of very special notice, from their beauty and intricacy of pattern. In the accompanying engraving I have shown two of these remarkably fine plates—the centre octagonal one measuring in its largest diameter fifteen and a half inches—a small green "cauliflower jug," and an imitation agate knife-haft, from my own collection. These are all highly characteristic examples of the manufacture of this period.

I have it from excellent authority that as early as 1745—when only in his fifteenth year—Josiah Wedgwood had begun to make a few trial articles of that improved kind of ware which afterwards obtained for him the distinction of "Queen's Potter," and for the ware itself that of "Queen's Ware," and these trials and improvements he continued to make and to carry on during the remaining years of his servitude, and afterwards



TORTOISESHELL WARE.

until he brought it to perfection. Whieldon, however, it seems, doing a large business in his own peculiar wares, did not care to embark much on the "new-fangled ways" of his young partner, although he evidently fell into some of those ways in a very profitable manner. In 1754—the year in which he became the partner of Whieldon—Josiah Wedgwood, after many patient trials, succeeded in producing his admirable green glaze, and this invention did more, it is believed, to augment the already rising fortune of Whieldon than any other ware did. Whieldon in the end acquired a large fortune by his trade, and in 1786 was High Sheriff of the county of Stafford.

In 1759, the term of five years, for which he had by agreement become the partner of Thomas Whieldon, expired, and Josiah Wedgwood immediately returned to his native place, Burslem, with the full determination of prosecuting his own favourite pursuits, and of bringing the schemes and the experiments he had so long tried to a successful issue. Here, at twenty-nine years of age, he commenced business entirely on his own account, and soon showed to the world, not only the extraordinary capacity of his ever active mind,

* Tortoiseshell, the famous ware for which these early potters were celebrated.

but the extreme skill, intelligence, and taste which he brought to bear on every branch of his native and chosen art.

I have reason to believe that on his first returning to Burslem, Wedgwood, for a time, occupied the old pot-work at the Churchyard, where he had been born and apprenticed, and that here—untrammelled by partners with views adverse to his own, and by the surroundings of jealous and watchful eyes—he set himself earnestly to the work of improvement his whole heart had longed for, and took leisure to carry on his grand design of raising the potter's art above its then standard of excellence, and of successfully rivalling in earthenware not only the more costly productions of foreign countries of the present day, but those of long past ages. Here he was so eminently successful that he soon found himself obliged to extend his operations, and he entered on a pot-work nearer to the centre of the town, and within a stone's throw of the works of his cousins, Thomas and John Wedgwood, to whom the premises belonged.

This pot-work, and the house belonging to it, which he afterwards occupied, and which was

called the "Ivy House," from the fact of its being covered with ivy, was situated where the butcher's shambles now stand, the old buildings having been purchased by the market commissioners, and taken down for the erection of the present market in 1835. The "Ivy House," with the pot-works belonging to it, are shown in the accompanying engraving, from a sketch kindly furnished to me by the oldest member of the Wedgwood family, to whom I shall have occasion again shortly to refer. These premises belonged to Thomas and John Wedgwood, of the "Big House," to whom Josiah became tenant, covenanted by written agreement to pay for the house and the pot-work attached to it the yearly rent of ten pounds—a rent which, in those days, when Burslem was but a village, and when its pot-works were scattered about the almost waste lands, might be deemed good, but which, at the present day, for similar premises, would have to be multiplied by, at least, ten, before a tenant could have possession.

The "Ivy House" and works were situated nearly in the centre of the town, or rather village, of Burslem. The premises stood at the corner of

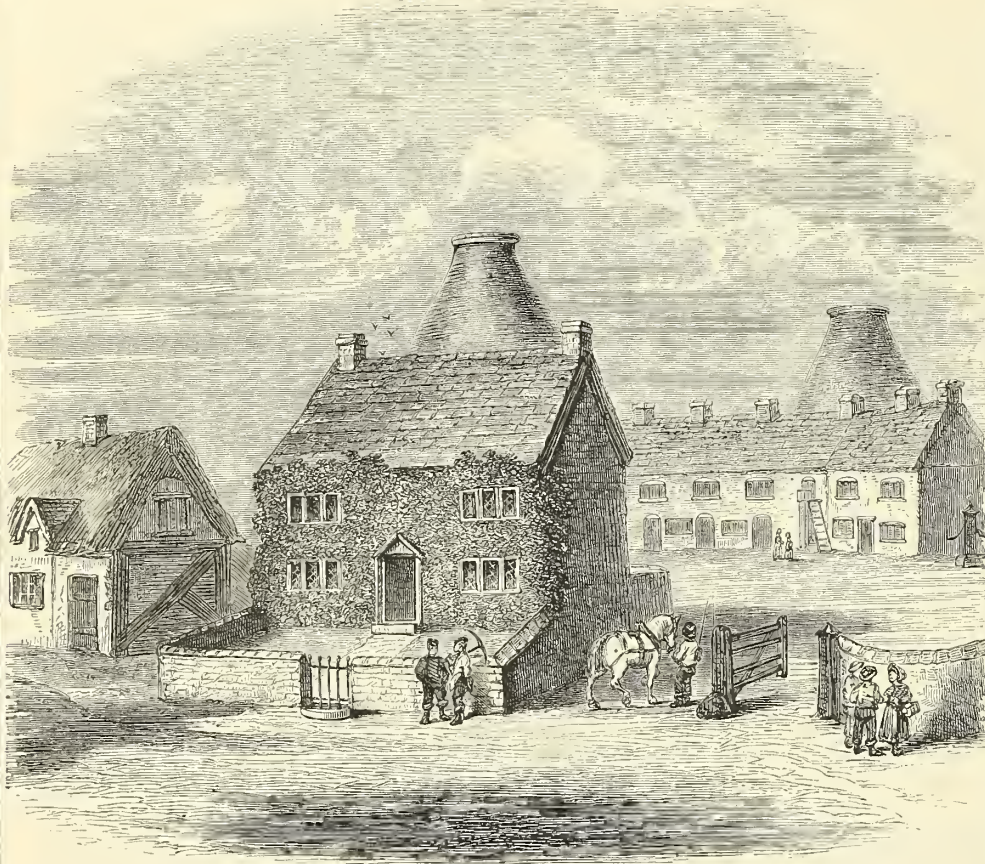
house have the reputation of being the first roofed with tiles in the district—the usual roofing being thatch, or, oftener still, mud.

The Ivy House and works Josiah Wedgwood rented, as I have stated, from his relatives, John and Thomas Wedgwood, of the "Big House," at the annual rental of £10, and here, the Churchyard works not being sufficient to meet his expanding views and extending trade, he carried on the manufacture of his ornamental goods, his more ordinary ware, I believe, being produced at the Churchyard. At the Ivy House works he produced many things far in advance of his day, and such as, when he had previously foreshadowed them to his brother, were considered by him and others to be wild and visionary schemes, unlikely to lead to profit, and only to be indulged in at the expense of time, money, and connections. To the Ivy House itself, too, Josiah brought home his bride, and there lived happily with her for several years. It was after being established here for a little time, and "feeling his way" onwards, that Josiah Wedgwood proposed to purchase the works, and also those of his relatives at the "Big House," with which they were connected, but was unsuccessful. The property, therefore, remained in the hands of the "Big House" Wedgwoods until sold by their descendant, Thomas Wedgwood, in 1831 and 1834. In the former year the portion of the property sold for the purpose of enlarging the market-place—the sum paid for which was £1,400—consisted of four buildings on the side of the property nearest to the Town Hall, which were taken down and their site thrown open to the market. In 1834, it was determined by the market trustees to purchase and take down the remainder of the buildings on this part of the Wedgwood property lying between the market place and Shoe Lane, and to erect the present convenient and spacious market-house on its site. Thus the Ivy House, with its kilns and workshops, the Turk's Head, and other buildings, were swept away. The price paid for this portion of the estate was £2,600, making in all £3,000 paid for taking away one of the most interesting memorials of Josiah Wedgwood which the neighbourhood possessed.

Although not strictly a part of the history of Josiah Wedgwood's works, it becomes a necessary part of my narrative to say a few words about his eldest brother, Thomas, with whom it will be recollected he served his term of apprenticeship, and also about the "Overhouse," which, as well as the Churchyard house and works, is described as belonging to him. It will also be necessary, later on, to speak of the "Big House" property, and of its owners, his relatives, Thomas and John Wedgwood.

The "Overhouse," now occupied by Mr. W. E. Twigg, the chief bailiff of the town of Burslem, is a large and commodious residence, opposite to what is now called "Wedgwood Place." It stands back from the street, the grounds being enclosed by a wall where, in Wedgwood's time, wooden railings stood. The "carcase" of the house is, I believe, precisely the same as when occupied by Wedgwood, but modern windows have been substituted for the old leaden casements, the roof and doorway have been altered, and other changes made, so as to convert it into a residence suited to present requirements.

The "Overhouse Works" are situate at the back and to the side of the house, with entrance in Wedgwood Place, where that place joins the Scotia Road. Since the time when they were occupied by Thomas Wedgwood, of the Churchyard, they have been, of course, considerably altered, but it is pleasant to know that a considerable part of the buildings as they now stand, stood in his day, and that here were produced by him such an amount of earthenware goods as secured to his family a handsome competence. A part, at all events, of the premises now used as pot-works were, I believe, formerly the farm buildings belonging to the Overhouse. They were connected with the house by a doorway in the old brick wall, still remaining, which forms an interesting link between the present and the past. This doorway I show in the accompanying vignette. It is surmounted, as will be seen, by a cleverly carved stone tablet, of remarkably good design, and has evidently been intended to bear an inscription. The Overhouse estate appears for a



THE IVY HOUSE.

what was then, as long afterwards, known as *Shoe Lane*, or *Shore Lane*, now called *Wedgwood Street*, which at that time was a narrow way, only wide enough for a single cart to pass along, and as rough and uneven as well could be. The visitor to Burslem who desires to know exactly the site of this historically interesting house, should stroll up to the fine modern-built shambles, or "butchery" as it is sometimes called, and while he stands at the corner facing down Swan Square, he may rest assured that he is standing on what was the little enclosed garden in front of Wedgwood's house; that the outer wall of the building at his back goes diagonally across the house from corner to corner, one half being under the shambles and the other where the street now is; that the site of one of the kilns is just beneath the centre of the shambles; and that another kiln was about the middle of the present street at his back; the surrounding workshops being partly where the street now is, and partly where the building at present stands.

The "Ivy House," so called, as I have said, because it was covered with a profusion of ivy,

might originally have been roofed with thatch or mud, like the other buildings of the district, but it was afterwards tiled, as shown in the engraving. In front was a small garden enclosed with a low wall, and a brick pathway led from the gate to the doorway. The front faced the open space called the "Green Bank," where the village children played to their heart's content among the clay and shards which, even in those days, had no doubt usurped the place of the "green" grass from which it took its name. Adjoining the house was a low, half-timbered, thickly-thatched building, afterwards known as the "Turk's Head," and beyond this again was the maypole, on a "Maypole Bank," of which I have before spoken, and which stood on the site now occupied by the Town Hall. At the opposite side of the house from the "Turk's Head" was a gateway leading into the yard of the works, which made up one side of Shoe Lane, the pot-works of John and Thomas Wedgwood, with which these were connected, being on the opposite side of the lane, where some of the buildings are now occupied by Messrs. Harley and Dean. These works and

long time to have belonged to the Wedgwoods. From 1620 to 1657 it was held by Thomas Colclough, who married Catherine, one of the co-heiresses of Thomas Burslem, and sister to the other co-heiress, Margaret, married to Gilbert Wedgwood. Mr. Colclough had an only son, who died without issue, when most of his estates passed to his second cousin, Burslem Wedgwood. Mr. Colclough (who at one time was constable of the Manor of Tunstall) and his wife, Catherine Burslem, resided for many years at the Overhouse, and is described as its occupier in 1662. In 1718, Richard Wedgwood, by will, gave to his wife, Catherine, daughter of John Wedgwood, all the messuages, lands, &c., in the holding of Samuel Malkin, with a piece of land, called the "Town Croft," and several closes, called the "Brown Hills," for her life, and after her decease, to his son, John, in fee; and to his said wife he gave a *work house* and one parcel of ground, called the "Service Yard," for her life, with remainder to his son John. This son, John Wedgwood, was a minor, and died under age, and so never came into possession. Catherine Wedgwood, after the decease of her husband, Richard, married secondly Thomas Bourne, and thirdly

Rowland Egerton, Esq., and the Overhouse became their chief residence after the decay of Dale Hall. This lady, usually known as Madam Egerton, died at an advanced age in 1756. At her death, which took place at the Overhouse, the property passed to Thomas Wedgwood, brother of Josiah, as heir-at-law of her deceased son, John. Thomas Wedgwood, who married, first, Isabel Beech, and had by her two sons, John and Thomas, and three daughters, Catherine, Sarah, and Mary, married, secondly, Jane Richards, by whom he had issue two sons, William and John, and a daughter, Jane. He died, it appears, in 1772, when the property passed to his son Thomas, who, having married Mary Alsop, had two sons, Thomas and John. He died in 1786, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who occupied the Overhouse until his death, in 1809, when the property was sold by the trustees under his will to Christopher Robinson, who sold it to John Wood, in whose hands it has remained until recently purchased from his representatives by its present owner, Mr. Challinor.

The *Overhouse Works* were occupied early in the present century by Messrs. Goodfellow and Bathwell, who were succeeded by Mr. Challinor,

His principal products at this time were ornamental flower and other vases, with gilt or coloured foliage, mouldings, and handles; jardinières; white ware medallions; and other goods of a similar kind. He also made much green-glazed earthenware, and designed and produced some tea-services, in which the different vessels were formed and coloured to represent various fruits and vegetables, as the apple, pine, melon, pear, cauliflower, &c., and these novelties took so well that they soon had an abundant sale. These, like all his other designs and inventions, were soon caught up by the other potters in the place, and so became a part of the general trade of the district. Some of these pieces which I have seen, and indeed possess, are of great excellence in design, and are well painted in imitation of the fruit sought to be represented.

His connections and reputation rapidly increasing, and his health improving, Josiah Wedgwood soon found it necessary to increase his establishment, and therefore he entered upon fresh premises, not far from the Ivy House, and thus he held at one and the same time three distinct manufactories in his native town.

One of the greatest difficulties he had to contend against was the irregular habits of the work-people and the consequent want of order in the workrooms. To these matters very little attention had hitherto been given in these manufactories. They might probably be more easily dispensed with in small works, but are essentially requisite when the community becomes too considerable to be always within the compass of the master's eye. "He had to combat in this reform the force of customs that had the authority of ages, but which had tended very much to check improvement, and to injure the morals of the people employed. He made himself acquainted with what had been done in this respect in the great manufactories of other parts that had already been reduced to a state of some discipline. His worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Boulton, had lately formed his establishment at Soho, near Birmingham, under nearly the same circumstances, and Mr. Wedgwood adopted such parts of his plan as were practicable in a manufactory so dissimilar. The frame and temper of his mind were well suited to such an undertaking. He had now, and retained through life, the habit of a cool and patient investigation of every subject that came before him, and his own previous conviction gave energy to action. His regulations were never introduced, therefore, in a crude or hasty way, but seemed to rise naturally out of the occasion, and stifled opposition by their evident necessity. He felt, too, a sincere and zealous interest in the welfare of his workmen, of which he made them sensible in a thousand ways, and gained over both their judgment and affection to his side. Thus he succeeded to establish a system of order and management by which, while he held in his own hands the great checks that regulate the general motion, his mind was left at liberty to dwell upon the objects that were to perpetuate the blessing of employment to those he had collected around him, and which have eventually furnished it to many thousands more. He had also other difficulties to encounter, arising from the novelty of his works. The workmanship of the pottery was at that period in a very low state as to style. There were only three professed modellers in the whole manufactory. One of these was brought up under Mr. Wedgwood, at Fenton, and had left him a little before to establish works for himself. The wares he made, however, were all produced for the use of Mr. Wedgwood on an engagement that lasted some years, and they received their last finish at his own manufactory in Burslem. Another of the three was altogether in his employment, and the third was modeller to the country at large.

"The machinery consisted only of the potter's wheel, known from all antiquity, and the common turning lathe, and their tools were little more than a few cutting knives. His manner of working required more nicety and skill than had been used before, and he was not only obliged to instruct his men individually, and to form them upon his own model, but had also their tools to contrive, and new kilns, drying-pans, and other apparatus to construct for the purpose of the new manufacture he introduced from time to time,



THE OVERHOUSE WORKS.

by whom they were carried on for some years. They next passed into the occupancy of a manufacturer named Pointon, who in turn was, in 1856, succeeded by Messrs. Morgan, Williams, and Co., and Morgan, Wood, and Co., by whom the works were carried on until 1861, when they passed into the hands of the present occupiers, Messrs. Allman, Broughton, and Co. The productions of these works are the ordinary description of earthenware goods, in services of various kinds, and in the usual classes of useful articles. Some of the ware produced is of fine and good quality, and is made to suit the requirements of both home and foreign markets. Like many of the other works in the neighbourhood, much of the goods produced at this establishment are shipped to the United States, Canada, and Sweden, to the requirements of which markets attention is paid in the manufacture. Stoneware jugs are also produced by this firm, and the finer earthenware services, some of which are of good and effective designs, are either plain, printed, enamelled, or gilt. The works give employment to about one hundred and fifty "hands," and these are engaged in producing the ordinary useful classes of wares, no ornamental goods being made by the firm. Those who either at home, or

when travelling abroad, notice the printed initials, "A. B. & Co.," either with or without the addition of "WEDGWOOD PLACE, BURSLEM," will know, after reading this article, that the crockery which bears it was made at the "Overhouse Works," so long and so intimately connected with the Wedgwood family.

The precarious state of Josiah Wedgwood's health at the time when he was carrying on the Ivy House Works, rendered him incapable for some time of extending his connections so widely as he otherwise would have done, but in the midst of all his distressing ailments he superintended the production of every article, and never allowed himself that proper meed of rest, which was so essential to him. His mind, ever active, seemed at this time to spurn the trammels which his bodily afflictions appeared to throw around it, and to rise, phoenix-like, from that fire which would have destroyed hundreds of minds of the ordinary stamp.

He turned his attention not to the making of the ordinary classes of wares which then formed the staple manufactures of the district, though he still, to some extent, produced them, and to no small extent made the tortoiseshell and marble plates which had already gained much celebrity.

and for which he had very few resources beyond those of his own mechanical invention. If we consider besides the necessary dependence of his discoveries on experimental chemistry and a knowledge of fossils, which he acquired by his own efforts without any intelligent assistant, we shall perceive him in a state of uncommon labour and fatigue of spirits. He was attached to his profession, he saw very early the improvements it was susceptible of, and he pursued it with a willing mind. His days were spent at the bench with his workmen, instructing them, and generally forming with his own hands the first models of the things he proposed to make; and his evenings were taken up in designing or contriving tools for the purposes of the succeeding day. He possessed a decision of mind very favourable in this situation of difficulty. He began, after contriving anything, by declaring that it must be done let what would stand in the way; and it almost constantly was so in the end, for only a very few things that he undertook were unsuccessful. He contracted at this time a habit of thinking during the night on the difficulties of the day, which generally were surmounted before the return of morning, and he was prepared to go on with his work, but he felt the inconvenience of this custom very much in the advanced part of

his life, for if any subject of business took hold of his mind before he went to rest, it was sure to deprive him of sleep the greatest part of the night." Unlike his friend Brindley—who it is said would lie in bed for the day to think over some great scheme—Wedgwood studied in the night, that he might be "up and doing" in the day.

Up to this period the only method—in the few places where even that primitive mode had been adopted, for the workmen generally loitered in and out of the pot-yards as they pleased—for calling the potters to their labours was by sounding a horn. Wedgwood, at the new works he was now entering upon, adopted a better plan, and one which gave a name to the works which will remain with them so long as they are in existence. At this new manufactory he put up a cupola with a bell, which was, as is now the case everywhere, rung to call the workpeople together. This was the first bell put up and used for the purpose in the district, and from this circumstance the Burslem potters, always ready to give to people or places distinctive appellations, got into the habit of calling it the "Bell Bank," or "Bonk," as it was and is more commonly pronounced. Thus the name of the "Bell Works" originated in the same manner as had the dis-

and Australia. In the manufacture of these articles alone, I am given to understand, that about a hundred hands are constantly employed at these works. In parian, besides flower-vases and other small ornaments, some tolerably large groups have been produced at this establishment, and among the most recent improvements is an "ivory body," which possesses great softness in appearance, and is capable of being made largely available for ornamental purposes. Unlike the time of Wedgwood, no services of any kind are produced at these once famed works at the present day.

At the Bell Work house Josiah Wedgwood turned his attention more especially to the production of the fine and delicate descriptions of earthenware which soon earned for him the proud distinction of "Queen's Potter." The result of his close and incessant application, and of his endless experiments into the properties of clays, &c., led to the production of this marvellous kind of earthenware, and to the beauty of finish which characterised it, and which is rarely, if ever, equalled at the present day. Well and truthfully has Mr. Gladstone expressed the beauty, and, at the same time, mechanical nicety for useful purposes, which characterises the pottery of this earthenware, when he says that the speciality of Wedgwood lay in the uncompromising adaptation of every object to its proper end.

In September, 1761, his Majesty George III., who in the previous year had ascended the throne, married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and on the occasion of her accouchement in the succeeding year, Wedgwood, having by that time perfected the body and glaze of his fine cream-coloured ware, presented to her Majesty (then of course Queen Charlotte) a caudle and breakfast service of his manufacture, which was most graciously and flatteringly received. This service, which was of course made of the finest and best cream-coloured quality which could be produced, was painted in the highest style of the day by the first artists of the works, Thomas Daniell and Daniel Steele. The ground of this service, which was prepared with all the skill the art would then admit of, was yellow, with raised sprigs of jessamine and other flowers, coloured after nature. The Queen received this tribute of an infant art, and was so pleased with it that she at once expressed a wish to have a complete table service of the same material. Wedgwood submitted patterns for the several pieces, "which were approved with the exception of the plate, which was the common barley-corn pattern, then making by all the salt-glaze manufacturers. Her Majesty objected to the roughness—the *barley-corn-work* as it is called—and therefore this part was made plain, on the edge was left only the bands, marking the compartments; and being approved by her Majesty, the pattern was called *Queen's pattern*." The ware was at once named by Mr. Wedgwood *QUEEN'S WARE*, and he received the Queen's commands to call himself by the proud distinction of "Potter to her Majesty." On the service being completed the King gave Wedgwood his immediate patronage by ordering a similar service for himself, but without the bands or ribs. This alteration in pattern was "effected to the entire satisfaction of his Majesty," and some little alterations being made in the forms of some of the other pieces, it was called the "Royal pattern."

The patronage thus given, and which was continued in the most liberal and gratifying manner, was of incalculable benefit to Wedgwood, to the district around him, and indeed to the whole kingdom, for it opened up a source of wealth to thousands of people, and was the means of extending commerce to a marvellous extent. Orders for the new kind of ware flowed in upon him in a regular and constantly increasing stream, and at prices which were then considered liberal, or even high. It is recorded that at this period he received at the rate of fifteen shillings per dozen for table plates, and for other pieces a proportionate price. The tide of fortune which thus had set in upon him was immensely increased by his subsequent inventions, and ultimately, as will be seen, swept him from his small manufactories at Burslem to the colony he established a few miles off at Etruria. The other most usual form of plate in his Queen's ware,



THE BELL WORKS.

trictive names of "Church Wedgwoods," "Big House Wedgwoods," "Duke Wedgwoods," and a score or two other similar appellations.

The BELL WORKS, of which, in their present state, I give the accompanying engraving from a sketch recently made by myself, was, at the time when Josiah Wedgwood entered on its occupancy, the property of Mr. John Bourne, an army contractor, in the neighbouring town of Newcastle. From him the property passed to his grandson, Mr. John Adams, of Cobridge, about the year 1771, and in 1847 the estate again passed by will into the hands of its present owner, Mr. Isaac Hitchen, of Alsager. The pot-works were occupied by Josiah Wedgwood, as tenant to Mr. John Bourne, until his removal to Etruria. The next tenant was, I believe, Mr. William Bourne, an earthenware manufacturer, who held them for some years, and was tenant in 1809. Mr. Bourne afterwards entered into partnership with a potter named Cornie, and the works were carried on under the style of "Bourne and Cornie." In 1836, the works having then remained for some time unoccupied, were divided, a portion being taken by Messrs. Beech and Jones as an earth-

ware manufactory, another portion taken away for the building of the present Independent Chapel, which was erected on its site in the following year; and other parts were let off to various holders for different purposes apart from the pot trade. In 1839, the partnership between Beech and Jones was dissolved, the former gentleman alone continuing to occupy the same portion of the premises, in which he produced china and earthenware figures. In 1846, Mr. Beech having increased his business, became tenant of the whole of the remaining premises, with the exception of that part occupied by Mr. Dean's printing-office, &c., and in 1853 took into partnership Mr. Brock, which firm, however, only lasted a couple of years. In 1855, Mr. Brock went out of the concern, and from that date Mr. William Beech, the present tenant, has carried on the manufactory alone.

The goods produced at the present day at these historically interesting works are the ordinary marketable china and parian chimney ornaments and toys, which are produced in large quantities both for home sale and for exportation to the United States, the East Indies, the Netherlands,

was "the *Bath*, or *Trencher*, from its resemblance to the wooden platter;" and this was succeeded by the concave edge, and other varieties.

These successes were not gained without heavy and severe losses, but the mind of Wedgwood overcame them all, as it would have done any amount of obstacles which might have been placed in his way. A most interesting document, written in the reign of George III., which is now before me, thus speaks of some of these difficulties:—

"The uncertain element of fire is the great enemy that the potter has to struggle with all his life. It is more especially formidable to him if he ventures to make vessels of any extraordinary size, such as some of those which are necessary for the use of the dining-table. Hence so few European manufactories of porcelain can be supported in the production of large vessels without the revenues of a prince. Mr. Wedgwood experienced all these vexations when he first began to make this earthenware for the table. Disasters after disasters; the labour and expense of a month destroyed in a few hours; one kiln pulled down and another erected; that, again, found deficient, and to be altered. A fatal mistake removed, another was discovered elsewhere. Thus it was not only after a considerable time, but with very heavy losses, that he accomplished this point, which has bestowed so many benefits on the neighbourhood he lived in, and given such extension to the national commerce. This is the cream-colour, or Queen's ware, now universally used in these kingdoms, and in every part of Europe where it is not shut out by the jealousy of the sovereign. Its introduction was very rapid. Under the auspices of the powerful patroness it had obtained, it found its way at once to the tables of persons of fortune, and was very soon afterwards universally adopted. The other manufacturers immediately took up the making of it, and building on the experience of the inventor, they were enabled to do so without the losses and vexations he had endured.

"This event was very soon followed by a great improvement of the forms of the vessels in use, and the addition of many others that have given taste and convenience to the economy of the table. This first melioration of the forms in general use belongs exclusively to Mr. Wedgwood, and is a decisive proof that his mind was capable of comprehending whatever had relation to the work he had in hand. The fact is, that the models of everything his manufactory produced were originally formed by himself, with the same ideas of fame and reputation as must possess the minds of every successful artist in more splendid works; and hence it happened that most of his forms were found to be useful studies, and they became patterns not only for the manufacturer in his own way, but for the silversmith and most other workers in metal. They have also been sought for with great eagerness by the conductors of porcelain manufactories on the continent, and often sent to China as patterns for the manufacturers there. To this last use of them Mr. Wedgwood always thought it right to throw in the way every impediment he could, because the Oriental porcelain, better adapted in its forms to the European table, would very materially injure the sale of English earthenwares in many foreign markets, where the former is admitted on low duties, or none at all, and the latter pay very heavy duties.

"About the same time he adapted to the uses of pottery that curious machine the engine-lathe, heretofore employed only in the turning of ivory, wood, or metals. He first became acquainted with the engine-lathe from a large folio volume on the subject in French, which is now perhaps in his library. It was so rare an instrument that the possessor of one in London refused to let him go into the room where it was for a few minutes without paying five guineas.

"By the friendly assistance of Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, he readily got one of them made at that place, and a person instructed in the manner of using it. The first application he made of this machine was to the red porcelain, which being of a close texture, and without a glaze, was well suited to receive and retain a sharpness of work; but he also used it to decorate the vases which he made at that time in the green ware, after the antique, and the designs of several ingenious ladies of this country. And it enabled him to introduce so great a variety of new workmanship upon his wares of every species, both for ornament and use, that it may well deserve to constitute an era in the art of pottery, having become so necessary to it that there is scarcely a works without one or more of them."

The Bell Works are situated at the corner of Brick Street and Queen Street, very near to the new Wedgwood Institution now in course of erection. At the time of which I write, however,

Brick Street was not formed, but was a part of the ground belonging to the manufactory, and was, indeed, waste land, covered with "shard rucks," and other unmistakable evidence of the potter's art. Queen Street then, too, was little better than a lane, but was dignified with the name of *Queen Street*, through Wedgwood being now appointed *Queen's* potter, and there making his celebrated *Queen's* ware.

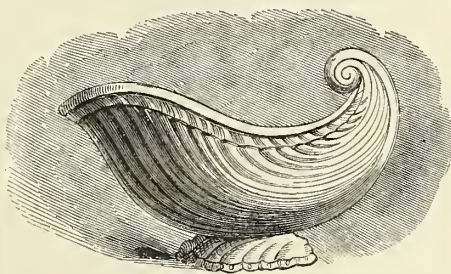
Wedgwood in this, as in most other matters, did not secure to himself by patent, as almost every other person would have done, his improvements in the manufacture of earthenware, and thus all the potters in the district immediately, to the utmost of their skill, imitated his ware and his patterns. It is remarkable that of all his inventions only one, and that the least important, was secured to him by patent, as I shall soon have occasion to show. In reference to his *Queen's* ware, Josiah Wedgwood himself thus writes a few years later on. This remarkable passage I quote from an exceedingly rare paper by himself, in my possession:—

"When Mr. Wedgwood discovered the art of making *Queen's* ware, which employs ten times more people than all the china works in the kingdom, he did not ask for a patent for this important discovery. A patent would greatly have limited its public utility. Instead of one hundred manufactories of *Queen's* ware there would have been one; and instead of an exportation to all quarters of the world, a few pretty things would have been made for the amusement of the people of fashion in England. . . . It is upon these principles, and these only, that he has acted in this business."

A little further on, still speaking of "stone ware, *Queen's* ware, or porcelain," Wedgwood says—

"It is well known that manufacturers of this kind can only support their credit by continual improvements. It is also well known that there is a competition in these improvements in all parts of Europe. In the last century Burslem, and some other villages in Staffordshire, were famous for making *milk-pans* and *butter-pots*, and by a succession of improvements the manufactory in that neighbourhood has gradually increased in the variety, the quality, and the quantity of its productions, so as to furnish, besides the home consumption, an annual export of useful and ornamental wares, nearly to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds; but during all this progress it has had the free range of the country for materials to work upon, to the great advantage of many landowners and of navigators. *Queen's* ware has already several of the properties of porcelain, but is yet capable of receiving many essential improvements. The public have for some time required and expected them. Innumerable experiments have been made for this purpose," &c.

Of the early "*Queen's* Ware" a specimen, authenticated as being made at the "*Bell Works*," is preserved in the Museum of Practical Geology, having previously formed a part of the collection of Mr. Enoch Wood—a collection illustrative of the staple Staffordshire manufacture, which ought



never to have been dispersed * This example, a butter-boat of excellent form, I here engrave.

A few years before this time, Messrs. John Sadler and Guy Green, of Liverpool, had brought out their invention of printing on earthenware tiles, which process had occupied their attention for some years. It was soon found to be as

* Of this collection I may yet have more to say, but I cannot forbear expressing a profound regret—a regret shared in by all lovers of English fictile Art—that this collection, made long ago, at immense labour and at considerable cost, should have been allowed to be frittered away and destroyed. A part of the examples is now in the Museum at the Mechanics' Institution, Hanley, another part in the Museum of the Athenaeum at Stoke, and others are in the Museum of Practical Geology, London.

applicable to services and other descriptions of goods as to tiles; and these two enterprising men produced many fine examples of their art, some of which, bearing their names as engravers or enamellers, are still in existence. Josiah Wedgwood, always alive to everything which could tend to improve or render more commercial the productions of his manufactory, although at first opposed to the introduction of this invention, as being, in his opinion, an unsatisfactory and unprofitable substitute for painting, eventually determined to adopt the new style of ornamentation, and arranged with the inventors to decorate such of his *Queen's* ware as it would be applicable to, by their process.

The work was a troublesome one, and in the then state of the roads—for it must be remembered that this was before the time even of canals in the district, much less of railroads—the communication between Burslem and Liverpool was one of great difficulty. Wedgwood, however, overcame it, and having made the plain body at his works, packed it in waggons and carts, and, I believe, even in the panniers of pack-horses, and sent it to Liverpool, where it was printed by Sadler and Green, and returned to him by the same conveyance to be, in most cases, finished in his own works.

Specimens of these early printed goods, bearing Wedgwood's mark, are rare. I select, as an example, a curious tea-pot, in the possession of Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A., which is highly characteristic and interesting.*

The tea-pot bears on one side a remarkably well engraved, and sharply printed, representation of the quaint subject of the mill to grind old people young again—the kind of curious machine which one recollects in one's boyish days were taken about from fair to fair by strolling mountebanks—and on the other an oval border of foliage,



containing the ballad belonging to the subject, called "*The Miller's Maid grinding Old Men Young again*." It begins—

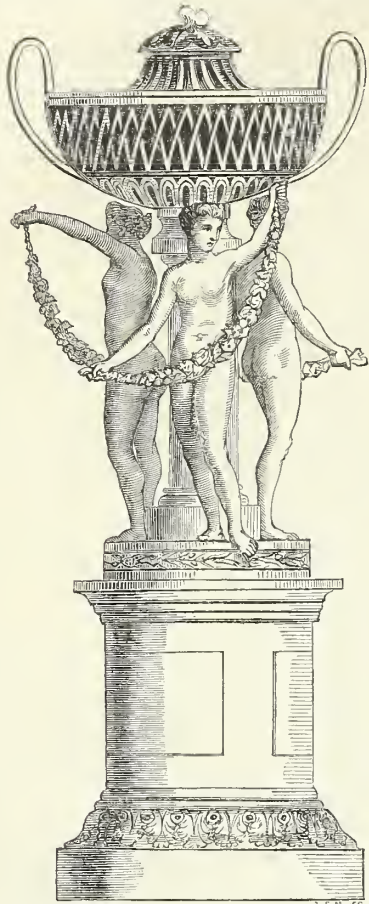
"Come old, decrepid, lame, or blind,
Into my mill to take a grind."

The tea-pot, which is an excellent specimen of black-printing, is marked WEDGWOOD. In the same superb collection of Wedgwood ware are also other examples of "*Queen's* Ware," among which are some plates with flowers painted in red, in simple and pure taste, and true to nature; a centre and sides with fine figures; and a remarkably elegant and beautifully potted whey jug and cover, formerly in my own collection. In my own possession are also, among other pieces of early *Queen's* ware, some marked plates which fit with the mechanical nicety so well pointed out by Mr. Gladstone, and a saucer of a pure cream colour, ornamented with a simple green border of foliage arranged in rich red lines. This saucer bears the impressed mark WEDGWOOD, not at the bottom, but on its side.

The centre and side pieces to which I have just alluded, in Mr. Hall's possession, are among the choicest examples now existing of Wedgwood's *Queen's* ware. The baskets are beautifully perforated, and are each supported by three exquisite figures on bases. They are of large size, and must have been among the best and most costly productions of the works. One of the pieces is engraved on the next page.

* Obtained for Mr. Hall by Mr. Marks, a dealer in Sloane Street.

The manufacture of Queen's ware, as I have said, soon became general throughout the district, and numerous manufactories sprang up around the great centre, Wedgwood, ready to adopt whatever improvements by his great skill and



his indomitable perseverance he should from time to time make, and to build their fortunes on the results of his labours. The consequence was that, as we have seen he said, there were one hundred manufactories of Queen's ware instead of one, and ten thousand workmen employed instead of one hundred. At this time Wedgwood bestirred himself to have the roads improved and made more passable for wares; but in this he was met by a strong opposition from the potters, who thought that if the roads were made more passable, their trade would be carried away, and ruin would await them! The roads, however, were mended, and the trade of the district has gone on increasing ever since.

In the "Burslem Dialogue," to which I have on a former occasion referred, the following amusing allusion to the state of the roads, and to Wedgwood's plan of sending his Queen's ware to Liverpool to be printed, occurs, and I cannot refrain from giving it as a fitting close to this chapter:—

"L.—Oi'd summat t' doo t' get dahn t' L'rpool wi' eawr caart, at th' teyme as oi fust tayd Mester 'Siah Wedgut's' wheit ware for t' be printed theer. Yu known as hâe ther wur noo black printin' on ware dun i' Boslem i' thoos deys.

"T.—Oi remember 't varry weel. Oi s'pose as 'Siah wur abaht th' same age as thiseln, Rafy, wur he no'?

"L.—Ya, oi rek'n he wur tew year yunker til me.

"T.—When he started i' bizness fust, he made spewnes, knife hondles, an' smaw crocks, at th' Ivy hahs, close to where we're nah sittin'.

"L.—Aye, oi weel remember th' toyme; an' arter that he flitted to th' Bell Workhus, wheer he put up th' bell-coney for t' ring th' men to ther work isted o' blowin' em together wi' a hurn. 'Twur a pity he e'er left Boslum, for he wur th' cob o' th' Wedguts."

Having traced the progress of his works, and followed the career of this remarkable man, through another decade of his useful life, I must now close my chapter, reserving for my next the important period down to the time of the building of Etruria.*

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS BIRCHALL, ESQ.,
RIBBLESTON HALL, PRESTON.

PUCK AND THE FAIRIES.

R. Dadd, Painter. G. Lizars, Engraver.

A MOST sad interest is associated with this picture, almost the last exhibited work of an artist still living, though long dead to the world—of one who gave abundant promise of reaching a place among the foremost ideal painters of his age, till his brain, "too finely wrought," gave way, and in an hour of mental aberration he committed a deed which, nearly twenty-one years ago, consigned him for life to a lunatic asylum, where he yet remains, well in bodily health, and occupying himself in painting strange but most clever pictures, the results of a mind yet a prey to the direst malady to which human nature is subjected.

Richard Dadd was only twenty-six years of age when this sad event occurred. He was born at Chatham in 1817, and at an early age entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he gained three medals; was noted for his attention and diligence, and won the esteem of all by his sweetness of disposition, gentleness, vivacity, and modesty. His first picture of importance, 'Alfred the Great in the disguise of a Peasant reflecting on the Misfortunes of his Country,' was exhibited at the Academy in 1840; it was followed in the year following, at the same gallery, by 'Titania Sleeping;' and in 1842, by 'Come unto these Yellow Sands.' His 'Don Quixote' was exhibited at the gallery in Suffolk Street, in 1840, and 'Puck and the Fairies,' at the same place, in 1841; but his principal work, or rather series of works, consists of about one hundred studies, executed for Lord Foley, illustrative of Byron's 'Manfred' and Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

In the spring of 1842, he undertook, at the request of his friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, who was then engaged upon his 'Book of British Ballads,' to illustrate the ballad of 'Robin Goodfellow.' These designs show the brilliancy of the artist's fancy, no less than his skill with the pencil.

Late in the summer of the same year, Dadd left England for Egypt, in the company of Sir Thomas Phillips, who had recently been knighted for his gallantry in quelling an outbreak of the Monmouthshire miners, and to whom he had been introduced by his friend Mr. David Roberts, R.A. The burning heat of the East, where he had a sun-stroke, is supposed to have laid the foundation of his future malady; at all events, he abruptly quitted his companion and returned home, without assigning any reason for such strange conduct. On his arrival in England, he recommenced work, and painted a picture of 'Arabs,' a production of singular merit, which was exhibited in Liverpool, and he also sent a cartoon to the Westminster Hall exhibition. This latter performance undoubtedly bore evidence of a disordered mind. Two or three months later he was an inmate of the asylum which has become his habitation. "No living artist," says one who wrote of him at the time of his incarceration, "possessed a more vivid or delicate imagination; and there is no doubt that the excess of this quality predisposes to the disease which has triumphed over him."

In none of his works is this "vivid imagination" more apparent than in the picture here engraved. A composition most poetic and beautiful, in colour excellent, in drawing fine and correct, it goes far to realise one of the most marvellous creations of the immortal dramatist: and yet we seem to discover in it, as well as in his other fairy scenes, some indications of that peculiarity of mind which resulted in his melancholy fate: the playful imagination is almost in league with the absurd. Was the dark future shadowed forth in the group of pigmies sporting thus wildly and joyously in the silver moonlight? how strangely fanciful are they in their groupings and merry antics, and what an undefined humour is there in the face of the mischief-loving Puck!

This picture is in the extensive and valuable collection of Thomas Birchall, Esq., of Preston, who has courteously permitted us to engrave it, as well as others now in progress.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

It cannot be said of William Mulready, as of many other men after a life of more than three quarters of a century, that his business with the world was done, and that he only then waited to be gathered to his rest. He was not one of those whose friends, with valedictory blessings, affectionately commend them to the grave. In his case friends would have voted him to a longer life of labour, and labour to the end. When it is said of an artist, that at an age nearer ninety than seventy, his works possessed at least as much of those qualities for which men strive, and many hopelessly, in the vigour of their days—the man of whom this is said must be eminently conspicuous among his fellows. That is, however, but a small part of what must be said of Mulready. When this exhibition at Kensington is spoken of, and it is known that Mulready was a painter for more than sixty years, the public will expect a great show and a long catalogue; but there is neither the one nor the other—that is to say, as to quantity there will be disappointment, for of the pictures and studies in oil there are only one hundred and thirteen; but to these there is an important addition in sketches and figure drawings, without which the exhibition had been incomplete, for his figure studies are as much a part of himself as were his pictures.

The first picture by the latter of which there is record, was painted and exhibited at the Academy in 1804; it is 'A Crypt in Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire,' and these were the days of the asphaltum frenzy—it is consequently cracked all over. It is a dull essay enough; there is nothing to be said in favour of Mulready's precocity. Some of the pictures painted in 1804 and 1805 cannot be traced; it is better that it should be so with early than later works. He must have been within a little of devoting himself to landscape and street scenery, and it is difficult to understand how he escaped this, considering the mastery of such works as 'Hampstead Heath,' 'A View in St. Alban's,' 'Old Houses in Lambeth,' 'Landscape, with Carts and Figures,' 'An Old Gable,' 'Horses Baiting,' 'Road-side Inn,' 'The Mall—Kensington Gravel Pits,' and others of the same kind. On looking at these works, it must not be forgotten that they assert principles widely different from those which governed the practice of the men of that time.

In landscape and commonplace subjects, Gainsborough, Wilson, Morland, and a few other colourists and executants, had a large following, who were ready to pronounce as an insolence—nay, a heresy—the careful finish of these works. But Mulready became one of a small circle, bound by a common principle, and set up as a Jupiter Tonans on his own account. Of this small fraternity John Varley was one, Callcott was another, Linnell, perhaps later, was a third. Such essays were startling, but they were regarded with indulgence and compassion by the advocates of routine in painting, who consoled themselves with thanks to heaven that they were not as some other men were. Seeing that the pictures above-mentioned show so much of the perfection of Art, it is marvellous that, with so great power, Mulready should have escaped such a fascination, for at this time he gave no promise of figure-painting in any like degree; as instance 'Old Kaspar,' a subject from Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*; and 'The Rattle'—a boy showing a rattle to a child. It is not until 1809 that he shows himself as serious in figure-painting

* To be continued.



W. HAMILTON

Engraved by J. H. Stanger

PUCK AND THE FAIRIES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MAJOR HAMILTON 1885

as he had been in landscape. He then painted 'The Carpenter's Shop,' 'The Music Lesson,' and 'Returning from the Alehouse,' the picture known as 'Fair Time' in the Vernon collection, to which the present background was painted in 1840; but he must then have worked on the figures also in a manner to separate the entire composition from his early figure subjects. With some alterations which he might deem necessary, the head of the carpenter seems to be a study from himself, and the carpenter's wife appears to have been painted from his own wife, the sister of John Varley. In 'The Music Lesson,' the professor is, as we are told, a portrait of the painter. In both these pictures, the source of inspiration is the Dutch school, the end of the study being a multifarious composition very minutely painted, but, in comparison with subsequent pictures, opaque and colourless. These were followed by nine or ten pictures less important and more readily painted, presenting a variety of subject-matter, but the best still being scraps of outdoor material; and in these, insignificant though the subjects be, the uniformity of excellence is remarkable.

The next picture intended as important by the artist, is 'The Barber's Shop,' which was exhibited at the Academy in 1811. It shows traces of that overpowering colour in which Mulready, beyond all other men, was a voluptuary; before which, in 'The Wedding Gown' and 'The Controversy,' the observer's first impulse is to shade the eyes, the next to stand uncovered. And thus we see in successive efforts his advance to the summer of his strength, and the splendours of his autumn, amid which his sun went down; for though an old man, he had never felt the chill of that winter which paralyses the powers of others. From first to last he was a modest inquirer, a humble disciple of nature, eliminating for himself without obligation to any man. For the materials of his pictures he is more indebted to his observation than his imagination. The leading point in his fancy subjects is generally some incident that he may have seen, and his narrative is close, terse, and devoid of ornament. Had he been goaded forward by a teeming imagination, he would not have been so great a painter. While embodying one subject, the twenty others that might have been struggling in his mind for utterance would be impatient of justice being done to it. Concentration on one subject, to the temporary exclusion of all others, becomes an enthusiasm whence arise the most valuable results. Mulready was a slow painter, but even though slow, he might, under stress of subject-matter, have been a more fertile producer, but in such case the works so thrown off would have been in nowise comparable with those which he has so effectively elaborated. He seems to have devoted the greater part of 1812 to 'Punch,' the most important of his pictures up to this time. In this he has yielded to some outside influence, at least he has stepped aside from the path he marked out for himself, and which in his figure pictures is so definite from the beginning to the end. If the local breadth and the grey trees in 'Punch' do not speak of Callcott, they do not recall Mulready, for the picture is deficient in that force and colour which were combined in the feeling of the latter. Although standing far above vapid generalisation, or as the artist himself designated it in his late evidence, "that emptiness called breadth," it is without those appetising gradations and oppositions wherein it was the nature of this painter to conceive his compositions. The background, which looks like a village made out of material selected about Kensington or Hammersmith, would, like many more of these backgrounds, form a picture of itself.

His portrait of Miss Swinburne, as do all his portraits, comes up to the legal axiom, that truth is libellous. In portraiture he has insisted on seeing too much, and on telling all he has seen. He has spurned the rule of safety, which prescribes the placing of young people near, and those past the meridian of life at a distance. After 'Punch,' he painted, in 1813 and 1814, 'Boys Fishing,' 'An Ass,' and a miniature portrait of 'John Varley.' In 1815 came forth 'Idle Boys,' a schoolroom scene, in which boys are being punished; and in the same year, 'The Fight Interrupted,' a picture in which he shows more clearly than in any antecedent work, the ends he has sought to achieve, and which he has so steadily kept in view during the best part of his long life. In most of his compositions up to this time we see too clearly the purposes answered by the introduction of this or that object, but in this picture everything falls into and maintains its place in the most natural way possible. It is here also that we feel more than heretofore the intensity of transparent colour, the use of which he extended to every accessory in his pictures.

The great reputation which Mulready made was won by the works that appeared after this time. He was elected an Academician in 1816, and his diploma picture is called 'The Village Buffoon,' then came 'The Dog of two minds,' 1817; 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' 1820; 'The Convalescent from Waterloo,' 1822. It will be observed that the most celebrated works only are noted, the intervals are filled up by many less famous productions. 'The Travelling Druggist' was painted in 1825; 'The Interior of an English Cottage,' 1828; 'A Sailing Match,' 1831; 'Giving a Bite,' 1834; 'The Last in,' 1835; 'The Toy Seller,' 1835; 'The Seven Ages,' 1837; 'The Sonnet,' 1839; 'Crossing the Ford,' 1842; 'First Love,' 1839; 'Fair Time,' 1840; 'The Whistonian Controversy,' 1844; 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' 'Haymaking,' 1847; 'The Butt,' 1848, &c.; and in these works we see colour, finish, and expression, in such combination as we rarely find elsewhere. With respect to colour alone we know of no similar instances approaching the splendours of 'The Wedding Gown,' and 'The Whistonian Controversy.' Few men have ever been so true to themselves as Mulready. His sphere, like that of very many others, has been limited; but he has understood this, and unlike others, has not shown himself beyond his proper limits. Mulready carried, and he could not help it, the same finish into his large pictures with which he worked out his small ones, and the result is unsatisfactory. With the exception of his scenes from 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' the few subjects he has treated from other sources are failures in comparison with those which he himself has conceived or adopted from observation. 'The Seven Ages' has not been understood, nor so genially felt, as 'The Butt'; it is far below the standard of his pictures from 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' With respect to his drawings from the nude, of which there is a room full, we know of nothing by any man living like them; and at these he worked until within, we believe, a short period of his decease; but from the beginning to the end he has been a student, and the man who will be persuaded that he has still something to learn will increase his reputation to the end. When Mulready was giving evidence before the commission appointed to hear evidence with regard to the claims of the Royal Academy, he was asked if he drew when presiding in the life-school; his reply was that he drew as if competing for a prize: and this earnestness it is that has won for him an imperishable renown.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN.

THE subject of the following notice was born at Dalmarnock, near Glasgow, on the 6th of June, 1777, and was consequently in the 87th year of his age at the time of his decease. He was the fourth son of Thomas Buchanan, of Ardoch, the representative of an old Dumbartonshire family. His elder brother, John, sat in parliament for that county during the ministry of Lord Liverpool.

In the year 1803 Mr. Buchanan married the Hon. Elizabeth Anne Murray, daughter of Alexander, seventh Lord Elibank, by whom he had several children. One daughter survives him.

Mr. Buchanan was originally intended for the profession of the law, for which he prepared himself in Edinburgh, and in due time passed Writer to the Signet. Circumstances, however, induced him to alter his views, and he removed to London, where he resided for upwards of half a century, devoting himself to the promotion of the Fine Arts. For these he had from an early period of his life manifested a strong predilection, and possessing, as he did, an accurate taste and correct judgment, he soon became known as a distinguished connoisseur, and was much consulted by noblemen and gentlemen who were desirous of possessing works of the great masters; and not a few of the finest collections in the country were formed or enlarged under his opinion and advice.

Shortly after the commencement of the present century, when Italy was invaded and overrun by the troops of Napoleon, the insecurity of property in that country compelled many princes and nobles of its different states to dispose of those treasured objects of Art which had constituted the pride and glory of their palaces. Stimulated by a desire of securing for England works of a high class, for the acquirement of which an opportunity now presented itself, Mr. Buchanan, then a very young man, commenced through the agency of his friend, Mr. James Irvine, of Rome, a series of purchases in Italy; and he succeeded, under many obstacles, in obtaining numerous works of very high importance, which in course of time became spread over the principal collections of this country. Among the pictures so acquired may be enumerated four very important examples by Rubens, namely—'A Triumphant Procession,' and two magnificent landscapes from the Balbi Palace of Genoa; also a large composition from the Doria Palace, long known under the name of 'The Family of Rubens,' but which, on its arrival in England, was recognised as the celebrated picture presented by Rubens himself to Charles I., on the occasion of his visiting England as envoy from Spain to re-establish a peace between those countries.

Mr. Buchanan continued to prosecute his researches in Italy for several years with considerable success, and was fortunate in securing, amongst other works of note, the celebrated and splendid *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian, designated by Ridolfi 'The Triumph of Bacchus,' but known here as the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' and now forming the gem of the National Gallery. This *capo d'opere* was purchased in Rome in the year 1806, for the special account and risk of Mr. Buchanan, as no one else would join him in so hazardous an adventure, involving, as it did, the chance of confiscation of the property itself, as well as other serious consequences, it being one of those objects the exportation of which from the Papal States was strictly interdicted under heavy penalties. After a concealment, however, of several years, it at length eluded the vigilance of those who searched for it, and safely reached its destination.

A picture of so much celebrity was, on its arrival in London, hailed with enthusiasm by the *cognoscenti* as a splendid trophy of Art, boldly acquired under dangerous and difficult circumstances, and for some weeks Mr. Buchanan's rooms were crowded by artists and amateurs eager to welcome this treasure.

At the breaking out of the Spanish war, in 1807, Mr. Buchanan employed Mr. George Wallis, an eminent artist and excellent connoisseur, to proceed to Spain with the view of obtaining

some of the fine works of Murillo and Velasquez, which he was informed might at that period be procurable under circumstances similar to those which had previously existed in Italy; and he furnished that gentleman with credits on Spain and Portugal to enable him to effect that object. In the execution of this commission Mr. Wallis encountered formidable difficulties, but by dint of indomitable courage and perseverance he secured for England several of the finest works of Murillo, Velasquez, Navarrete, known as el Mudo, Zurbarán, &c., that ever reached these shores. Mr. Wallis returned to England in 1813, bringing along with him the results of his purchases on Mr. Buchanan's account, comprising pictures of a superlative class, and such as are rarely to be met with in the world of Art.

When a general peace was established throughout Europe, Mr. Buchanan visited France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Germany, in the first three of which countries he made important purchases, especially the very select collection of M. De Talleyrand, which consisted of examples of the finest quality of the Flemish and Dutch schools—now chiefly in the gallery of Lord Ashburton—and a few years afterwards he acquired the well-known collection of Count Mowle de Vindé, which in like manner with that of M. De Talleyrand was transmitted to London.

In the month of April, 1823, Mr. Buchanan, who was then residing in Paris, was consulted by Mareschal Soult, Duc of Dalmatia, as to the disposal of his magnificent collection of pictures, principally by Spanish masters, and which the mareschal wished to part with *en bloc*. As the collection contained over a hundred pictures, Mr. Buchanan explained to M. Soult the impracticability of effecting such a sale, but suggested that if he were allowed to make a selection of such works as he thought would suit the English taste, it was highly probable the trustees of the National Gallery would become the purchasers. After some hesitation and reluctance to break up his collection, he agreed to the suggestion of Mr. Buchanan, who, at his request walked round the rooms and handed to the Mareschal a note of eleven pictures which appeared to be well adapted to the object in view. M. Soult then took a sheet of paper, on which he copied over the list, affixing a value to each of the selected pictures. In doing so he seemed greatly excited, saying, "Ma foi, Monsieur! vous avez choisi les perles de ma collection, ces Tableaux là valent bien un Province!" He, however, ultimately empowered Mr. Buchanan to make the offer on the terms stated.

The offer was accordingly without loss of time transmitted to the proper quarter. *It was rejected!* and thus an opportunity of securing for this country the cream of the collection was lost. It may be here mentioned that one of the "eleven" pictures was the 'Immaculate Conception,' now the principal attraction in the Louvre. It was valued in Mareschal Soult's note above mentioned at 250,000 francs, and was, after his death, purchased by the French government at much more than double that sum.

Ever ready to promote any undertaking that might have for its object a diffusion of taste for the Fine Arts, Mr. Buchanan projected and carried out to some extent the publication of a work of engravings, which should contain select examples of the great masters in the several schools of painting. For this work he enlisted the services of the principal line engravers of the day, and the 'Dead Christ and Maries,' from the *burin* of Sharpe, after the well-known picture, by Annibale Caracci, in the collection of the Earl of Carlisle, at Castle Howard; the 'Charles the First,' taken in three different points of view, also by Sharpe, after Vandyke; the 'Titian's Schoolmaster,' after Moroni, by Fittler; together with other beautiful productions of the same class, gave good promise of what the work itself would have been had it met with due encouragement; but this it did not receive, and it was consequently discontinued after a heavy disbursement had been incurred.

In the year 1824, Mr. Buchanan published his "Memoirs of Painting," which had a ready sale, and has been always considered by *vertuosi* a classical handbook of Art. For several years he was engaged in collecting materials for bringing down this work to the present time, but the un-

fortunate failure of his eyesight interrupted the progress of his labour, and the volume remains in an unfinished state. He expired at Glasgow on the 19th of January, cherishing the recollection of his favourite pursuit to the last.

RICHARD ROBERTS.

Associated, as our Journal is, with the industrial arts of the country, scarcely less than it is with the Fine Arts, we are not stepping out of our province in recording the recent death of Mr. Richard Roberts, one of the greatest inventors of machinery our age has produced; "the informing spirit," as one of his biographers writes of him, of the wide-famed firm of Sharp, Roberts and Co., of Manchester. He was born near Oswestry, in 1789, and commenced life in Manchester as a pattern-maker to a millwright. In 1814 he came to London, and got employed in the workshops of Messrs. Maudslay, the engineers. Three years afterwards he returned to Manchester, and was engaged in the construction of machine tools of various kinds, in which he introduced many great improvements. His knowledge and inventive powers attracted the notice of Mr. Sharp, who offered Roberts a share in his business, and the latter became a partner in the firm, where he found a wide field for his ingenuity. Here was produced the self-acting mule so extensively employed by the cotton-spinners, and almost every species of mechanism, from the marine engine to the railway-ticket press and the sewing machine. When railways came into operation, the Atlas Works of Messrs. Sharp, Roberts and Co. became one of the largest factories in the kingdom for locomotives; of these no fewer than fifteen hundred have been constructed there. Afterwards Mr. Roberts turned his attention to turret clocks, and devised the original system now employed by Dent. When the Conway bridge, with its millions of rivets, was about to be built, he invented a machine, somewhat similar to the Jacquard loom, for punching accurately the holes in the plates; this machine has also been used in the construction of the Boyne viaduct, the Victoria bridge at Montreal, and the Jumna bridge in India.

The next matter to which this eminent machinist directed his attention was steam-ships. "Departing from all existing practice, he adopted two side keels instead of the usual central one, and applied two screw propellers, one on each side, with separate engines, thus enabling vessels to turn round in their own length by setting the screws to work in opposite directions. This proposition, announced in 1852, has become an acknowledged fact only in 1864." We believe that in this invention Mr. Roberts was associated with Captain T. E. Symonds, R.N., who read a paper on the subject last year at the Institution of Naval Architects.

After some years' duration, the partnership in the Atlas Works was dissolved, and Mr. Roberts started a new establishment with Mr. Fothergill; but it appears, from some unexplained cause, not to have answered, and the former gentleman settled in London, and practised as a consulting engineer; for, like the majority of great inventors and discoverers, he gained but little except honours by the result of his labours; others reaped the rich harvest he sowed. Whatever property he acquired was spent in the pursuit of new inventions; and thus, at the advanced age of seventy-five years, he was laid in the grave, leaving unprovided for an only daughter whose filial care tended, in no small degree, to prolong his life. We understand that it is intended to open a subscription for the benefit of this lady; such a project would, of course, be largely responded to, especially by the classes enriched by Mr. Roberts's genius and industry.

ALEXANDER CALAME.

This artist, one of the most distinguished landscape-painters of the Continent, died recently, at Montone, of consumption. He studied under F. Diday, and raised himself from a low position to one of independence and great honour. His works, which are not unknown here, bear considerable resemblance to those of Ruysdael. Calame was a Swiss, and lived at Geneva.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The recent sale of the unfinished pictures and the sketches of the late Eugene Delacroix astonished even the most ardent admirers of this artist; small canvases, for which he would have asked 200 francs, realising six times that sum. The entire sale brought nearly 370,000 francs, or about £14,800. —A very important step in the way of artistic education has been taken by M. Nieuwerkerke, the Imperial Superintendent of the Fine Arts. The gallery in the Louvre, in which the Sauvageot collection was recently placed, has been converted into a studio, where artists and amateurs will be admitted shortly to sketch the vases, jewelled cups, bronzes, and other works of Art belonging to the various collections in the museum, under the superintendence of an officer of the establishment.—M. Hermin, lately deceased, has bequeathed to the Imperial Library a magnificent collection of engravings and sketches relative to the history of France. It fills a hundred portfolios, and includes 20,000 engravings, many of them of great rarity. Amongst other curiosities are five hundred of the rare illustrated almanacks of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some of them dating from the time of Henry IV.—The Permanent Exhibition, which was spoken of some months ago in our columns, is reported to have proved a failure before it was opened, and has been offered for sale for £90,000.

BERLIN.—A National Gallery is to be erected in this city, near to the new Museum: plans are prepared, and they have received the sanction of the King of Prussia.

LYONS.—We are informed that the city of Lyons has recently opened an Industrial Museum in the new *Palais du Commerce*. It includes every description of looms and machinery employed in silk manufacture, and a very complete collection of the various productions of the loom; such an institution is calculated to be of great benefit in the development of the taste and inventive genius of the silk manufacturers of that city. Lyons loses no opportunity to foster its great staple trade, and its schools of design are probably the most complete in existence. The director of the ladies' school of design, Mlle. Alliod, has recently introduced, with the greatest success, a new method of *designing from memory*, which is said to have produced the most useful results. This system consists in submitting various models to the students, and after a given time allowed for inspection, they are required to reproduce the model from memory. Although all design is, in fact, an effort of memory, yet we believe this is the first attempt to obtain systematic results from memory alone, and we have no doubt it must give great facility in the art of reproduction, and particularly as applied to silk manufactures. If a similar plan were introduced into our own schools, it would greatly assist in furnishing the minds of our artists with materials for the ever-varying combinations of form and colour, and which, when applied to manufactures, constitute the multiform inventions of novelty and taste; and the undoubted progress of Art education in all classes more than ever requires that the material productions of our various manufactures should be accompanied and improved by the application of the highest artistic skill obtainable.

ROME.—The following paragraph is copied from *Galvani's Messenger*:—"Much attention has been lately awakened in Rome by a portrait of our Saviour, which is fully described as authentic. It is copied from a cameo, which bears the following inscription:—'Executed by order of the Emperor Tiberius, and given by the Sultan of Turkey to Pope Innocent VIII., in ransom of his brother Zozim, then a captive in the hands of the Christians.' The portrait has been copied by M. Van Clef, a sculptor of Paris, and from its presumed genuine likeness, and the circumstances establishing the authenticity of the cameo, has created great interest in the religious and artistic world."

AFACCIO.—A monument is being erected in this Corsican town, to commemorate, at the same time, the Buonaparte family and the glory of the First Empire. The group is composed of five bronze statues, each six feet high, and representing Napoleon I. and his four brothers. The emperor is on horseback, in Roman costume, and behind him stand the others. The whole group will be placed on a pedestal of white marble, in the rear of which a triumphal arch with three openings is to be erected.

NAPLES.—Recent explorations at Pompeii have brought to light five new rooms between the Via Abundantia and the Via Augusti, not far from the Forum. These rooms are stated to be highly interesting.

A WALK IN SOUTH WALES.

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRKET FOSTER.

FASHION seems often to have strange ideas about proprieties, especially when she inverts the natural order of things by turning night into day, or alluring the world into the crowded city when there is everything beyond to attract us away from it. Here, in this month of May, the pleasantest, the most cheerful, the most enjoyable of all the months in regions "far from the busy haunts of men," everybody flocks into London to hold high festival, for the "season" has commenced in right earnest. The opera, the theatre, the concert room, Exeter Hall with its vast gatherings of those who seek the spiritual and moral welfare of their fellows, the picture-galleries—every place where there is anything to be seen, or heard, or supported, has its daily or nightly crowd of visitors. None, or only few, care to quit town at this period of the year; and even the artist,—though his pencil is laid by for a time, and the labours of the past autumn and winter are before the public in Trafalgar Square or elsewhere,—tarries within the charmed circle of the metropolis till its chief attractions are withdrawn, when he begins to think about work again, and, if a landscape-painter, turns over in his mind where he shall find "fresh fields, and pastures new."

Now, though our invitation is not intended for the artist only—it is a general one—we would especially ask him to accompany us in a few days' ramble through a portion of South Wales; or, in other words, we desire to point out to him a short range of country which tourists rarely visit, and with which, we believe, few artists comparatively are acquainted, as it lies wide of the ordinary route of travellers, but where there is a superabundance of Art-work that will well reward the sketcher by its picturesque beauty and its novelty. It would be absurd to affirm that our landscape-painters have exhausted the treasury of North Wales, but so many and varied have been the demands upon it, that little is left which has not already been seen in pictures on canvas or paper: lake and mountain, river and valley, castle and ruin—Llanberis and Snowdon, the Conway and Capel Curig, Bettws-y-coed and Llangollen, Carnarvon and Pont Aberglaslyn, with numerous other localities of mark, are almost as well known to the *habitués* of our annual picture exhibitions as Pall-Mall and Suffolk Street. Neither are certain parts of Southern Wales made less familiar: who, though he may never have visited them, is not familiar with Tintern and Chepstow, Raglan and Goodrich, Windeliff and the glorious valley of the Wye? places one never wearies to look upon, even as pictures; and yet they seem to monopolise the attention of the artist as if the land elsewhere were all barren.

One probable reason why the north is generally preferred as sketching-ground to the south, is, because, as a rule, the scenery is grander, wilder, and more romantic: rich, luxuriant, and cultivated localities are found in both divisions, as also are landscapes whose character is magnificent in their picturesque beauty, but the south has the far larger proportion of the one, and the north of the other.

Having heard something of the scenery round about the Beacons, in Brecknockshire, the loftiest mountains in South Wales—the highest peak being nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea—we sought opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of what was known only by report, and to form our own opinion of the value of the information given to us. Seated in one of the luxurious carriages of the Great Western railway, which is in connection with the South Wales line, we started for Newport, at the beginning of October last. The artist who takes this route should stop at Stroud for a day or two; the country all round is most picturesque, abounding with beautiful dells, green as emerald, and adorned with magnificent clumps of trees. "The peculiar features of the district," the Boundary Commissioners stated, in their report some years ago, are "the situation of the mills on streams in

deep ravines; the scattered and irregular manner in which the houses are built on the hill-sides; and the contrast between the high land (in many cases either wood or common, with few inhabitants) and the valleys studded with houses and thickly peopled." If he can spare time, he should walk to Cirencester from Stroud, about twelve miles apart, and out of the direct line to Newport. The scenery through the whole length of the distance has no counterpart in Great Britain, or,

indeed, elsewhere, in its peculiarities. It is a continuous valley, through which flows a stream, certainly not a sparkling one, called Stroudwater, or the Frome, and celebrated as possessing superior qualities for dyeing scarlet cloths. From the banks of this stream, at greater or less distances, rise on either side, and almost without intermission, lofty hills varying in height from 100 to 300 feet, or even more, to judge by the eye, and covered with trees or thick brushwood. So



THE BLORENCE, FROM THE MEADOWS, ABERGAVENNY.

perpendicular is sometimes their elevation, that it appears a human foot could scarcely scale them except with difficulty, and yet they are dotted with the white cottages of those employed in the factories, looking as small as dovecots from the road below; while on open patches small flocks of sheep are seen grazing; and, to give variety of colour to the picture, on other spots which have been cleared away, long lines of white, blue, and scarlet cloths, hung out to dry, are stretched amid the green herbage and foliage far above the

traveller's head, like battalions of soldiers waiting the advance of an enemy. To see this under the most favourable aspect, the road should be traversed early on a bright summer's evening, when the descending sun throws long shadows across the narrow valley and midway up the opposite hills, lighting up their crests with burnished gold; and as the way takes frequent curves of considerable sweep, it constantly offers new and varied features in the forms it presents and in the disposition of light and shadow; sometimes one



ABERGAVENNY CASTLE.

side being obscured and sometimes the other partially.

Between Stroud and Newport, the railway line offers many points of picturesque beauty, especially in the vicinity of Gatcombe, Lydney, and Chepstow. The Severn runs almost parallel with it, and shortly after the traveller leaves the latter place, the river, widened to a very considerable breadth, comes into close proximity with the line, which, on the right, is skirted by high banks of

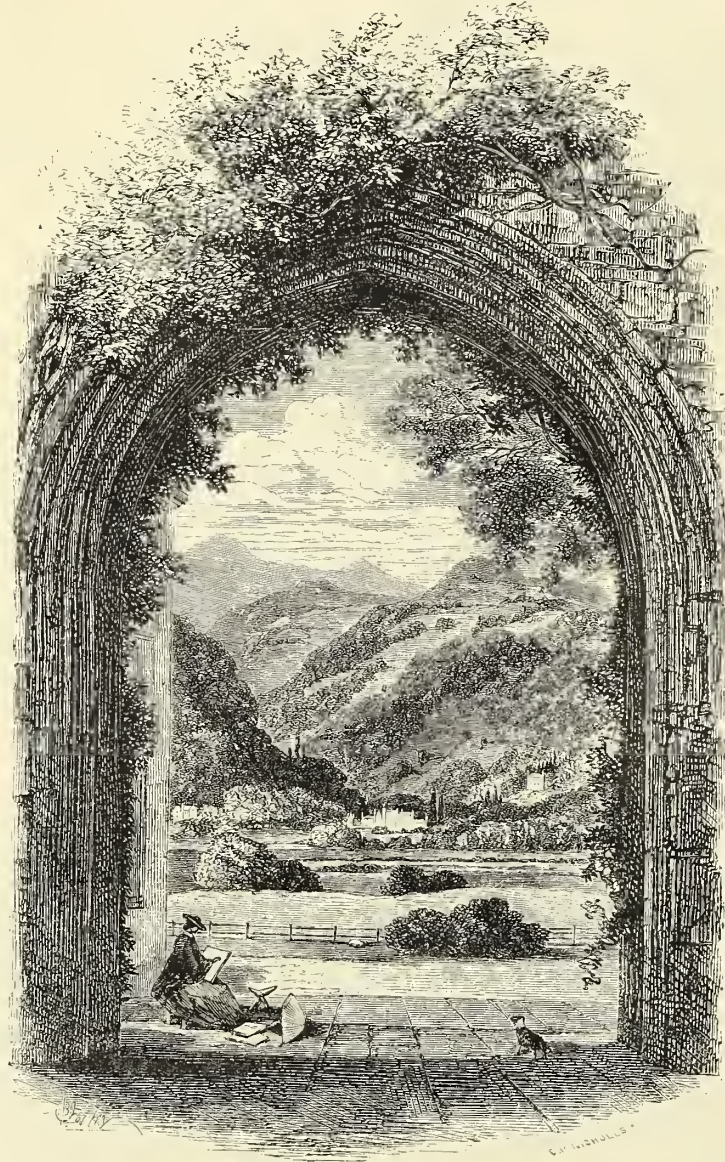
red sandstone, crowned with trees and shrubs. Newport presents but little to interest the artist, still he will find something to attract him in a town which, of late years, has become of much commercial importance. Along the two miles of wharfs and jettys which fringe the western side of the Usk, as far as Pillgwenlly, are some capital "bits" of shipping and old buildings; the bridge, on which abut the remains of the old castle, now converted into a brewhouse, but yet most worthy

of attention; and the view from the graveyard of the old church, an elevated spot on the outskirts of the town, a considerable portion of which lies immediately below him, and beyond, a wide stretch of low marsh land skirting the river, that, united now with the Severn, gradually expands till it reaches the Bristol Channel almost, if not quite, within the compass of vision.

Assuming time to be an object, as it was when we went over the ground, the artist should, on quitting Newport, take the South Wales line for Abergavenny, the first town in Brecknockshire he will enter. The distance is about eighteen miles through a delightful tract of country. Seven miles from Newport is Pontypool Road station, in a valley through which runs a brawling stream; on the left rise lofty hills, dotted with houses; and on the right are also hills covered with wood.

The town of Pontypool is about a mile from the station, and is very picturesquely situated in the midst of a populous mining district. In the vicinity is the celebrated Crumlin Viaduct, spanning the beautiful valley of Ebbw; the loftiest of the web-like iron piers is upwards of 200 feet above the ground; and about three miles from Pontypool rises the immense mountain, *Mynydd Maen*, abounding in steep and abrupt declivities. There is material for a fine picture about Nantyderry station, three miles farther on the line; the landscape is well wooded, irregular in character, and is backed on the left by two high peaked mountains. Penpercw, signifying "The Head of the Beautiful Valley," four miles in advance, is another station, affording, as the name implies, some good work for the pencil.

On alighting at the Abergavenny station one is



ENTRANCE GATE OF GLAN USK VILLA, CRICKHOWEL.

struck with the beauty of the panoramic view; a glorious valley is that wherein the town stands, with the Usk flowing through the centre, flanked by the *Bloreng* mountain-ridge on the left, and the *Skirrid-fawr*, backed by the purple peak of the *Sugar-loaf*, on the right. A less extensive, but, perhaps, the best view of Abergavenny itself is from the turnpike which stands on somewhat elevated ground on the new road to Hereford. From this point the spectator has before him the whole of the town, a little beyond which rises the *Bloreng* ridge, extending as far as the eye can reach to the right, and a considerable distance to the left, where it appears to turn. On reversing his position another fine and much grander scene presents itself. To the left of the road is a group of three mountains, the *Rholbin*, the *Great Derry*, covered with thick brushwood, and behind them the *Sugar-loaf*—so called from its form—1,852

feet high, gaunt and desolate. On the right of the road is *Skirrid-fawr*, nearly 1,500 feet in height, and at a short distance from it, *Skirrid-fach*, 765 feet high. The former of these two is very irregular in shape, and on the side nearest the road has a large rent in it from the top, which tradition says was made at the time of Christ's crucifixion; hence the mountain has acquired the name of the "Holy Mountain." Centuries ago, a chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, stood on the summit; and the writer was told by a resident in the town, that he remembers the time when the Romanists resorted to the spot to carry away a portion of the sacred earth to put into the coffins of their dead.

The town of Abergavenny, supposed to be the site of the Roman *Gobannium*, derives its modern name from the confluence of the river Usk, and a small stream called the Gavenny; the prefix

Aber, so often found in the etymology of Welsh places, signifies a union or joining together. There is little or nothing in the town itself to arrest the progress or attention of the antiquarian or artist, with the exception of the *CASTLE*, one view of which is engraved on the preceding page. It stands on the outskirts of the town, overlooking a valley, with the Usk in its centre. The most ancient portion of the structure dates back to nearly the time of the Conquest. Towards the close of the twelfth century both town and castle were held by William de Breos, a descendant of one of the Conqueror's followers, and a cruel tyrant. In 1196, the men of Gwent—to avenge a terrible outrage committed by De Breos, who invited a number of Welsh chieftains to partake of his hospitality, and then treacherously murdered them—besieged the castle, captured it, killed or took prisoners the whole of the garrison, and destroyed a great part of the Norman's stronghold. The present building is partially inhabited. Our sketch was made from the small private ground near the entrance gateway. A shady, terraced walk, on the opposite side to that seen in the engraving, commands the view which forms the preceding illustration—the *CASTLE-MEADOWS* sloping down to the river, which is spanned by a picturesque-looking bridge of several arches; beyond it rises the *Bloreng* or grey-ridge mountain, upwards of 1,700 feet in height, and at no very great distance from the town. The mountain presents a bold outline to the eye, and the slope being gradual, the lower part is under cultivation; the ridge, of which it forms a portion, extends, to the right of our view, far into Brecknockshire.

The Usk, at Abergavenny, is of considerable breadth and depth, and winds gracefully through the valley. Formerly it was famous for salmon and trout, and, under the operation of the new Fisheries' Act will, doubtless, regain its old reputation. Even now some parts of it, higher up, towards and beyond Crickhowel, and also lower down towards the mouth, yield good sport in the season to the fisherman who can bide his time, watching wind and weather. A gentleman with whom we entered into conversation on the subject in the coffee-room of the principal inn, and whom we heard was a native of the town, spoke of some "takes" of salmon that set us longing to cast in a fly; three or four fish, varying from ten to twenty pounds each, would, not unfrequently, fall to his rod in a single morning. Of course we listened with all respect to his recital, complimented his skill, envied his good fortune, and—left him, hoping that it might fall some day to our lot to have such a chance. Travellers and fishermen have often the credit of drawing largely upon the credulity of those who listen to their stories: this brother of the angle may have done all he said, but we did not hear his exploits confirmed by subsequent inquiry as to the fishing in the Usk. There are salmon in the river, and not a few; but they are not commonly captured three and four in a day by a single rod.

About ten miles from Abergavenny, in the wild and secluded vale of Ewias, is Llanthony Abbey, once a celebrated Cistercian priory, but now the property of Walter Savage Landor.

It is a beautiful walk from Abergavenny to Crickhowel, about five miles. On the left hand you have the *Bloreng* ridge, narrowing or widening the valley between it and the road, with the Usk flowing at a short distance from your side; and to the right, the *Sugar-loaf* and other lofty hills sometimes in sight, and sometimes cut off by nearer rising ground, sloping upwards from the ridge of the road, and covered with fine trees and rich underwood, glowing in the autumn sunshine with every imaginable shade of green, brown, red, and yellow. We never saw foliage more diversified in colour than in this locality, except, perhaps, about Windeliff, near Chepstow. Here and there orchards of apple trees, laden at that time with ungathered fruit, fringe the roadside; while pleasant villas peer out from goodly shrubberies and gardens, with an occasional mansion of high degree standing isolated in some well-kept park dotted with noble oaks and elms.

Crickhowel is a small but pretty town, standing on the right bank of the Usk, very close to the river, which, looking upwards from the bridge, is truly picturesque in its windings and the character of the landscape on either side. It

is a charming "bit" for the painter. In a field on the left, as the traveller enters the town from Abergavenny, is a portion of the old castle, consisting of a square embattled tower, about fifty feet high, covered with ivy. Close to it is a circular mound of considerable height, probably the site of the ancient keep, for on it are the remains of a thick wall, twenty feet or more in height; clumps of lofty trees, like tall sentinels, keep watch and ward over the old ruins, giving to them an agreeable pictorial character. At a very short distance from this spot, in what is called Tower Street, is another architectural fragment, consisting of the base of a circular tower, ivy-crowned, and flanked on each side by a few yards of wall, both tower and walls are pierced by small windows of early English. The date of the castle is uncertain; but it is supposed to have been erected by some of the early Norman settlers as a frontier bulwark against the chieftains of Gwentland. From traces of the foundation which have at times been discovered, it is estimated that the castle-walls once enclosed an area of eight acres, of which the castle itself and the courts occupied rather more than one-third. Crickhowel church is dedicated to St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, to whose honour an annual feast is regularly held, on the Sunday after the 20th of November. The edifice is a picturesque building, in excellent repair; it has a lofty spire, springing from a tower; the external walls, nave, aisles, transepts, and chancel are one mass of bright green ivy. As the church stands on elevated ground, almost out of the town, a fine view is obtained from the western side of the churchyard of the valley of the Usk, with, on the opposite side of the river, the villages of Llanely and Llangat-tock; the latter place, in the vicinity of which the Duke of Beaufort has a shooting-box, is celebrated for a great battle, fought on the neighbouring hills of Carno, in 728, between the Saxons and Britons, in which the latter gained a decisive victory. The whole of the scenery on this, the south, side of Crickhowel, is eminently beautiful.

Leaving the town to pursue the journey to Brecon, a fine GATEWAY arrests the attention, standing immediately by the roadside; it forms the entrance-lodge to Glan Usk Villa, the residence of Captain Seymour. Though our engraving shows but the archway, the lodge is a square building, castellated, the ceiling of the arch is groined, and the upper story has a four-light mullioned window. Passing through, a splendid view is presented, as the engraving shows; the large mansion seen beyond the river, is the residence of Sir Joseph Bailey, M.P.; Glan Usk Park, the name it bears, is passed by the traveller about a mile and a half on the Brecon road. Near the small village of Tretower, situated at about three quarters of a mile from Crickhowel, and at right angles with the great high road, is a famous OAK, to which some extraordinary tradition is attached. We made every effort to ascertain the story, but all inquiry among the "oldest inhabitants" of the town proved fruitless. Several had heard something of it, but could tell us nothing definite; and the only person supposed to know its history was unfortunately from home when we called, and thus we were compelled to leave the place ignorant of the legend of the old tree.

From Crickhowel to Brecon is about thirteen miles—with one exception, and that a tolerably long one—over comparatively level ground; only two or three small villages are passed, while the country on the right side of the road presents very different features to those on the opposite side; but everywhere the artist will find much to invite his attention. On his left flows the Usk in graceful windings, sometimes on the same plane as himself, at other times far below him; now hidden from sight, but not unheard; and now breaking forth from some wooded glen, and rushing on till a ridge of lofty hills, or a sudden turn, hides it again from observation. Along the whole course of the river the width of the valley varies considerably; but throughout its length a wall of mountain-land shuts in the landscape on the left bank, though often at a considerable distance from it. Farm-houses and mansions are tolerably numerous, but, as a rule, the farming seems as indifferent as it well can be. A home-stead, with two or three stacks of corn or hay

in it, was scarcely to be seen, even in the early part of October. Nothing surprised us more than, when standing on some lofty eminence, and surveying the country all round in every direction, to observe that the land was, generally, under cultivation, even to the sides of mountains which appeared almost inaccessible, and yet how few and far between, and unimportant, were the signs of its fruitfulness. In the pastures, which are nu-

merous, ten or a dozen sheep, or two or three small black oxen, were grazing here and there, and these seemed to be the extent of the stock owned by the Welsh farmer in Brecknockshire. The farms, generally, are small, varying from thirty or forty acres to about a hundred or more, perhaps; the land is not good in many places, and the occupier or owner—for much is freehold—is either too poor to cultivate it properly, or is satisfied with



OLD OAK AT CRICKHOWEL.

what it yields him. The ground is parcelled out into fields of two or three acres each, often less; and these fields are separated from each other by high and wide hedges, causing an enormous waste of land, and keeping the sun and the air from that which is cultivated. Agricultural reform is much needed in this part of the principality.

It was stated just now that one portion of the high road between Crickhowel and Brecon differs

from the rest; and that is in the neighbourhood of Bwlch-yr-allwys, nearly midway between the two towns. Here the road takes a circuit of nearly three miles to reach the top of a lofty hill, which in a straight line would scarcely measure a third of the distance; but the varied views that are opened up with almost every turn of the way are truly magnificent, mountain after mountain rising up out of the hollow glen, and assuming new forms and new combinations of forms as the



AT BRECON.

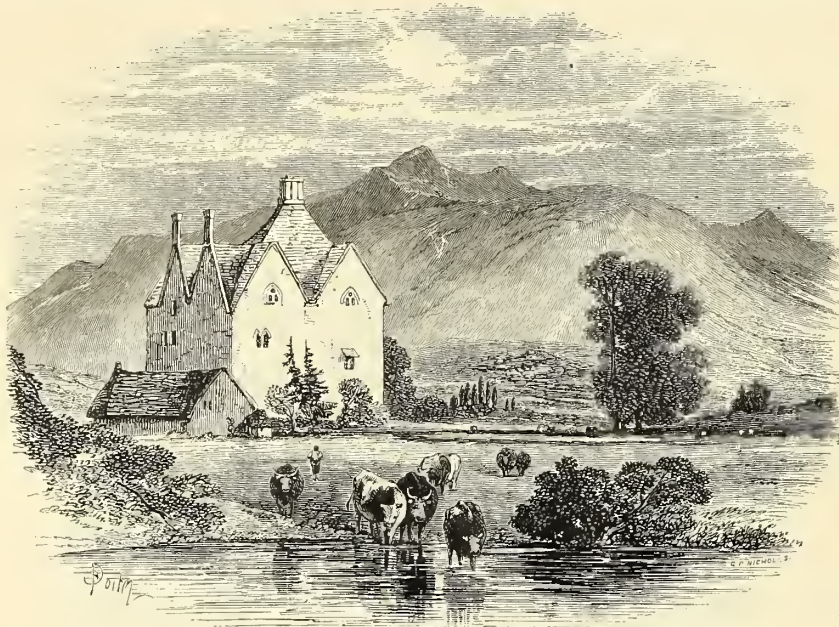
ascent is made. The top of the hill is level for some little distance, and the slope on the opposite or western side is more gradual and straighter than that by which you ascend from Crickhowel. The forenoon of the day had been bright and warm, but the after part wet. On reaching the crest of the hill to descend, the scene before us was most glorious. Along the wide-spreading valley below, clouds of mist rolled slowly along,

concealing almost every trace of the ground; while the last brilliant rays of the setting sun, breaking forth in red and yellow streaks from the mass of dark sky over head and onwards, lighted up, as with flames of fire, the mountain tops at some distance on the left, and threw into clear and bold outline the gigantic frames of the Brecknock Beacons, eight or nine miles off in an apparent direct line. On the right-hand side,

too, the view, though less extensive, was scarcely less striking. The land is high, much broken, and generally wild, and is shut in, as it were, by a girdle of lofty hills, which encircle, more or less, Llyn Safaddu, the largest lake, we believe, in South Wales, and famous for pike-fishing. In the semi-twilight of that evening, the lake, reflecting the colours of the sunset, presented the appearance of another sun going down in the

horizon beneath a bank of fantastically-shaped clouds.

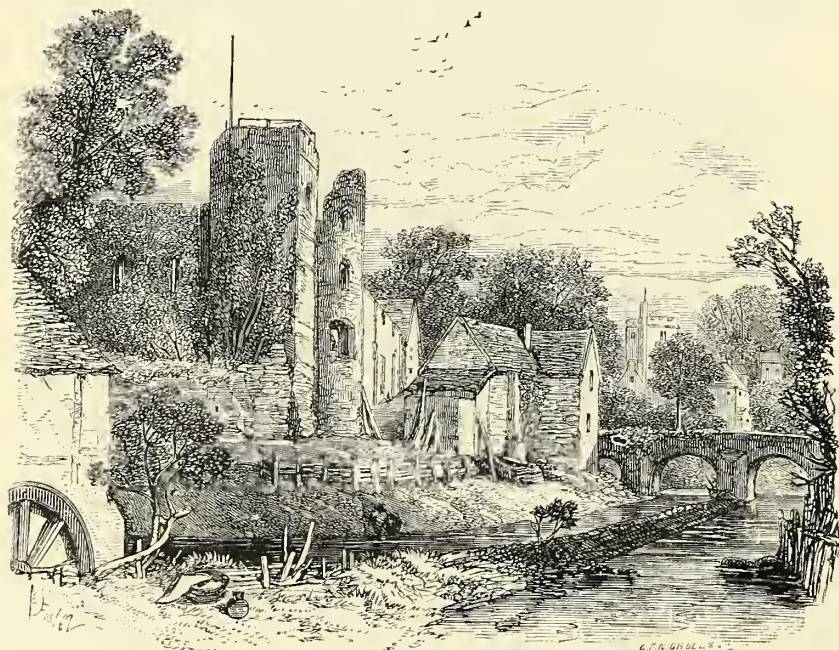
A long day's travel brought us at length to Brecon, where we sought refreshment and repose at the Castle Hotel, under the care of Mrs. Cummings, the most courteous and intelligent of Welsh landladies. But an undisturbed night's rest it was not our fortune to enjoy; after two or three hours' sleep, a loud rumbling noise, like



DAVID GAM'S HOUSE, BRECON

the roll of a heavy luggage train on the railway, roused us from slumber; it was almost immediately followed by a violent oscillation of the bed, which lasted several seconds, and brought forth a *sotto voce* exclamation, addressed to the pillow, "If that's not the shock of an earthquake, it's uncommonly like one." Having thus expressed an opinion, we turned round, and fell asleep again. On entering the coffee-room in the morning, the waiter, who was arranging the breakfast-table,

greeted us with,—"Did you see the earthquake last night, sir?" "Earthquake! you do not mean to say the noise I heard and the shaking I had were caused by an earthquake?" "Oh yes, sir! everybody in the house felt it, and all the town is talking about it; but if it was not that, it must have been some great explosion in the mines of the Black country;" meaning the extensive coal and iron mines in the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil. However, a few hours settled the point,



BRECON CASTLE.

and the harmless earthquake of the night of October 5th, 1863, became a nine days' wonder throughout Great Britain.

A quiet, quaint-looking old town is Brecon, or Brecknock, placed close to the junction of the river Usk and Honddu, the latter, a comparatively small stream, runs through the western part of the town. Sir R. S. Hoare, writing of it many years ago, says:—"Few towns surpass Brecknock in picturesque beauties; the different mills and

bridges of the rivers Usk and Honddu, the ivy-mantled walls and towers of the old castle, the mossy embattled turret and gateway of the priory, with its luxuriant groves, added to the magnificent range of mountain scenery on the south side of town, form, in many points of view, the most beautiful, rich, and varied outline imaginable." A more recent author, Mr. Roscoe, states that—"Brecon is one of the pleasantest towns in the principality, possessing architectural remains

which connect it with the most important events of past ages, and surrounded by natural objects of the most sublime and beautiful character."

The day following the night in which the earthquake occurred was as warm and brilliant as if the month had been June instead of October, and we set out to explore the town and its vicinity.

Centuries ago Brecon was a regularly fortified town, surrounded by a wall having ten towers and five gates, and a CASTLE of great strength standing on the site of the hotel to which its name has been given. Almost the only portion that remains of the stronghold is the tower, seen in the engraving: it stands in one corner of the pretty flower-garden attached to the inn, overhanging the little fuming and chafing Honddu, whose turbulent waters roll swiftly down the shelving ground, over and between boulders of rock, till it joins the Usk. There are several bridges over it, like that in the engraving, and all are most picturesquely situated. As the hotel is situated on very elevated ground, the grounds command a fine view; that from the top of the tower, to which the access is easy, is a magnificent panorama. The castle owes its origin to Bernard de Newmarch, a Norman baron, who founded it in the reign of Henry I. It was enlarged and improved by successive owners, and was finally destroyed during the civil war in the time of Charles I. The history of the building is intimately connected with the annals of England, especially during the wars of the Roses, but we have neither time nor space to enter upon it. A portion of the old walls is seen in the grounds of a private residence divided by the high road from the hotel, and in the grounds of another mansion close by, the property and residence of the Marquis Camden, is a fragment of the old Benedictine priory founded by De Newmarch.

About two and a half miles, or three miles, south-west of the town, are the Breconshire Beacons, two contiguous peaks rising 2,550 feet above the level of the Usk; they are seen in the engraving of 'David Gam's House,' the house in which that valiant Welsh knight is said to have been born. Sir David raised a body of troops from among his own tenantry, and accompanied Henry V. to Agincourt, where he was slain. These lofty mountains are also known by the appellation of Cadair Arthur, or Arthur's Chair, Welsh traditionary romance assigning the spot as one of the seats of the fabulous hero of that name. From the summit, which may be reached without much fatigue by taking a circuitous route, a prospect of vast extent and variety is obtained. The best view of the Beacons themselves is from the cemetery, which lies on elevated ground north-west of the town. The whole mountainous range, with all their diversified undulations, appears sloping down almost to the banks of the Usk, which here receives the Honddu at nearly a right angle, the two flowing first in separate streams immediately below the feet of the spectator, and then, united, winding its course along the valley till lost to sight. On the left is a close irregular mass of slate-covered roofs, the tower of St. John's church, and the spire of St. Mary's forming conspicuous objects among the houses, which are backed by a bold outline of wooded hills, repeating themselves in broad sweeps as far as the eye can reach.

Brecon, like most other Welsh towns, has few architectural features to attract the sketcher, yet it is not altogether devoid of such subjects; but the scenery all round furnishes abundant matter to supply a well-stocked portfolio. In tracing our progress thither, the object has been far less to offer a topographical or historical account of the localities passed through, than to give an idea of the general aspect of the country, and to show that it is well worth the attention of the artist, not alone for its picturesque beauty, but because it is little known. A week occupied on the ground we have travelled over would be pleasantly and might be profitably spent by the landscape-painter, who, if an angler, as we know many artists are, would be irresistibly induced to vary the work of his pencil by the use of his fishing-rod; the broad, sparkling Usk must as assuredly draw forth the one from its canvas bag, as the majestic scenery rising from the banks of the river would tempt to the diligent application of the other.

J. D.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

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CHAPTER XVI.—Political caricature in its infancy.—The Revers du Jeu des Suisses.—Caricature in France.—The three Orders.—Period of the League; Caricatures against Henri III.—Caricatures against the League.—Caricature in France in the seventeenth century.—General Galas.—The Quarrel of Ambassadors.—Caricature against Louis XIV.; William of Furstemberg.

It has been already remarked that political caricature, in the modern sense of the word, or even personal caricature, was inconsistent with the state of things in the middle ages, because both required the facility of quick and extensive circulation, until the arts of engraving and printing

became sufficiently developed. The political or satirical song was carried everywhere by the minstrel, but the satirical picture, represented only in some solitary sculpture or illumination, could hardly be finished before it had become useless even in the small sphere of its influence, and then remained for ages a strange figure, with no meaning that could be understood. No sooner, however, was the art of printing introduced, than the importance of political caricature was understood and turned to account. We have seen what a powerful agent it became in the Reformation, which in spirit was no less political than religious; but even before the great religious movement had begun, this agent had been brought into activity. One of the earliest engravings which can be called a caricature—perhaps the oldest of our modern caricatures known—is represented in our cut No. 1, is no doubt French, and belongs to the

Swiss, and in front the Doge of Venice, who was in alliance with the French against Milan. At the moment represented, the King of France is announcing that he has a flush of cards, the Swiss acknowledges the weakness of his hand, and the doge lays down his cards—in fact, Louis XII. has won the game. But the point of the caricature lies principally in the group around. To the extreme right the King of England, Henry VII., distinguished by his three armorial lions, and the King of Spain, are engaged in earnest conversation. Behind the former stands the Infanta Margarete, who is evidently winking at the Swiss to give him information of the state of the cards of his opponents. At her side stands the Duke of Wirtemberg, and just before him the pope, the infamous Alexander VI. (Borgia), who, though in alliance with Louis, is not able, with all his efforts, to read the king's game, and looks on with evident anxiety. Behind the Doge of Venice stands the Italian refugee, Trivulci, an able warrior, devoted to the interests of France; and at the doge's right hand, the emperor, holding in his hands another pack of cards, and apparently exulting in the belief that he has thrown confusion into the King of France's game. In the background to the left are seen the Count Palatine and the Marquis of Montferrat, who also look uncertain about the result; and below the former appears the Duke of Savoy, who was giving assistance to the French designs. The Duke of Lorraine is serving drink to the players, while the Duke of Milan, who was at this time playing rather a double game, is gathering up the cards which have fallen to the ground, in order to make a game for himself. Louis XII. carried his designs into execution; the Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, nick-named the Moor, played his cards badly, lost his duchy, and died in prison.

Such is this earliest of political caricatures—and in this case it was purely political—but the question of religion soon began not only to mix itself up with the political question, but almost to absorb it, as we have seen in the review of the history of caricature under the Reformation. Before this period, indeed, political caricature was only an affair between crowned heads, or between kings and their nobles, but the religious agitation had originated a vast social movement, which brought into play popular feelings and passions, which gave caricature a totally new value. Its power was greatest on the middle and lower classes of society, that is, on the people, the *tiers état*, which was now thrown prominently forward. The new social theory is proclaimed in a print, of which a fac-simile will be found in the "Musée de la Caricature," by E. J. Jaime, and which, from the style and costume, appears to be German. The three orders, the church, the lord of the land, and the people, represented respectively by a bishop, a knight, and a cultivator, stand upon the globe in an honourable equality, each receiving direct from heaven the emblems or implements of his duties. To the bishop is delivered his bible, to the husbandman his mattock, and to the knight the sword with which he is to protect and defend the others. This print—see cut No. 2—which bears the title, in Latin, *Quis te prætulit?* (Who chose thee?), belongs probably to the earlier half of the sixteenth century. A painting in the Hôtel de Ville of Aix, in Provence, represents the same subject much more satirically, intending to delineate the three orders as they were, and not as they ought to be. The divine hand is letting down from heaven an immense frame in the form of a heart, in which is a picture representing a king kneeling before the cross, intimating that the civil power was to be subordinate to the ecclesiastical. The three orders are represented by a cardinal, a noble, and a peasant, the latter of whom is bending under the burthen of the heart, the whole of which is thrown upon his shoulders, while the cardinal and the noble, the latter dressed in the fashionable attire of the court minions of the day, are placing one hand to the heart on each side, in a manner which shows that they support none of the weight.

Amid the fierce agitation which fell upon France in this sixteenth century, for a while we find but few traces of the employment of caricature by either party. The religious reformation there was rather aristocratic than popular, and



Fig. 1.—THE POLITICAL GAME OF CARDS.

year 1499. It is sufficiently explained by the history of the time.

At the date just mentioned, Louis XII. of France, who had been king less than twelve months, was newly married to Anne of Brittany, and had resolved upon an expedition into Italy,

to unite the crown of Naples with that of France. Such an expedition affected many political interests, and Louis had to employ a certain amount of diplomacy with his neighbours, several of whom were strongly opposed to his projects of ambition, and among those who acted most



Fig. 2.—THE THREE ORDERS OF THE STATE.

openly were the Swiss, who were believed to have been secretly supported by England and the Netherlands. Louis, however, overcame their opposition, and obtained a renewal of the alliance which had expired with his predecessor Charles VIII. This temporary difficulty with

the Swiss is the subject of our caricature, the original of which bears the title *Le Revers du Jeu des Suisses* (the defeat of the game of the Swiss). The princes most interested are assembled round a card-table, at which are seated the King of France to the right, opposite him the

the reformers sought less to excite the feelings of the multitude, which, indeed, went generally in the contrary direction. There was, moreover, a character of gloom in the religion of Calvin, which contrasted strongly with the joyousness of that of the followers of Luther; and the factions in France sought to slaughter, rather than to laugh at, each other. The few caricatures of this period which are known are very bitter and coarse. As far as I am aware, no early Huguenot caricatures are known, but there are a few directed against the Huguenots. It was, however, with the rise of the League that the taste for political caricature may be said to have taken root in France, and in that country it long continued to flourish more than anywhere else. The first caricatures of the leaguers were directed against the person of the king, Henri de Valois, and possess a brutality almost beyond description. It was now an object to keep up the bitterness of spirit of the fanatical multitude. In one of these, a demon is represented waiting on the king to summon him to a meeting of the "Estates" in hell; and in the distance we see another demon flying away with him. Another relates to the murder of the Guises, in 1588, which the leaguers professed to ascribe to the councils of M. Epernon, one of his favourites, on whom they looked with great hatred. It is entitled, *Soufflement et Conseil diabolique de d'Epernon à Henri de Valois pour saccager les Catholiques*. In the middle of the picture stands the king, and beside him D'Epernon, who is blowing into his ear with a bellows. On the ground before them lie the headless corpses of the "deux frères Catholiques," the Duke of Guise and his brother the cardinal, while the executioner of royal vengeance is holding up their heads by the hair. In the distance is seen the castle of Blois, in which this tragedy took place; and on the left of the picture appear the Cardinal de Bourbon, the Archbishop of Blois, and other friends of the Guises, expressing their horror at the deed. Henri III. was himself murdered in the year following, and the caricatures against him became still more brutal during the period in which the leaguers tried to set up a king of their own in his place. In one caricature, which has more of an emblematic character than most of the others, he is pictured as *Henri le Monstrueux*; and in others, entitled *Les Hermaphrodites*, he is exhibited under forms which point at the infamous vices with which he was charged.

The tide of caricature, however, soon turned in the contrary direction, and the coarse, unprincipled abuse employed by the leaguers found a favourable contrast in the powerful wit and talent of the satirists and caricaturists who now took up pen and pencil in the cause of Henri IV. The former was, on the whole, the more formidable weapon, but the latter represented to some eyes more vividly in picture what had already been done in type. This was the case on both sides; the caricature last mentioned was founded upon a very bitter satirical pamphlet against Henri III., entitled "*L'Île des Hermaphrodites*." It is the case also with the first caricatures against the leaguers, which I have to mention. The estates held in Paris by the Duke of Mayenne and the leaguers for the purpose of electing a new king in opposition to Henri of Navarre, were made the subject of the celebrated "*Satyre Ménippée*," in which the proceedings of these estates were turned to ridicule in the most admirable manner, and which the historians of France declare to have been no less serviceable to Henri's cause than the battle of Ivry itself. Four large editions were sold in less than a few months. Several caricatures arose out of or accompanied this remarkable book. One of these is a rather large print, entitled "*La Singerie des États de la Ligue*, l'an 1593," in which the members of the *estats* and the leaguers are represented with the heads of monkeys. The central part represents the meeting of the estates, at which the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, the Duke of Mayenne, seated on the throne, presides. Above him is suspended a large portrait of the Infanta of Spain, *L'Espouse de la Ligue*, as she is called in the satire, ready to marry any one whom the estates shall declare king of France. In chairs, on each side of Mayenne, are the two "ladies of honour" of the said future spouse. To the left are seated in a row the celebrated council of sixteen (*les seize*), reduced at

this time to twelve, because the Duke of Mayenne, to check their turbulence, had caused four of them to be hanged. They wear the favours of the future spouse. Opposite to them are the representatives of the three orders, all, we are told, devoted to the service of "the said lady." Before the throne are the two musicians of the League, one described as Phelipottin, the blind performer

on the *viel*, or hurdy-gurdy, to the League, and his subordinate, the cymbal player, "kept at the expense of the future spouse." These were to entertain the assembly during the pauses between the orations of the various speakers. All this is a satire on the efforts of the King of Spain to establish a monarch of his own choice. On the bench behind the musicians sit the deputies from Lyons,



Fig. 3.—THE ASSEMBLY OF APES.

Poitiers, Orleans, and Rheims, cities where the influence of the League was strong, discussing the question as to who should be king. So much of this picture is represented in our cut No. 3. There are other groups of figures in the representation of the assembly of the estates; and there are two side compartments—that on the left representing a forge, on which the fragments of a broken king are laid to be refounded, and a multitude of apes, with hammers and an anvil, ready to work him into a new king; the other side of the picture represents the circumstances of a then well-known act of tyranny perpetrated by the estates of the League. Another large and well-executed engraving, published at Paris in 1594, immediately after Henri IV. had obtained possession of his capital, also represents the grand procession of the League as described at the commencement of the "*Satyre Ménippée*," and was intended to hold up to ridicule the warlike temper of the French Catholic clergy. It is entitled, *La Procession de la Ligue*.

Henri's triumph over the League was made the subject of a series of three caricatures, or perhaps, more correctly, of a caricature in three divisions. The first is entitled the *Naissance de la Ligue*, and represents it under the form of a monster with three heads, severally those of a wolf, a fox, and a serpent, issuing from hell-mouth. Under it are the following lines:—

"L'enfer, pour asservir sous ses loix tout le monde,
Vomit ce monstre hideux, fait d'un loup ravisseur,
D'un renard enveillé, et d'un serpent immonde,
Affublé d'un manteau propre à toute couleur."

The second division, the *Declin de la Ligue*, representing its downfall, is copied in our cut No. 4. Henri of Navarre, in the form of a lion, has pounced fiercely upon it, and not too soon, for it had already seized the crown and sceptre. In the distance, the sun of national prosperity is seen rising over the country. The third picture, the *Effets de la Ligue*, represents the destruction of the kingdom and the slaughter of the people, of which the League had been the cause.

The caricatures in France became more numerous during the seventeenth century, but they are either so elaborate or so obscure that each requires almost a dissertation to explain it, and they often relate to questions or events which have little interest for us at the present day. Several rather

spirited ones appeared at the time of the disgrace of the Mareschal d'Ancre and his wife; and the inglorious war with the Netherlands, in 1635, furnished the occasion for others, for the French, as usual, could make merry in their reverses as well as in their successes. The Imperialist general Galas inflicted serious defeat on the French armies, and compelled them to a very disastrous retreat from the countries they had invaded, and they tried to amuse themselves at the expense of their conqueror. Galas was rather remarkable for obesity, and the French caricaturists of the day made this circumstance a subject for their



Fig. 4.—THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LEAGUE.

satire. Our cut No. 5 is copied from a print in which the magnitude of the stomach of General Galas is certainly somewhat exaggerated. He is represented, not apparently with any good reason, as puffed up with his own importance, which is evaporating in smoke; and along with the smoke thus issuing from his mouth, he is made to proclaim his greatness in the following rather doggerel verses:—

"Je suis ce grand Galas, autrefois dans l'armée
La gloire de l'Espagne et de mes compagnons;
Maintenant je ne suis qu'un corps plein de fumée,
Pour avoir trop mangé de raves et d'oignons,
Gargantua jamais n'eut une telle panse," &c.

Caricatures in France began to be tolerably abundant during the middle of the seventeenth century, but under the crushing tyranny of Louis XIV., the freedom of the press, in all its forms, ceased to exist, and caricatures relating to France, unless they came from the court party, had to be

published in other countries, especially in Holland. It will be sufficient to give two examples from the reign of Louis XIV. In the year 1661, a dispute arose in London between the ambassador of France, M. D'Estrades, and the Spanish ambassador, the Baron de Batteville, on the question



Fig. 5.—GENERAL GALAS.

of precedence, which was carried so far as to give rise to a tumult in the streets of the English capital. At this very moment, a new Spanish ambassador, the Marquis de Fuentes, was on his way to Paris, but Louis, indignant at Batteville's behaviour in London, sent orders to stop Fuentes on the frontier, and forbid his further advance into his kingdom. The King of Spain disavowed the act of his ambassador in England,

who was recalled, and Fuentes received orders to make an apology to King Louis. This event was made the subject of a rather boasting caricature, the greater portion of which is given in our cut No. 6. It is entitled, *Batteville vient adorer le soleil* (Batteville comes to worship the sun). In the original the sun is seen shining in the upper corner of the picture to the right, and presenting the juvenile face of Louis XIV., but the carica-



Fig. 6.—BATTEVILLE HUMILIATED.

turist appears to have substituted Batteville in the place of Fuentes. Beneath the whole are the following boastful lines:—

"On ne va plus à Rome, on vient de Rome en France,
Mériter le pardon de quelque grande offence,
L'Italie tout entière est soumise à ces loix;
Un Espagnol s'oppose à ce droit de nos rois.
Mais un Français puissant joua des bastonnades,
Et punit l'insolent de ses rodomontades."

From this time there sprung up many caricatures against the Spaniards; but the most ferocious caricature, or rather book of caricatures, of the reign of Louis XIV., came from without, and was directed against the king and his ministers and

courtiers. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes took place in October, 1685, and was preceded and followed by frightful persecutions of the Protestants, which drove away in thousands the earnest, intelligent, and industrious part of the population of France. They carried with them a deep hatred to their oppressors, and sought refuge especially in the countries most hostile to Louis XIV.—England and Holland. The latter country, where they then enjoyed the greatest freedom of action, soon sent forth numerous satirical books and prints against the French king and his ministers, of which the book just alluded to was one of the most remarkable. It

is entitled, *Les Heros de la Ligue, ou la Procession Monacale conduite par Louis XIV. pour la Conversion des Protestans de son Royaume*, and consists of a series of twenty-four most grotesque faces, intended to represent the ministers and courtiers of the "grand roi" most odious to the Calvinists. It must have provoked their wrath exceedingly. I give one example, and, as it is difficult to select, I take the first in the list, which represents William of Fürstemberg, one of the German princes devoted to Louis XIV., who, by



Fig. 7.—WILLIAM OF FÜRSTENBERG.

his intrigues, had forced him into the archbishopric of Cologne, by which he became an elector of the empire. For many reasons William of Fürstemberg was hated by the French Protestants, but it is not quite clear why he is here represented in the character of one of the low merchants of the Halles. Over the picture, in the original, we read, *Guillaume de Fürstemberg, erie, ite, missa est*, and beneath are the four lines:—

"J'ay quitté mon pays pour servir à la France,
Soit par ma trahison, soit par ma lacheté;
J'ay troublé les états par ma méchanceté,
Une abbaye est ma récompense."

FRESCO PAINTING.

An interesting paper has been read by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, "On Fresco Painting as a suitable mode of Mural Decoration," in the Hall of the Society of Arts, Lord Elcho, M.P., in the chair. The lecturer began by stating the dissolution of the commission under which the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament had been conducted, the abandonment of fresco, and the supersession of the water-glass method. He regretted the failure or abandonment of fresco as a public calamity, which must be extensively felt, observing that it was not until after mature deliberation that fresco was adopted as a means of embellishment for the Houses of Parliament, and that the injury which the paintings have suffered is only partial, and not beyond remedy. There had been failures in the art in Italy as well as in England, but the Italians regarded such miscarriages as so many lessons exhortatory of greater caution. Retouching in secco, that is, working on an underlay of pure fresco, is not desirable, and some of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, having been overworked, both in fresco and secco, are deficient in the luminosity which is one great charm of Italian works. As we have space to glance only at the heads of this paper, we cannot accompany Mr. Atkinson in his description of the differences between oil and fresco painting; but it may be interesting to know that the palette is much more limited in fresco than in oil-painting, and that natural earths alone are to be relied on, as the colours in fresco become embodied with the wet mortar on which they are laid, and hence must be of a constitution sufficiently robust to pass scatheless through the ordeal by lime. Thus from pure fresco only we may look for permanent results; moreover, there is a dignity and nobility in the

art which recommended it as the only one worthy of embellishing the Palace of Westminster. There was accordingly instituted, in 1841, a committee charged with the duty of considering "the promotion of the Fine Arts in this country, in connection with the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament." In accordance with the reports and recommendation of this committee, fresco was adopted, and the same year saw the appointment of the Royal Commission, under whose direction the works were to be conducted. In 1845 the first fresco, the subject of which is the Baptism of Ethelbert, was confided to Mr. Dyce, to be executed in the House of Lords, and the remaining five panels were given to Mr. Maclise, Mr. Cope, and Mr. Horsley, and these five frescoes were finished in the autumn of 1849, and the Commissioners reported thereon, that "the execution of these frescoes appears to us to be highly satisfactory, and to indicate increased skill on the part of the artists in the management of the material." Hence the Commissioners pronounced, firstly, fresco painting to be suitable to mural decoration; secondly, the technicalities of the process to have yielded to the skill of our artists; and thirdly—a gratuitous conclusion—our artists showed themselves qualified to meet the conditions of the, to them, new art. Thus a series of eight frescoes, in what was then called the Poets' Hall, which name has now given place to that of the Upper Waiting Hall, was determined on and executed by Mr. Cope, Mr. Watts, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Armitage. These works were nine years in course of execution; they were finished in 1854, and the Commission reported satisfactorily upon them. The works in the Lords' and Commons' corridors are in progress by Mr. Ward and Mr. Cope, but the water-glass method has been introduced there, whereby the Commission has passed a censure, perhaps unintentionally, on the time-honoured process of fresco. Mr. Atkinson described the ruinous state of the pictures in the Upper Waiting Hall, spoke favourably of the state of other frescoes elsewhere, and considered that our English climate offers no impediment to the durability of fresco. It is to be regretted that so little is actually known of the causes of this decay, for the Commission appointed in 1862, under the direction of the Board of Works, to inquire into the condition of the frescoes, elicited no satisfactory information on the subject, and, if we remember rightly, separated without making any report. The Royal Commission being dissolved, it might not be unbecoming in the Society of Arts to come to the rescue. The publication of a "Handbook of Mural Painting" might with great advantage be brought forward at the present time. Mr. Atkinson concluded his paper with the expression of a hope that the defeat sustained by the destruction of these works may be retrieved, and that paintings shall hereafter appear in this country which shall be as abiding as those in Italy.

From the earliest indications of mischief to the frescoes in the Upper Waiting Hall, we have watched their progressive dissolution with deep interest, and looked forward for a solution of the question to the report of the committee appointed to consider the causes; but these gentlemen, not having been able to agree among themselves as to the source of injury, have separated without making a report. It is probable, however, that Dr. Hofmann hits upon one great cause of mischief, when he says, in reference to retouching, that the pigments in secco are laid over the film which preserves the pure fresco. In explanation of this, it may be stated that the colour, having been deposited on the wet plaster, becomes embodied with the lime, whence, in drying, arises a thin pellicle of carbonate of lime, whereby colours are protected against water, but not against water containing free carbonic acid. The effect on fresco of carbonic acid was shown as at once destructive; but it was not to be supposed that the pictures could have suffered from any cause so actively mischievous. They have been a subject of speculation ever since the first indications of injury. We have watched them year by year, and through the varying seasons, and in certain winters, we have seen the walls streaming with water. There is no need here to strike a balance between the frescoes in Italy that survive,

and those that we know to have perished; but it could be shown that those that have disappeared, and those which are even now succumbing to undefined evil influences, far exceed those that have resisted decay. Allowing Italy to have been the home of fresco from its cradle to its maturity, we cannot believe that every essay in the art has been the work of a hand sufficiently accomplished to command success. So it is among ourselves; the conquest of the art is not to be made in one trial, how simple soever be the prescriptions. Yet, withal, the announcement that these frescoes turned out failures has been received with blank surprise and the most intense disappointment. We are not certain that terra-verte, according to the old recipe, was employed in all the frescoes in the Upper Waiting Hall; at any rate it was used in some; this pigment, in mural painting, facilitates execution, but it is believed to initiate decay. Confining our observations to one picture: it is certain that there was no terra-verte used in Mr. Herbert's picture; yet this work is not without the plague-spot, which Mr. Herbert attributes to a contaminating absorption from above. All the frescoes in the corridors have been painted on slate panels, and transferred to the places they now occupy, where they have been set in such a manner as to admit of a circulation of air behind them; it must, therefore, have been apprehended that damp was an agent in the destruction of these works. It is much to be regretted that the investigating committee died, and made no sign; a report of even divided opinions might not have been without its use.

In reference to the subject, Mr. Wornum observed that, in Italy, there were but few specimens of pure fresco extant; that our climate was unfavourable, inasmuch that fresco-painting was not a system of mural decoration suitable to this country. Mr. Armitage said that his frescoes in the Roman Catholic church in Islington had not suffered; that no one had explained the causes of the failure of the pictures in question. The chairman, Lord Elcho, said that what they wanted to ascertain was, what is the proper material to be employed in this process, and what is not. If he might venture to criticise anything that had fallen from Mr. Atkinson, it would be that his paper showed a foregone conclusion in favour of fresco-painting as practised by the older Italian masters, and that our failures in this branch of Art ought not to induce us to abandon it. The tendency of the discussion was, that fresco-painting was decidedly unsuited for decoration in this country. Mr. Herbert expressed himself satisfied with the water-glass system, and in a letter received by Lord Elcho from that artist, the latter said that almost all the great colourists of Italy abandoned fresco after a few trials, and the Michael Angelos held up to us as marvels of Art have long since been in a hopeless state of decay; that fresco has had a fair trial here, and is to give place to something a thousand times better in every way. In a letter from Mr. Maclise to Lord Elcho, the water-glass system was strongly advocated. The advantages of this method over fresco are obvious. The couch of plaster is spread at once over the whole surface, and not laid in piece by piece, each day's work to be painted on while fresh, to secure fixation. This old piece-meal process makes the work a kind of mosaic, and, in a complicated design, becomes a miracle of intricacy in its joinings, &c. In a letter from Mr. Leighton, the writer spoke highly of a process of mural decoration proposed by Mr. Gambier Parry, and then in course of practice by himself. The chairman, in conclusion, observed that there were other methods of mural painting in estimation among artists, and hoped Mr. Atkinson's suggestion would be entertained, that a committee be appointed to investigate the subject.

Mr. Atkinson subsequently condensed his views into a letter, printed by the society in their Journal, which letter was a reply to those by whom he had been opposed in the discussion. The essay gave much satisfaction to the very large audience by whom the lecture was attended. Altogether it was perhaps the most interesting "evening" of the season.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

VIEW OF ORVIETO.

Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

LOOKING at the number of pictures bequeathed by Turner to the nation, one feels surprised to think he could have retained so many in his possession to the day of his death, especially if his desire to accumulate money is taken into account. In his house hung paintings twenty, and even thirty, years old; no one can suppose that during such a lapse of time the artist could not have sold them over and over again, and on his own terms. He, therefore, must have kept them for the sole purpose of bequeathing a grand collection of his works to the country, that his name might be worthily associated with the great representatives of the British school of painting in our National Gallery. On no other hypothesis can be explained the magnificent inheritance it is our privilege to enjoy.

This 'View of Orvieto' is one of the works treasured up by the artist; it was painted in 1829, consequently Turner held it twenty-two years. The composition is full of grandeur, and it is treated with exquisite feeling and delicacy. A bold sweep of landscape, in the midst of which is a large classic, but somewhat rude, fountain, occupies the foreground; a little bridge of two arches serves to divide this part of the picture from the middle distance, and from its position becomes a prominent feature in the composition. Rising immediately behind it, but at a considerable interval of space, is the rocky mount on which stands the city of Orvieto, almost isolated from every surrounding object, with the river Paglia winding at its base, and along the valley beyond, where an immense chain of mountains shuts in the prospect. The whole of this middle and extreme distance is painted with great tenderness and warmth of colour, while the foreground is enriched with those many varieties of natural product for which this most fertile part of central Italy is noted.

Orvieto stands on the road from Rome to Florence, not far from the Lake of Bolsena; it is a small city, containing about seven thousand inhabitants. The principal object of interest in it is the cathedral, or Duomo, one of the finest examples of Italian Gothic architecture that can be found anywhere. The materials employed in its construction are black and white marble, like the cathedrals of Siena and Florence. The architect who prepared the designs was Lorenzo Maitani, of Siena, a man of great ability; and the first stone was laid by Pope Nicholas VI., in 1290. "From that time to the end of the sixteenth century, almost every artist of eminence in architecture, sculpture, and mosaic was employed upon the works;" and a historian of the cathedral gives a list of as many as three hundred and eighty-six artists, not artisans, who were engaged upon the building that owes its origin to the celebrated legend of the "Miracle of Bolsena." The interior of the church shows the largest collection of sculpture executed by the schools of the sixteenth century, while on the bases of the four pilasters of the façade are noble bas-reliefs by Giovanni di Pisa, Arnolfo da Firenze, and other distinguished scholars of Niccolò di Pisa. These represent subjects of Old Testament history, the Last Judgment, from the "Inferno," and the Saints in Paradise. The principal sculptures inside are colossal statues of the twelve apostles, on lofty pedestals, standing in front of the six columns which separate each side of the nave from the aisles. The sculptures of the high altar represent the 'Annunciation' and the 'Archangel,' those of the altars of the two transepts, the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and the 'Visitation,' respectively. Many other sculptured works are scattered through the sacred edifice.

The cathedral and its various chapels contain numerous famous paintings by Luca Signorelli and Fra Angelico, with others by Gentile da Fabriano, Zuccari, Circignani, and others; in short, the little city of Orvieto is worth a pilgrimage to visit by all who can appreciate the beauty of Italian scenery and the excellence of Italian mediæval Art. Turner's picture testifies to the former.



J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. PINXT.

S. BRADSHAW, SCULPT.

VIEW OF ORVIETO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

PHOTO-SCULPTURE.

EVERY now and then we hear of "new discoveries" that turn out to be impossible, or are the results only of confused reports. We are generally, therefore, rather inclined to doubt than to believe. It is not surprising that the world should have received with a certain degree of incredulity the announcement that sculpture could be performed by means of photography. However marvellous was the discovery of photography itself, we could understand how the image of the camera obscura could leave its impression upon a chemical surface susceptible of being affected by the very light which makes it apparent to our senses. We were afterwards enabled to understand, although with more difficulty, how the stereoscope could raise two flat photographic pictures into one, presenting the illusion of relief. In fact this seemed to us the only sculpture, or at least the only illusion of sculpture, which might possibly be the result of the process of photography, and the word photo-sculpture to us could not convey any other meaning; for it seemed utterly impossible that photography could transfer a block of clay, or any other materials employed by sculptors, into a real plastic form. But, however incredible this may appear on first consideration, we lately have had a tangible proof of the reality of a new and most extraordinary application of photography, in fact, of its capability of imparting to a block of clay the transfer in relief of the photographic image.

There were exhibited at the first soirée of the Royal Society, in the rooms at Burlington House, a number of statuettes and medallions, which had indeed all the character of photographic representations. That these extraordinary productions were connected with photography was inferred from the fact of their being exhibited by M. Claudet, the eminent photographer, who it appears is prepared to have *cartes de visite*, or other photographs, transformed into busts, medallions, or statuettes of various sizes, having entered into an arrangement with the inventor, M. Willème, to have the sculpture part prepared in his establishment in Paris.

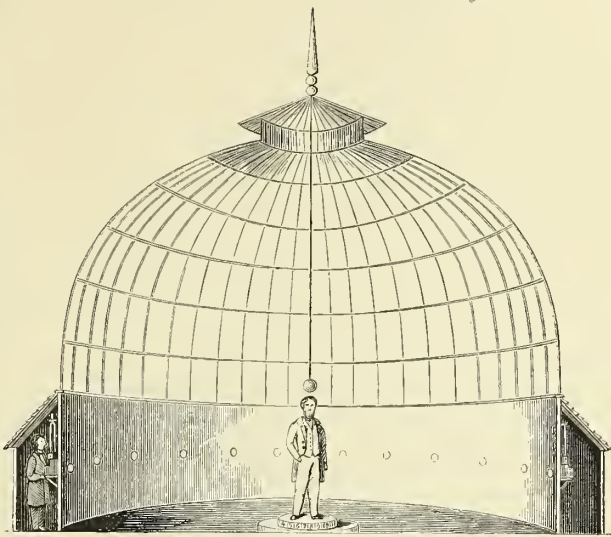
These specimens, very well executed, on first inspection exhibited a character quite novel as sculpture. They had, indeed, all the appearance of photographic productions, so correct were the forms and proportions, and so natural was the expression of countenance; they were, in fact, the very "carte de visite" raised in solid form.

These specimens, the first sent from Paris, represented the actor Roger in the character of the "Prophet," the Annamite ambassador, the Prince of Aquila, a lady sitting in a Gothic chair, a boy, a girl, and various others. There was also one medallion representing the head, half-size, of the Duc de Morny; all were very perfect in execution.

This extraordinary exhibition naturally excited considerable interest and curiosity. M. Claudet explained the process to several of the distinguished visitors who seemed eager to understand it. From his explanations we are enabled to give the following description, which will not fail to interest many of our scientific and artistic readers.

The establishment in Paris, called the "Société Générale de Photo-sculpture de France," is situated in the Boulevard de l'Etoile, not far from the "Arc de Triomphe." It is constructed on a large piece of ground, and includes the various reception rooms, galleries, and operating rooms necessary to carry out a photographic business on an extensive scale. The part which is devoted particularly to the photo-sculpture consists of a large circular room about 30 feet high and 40 feet in diameter, surmounted with a cupola, all of glass, to admit the greatest possible amount of light. All round the circular wall supporting the cupola are, at equal intervals, twenty-four

round holes of about 3 inches in diameter, being the apertures of twenty-four camerae obscura placed behind the wall, in a kind of dark corridor surrounding the building; for we have to explain that twenty-four photographs of the person sitting in the centre of the large round operating room are to be taken at the same moment, in order to supply the modelling appa-



ratus with twenty-four different views of the person whose sculpture is to be executed. By a very simple and ingenious contrivance, the twenty-four camerae obscura, in each of which has been placed a prepared plate, are open and shut at the same moment. The sitting is consequently as short as if only one portrait was taken, and, after a few seconds in the required fixed position, the sitter is no more wanted. His bust or his statuette will be achieved, without his presence, in another part of the establishment, where the modelling is performed by the very ingenious process by which the block of clay is to take consecutively, all round, the various outlines of each of the twenty-four photographs. This is done in the following manner:—The twenty-four

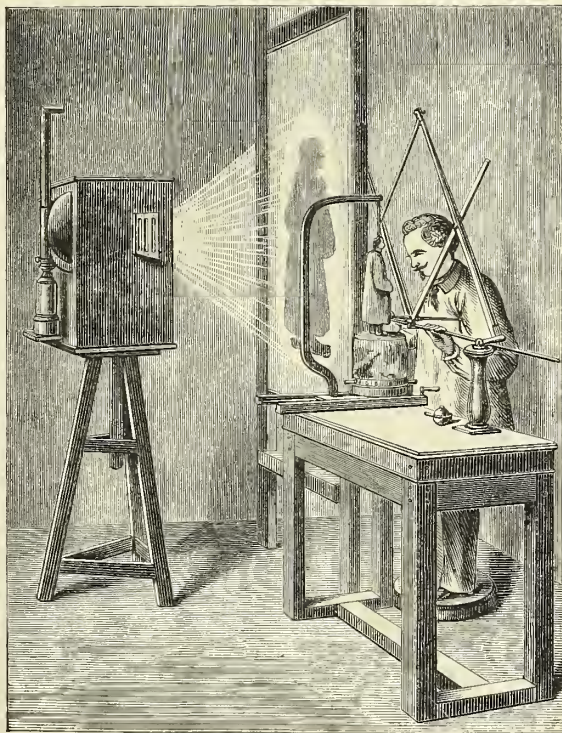
mension. The modeller, having prepared his block of clay, and placed it close to the ground glass, on a stand capable of turning upon its axis, holds in his hands a pantograph, the point of which can follow, on the ground glass, the outline of the image of the photograph, while a knife, fixed on another part of the pantograph, cuts the soft block of clay, and gives it the outline of the photograph. When this is done, the next photograph is brought before the magic lantern, the block of clay is turned 1-24th of the whole circle marked on its stand, another profile is imparted by the pantograph to the block of clay, and so on until the block has received all round the twenty-four outlines of the twenty-four photographs. The operation is finished as far as it relates to the employment of the photographs. The bust or the statuette produced by this means is a likeness which, although in a somewhat uneven state, no one can mistake. It is now necessary to smooth by hand, or by a tool, all the slight roughness produced by the various cuttings, and to soften down and blend the small intervals between the outlines or profiles.

This is a most delicate part of the process; for it must be understood that it requires an artist of taste and judgment to perform it satisfactorily, and to impart to the work all the finish possible. There are in the process of photo-sculpture two parts, very distinct—the one, which is mechanical, producing the rough likeness; and the other, purely artistic, by which a last touch communicates finish and refinement. This is no reproach to the process of photo-sculpture; on the contrary, it must be in its praise, for the productions might be vulgar if they were only mechanical. The advantage of this process is that an artist of talent, in correcting a few imperfections, will communicate to a work nearly finished a pure feeling, and a certain mark of genius, which is the stamp of Fine Art productions. This work of the artist is very brief; he has not to shape his clay while the model is sitting before him; the machine has already done this, and in a more perfect manner than he could himself: so that, in the course of one day he is enabled to give the

last touch and finish to several statuettes or busts, which would have taken him as many weeks of preparation, corrections, and alterations, during which he would have required several sittings from the person, while for the photo-sculpture one sitting may be sufficient to correct any trifling imperfections.

Now, it is obvious that a process of this kind, by which everything is quickly done and well done, must save time, and consequently diminish considerably the cost of the production. For this reason sculpture, which until now has been the luxury, exclusively, of the rich, will henceforward be the pleasure of all. Every house of moderate income may be ornamented with the busts or statuettes of relatives and friends, and of those who, by their eminence, talents, and virtues, are objects of interest or veneration.

We have said that photo-sculpture was to enable all classes to reach an enjoyment heretofore the exclusive privilege of the rich. This will have another beneficial effect; for the taste for sculpture will habituate the public to the appreciation and knowledge of this branch of the Fine Arts. At the same time, those who value artistic productions only in proportion to their intrinsic worth—who, for this reason, would not think of placing in their drawing-rooms or galleries common and fragile plaster models—may have the advantage of procuring from the original photo-sculpture model casts in bronze or richer materials, or executed in marble. There will be photo-sculpture for every class, and this will ensure its success. We recommend all lovers of useful discoveries to visit M. Claudet's gallery, where they may inspect this new and interesting application of photography.



photographs are placed, in their proper order, in the outer circle of a large vertical wheel, which can revolve at will merely by the impulse of the hand; so that each photograph can be placed, as long as and whenever it is necessary, before the glass of a magic lantern; and the image of this photograph is projected upon a screen of ground glass, at the distance which will give the desired di-

THE EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN. 1864.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Dublin Society, which is to be opened by the Lord-Lieutenant on the 17th of May, promises to be productive of very important results to that country; and though its primary object is manufactures and machinery—while the Fine Arts are to be added as an attractive auxiliary—we deem it not out of place to consider it in its former, as well as its latter, aspect in the *Art-Journal*. The useful Arts and practical Sciences are ever the handmaidens to the Fine Arts. Men must first supply their wants; then comes wealth; repose from toil, civilisation, luxury follow. And then we turn from the animal to the intellectual, and satisfy the desires of a higher nature and of æsthetic sense. Let us then briefly state the objects of this forthcoming exhibition. For many years the Royal Dublin Society held triennial exhibitions of native manufactures: the present may be considered a resumption of them, but it has a larger object, and proposes to occupy a wider field. It seeks not alone to show what Ireland can now do in manufactures, but to stimulate her people to enlarge the sphere of their operations, and, as far as possible, to enter into a profitable competition with the other parts of the world in branches of industry, now not at all, or but little, pursued. And, indeed, the necessity of thus doing is becoming imminent. The experience of the last few years admonishes Ireland that she must henceforth look to something besides her agriculture if she is to maintain her people. She must become a manufacturing country. She must endeavour to solve the problem, whether she can compete in the markets of the world with the coal and iron fields of England and Scotland, and win a share of that manufacturing wealth which flows so affluently into the sister portions of the empire. There is but one way of doing this—by machinery. Assuming that she works at a disadvantage in the article of coal (though her extensive coal-fields have not yet been fairly tried), she has an inexhaustible supply of water power going almost waste. The turbine may well supplement, if it do not supplant, the steam engine as a motor. With this view, while only those articles into the manufacture of which, in any stage, Irish industry enters, are admitted for exhibition, the best machinery that the world can supply is anxiously solicited in aid of native manufacture. Thus, the exhibition divides itself into two principal departments—manufactures of Ireland and machinery of all countries. To the former, the large Agricultural Hall (with the exception of the aisle to be specially reserved for the Fine Arts) is to be appropriated. The exertions of the committee, and particularly of Mr. Andrew Bagot and Mr. J. A. Walker, have secured that every branch of Irish manufacture, including ship-building, and of Irish products, especially minerals, will be found here, forming the most interesting, as well as practically useful, exhibition ever held in Ireland. An area of 20,000 square feet, recently purchased by the society, on the south of the original premises, is now covered in, at a cost of £1,000, for the Machinery Court. Here will be placed turbines and the best machinery that can be procured in England for the manufacture of woollens and linens, and the whole process of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished fabric, will be exhibited.

So much for manufactures and machinery, which, indeed, we have but glanced at. Let us come to what is more especially within our own province, the department of Fine Arts. A gallery of Fine Arts did not form a

part in the original design of the Exhibition; but the committee soon discovered that it would, for many reasons, be a desirable adjunct. In the first place, as an object of general attraction, a picture gallery could not fail to augment the funds of the undertaking by drawing a large concourse of visitors, and thus making the project financially successful. In this respect the Exhibition of Fine Arts, in Dublin, in 1861, was eminently successful. On higher grounds, however, it is well that the Fine Arts should have a place in the present Exhibition. If, as we already observed, the Fine Arts owe much to the useful and the practical, so, on the other hand, they repay those obligations tenfold, adorning, civilising, elevating. In fact, the beautiful and the useful are never found dissociated; and one cannot well imagine any manufacture into which high Art does not enter in a greater or less degree. Form, proportion, and colour are found everywhere; and in all decorative manufactures they are scarcely of secondary importance. It is, therefore, obvious that the committee have done wisely in providing for the manufacturer the opportunity of studying the beautiful conceptions of the painter and the sculptor. With this view they have reserved the northern aisle of the great Agricultural Hall for a gallery to comprise a collection of modern paintings in oil and water colours, miniatures, enamels, and similar works of Art, and also modern sculpture. Circulars have been transmitted to the leading artists in Great Britain, France, Belgium and Rhenish Prussia, and, through the kindness of Earl Russell and the British Ambassadors at Paris, Berlin, and Brussels, to the government departments of Art in those cities. Even sovereigns have been solicited to contribute from their private collections, so that we may reasonably expect a very interesting exhibition in the Fine Arts. Let us impress on those who propose to send in objects of Art that they should do so as soon as possible, as the time fixed as the last day for receiving them is drawing nigh. We are glad to learn that the committee have been promised many good pictures from Belgium and Dusseldorf, and they have specially applied for Gallait's great picture, 'The Last Honours to Counts Egmont and Horn.' Facilities for the sale of pictures will be afforded by the committee.

We need scarcely say that we feel a deep interest in the success of this Exhibition, and in everything that may promote the welfare of Ireland. During the last twenty years she has made great advances in her manufactures. Besides her staple manufacture of linen, in which she stands unrivalled, she has made creditable advances in lace and woollen fabrics; shirt-making occupies a large portion of the artisans of Donegal and Londonderry, while a prosperous trade is growing up in stay and crinoline-making. Wholesale boot and shoe-making is carried on extensively, and these articles are sent into the English markets. Locomotive and other engines are now built in various places; and in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Waterford ship-building is on the increase, while in the metropolis an extensive sugar-refining establishment is now in course of erection.

The Fine Arts, too, have made some progress, though not as great as we could wish. Much of that progress is perhaps due to the Schools of the Royal Dublin Society, and to the Government Schools of Design. Besides these, within the last few years, Mr. George Archibald Taylor bequeathed a sum of £2,000 for the promotion of Art in Ireland, which has been applied in the foundation of a scholarship and prizes (under the administration of the Royal Dublin Society) for the best native works of Art. A new school of

landscape painting has been developed in Ireland, possessed of much talent, foremost amongst whom are Faulkner, Duffy, Marquis, and Watkins. A much more general taste for Art has arisen among the people, and the various Art exhibitions are not only self-supporting but remunerative. In the Royal Hibernian Academy the sale of pictures, at the annual exhibition, now produces £2,000, where some years ago the sale of a picture was an event. Public monuments have increased, and are increasing in number and excellence. We would specially allude to the bas-reliefs on the Wellington testimonial, by resident Irish artists, at a cost of £10,000, and to the fine statue of Goldsmith, by Foley. Public and private patronage is also much greater than formerly, and by consequence the number and efficiency of artists is increased.

We propose, from time to time, to notice the progress of the Exhibition, and the objects worthy of consideration.

BRISTOL ACADEMY.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Bristol Fine Arts' Academy was opened on Wednesday the 16th of March, having been inaugurated the previous evening by a *conversazione* of the Graphic Society. The *conversazione* was attended by a large number of visitors, who appeared much gratified by the display. The exhibition rooms were brilliantly lighted, and looked extremely well; but the most attractive feature in the evening's entertainment appeared to be the collection of original sketches contributed by the artist-members of the academy, and by resident amateurs, the result of their out-of-door studies during the past summer. In addition to these, some choice sketches by Messrs. Richardson, Sidney Cooper, Dodgson, and Pyne, together with a few interesting specimens of the late Copley Fielding, S. Prout, Dewint, and Hunt (lent for the occasion), were greatly admired. Amongst the contributors to the display we note the well-known names of Curnock, Müller, Mrs. Müller, Jackson, Syer, Hardy, Havell, Tucker, Wells, and Wolfe. Some very clever figure-sketches by Miss J. Russell, 'Dead Game' by J. Hardy, a humorous picture of Irish life, by Messrs. Hopkins and Havell, and some large and vigorous sketches, done in a peculiar manner on unprimed canvas, by a talented amateur, deserve especial notice and commendation.

The exhibition this year contains a larger number of works of Art than any of its predecessors, there being nearly five hundred pictures. Amongst the contributors we find Messrs. Armitage, J. C. Hook, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., and many other well-known names; while the local talent of Bristol is well represented by Messrs. Branwhite, J. J. Curnock, David, J., D. and H. Hardy, Havell, Hewitt, Hopkins, Philp, Jackson, Langshaw, Syer, Syer, jun., Müller, Mrs. Müller, Tovey, Tucker, Wells, Woods, and Wolfe. Bath also contributes her quota to the collection, Messrs. Drummond, Everitt, Hardy, Miss Hardy, Mrs. Rosenberg, Mrs. Harris, Miss Jolly, Keene, Sheppard, and Wheeler, having sent many talented works. We have no space for detailed criticism; but we may just observe that, on entering the great room, Mr. Leighton's powerful picture of the 'Prophet Elijah meeting Ahab and Jezebel,' forcibly arrests attention. Places of honour are also justly given to Mr. Poole's picture, 'The Rescue,' representing a young girl saved from drowning by a youth; and to Mr. J. C. Hook's 'A Signal on the Horizon—Clovell,' one of those deliciously faithful bits of out-of-door scenery for which that artist is famous. Mr. Armitage's 'Burial of a Christian Martyr in the time of Nero,' a clever picture, is also placed on the line. Another highly meritorious work, from the easel of Mr. Barwell, entitled 'Unaccredited Heroes,' representing the scene at the mouth of a coal-pit, just after the occurrence of a disastrous explosion, deserves warm commendation. Altogether the exhibition is a good one, and well deserves public patronage.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The Queen has contributed £50 towards the fund for erecting in this city a statue of Edmund Burke, to be placed on College Green.

BOSTON.—Mr. S. Hart, R.A., the Government inspector, examined the works of the pupils in the Boston School of Art, a short time since, and awarded nine medals, Miss B. Kellar, Miss E. Thompson, and Mr. W. Catley, obtaining two each; drawings by the two latter students were selected for the annual national competition. The result of the examination is considered very satisfactory, and shows that the school is progressing under the direction of Mr. V. Howard, head master.

CHESTER.—The prizes awarded to the students of the Chester School of Art at the last annual examination were recently presented, by the mayor, at the Mechanics' Institute. A statement made by the honorary secretary at the meeting shows how little interest is felt in the school by the inhabitants generally; he remarked that since its foundation, eleven years ago, the pecuniary assistance derived from the citizens was below *forty pounds*! While Government had contributed eight hundred pounds to promote an undertaking that ought to be supported by those for whose especial benefit it was instituted. It may well be asked whether this negation of duty arises from indifference or dissatisfaction. The school, it was remarked, was a self-creation, and was exclusively indebted to Mr. Davidson, the head master, for its establishment and success. Branches exist at Wrexham and Crewe. During the last six years the number of pupils under instruction at the three places reached a total of 16,000.—An equestrian statue, by the Baron Marchetti, of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere, K.C.B., is to be erected in this city by public subscription; the fund for defraying the expenses has reached £4,500.

DONCASTER.—The Queen has given permission to the corporation of this town to have a copy made of Winterhalter's picture of her Majesty in the dress of the Order of the Garter. It is to be placed in the Mansion House of Doncaster, which already possesses several good portraits of eminent personages.

LINCOLN.—The first annual examination of the pupils of the School of Art in this city, established early in last year, was made in February, by Mr. S. Hart, one of the Government inspectors, who awarded seventeen medals, and noted nine names for "honourable mention;" six drawings were selected for national competition. Mr. Hart expressed his surprise and satisfaction at the amount of hard work done in the first year, two of the medals being obtained for designs, two for painting from the cast in oils and water-colours respectively, two for drawings and designs for engines, three for shading from the cast, and two for foliage from nature. The school numbers one hundred and twenty students, chiefly artisans. A public exhibition of the pupils' drawings, &c., was held in the month of March, which attracted considerable interest, from its being the first fruits of the year's instruction, as well as the first time the institution had been brought publicly before the inhabitants of Lincoln. The school already is asking for "more room."

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. T. M. Lindsay, assistant-master of the Government School of Art attached to the Liverpool Institute, has been appointed master of the School of Art in Cape Town.

NORWICH.—The annual examination of the pupils in the Norwich School of Art was made in March, by Mr. J. Wylde, one of the Government inspectors, who awarded twenty medals to students, eighteen of whom belong to the artisan classes.

OXFORD.—Mr. Woolner has completed his statue of the Prince Consort, an offering from the citizens of Oxford to the University, and to be placed in the New Museum. The Prince appears as a young man, in the ordinary morning dress of a gentleman, but without his hat; a short riding-cloak is thrown back over one shoulder.

SOUTHAMPTON.—During the four months that have passed since the last examination of the pupils in the School of Art here, about twenty works have been executed, by the students, in those stages of the course which are rewarded with local medals. These drawings have been forwarded to London for adjudication under the new regulations of the Department of Art, by which the award of medals in the places where schools exist has been done away, and the works are sent to head-quarters for examination. The object of this, as the authorities allege, is to insure greater uniformity in the awards than heretofore. It remains to be seen what real advantage will accrue from the change.

THE NEW FRESCO
BY MR. E. M. WARD, R.A.

THIS distinguished artist has just completed another of the series of frescoes, for the execution of which he holds the royal commission, and it has just been placed in its destined position in the Commons corridors of the Palace at Westminster. The painting has been executed in stereochrome, or the glass-water process; and as this method is considered to ensure permanence to the colours used, there is reason to believe it will altogether supersede the ordinary vehicles hitherto adopted.

Independently of this essential quality, the medium is assumed to afford facilities for delicacy and brilliancy of execution beyond what the earlier process supplied. The result of Mr. Ward's labours in this fine work proves that he has successfully mastered the difficulties attending the application of a method so opposed to that which our artists usually employ, and there can be no doubt that this work is, in its manipulation, the most successful, as in its treatment and subject it will be the most popular, of the series.

The incident chosen for illustration is the 'Landing of Charles II. at Dover, on his Restoration, 29th May, 1660.' The king is represented in energetic action, descending from a galley upon the beach, where he is received with delight and acclamation by the assembled crowds. Foremost is the figure of General Monk, who greets the king with respectful reverence. Lining, on each side, the route by which the king is to proceed, are animated and interesting groups in varied and appropriate action. A girl with a younger sister, immediately in front of the crowd, strewing flowers, is a graceful incident, charmingly rendered. The mayor of Dover is a prominent figure, as also is an aged Royalist leaning upon the arm of his daughter.

Very difficult foreshortening is successfully grappled with in the figures immediately in the foreground, particularly one of a sailor, holding on to the prow of the vessel, and another on the extreme left of the picture, who, waving cap in hand, shouts a cordial and almost audible welcome. The flesh tones are remarkably clear, and the draperies and general accessories rich and forcible in colour. Indeed, judging from this example, stereochrome leaves little, if anything, to be desired. A subtle and judicious arrangement of colour as to its harmonies and contrasts, such as here evidenced, makes amends for the somewhat limited appliances to which the process restricts its operators. Throughout the drawing is vigorous, and the disposition and arrangement of the figures and grouping are felicitously characteristic.

The distant cliffs of Dover are made available for the introduction of a background of pictorial beauty, most admirably painted. These, and the bustle of the vessels which conveyed the king and suite from Holland, afford material for additional vivacity and brilliancy to a subject inherently joyous and exhilarating.

Whilst we congratulate Mr. Ward upon the remarkable success that has attended his conscientious and persistent labour, we must at the same time express our regret that the sum allowed by Government for remunerating the artist is so inadequate to the worth of the work. A national commission—especially given by a country like England—should not entail upon the artist, whose talent has caused his selection for employment, a personal sacrifice of time, which, if devoted to the regular routine of his Art-labour, would have been much more fairly compensated. We trust that the attention of Parliament may be drawn to this.

MR. SIMPSON'S SERIES OF INDIAN DRAWINGS.

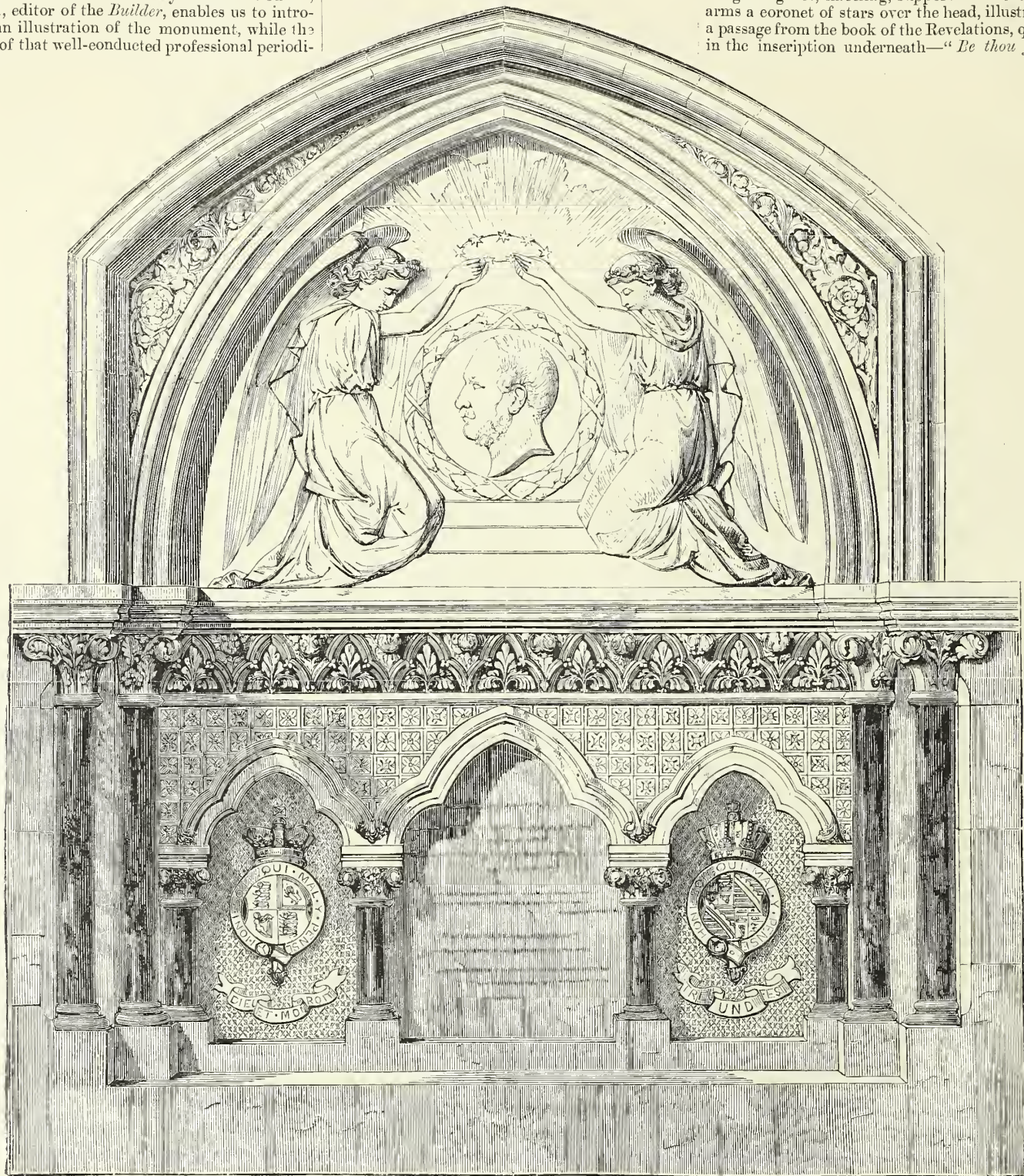
Mr. Simpson, who is memorable on account of his valuable series of drawings illustrative of the scenes of the Crimean war, has recently returned from a three years' tour in India, in the course of which he has visited nearly every place of interest in the great Indian continent, from Cape Comorin to Peshawur. For the purpose he had in view he enjoyed extraordinary opportunities, having joined by invitation of Lord Canning the vice-regal progress through the scenes of the late insurrection. On the approach of the hot season of 1860, Mr. Simpson went up to Simla and visited the remarkable spots of the Himalayas, after which he accompanied Lord Canning to Jubbulpore, and subsequently travelled through central India, and then Rajpootana, celebrated for its hills, lakes, and ancient cities. The hot season of 1861 he spent again among the Himalayas, and having gone to the source of the Ganges, proceeded also to the source of the Jumna, the Ladak country, Allahabad, the Madras Presidency, &c., the whole accomplished by journeys comprehending in the total some 23,000 miles. The results of these journeys are a series of drawings, which, for novelty of character and variety of subject-matter, have never been equalled as the labour of one hand in so brief a period. The greater part of the sites depicted by Mr. Simpson no artist has ever seen; we have read of them in the Indian news for years, but in these drawings they come upon us with a freshness which could be enhanced only by the places themselves. The number of drawings exhibited—their whereabouts, by the way, being the German Gallery in Bond Street—is one hundred and fifty-eight, to which one hundred more are to be added. Of these we can name but a few. To begin, however, with 'Calcutta, from Fort Point,' a view taken from the maintopmast of the *Newcastle*, one of the fleet of Indiamen lying at the quay; we see some of the great features of the city. 'The River Hooghly' is not forgotten, nor 'The Ganges' itself, with its crocodiles taking their ease on the sand banks. Then, after many others, comes the famous 'Temple of Juggernaut, at Oodeypore,' the 'Thugs' School of Industry, Jubbulpore,' an institution for the extinction of Thuggee; 'Bombay, from Mazagon Hill,' 'A Street in Bombay,' with its diversity of population; 'Parsees, or Sun Worshipers,' the famous 'Towers of Silence,' the 'Parsee Cemetery,' where the bodies are exposed to the vultures. Perhaps the most striking subjects are, the 'Buddhist Caves at Ajunta,' and the 'Hindoo Caves at Elephanta and Ellora,' all remarkable for the beauty of their carvings. The monolithic 'Temple at Ellora' is worthy of being ranked as one of the wonders of the world: it has been hewn out of the solid rock to the length of 401 feet, and the breadth of 185 feet. 'The Taj, at Agra,' has not been forgotten; it is the tomb of Noormahal, the wife of Shah Jehan, who, in this, declared he would erect the most beautiful edifice of the world. The view of 'Delhi, from the Ridge,' has been taken from a point of much interest in the history of the siege, and shows many important places and objects in and around the city. The 'Durbar—Umballah' is a representation of a levée held by Lord Canning in 1860. 'Peshawur, from the Fort,' shows our extreme northern frontier station, 1,250 miles from Calcutta, and ten only from the Khyber Pass. There are besides the Pass itself, 'The Vale of Cashmere,' 'The Lake of Cashmere,' 'The Lotus, on the Lake of Cashmere,' 'Sewing Cashmere Shawls,' 'Weaving Cashmere Shawls,' 'Simla,' 'The Mall, Simla,' 'The Source of the Ganges,' 'The Salt Lake' of the Himalayas; and these are but a few of this valuable series, which is so comprehensive as to afford a pictorial history of India. Perhaps there has never been in London an exhibition of eastern pictures at once so extensive, so interesting, so instructive or so truly valuable. It is certain to be one of the most popular series that has ever been submitted to public view; doing honour to the industry as well as the genius of the accomplished artist. We presume that, in some form or other, these drawings will be reproduced.

MONUMENT TO H. R. H. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

The picturesque little village church of the parish of Whippingham, which, as most of our readers know, is always attended by the Queen and Royal Family when at Osborne, has, somewhat recently, received a very elegant monumental decoration, erected by her Majesty to the memory of the Prince Consort. The courtesy of Mr. G. Godwin, F.S.A., editor of the *Builder*, enables us to introduce an illustration of the monument, while the pages of that well-conducted professional periodical

supply us with a description of the work. Whippingham Church was almost, if not entirely, rebuilt, about four or five years ago, from designs suggested by the Prince, who manifested especial interest in its erection, by personally superintending the work while in progress, and determining the details of the building. On this account alone, irrespective of any other, it seems peculiarly appropriate that the sacred edifice

should contain some memorial of his Royal Highness. The monument in question was designed by Mr. Humbert, the architect employed in the rebuilding of the church; the sculpture was executed by Mr. Theed. It is placed in an arched recess, or framework, of Caen stone, in the western wall of the south chancel aisle. The upper portion of the design, sculptured in Carrara marble, consists of a profile medallion of the Prince, encircled by a wreath of laurel. Two winged figures, kneeling, support with extended arms a coronet of stars over the head, illustrating a passage from the book of the Revelations, quoted in the inscription underneath—"Be thou faithful



ful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The spandrels of the arch are filled with foliage, carved in alabaster on a gold ground. The lower portion is divided into three panels, separated by small shafts of red Portuguese marble, with capitals and arches of alabaster, surmounted by a cornice similar in character to the spandrels above. Two of the larger shafts or columns are of Greek green, and two of Irish green, marble. In the panels, which are of Carrara marble, are the arms respectively of the Queen and the Prince; and in the centre panel is the following inscription:—

To the beloved Memory
of
FRANCIS ALBERT CHARLES AUGUSTUS EMANUEL,
PRINCE CONSORT,
who departed this life December 14, 1861,
in his 43rd year.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee
a crown of life."—*Rev. ii. 10.*

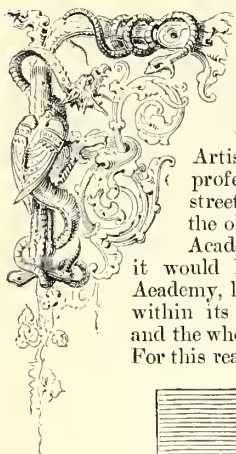
This Monument is placed
in the Church erected under his direction,
by
His broken-hearted and devoted Widow,
Queen Victoria,
1864.

What a volume of grief is written in the few words of the last paragraph! how expressive and touching they are! not the passionate outpouring of the first impulse of sorrow, but the deep-seated anguish of a heart which, after the lapse of three years, mourns the loss of its chief friend and companion with as much intensity as on the day when the royal mourner knew her "house was left unto her desolate." Without presumption we may thus comment upon this most affecting inscription, more eloquent than a page of eulogy, and calculated to call forth all the sympathies of the Queen's loving subjects.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXII.—CHARLES BAXTER.



FORTY years have now elapsed since a numerous body of artists, feeling that, either from want of space, or from some other cause, their works were inadequately displayed in the rooms of the Royal Academy, determined to open an exhibition of their own. Hence arose the "Society of British Artists," or, as it is more commonly designated by the profession, the "Suffolk Street Gallery," from the street in which the exhibition is held. As a rival to the older institution in Trafalgar Square, our national Academy, the "Society" never put forth any claim; it would have been futile to do so, simply because the Academy, having honours to distribute, is certain to attract within its influences by far the larger majority of artists, and the whole of those who aspire to reach the coveted dignity. For this reason many painters, as soon as they have acquired a

certain amount of popularity and reputation by the exhibition of their works in other galleries, withdraw from their early associates, and enrol their names as candidates in the books of the Academy, the rules of that society assuming that a member of any other institution is ineligible for election. Without, however, admitting that the Suffolk Street Gallery is nothing more than a nursery for young painters, or a trial-ground on which they take a few preliminary "canters" preparatory to the great after-struggle for fame, it is a fact that very many of our leading artists have been exhibitors in the rooms of the society. A reference to some of its earlier catalogues will show the names of D. Roberts, Stanfield, Frith, Poole, Egg, E. M. Ward, J. Phillip, Elmore, T. S. Cooper, H. O'Neil, Le Jeune, F. Goodall, and others, all of whom subsequently entered the ranks of the Academy. Then there are those of Haydon, Holland, Müller, Glover, Linton, Pyne, Holland, Von Holst, J. B. Crome, J. Wilson, Woolmer, Hurlstone, now and for many years president of the society, Anthony, Buckner, Dadd, T. M. Richardson, Salter, Joy, G. E. Hering, Gosling, Vieat Cole, with many other names of good repute, some of which constitute still the strength of the institution.

Prior to the year 1843 the Society of British Artists was open to all comers, or, in other words, the works of any artist were admitted, provided they were considered worthy of being hung, and all were, as far as possible, equally well placed. But at, or about the above period, its whole character underwent a change, the policy of which, however advantageous to the few, certainly did not benefit the many. In order to discourage the con-



Engraved by]

OLIVIA AND SOPHIA.

[Butterworth and Heath.

tributions of those who were not members, and, consequently, reaped all the advantages of the gallery without sharing its responsibilities and the expenses arising from its maintenance, the Society adopted the plan of rejecting such works, so far as could be done, from the *line*, and thus com-

pelled their authors either to withdraw altogether, or to join the associated body. The result was that the number of members increased considerably, while many artists who had supported the exhibition withheld the assistance of their pictures. To a certain extent the plan was based on fair and

just principles; but, perhaps, the interests of the Society would have been, on the whole, better served if the plan had been at once adopted to which, in 1848, it was found expedient to resort, namely, charging a commission of five per cent. on sales, which, in 1850, was increased to ten per cent.

These remarks are elicited by the consideration of the works of Mr. Charles Baxter, who has long been a member of the Society of British Artists, and a regular contributor to its annual exhibitions. He was born in Little Britain, London, in March,* 1809. His father, a book-clasp maker, and his friends generally, did all they could to dissuade the boy,

who had early evinced a strong disposition towards Art, from following his inclination, stigmatising an artist's life as "an idle kind of employment and a beggarly profession." They advised him to learn some business, as a more certain means of gaining a livelihood, qualifying the recommendation, however, with the encouraging remark, that if anything chanced to "turn up" giving promise for the future, he might make his selection. Yielding to the advice, the youth was apprenticed to a bookbinder; but the love of Art was too strong to be set aside, and the workshop of his master was soon vacated for more genial employment. After struggling with



Engraved by]

A GALWAY PEASANT GIRL.

[Butterworth and Heath.

adverse fortune for a considerable time, Mr. Baxter contrived to get into some practice as a miniature painter, and he also received a few commissions for portraits in oil. One of the earliest of the latter works was a portrait of the Hon. Major Cochrane, brother of the late Earl of Dundonald, better known, publicly, as Lord Cochrane; from this nobleman and the major Mr. Baxter experienced much kindness and encouragement. In 1834 he painted a miniature of Mrs. Charles Jones, of Drury Lane Theatre, an actress of high repute. This lady was sitting at the time to the late G. Clint, A.R.A., in the character of *Mrs. Quickly*, for a picture he was

painting for the Earl of Egremont. The circumstances introduced the two artists to each other, and the acquaintance proved most fortunate for Mr. Baxter, who painted a miniature of his friend, and received from him many valuable practical hints on Art.

In 1839 he joined the Clipstone Street Society, and studied there several years, with Messrs. Poole, R.A., the late W. Müller, Duncan, Jenkins, Dodgson, Topham, and others who have since distinguished themselves in the profession. In 1842 he was elected into the Society of British Artists, of which, as already stated, he is still a member. Mr. Baxter first appeared

as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy in 1834, since which year he has been a frequent contributor, and also at the Suffolk Street Gallery from the time of his election into the society.

Though the majority of the works executed by this artist are portraits, he has also produced many ideal compositions, partaking, in some degree, of the same character; a few of the latter may properly pass under notice here, taking those first in order which appeared at the Academy.

Prior to 1852 Mr. Baxter sent little of importance to this institution beyond portraits; but in that year he contributed an elegant figure called 'L'Allegro,' very charming in colour, and sweet in expression: altogether a picture of a high class. It was painted for Mr. J. H. Turner, of Brighton. In the following year he sent 'A Wild Flower,' a pretty rustic maiden, with a sheaf of wheat, resting after the day's glean- ing, her bonnet decked out with bunches of wild flowers. 'LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG,' engraved on this page, was exhibited at the same time; it is simply the portrait of a young boy nursing a small King Charles's spaniel, but the picture is a gem of its kind, admirably drawn and exquisitely painted.

A third contribution to the year's exhibition was a small half-length figure of a female, called 'The Reverie,' life-like in colour, and most delicate in general treatment.

The Society of British Artists is, however, the chief arena on which this artist's ideal works have been displayed. The first year after his becoming a member he exhibited, with some other pictures, a beautiful figure entitled 'The Orphan;' it was bought in the gallery by Mr. Alderman Copeland, M.P. In 1847 appeared 'The Wanderers,' two female figures, one older than the other, resting by the way-side of an open landscape; the picture, which is most delicately painted, was purchased by Mr. J. P. Carter, of Ashford, Kent. The next important work of the same class was not exhibited till 1852, 'OLIVIA AND SOPHIA,' from the "Vicar of Wakefield;" it is engraved on a preceding page. On looking at this picture a short time since, we felt surprised at the brilliancy of its tones, which appeared as fresh as when we saw the canvas fourteen years ago in the gallery where it hung; the heads are exquisitely worked up, and the pose of Dr. Primrose's daughters, with their coquettish action, is easy and natural. This



Engraved by]

[Butterworth and Heath.

is certainly among the best pictures Mr. Baxter has produced; something more than pretty—a word which, applied to Art, is, generally, meaningless. 'Lucy Locket,' 'A Bacchante,' 'Reflection,' 'Refreshment,' and 'Rustics,' were exhibited in 1853; the third and fourth are life-size heads only; the last a group, small, of young children; the whole five pictures characterised by beauty of colour and appropriate expression. Two works of more pretension than these appeared in 1855; one a nymph, life-size, whom the artist called 'Sunshine,' an exquisitely beautiful example, most refined both in feeling and execution; the other, painted for Mr. J. H. Mann, is entitled 'The Bouquet;' a small canvas representing three figures, substantially yet delicately delineated.

In 1856 Mr. Baxter exhibited 'The Lily,' 'Autumn,' and 'Rest,' the first, a lady wearing a Spanish hat, and holding flowers in her hand; the second, a little girl carrying a basket of fruit; the third, a mother and her two children resting on their journey. 'Hearts-ease,' a pendent work to 'The Lily'—being treated in a similar way—and 'The Dream of Love,'

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

a life-size study of a female head, were exhibited in 1858; the latter is in the collection of Mr. C. F. Huth, whose family has long been one of the chief private patrons of the artist; but the picture-dealers are so well acquainted with the merits of Mr. Baxter's works, that they are generally "bespoken" before the public has a sight of them. 'Smiling Morn,' and 'Summer' (1858); 'Little Red Riding Hood' (1859); 'The Queen of the Claddach, Galway' (1861); 'Olivia' and 'The Colleen Bawn' (1862); and 'The Ballad' (1863), complete the list, with 'A GALWAY PEASANT GIRL'—one of our illustrations, and which was never exhibited—of the principal pictures painted by this artist which are not actual portraits.

It will be sufficiently obvious that where the critic has to deal with subjects so similar in character and so simple in themselves, there is little or no room left him for comment beyond the iteration of particular statements. Mr. Baxter is essentially a painter of female beauty, and in this light he must be regarded as inferior to no living artist.

JAMES DAIFFORNE.



MAY.

1	S.	<i>Fifth Sunday after Easter. Rogation Sun.</i>
2	M.	Royal Academy opens.—British Museum
3	Tu.	[closes.—Inst. Brit. Arch. Ann. Meeting.
4	W.	Society of Arts. Meet. [Soc. Meet.
5	Th.	<i>Ascension Day. Holy Thursday.—Antiq.</i>
6	F.	Archæological Inst. Meet.—Royal Inst.
7	S.	[Meet.—New Moon. 0h. 18m. A.M.
8	S.	<i>Sunday after Ascension.</i>
9	M.	Easter Term ends.—British Museum opens.
10	Tu.	
11	W.	Soc. of Arts. Meet.—Architee. Assoe. Meet.
12	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
13	F.	Architectural Assoc. Meet.—Moon's First
14	S.	Oxford Term ends. [Qr. 6h. 20m. P.M.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	S.	<i>Whit Sunday.</i>
16	M.	Institute British Architects. Meeting.
17	Tu.	
18	W.	Society of Arts. Meet.—Oxford Term begins.
19	Th.	
20	F.	Royal Institution. Meeting.
21	S.	Full Moon. 1h. 24m. P.M.
22	S.	<i>Trinity Sunday.</i>
23	M.	Trinity Term begins.
24	Tu.	Queen Victoria born, 1819.
25	W.	Soc. of Arts. Meet.—Archæol. Assoe. Meet.
26	Th.	Antiq. Soc.—Moon's Last Qr. 9h. 20m. A.M.
27	F.	Royal Inst. Meet.—Architec. Assoc. Meet.
28	S.	
29	S.	<i>First Sunday after Trinity.</i>
30	M.	Institute British Architects. Meeting.
31	Tu.	



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN MAY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

WHAT has become of our dear old seasonal customs? Their outward forms remain to us, but their spirit is assuredly gone, thanks to railways and mechanics' institutes. Who goes a-Maying now? There was a time when the king and queen went royally, on the first of May, to the pleasant meadow of Smithfield, witnessed feats of archery, gave prizes, and were entertained by masques and dances worthy of the spectators. At the present time Maying seems as obsolete as Smithfield archery; the masques survive but in the futile "Jack-in-the-Green," and the only Smithfield missile is the perennial "cat."

There used to be a time when "Jack-in-the-Green" was really a picturesque personage: his verdant fortress being crowned with floral diadems, and his attendants dressed with taste as well as with eccentricity. Though "My Lord" and "My Lady" had taken the place of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and wore a cocked hat, uniform coat and silken skirt, instead of the jerkin and kirtle of their prototypes; though the "Jack" was but a perambulating substitute for the legitimate and stationary Maypole; though the dragon was absent, and both St. George and his hobby-horse had long ago vanished; though the zany, with his bell-hung hood and resounding bauble, had given way to the clown of the pantomime, all hideous with chalk and vermillion,—still the dresses were really dresses, meaning something, and the dances were carefully prepared and practised beforehand.

In some favoured places these customs may still exist, and if so, I hope that some painter will find them out and fix them on his canvas before they pass away, and, like the mammoth and the dodo, leave but their dry bones behind. For now-a-days, the "Jack-in-the-Green" is the sole surviving relic of May-day, and a woful and soul-depressing sight he is. Gone are My Lord and Lady, passed into oblivion with Robin Hood and his fair bride. Any bundle of leaves does for a "green," and "Jack" is seldom sober after ten o'clock A.M. As for dresses, tags of ribbon, and rags of gaudy stuff sewn at random over the costume of ordinary life are considered sufficient for the occasion, and in lieu of paint, the face is dabbed with patches of unnecessary soot. Washing the intermediate spaces would produce quite as striking a contrast, and be more beneficial to the health.

Where are the morris-dancers, for whom we used to look on old May-day? It is now exactly twenty years ago since I saw the last morris-dancers, and a pretty sight they were. Eight young men dressed all in white, half wearing crimson, and the other half blue, favours, and each wielding a stout truncheon, stood face to face in two lines, waiting for the music to begin. After a few preliminary bars had been played, the dance commenced by every alternate man striking at the head of his opponent, who guarded the blow and returned it in time to the music. They then trod a curiously complicated measure, quite as intricate as the "Lancers," and as they wound in and out, passed between each other, or crossed in parallel lines, their staves made a spirited castanet-like accompaniment to the music. This was, in fact, a modification of the sword-dance so vividly described in Walter Scott's "Pirate;" but I only once saw it danced with swords instead of staves. The swords were short, blunt, and furnished with huge basket-guards, very like those conventional weapons which are used for terrific combats on the stage. They were of

good material, however, for the sparks flew bravely as the blades clashed—much to the gratification of the spectators.

The term "morris" is evidently a corruption of "mauresque," the earlier masques having appeared in the character of Moors. The game of Nine Men's Morris, so popular in many counties of England, and which has lately achieved a metropolitan importance under the title of Merelles, is so named because the various positions into which the nine "men" are thrown bear some resemblance to the evolutions of the living morris-dancers.

Only one May-day ceremony survives, and that may soon pass away. I allude to the Tissington well-dressing. *Esto perpetua*. Oh that I were an artist, to perpetuate that most poetical of observances! Even in the olden times, the simple grace of the flower-decked fountains must have held its own against the gaudy pageants which ushered in the May, as the sweet scent of the flowers contrasted freshly with the smoke of the censers. Often have I witnessed the pretty ceremony, have admired the moving groups as they passed from well to well, headed by the clergyman in his white robes, and backed by the floral architecture which surrounded each well. How touching is the brief service at each little spring, thanking the Lord for His gift of pure water, and having for its key-note the familiar words, "O ye wells, bless ye the Lord! praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."

Another May ceremony still endures, but as it is hard to depict I say little of it. Our notice of May would, however, be imperfect without the mention of May-day at Oxford, as seen from the summit of Magdalene tower. At early dawn the choir ascends to the roof of the lofty campanile, accompanied by a chosen band of friends, and there sing the May-day Anthem. If you wish to hear the anthem, you must go at least half a mile to windward, for you will hear nothing of it at the foot of the tower, and little at the top. And, as soon as the last notes have died away, how the bells clang out their joyous peal, and how fearfully the old tower rocks from side to side, swaying like a fir-tree in the breeze. If any one would like to test his nerves, he can do so by putting his head just over the balustrade and keeping his eyes fixed on the base of the building. I have seen strong men go laughingly to the trial, draw back with an irrepressible shriek as the building seemed to topple over, and sink down, sick with terror.

Flowers in plenty are now to be found, some of them far richer, more luxuriant, and possessing a sweeter perfume than can be found at any other time of the year. The lilac, for instance, droops heavily with its clusters of pink or white blossoms, waving gracefully with every breath of air, and loading the breezes with perfume. The laburnum, too, is also blossom-laden, its short-lived flowers dangling in beautiful contrast with the peculiar soft green of its leaves. It seems a thousand pities that the golden clusters should so soon fade away and be replaced by blackened pods.

Now the May, as it is, *par excellence*, called, is in full bloom, the hedges looking as if they had been suddenly covered with snow. And after a few weeks, when the petals begin to fall, and a tolerably high wind has arisen, any one might be deluded into the idea that a snow-storm had recently passed by, so thickly do the white blossoms lie beneath the hedge, blown off by the wind, and retained by the shelter. Those who wish to see what "May" can really do, should visit the Phoenix Park, near Dublin, when the thorn is in full blossom; and if they can appreciate beauty, they will not easily make

up their minds to leave it. In some parts of Ireland, by the way, the lily of the valley is popularly called May.

Now the wild rose is in full flower, its soft, pinky petals enlivening the otherwise monotonous hedgerow; and though almost devoid of scent and severely simple, it possesses a nameless charm which causes it to be loved no less than its magnificent offspring, the fragrant Rose of our gardens. This flower, with its thousand and one varieties, is now in full bloom, and to this month and its successor the Rose amateurs look with mingled hope and anxiety through the other ten months of the year. As the rose is in bloom, its unfailing attendant, the rose-chaffer is sure also to be found, sometimes hiding its mail of burnished green in the deep recess of the petals, sometimes humming through the air with peaceful wing, and sometimes pushing its way out of the murky cell wherein it has passed the winter.

The horse-chestnut now puts forth its matchless powers, and in a few days clothes itself with an unbroken flowery garment, until it becomes a very pyramid of pink-flecked snow, enclosing a tree in its white walls. Lest perfume be wanting, the wild honeysuckle opens its spurred blossoms, scenting the air far and near with its unrivalled odour, and the white elder-flowers put forth their sweet and soft fragrance in the hedges. The soil teems with flowers, from the polished gold of the buttercup and the modest daisy, that "pearled Arcturus of the earth, that constellated flower that never sets," to the proud, tall foxglove, with her many rings, the brilliant lychnis, and the protean orchides, imitating with such wonderful fidelity butterflies, bees, flies, men, and lizards. The yellow-flowered celandine now blossoms in the churchyards, and is yet even thought in some places to be an infallible remedy for specks on the eye. Its pretty name is merely a corruption of chelidonium, or swallow-flower—a title given to it because the rustics generally believe that swallows are blind when they are first hatched, and do not gain their sight until their parents have placed some of the celandine on their eyes.

Wallflowers are now in full bloom; so are snapdragons; and the pretty, tiny little flower that is sometimes called the "wandering sailor," or ivy snapdragon, dangles its flowerets from old walls. In marshy spots the cotton grass grows plentifully, and sheds its white thread-masses to every wind that blows; and by the banks of rivers many a wild flower blooms, the chief of which are the water iris, with its yellow petals, and the starry crow-foot, with its shining white blossoms.

There is but little farm work to be done in this month, and except that the cattle are now turned into the pastures, and a few late sowings to be completed, there are not many agricultural subjects for the artist.

Rook-shooting begins towards the end of this month; and though perhaps hardly to be reckoned as a sporting subject, is at all events spirited enough to be worthy of the pencil. How busy are the gunners below! how carefully they take their aim, and how each exults as his black victim comes tumbling to the ground with a mighty thump, or lodges in the boughs, and has to be recovered by the aid of some adventurous urchin! How pitiful do the young rooks appear, as they perch upon the branches from which they cannot yet fly! how they start and spread their wings whenever a bullet passes near them, and how they jerk upwards when struck, and collapse at once into mere bundles of black feathers! Neither is rook-shooting such very bad sport, after all, provided that shot-guns be prohibited, and rifles or cross-bows be the only weapons allowed.

In this month occurs, or ought to occur, the picturesque phenomenon of bee-swarming, and happy is the apiarian whose bees behave as bees ought to do. For, according to the old proverb—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;"

whereas, if the insects postpone their migration for another month, the—

"Swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;"

or, if they wait for yet a month—

"A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly."

I know few more picturesque sights than a fine May-day in a bee-keeping village. As the black insect-masses hang from the hives, how anxious are the watchers, for they know by long experience that bees are perverse and unreasonable insects, and that if they are left unwatched for just two minutes, they are sure to seize that opportunity and fly away out of sight.

Then, as soon as they have fairly taken to wing, what a *charivari* is there in the village! The key of the house has long been placed in the frying-pan—no other key will do, according to the popular ideas—and as soon as the swarm dissolves and rises in the air, the key is rung violently against the iron pan, in hopes of inducing the bees to settle in the garden. Often, however, the swarm ascends to some height, and then starts off to unknown grounds. Away go the proprietors after it, heedless where they tread, but keeping their fixed eyes on the flying swarm, and jingling their rude instruments with might and main. Sometimes, on a very favourable day, several swarms belonging to different proprietors start at once, and then the *charivari* becomes positively brilliant, keys and frying-pans are ringing all over the village, and excited owners are chasing their flying property, regardless of falls, and caring for nothing but hiving the swarm.

Bees choose strange places for alighting. The easiest swarm-taking that I ever witnessed was when the insects settled on the middle round of a ladder which was leaning against a wall; for all that was needful was to hold the hive under the swarm, to give the ladder a sharp shake, and so to let the black, seething mass drop into the future home. Sometimes they choose the very end of a branch of some lofty tree, and then there is great balancing of ladders, and cautious climbing of some venturesome light weight, who goes up with the "skep" on his head, a cloth over his shoulders, and a rope round his waist. Holding tightly by his legs to the ladder, he shakes the bees into the skep, ties them up in the cloth, lowers the newly-stocked hive by the rope, and comes down radiant with success. Rustic villagers have boundless faith in the virtues of the door-key in connection with bees. If a death occurs in the family, the key must be struck three times on each hive, the inmates must be informed of the loss which they have sustained, and a knot of black ribbon be solemnly pinned on the hive. A similar ceremony takes place at a wedding, except that the ribbon is white instead of black. Any neglect of these formula would cause the bees to desert the hive, through resentment at their neglectful treatment.

I would not have mentioned the bees at such length, were it not that artists, if we may judge from many extant works, have very confused ideas of bee-swarming in the country; and though an ancient dame standing in her doorway knocking a *poker* against a frying-pan, while the bees are still quietly flying about their own hives, may be very picturesque and full of "repose," she is doubly offending against the custom of the country,

and would never be seen except in a lunatic asylum. There is no repose in "bee-ringing," for as long as the perpetual jangling continues, every one is in a state of fiery excitement; it begins when the bees take to wing, and as soon as they have alighted it ceases. Theoretically, it is thought to charm the bees and make them settle; practically, it is an assertion of ownership, entitling the proprietor to recover his bees, even though they should alight in another man's house. If, on the contrary, a swarm of bees settle in a garden and have not been "rung," the owner of the garden is entitled to the bees, and this is the real reason why so careful a watch is kept upon them.

The insect tribes have now come forth by myriads, and on any warm day, the brilliant butterflies, the various bees and wasps and the shining flies, are on the wing. Chief among the insects of this month is that which has universally obtained the name of Mayfly, the well-known ephemera whose short life has afforded themes to many a poet and naturalist. Wherever a stream flows the Mayfly flourishes, and in some places the insects are developed in such countless myriads that they fill the air like snow-flakes in a storm, fall as thickly into the water, and the fishes become so gorged with the winged, but helpless prey, that they cannot be induced to take a bait. In itself, the Mayfly presents little worthy of the artist's pencil, but its presence is at all events a proof that the trout-fisher is pursuing his graceful sport, and he at least can afford many a subject for the pencil or brush, under the conditions that have already been mentioned when treating of sporting matters.

THE HUNTER

(H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR).

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

A "COMPANION" statue to that of H.R.H. Prince Leopold—symbolised as 'The Fisher'—engraved in our last month's number. Of the two, this is, perhaps, the more graceful figure, viewed artistically, while the other has greater energy of action, and consequently there is in it a larger field for the display of anatomical modelling, to which the almost entire absence of drapery offers additional resources.

Resting lightly on his spear, with one leg thrown easily back, the young huntsman seems about to waken the echoes of some classic region as he sounds the *revell* on his antique-shaped horn. The figure belongs not to our time; he might have followed in the train of Apollo when he hunted with Diana, or in that of Dido when she led forth Æneas from the proud city of Carthage to enjoy the pleasures of the chase:—

"The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods for sylvan game resort."

Regarding the statue independent of its personality, it has a highly pleasing character, heightened by the several picturesque features of the costume; the embroidered belt holding the knife, &c., the rich border of the tunic, the feet with its high sandals—all these details contribute no small share to what constitutes a most agreeable whole. And if we look at it as a faithful portrait of a scion of our royal house, it commends itself to the loyal feelings of a people whose attachment to the throne is no less sincere than it is universal. We should like to see this statue and its companion reproduced, small, in Parian, for sale; they could not fail to be highly popular: so also would others be of the junior branches of our royal family. Sculptures being more enduring than paintings are so far preferable to the latter, especially when employed as memorials of those occupying a high position: it is, in fact, only through the former art we know the features of those who lived many centuries ago.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

THE FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE review of this exhibition is a duty; would that we could say an unmixed pleasure. But the truth must be spoken: there is an old leaven upon these walls, which year by year becomes staler and more unprofitable; the same outworn ideas are season after season served up, dressed in the selfsame threadbare garb, with here and there a false jewel stuck on to disguise a shabby poverty. Yet were it indeed strange, if from among a thousand works some thirty or forty pictures cannot be discovered which shall rescue the Exhibition from neglect and obloquy. Sweeping censure, like indiscriminate praise, is unjust and worthless. Therefore does it become the duty of the critic, beyond the general verdict he may pass, to take the trouble carefully to weigh the merits of individual pictures, to bring into notice works otherwise in danger of oblivion, and specially to offer the word of encouragement to young painters and ardent students, as yet for a season divided between hope and misgiving, and beset by the many perplexities and dangers which invariably chequer the path of the aspirant on his first entrance on a professional career. And societies such as that of the British Artists have indeed in this respect an important mission in the world. Handsome, spacious, and well-lighted rooms like those in Suffolk Street give an unknown artist the much coveted opportunity of proclaiming his merits. The greatest men even have had small beginnings, and long before a student can hope to be recognised on the line of the Royal Academy, he must not only be a picture painter but a bread-winner; he lives in order to paint, but he must also paint that he may live. Some censors in the public press, not duly considering that in the world of Art there are thus necessarily and even fortunately differences of gifts and diversities of administration, have sought to write down all galleries which do not attain to their own ideal standard. This we conceive to be an error. We believe that in the interests of artists, of Art, and of the public at large, the greater the number of exhibitions the better; and the mere fact that any association can open its door for forty-one years in succession affords all but convincing evidence that there is a sphere for its energies and a felt want which it continues to supply. The danger which besets these undertakings has always been a slow but sure decadence; and through this peril the Society of British Artists is now passing, with doubt still darkening the future as to the impending issue. What chiefly must be looked to in all such cases of decaying vitality, is the infusion into the old body of young and vigorous blood, which shall secure a renewed tenure of life. Some good names in the catalogue, recently added to the list of members, and a few equally excellent pictures to be discovered on the walls, may yet give to the friends of the society the wished-for assurance of prolonged existence and extended usefulness.

Before entering on a detailed examination of the confused multitude of pictures crowded into five thickly hung rooms, we may with advantage enumerate a few leading works which claim special distinction. The Faed school of simple life in a rustic cottage is represented by W. CROSBY's impressive reading of a touching incident, 'The Pastor's Visit' to the aged sick. The numerous class of compositions which in every gallery seize on the stirring life and adventure that encircle our stormy coast, obtain in T. ROBERTS'



THE HUNTER

(H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR)

ENGRAVED BY E. W. STODART. FROM THE STATUE BY M^{RS} THORNYCROFT

'Beaching of the Life-boat,' a capital example. Themes always prolific, such as a party round a portfolio, or singers standing at a piano, have furnished Mr. HAYLLAR with 'A Family Group,' rendered attractive by unpretending good taste. Again, within the same narrow range of domestic incidents does W. BROMLEY find in his picture of 'The Photographer' a fortunate topic for a charming composition. Such pictures serve as adornings to the dreary expanse of wide extending walls. Here and there, moreover, the prevailing commonplace has the advantage of being broken by some startling eccentricity. The untiring labour inflicted by pretended Pre-Raphaelite fidelity, the austerity which was the misfortune of Cimabue and other Italian Pre-Raphaelites, obtain in W. DENBY, through his large picture called 'The Calamities of War at the Siege of Moab,' an uncompromising disciple. On the other hand, the German branch of this school, which dates from Van Eyck and Memling, has met with a no less able and still more inveterate exponent in J. TISSOT, who celebrates 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' to a gabled town in the Low Countries. After the mortification brought upon the sense of grace by these angular austerities, it is pleasing to pass to heads and forms of professed beauty, such as those which come from the easel of Mr. BAXTER; and then if the visitor desire to forsake wholly the stern reality of earth, he has only to make a plunge at a canvas whereon Mr. WOOLMER pours forth his dreamy delicious reveries. And so, gliding from voluptuous Boccaccio to sylvan BODDINGTON, and his brethren in the flesh or of the brush, we may by turns indulge in a feast fit for the Arabian Nights, or enjoy with more temperate sense scenes suited to an English pic-nic. The landscapes in this gallery, whether we search for subjects rendered glorious by a grand effect, or for more humble haunts made truthful by minutest detail, are certainly worthy of no stinted praise. For the present we have said sufficient to show that after a first entry on these rooms, works abide in the memory which will invite to renewed visits and repeated examinations.

Often has it been matter of regret that high Art is all but extinct. The President of this society, Mr. HURLSTONE, has, however, determined to make one more heroic effort for its rescue. He has taken for his theme, 'Mazeppa tended by the Cossack Maid' (239). The victim of the Byronic story is seen reclining on a pillow. He has indeed but just opened his eyes to find himself "released from adding to the vultures' feast." The horse, or the ghost of the horse, to which he was bound, passes in post haste before the window. The sympathising "Cossack maid," "long hair'd and tall," is watching by his side, a distaff in one hand, the finger of the other upon her lip, in

"Signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free."

This picture is of a size which would impart grandeur, were the execution more after the grand manner. The theme indeed might have recalled poetic associations, if only the treatment had been in keeping. It is a pity that a good idea should thus miss its high aim. Perhaps the "slender girl" is the best painted portion of the picture. Her form is lovely, her features nobly fashioned and largely modelled; vigour is stamped in every line, health glows in the ruddy colour, and the true Byronic voluptuousness swells in the full bust, and lurks in the lulled passion of the eye. Of the hair which flows in a shower of gold upon the shoulders, we may be permitted the regret that it should partake of

the coarseness of rank sedges growing by the water's side. As for poor Mazeppa, he is in a sad plight, but hopes will be entertained of his recovery. He looks as if he may still live to do more desperate deeds. We have, however, anxious fears whether his anatomy will ever recover from the cruel mauling it has undergone. His neck certainly could scarcely be in more desperate condition, had the poor fellow been just cut down from a hanging; his right hand especially, as well as the forearm, have certainly been pulled terribly out of all shape; and the drapery is heaped together as if in an emergency of life and death little account could be taken of the toilette. These we feel quite sure cannot be set down as oversights or accidental defects. On the contrary, we are persuaded they must be accepted as intentional traits, designed to enhance the effect of a thoroughly matured composition, intended in all its parts to speak in moving accents to the heart of every beholder. Presidents are, not without reason, expected to aspire to these the highest walks of their profession.

Mr. T. ROBERTS, the secretary of this society, paints with a care which preserves from rash daring, and with a detail that saves from slovenly breadth. His picture of last year, 'Reading the Scriptures,' obtained in these pages the commendation it was known to merit. His work in the present exhibition, 'The Beaching of the Life-boat' (158), is larger and more ambitious. The small execution which this artist rightly adopted when narrating minor incidents, here wants the vigour commensurate with a canvas on a greater scale. Altogether the treatment fails in force and effect. Herein is the defect; but, on the other hand, the merits, which are many and rare, are countervailing. The scene depicted is grand, even terrible. The angry storm-tossed sea lashes the rock-bound coast as if ready to devour and swallow up the solid earth. Black clouds have blotted out the light of day. The mast of the lost vessel is just seen above the raging tide; and then here in the foreground comes a life-boat in the act of grounding the beach, crowded with a crew rescued from the drowning,

"When landed safe, what joys to tell,
Of all the dangers that befall."

The dangers, however, have scarcely passed: the women and the children are not yet through their fright; and a tender girl, whom the artist has portrayed lovingly, half dead with cold and drenching, is borne to the shore. On the beach itself a group of imperturbable sailors haul in the boat from the raging surf, and by their side women mingle joy and fear. In the boat itself an old man, venerable in white locks, has fallen upon his knees, and with raised hands to heaven renders thanks for the great deliverance. The picture thus contains not fewer than thirty figures, on each one of which has been bestowed praiseworthy care and no inconsiderable knowledge. Many of the heads are elaborated into apt and strong expression, and the action of the body and limbs has been well looked after. Altogether this picture merits much praise. Before entering the exhibition it obtained a purchaser, and it is every way suited for again coming before the public, as an engraving.

'The Return of the Prodigal Son' (259), by J. TISSOT, is another leading, though in sequel to the last a widely different, work, which yet it is impossible to pass by without careful analysis. This is not an eastern prodigal, but a dissipated son of Flanders, wherein Van Eyck in the fourteenth century was accustomed to treat of Scripture in the costume and after the manner of the mediæval German period. It will be recollected that Leys—whose works in the Belgium department of the International Exhibition

obtained great renown—has revived, not without a certain success after its kind, this obsolete style. J. Tissot belongs to the school of Leys, and, as usually befalls an imitator, it has been his ill luck to out-Herod Herod. The scene is laid in a courtyard or square of a German town, and we behold in the midst the prodigal on his knees. The father comes down a flight of stone steps to fall upon the neck of his son; the mother stands scolding at the top. All the neighbours are in dismay, including the carpenters disturbed in their vocation of sawing firewood. This kind of picture is a positive protest against beauty. It deliberately sets at naught all our pre-concerted notions of grace in form, harmony of line, and concord in action. That the prodigal himself should be found in the most woeful of plights may be but the sign of an avenging justice visiting his transgressions. Yet we cannot but remark that a certain family likeness runs throughout every group. A pronounced angularity, stiffness, and awkwardness have laid hold on the entire household; and surely a marvellous harmony reigns in this canvas among all objects, whether animate or inanimate. In the figures, the sharp pointing of the elbows seems as a replica to the angles in the gables of the houses, and the abrupt and quaint lines of the drapery are like to the wooden clothing of the austere façades. Of course it will be urged in defence that the school, of which this is certainly an example, is earnest, sincere, solemn, and conscientious. This, within certain limitations, we do not deny; but yet we hesitate not to pronounce such works a mistake. A picture has no right to pretend to be an archaeological curiosity. If it have nature, it must be not a fossilised nature, but a living reality. The great talent of this individual work we do not deny, but such pictures cannot escape the condemnation of being anachronisms, if not indeed monstrosities. We observe, as a matter of fact, that a smile comes upon the majority of faces on the first view of this extraordinary performance.

'The Calamities of War at the Siege of Moab' (372), by W. DENBY, challenges criticism by its style, subject, and size. In size it is one of the largest pictures in the exhibition, in subject it attracts attention by its horrors, and in style it is conspicuous from its revival of the manner of the Italian Pre-Raphaelites. Josephus writes that the king of Moab, when he was pursued, endured a siege, and being reduced to despair, ordered his eldest son to be lifted upon the wall, and directed a fire to be kindled beneath, in order that a whole burnt offering might be made to God. The painter has carried out the text of the historian to the letter. The king's son, stripped of his clothes, is laid out in the centre of the picture, and faggots beneath are ready to consume the victim. Some of the citizens are aghast, others indifferent. The artist has not attained a triumph proportioned to his labours. The drawing and the execution, however, evince a diligent study which, if in the future well directed, can scarcely fail of reward. 'The Trial Scene in the "Merchant of Venice"' (678), by A. B. DONALDSON, is another picture which aspires towards the arduous summit crowned by high Art, not without a certain measure of success. The drawing certainly lacks knowledge; the two eyes in a head do not always look together, and the articulation underneath the drapery is, to say the least, shaky and indecisive. Yet notwithstanding these defects, which prevent the work from taking a first-class, the picture must be pronounced pleasing in general harmony of colour, smooth and careful in execution, and refined in the general type of the features.

'The Hebrew Mother' (459), by F. UNDERHILL, as the rendering of a sacred subject, is certainly very far wrong. Here is common nature brought still further down by a rude execution, fatal to soarings towards high or sacred Art. The treatment would have been capital for a rustic figure bearing home a bundle of sticks.

Domestic or rustic subjects are here, as usual with all our exhibitions, large in number, and conspicuous for success. Of this class, 'The Pastor's Visit' (607), by W. CROSBY, has most signal merit. This picture indeed takes foremost rank in the school of Mr. Faed, now over-crowded with disciples. The impressive scene is concisely indicated in the following "Extract from a Letter" published in the catalogue:—"Poor father fades fast: we have got him a hearing-trumpet, and 'tis fine to see on the visits of our pastor how eagerly he drinks in, with Helen's help, the consoling words of that good man." In the picture the old and sick peasant is seated by the fire, his legs crossed, his hands clasped, and the Bible on his knee. His daughter, Helen, holds a trumpet to his ear, and by his elbow kneels the pastor in prayer. On the other side of this cottage home is another family group, in which a mother quieting the restless tossings of her baby in the cradle plays a prominent part. The abounding accessories, such as medicine bottle, kettle, saucepan, candlestick, and a dozy cat, are faithfully portrayed and properly placed for the balance of the complex composition. As to the sentiment, it is all that can be desired—simple, earnest, pathetic. This certainly is one of the most commendable works in the whole exhibition. 'The Sempstress' (593), by Mrs. CURWEN GRAY, a picture of sentiment and sympathy, has been suggested by the well-known lines of Thomas Hood:—

"O men with sisters dear,
O men with mothers and wives,
It is not linen ye are wearing out,
But human creatures' lives."

This stanza the painter has transcribed with touching pathos in the picture before us, and we doubt not by further practice in her Art she will acquire technical skill to realise the ideal after which she strives. R. W. DOWLING, whose progress has been jealously watched by zealous friends, has certainly made marked advance. To the present exhibition he brings a couple of works less ambitious than has been his wont, and proportionately more successful. 'Grandfather's Visit' (413) is a pleasant, well-put-together composition. In an interior, however, of this cabinet size, which invites to close inspection, greater delicacy and more detail would be of advantage in the disposition and the carrying out of the draperies. A small picture (70) by the same artist, taken from Hannah More's "Moses in the Bulrushes," attains considerable mastery, and is handled in a large manner befitting the subject.

The number of successful lady artists in this exhibition bids fair for the rights of women in a sphere to which their powers are well fitted. We have just above called attention to a picture by Mrs. Gray; we will now direct favourable notice to a praiseworthy work by Miss EDWARDS. The offspring of her intellect and easel she christens 'War Tidings' (345), which, notwithstanding a certain cold chalkiness of colour, forms an admirable picture. A father, mother, and children, grouped together in a room, which is adorned with portraits and cabinets after the olden times, and in the manner of polite society, listen with anxiety, if not in dismay, to the reading of a gazette. 'War's Tidings' forebode danger, and bespeak a tragedy. The artist has escaped the conventionalities which have

long reduced this class of subjects to commonplace; and trusting to her own individual ideas, she has produced a picture of more than usual independence. 'Private and Confidential' (135) is the generic title which J. COLLINSON has bestowed on a child's secret. A little girl is whispering at the ear of her mother words momentous to the young and earnest heart. The idea is pretty; the drawing shows knowledge and a precision of hand, and the execution is exact. 'Preparing for the Gude Man' (105), by H. KING, is one of those small and careful cottage interiors which seldom wait long for a purchaser. G. W. BROWNLOW'S 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' (104), exemplified by a girl on a stool and a boy on the table, the one plating straw, the other playing a penny whistle, is another of the simple village incidents which transfer takingly to canvas. Again W. HEMSLEY, in his two little pictures, shows himself as ever an adept in the delineation of the trivial incidents of humble life, wherein Wordsworth thought to discover a vein of golden poetry more rich than the treasure of princes. W. Hemsley, however, has a love for fun, which Wordsworth had not. 'A Lesson in Knitting' (85) is painted with this artist's usual force and truth of character. 'An Eye to the Future' (76), by the same hand, is a cabinet picture of two young shipwrights, who view their tiny boats with anxious eye, as if the fate of empires or the future power of the British navy were dependent on the truth of the keel their knives have carved. Thus does W. Hemsley, as of old, thrust satire into his subject, and point an incident with pungent humour. 'Vanity' (303), by S. B. HALL, is a firmly painted head, after the larger and more polished Dutch style, taken from the model, which this painter has rendered familiar to our exhibitions. 'Winter Provender—Cabbage and Bacon' (175), by G. A. HOLMES, two pictures in one frame—a girl carrying a bouncing cabbage, and a boy bearing away a squeaking pig—are graphic enough, though not erring on the score of over refinement. 'Study of a Head' (192), by C. S. LIDDERDALE, cannot, even among the multitude of small competing canvases, escape the notice which it merits. This female head, which is indeed a "study" in the best sense of the term, is painted with Mr. Lidderdale's usual precision in drawing and singleness of aim; the detail he throws in has been selected with a purpose; it is sufficient in itself, and not more than sufficient, to give to his subject individual character. We must not forget in passing, Mrs. ROBINSON'S 'Pets' (228), showing an endearing caress between a child, who has crowned herself with a garland gathered in the fields, and a love of a gazelle; two pretty little "pets" assuredly.

E. J. COBBETT has several works in his usual broad, effective style, which may be taken for a rude protest against the over elaboration of Pre-Raphaelite finesse and finish. One of these performances, which always seem sure of a certain amount of loud popular applause, goes by the name of 'Breakfast' (13). Here is a rustic girl eating her unmannerly meal out of a pail, and this is unusually deemed nature unsophisticated. The picture has power and breadth, and herewith comes effect. J. NUTHER'S 'Children at Play' (484), though not of passing charms, may be commended. An exhibition would, now-a-days, want a looked for attraction did A. Provis fail to contribute one or more of his detailed Dutch interiors. 'Feeding Time' (727) furnishes a good pretext for bringing together a crowd of small materials into a circumstantial narrative of trifles over which this painter dotes with delighted pencil. Here, in a hovel of broken wall and pic-

turesque fireplace, oven, window, and door, are a young mother and her children, superintending the feast of the pet rabbits on carrots and cabbages. Mr. Provis is known to paint these small Dutch interiors to perfection. W. BROMLEY contributes some charming little groups after the Wilkie and Webster school. His most polished work he calls 'The Photographer' (72), which justly commands a central post of honour in the chief room. A couple of urchins are here slyly playing "the photographer," and accordingly have cleverly improvised a camera out of a stool, a music-book, and a table cloth. The little brothers and their elder sister are posing themselves according to the rules of Art into a picturesque family group on the sofa. The picture is executed with a smoothness and polish suited to parlour life. Among pictures which celebrate the annals of the poor, H. KING'S 'Valentine' (704) is, above its fellows, conspicuous for its true refinement. The face and figure of this simple girl the artist has rendered lovely. With a tact sure of its end, the painter concentrates his colour round the head as the centre to which the eye should tend.

A cottage, especially love in a cottage, may have its charms; but for our part we confess to prefer even in the feigned world of pictures a more artificial sphere of life. And among paintings which leave the kitchen for the drawing-room, none hit off the manner of good society with such style and ease as the compositions contributed by J. HAYLLAR. There may be a certain rustic romance in the contemplation of a country lass resting her milk-pail on a stile, but for ourselves we reserve a predilection for the true and even the fine lady, such as Mr. Hayllar can portray. Two single figures, 'At the Theatre' (12), and 'The Engagement Card' (16), have the advantage of high birth and beauty set off by dress in the best taste. This, after a surfeit of what has not inaptly been termed "back-kitchen Art," is an agreeable change. 'A Family Group' (294), by the same artist, has the manner which the French delight in. Papa is showing the riches of his portfolio to his little children, who open their eyes wide with wonder. The youngest of the household, yet a denizen on its mother's knee, seems to have caught the bright ideas which fire the more matured intellects of the elder brother and sister. This canvas is kept quiet in the subdued greys which inhere to modern costume and comport with the unostentatious bearing of well-bred people.

This gallery is adorned by a galaxy of beauty—an attraction as essential to a successful exhibition as to a pleasant evening party. 'Bite him, Tiny' (101), is the somewhat vicious language which Mr. BAXTER has put into the mouth of one of his most dainty of damsels. A too forward lover, hiding, we presume, beyond the confines of this picture, the lady calls upon the terrier in her arms to keep at respectful distance. This girl, indeed, needs a care-taker; she is, without question, one of Mr. Baxter's most lovely creations—clear of complexion, ripening into blushing red, of soft velvet skin, with a tenderness of sentiment which seems to speak both of the joy and the sorrow of the heart. J. HARWOOD contributes another beauty (71), certainly of not so dangerous a lustre as the last; yet she seems to have posed herself elegantly for admiration, bearing herself all the while with an unconsciousness which carries the pride of indifference. A partial friend has written in her praise two lines of poetry here printed in the catalogue. Another dame (452), the ideal of H. M. HAY, who also seems to keep a poet at his service, is "following the track of a lover" on the terrestrial globe. We will venture to

suggest to the artist next year the transfer of the scene to the celestial orb, with the well-worn lines from the "Lady of Lyons" about choosing a star for a dwelling-place when love becomes immortal. Mr. Hay knows how to put together his subject with a certain effect. But to change the topic, let us turn to one of the most winning figures in these rooms, a child in her night-dress, with a pet dog in her arms (426), painted by G. BONAVIA. The simple beauty of this head is truly delightful after the garish show of its companions of an older growth, and the artist is especially to be lauded for the skill with which he has rounded the features in gentle yet full relief from the background.

In the Royal Academy the portraits are a nuisance from their number; among the British Artists they are obnoxious for other reasons. Some of the members of this society indulge in a certain wholesale picture manufacture, compounded of the usual family materials of father, mother, children, dogs, ponies, and the like. Reynolds, we all know, made enchanting compositions out of such elements, and why should not Mr. Hurlstone and Mr. Salter do the same? Of Mr. HURLSTONE'S two works, 'William Shrubbs Elers, Esq., and family' (44), and 'Children of Captain Smith Barry' (119), we hardly know which to admire the most: the first has the advantage of a red curtain as a background; the last seeks compensation in a group of trees, with a view of the sea for a distance. Mr. SALTER, after the same large, grand manner, has immortalised 'Portraits of the youngest children of Edward Mackenzie, Esq., Fawley Court, Bucks' (285). He has cleverly brought to his service a Shetland pony, the head of which he paints well, and he seeks a picturesque effect, not wholly novel, in the costume which dons Scotch tartans, plaid ribbons, and bonnets decked with a feather. The picture is the more striking from being large, and Mr. Salter, as vice-president of the society, and holding other titles of distinction, takes as his due a place full on the line.

Of the four elements, earth, air, sea, and fire, it may be difficult to decide which Mr. WOOLMER prefers for his abode; certain it is that he calls each in turn to his aid, and all equally delight to do him service. This being his happy lot, it is subject of almost congratulation that his works are released from the trammels of ordinary nature. Thus the scene which he paints from "Romeo and Juliet" (219), takes the beholder at once into the region of enchantment, and the effect is as illusive as it is lovely. The moon casts an opal light upon the terrace steps, against which contends the golden lustre of the lamps. In the foreground blossoms an oleander, and clustered grapes and rich rinded gourds group with Juliet and her nurse. In all this getting up we are perhaps a little too closely reminded of Vauxhall; we see the smoke and smell the rankness of the oil. Mr. Woolmer, however, under the fancy title 'All that glitters is not gold' (86), has painted a gem of the purest water. Here is a little child fresh issued from its bed or bath, bearing a peacock's feather as a wand, and peering wistfully into a glass vase wherein gold fish are sporting. The colour is enchanting—a feast indeed of delight—not blinding in intensity, not random in dash, but tenderly blending into harmony, each touch adding intensity and fulness to the unison.

Of animal, fruit, and flower pictures the exhibition contains a fair supply. The horses painted by J. F. HERRING are after a vigorous and sturdy stock; the sheep, the lambs, and the dogs of G. W. HORLOR are in the manner made familiar by Landseer. Among nume-

rous flower and fruit pieces we may particularise a pretty group of roses, purple plums, and a bird's nest (77), by W. H. WARD, highly finished and spangled with a shower of dewdrops, upon the nice execution of which the artist evidently prides himself. Coast scenes and landscapes are also in their usual number, and after their accustomed excellence. J. J. WILSON in two pictures, one from 'Boulogne' (585), and the other from 'Dover' (759), paints a capital sea, playful and joyful in the sport of wave, the crests silvery grey, the hollows deepening into tender blue and green. Among the painters of numerous landscapes we have to particularise Percy, Boddington, Pettitt, and Gosling. A scene at 'Capel Curig' (482), by Mr. PERCY, is a theatre of hills, intense in red as a caldron. The sky, the clouds, the mountains, and the trees, are flaming hot like the burning bush of Moses. The effect waxes grand, marvellous, little short of miraculous; but for quiet loving eyes it is certainly overdone. 'Shades of Evening' (231), by H. J. BODDINGTON, is of a manner more sober and solemn. The moon has throned her crescent in the sunset sky, deep shadows are "embosomed in the silent hills," "and all the air is breathing balm" upon the waters and the slumbrous woods. 'The Bernese Alps' (150), "the palaces of nature," the "icy halls of cold sublimity, where forms and falls the avalanche," painted by E. A. PETTITT, is praiseworthy even for its forbidding truthfulness. Seldom have the articulate ribs of snow monarchs with the petrified and protruding arm of the glacier been depicted with more conscientious study. The landscape, however, which delights us most in the entire exhibition, is a carefully painted river scene (182), by W. W. GOSLING, an artist who, year by year, has made steady advance, commencing with studies somewhat scattered, but here at length combining with infinite detail a broad and poetic effect. The subject is well chosen. A stately bank, or rather a well-ordered procession of noble trees, marches along the river's side from foreground to a distant horizon, sentinelled by a church tower. The river runs brinfull of glassy water, whereon the swan swims, the boat sails, and cattle enjoy the cool evening draught—a scene

"Softer than sleep, all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

In conclusion, we repeat, the average merit of the thousand and one works here exhibited is indeed low. Yet, as we have taken some pains to show, there are on these walls many pictures of exceptional excellence, which may—as did the few righteous men dwelling in a city—save from judgment and ruin.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The public will be admitted to the "Exhibition" on Monday, May 2nd. The members, and those who are not yet members, will supply a collection of pictures and works in sculpture of great interest and merit, notwithstanding that there are many "absentees" of mark. It is not our custom to anticipate notices of the several contributions; such anticipations must be always brief and inconclusive, although occasionally we direct attention to some work of special note. The hangers this year are Messrs. Webster, Boxall, and Goodall.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It is stated, by one of our contemporaries, that the President of the Royal Academy has forwarded to the Queen an answer to the propositions made by Government, and that it will be laid by the ministers before Parliament for consideration, probably after this number of our Journal is gone to press, but before it is in the hands of our readers. The

terms of the communication are said to be that the Academy rejects the proposition to introduce lay members, but consents to increase the number of Academicians by ten, making this list fifty instead of forty; to abolish the separate class of engravers by admitting them into full membership; and to enlarge the body of associates, so as practically to bring in all the best artists of the country who may be willing to enter the ranks. Nothing appears to be said at present with reference to the edifice in Trafalgar Square, and, consequently, nothing with respect to Government control over the management of the Academy's affairs.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the management, &c., of the Schools of Art, consists of the following members:—Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Adderley, Mr. E. Egerton, Mr. Tite, Mr. W. Ewart, Mr. Baxley, Mr. Trefusis, Mr. Cave, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Gregson, Mr. A. Mills, Mr. C. Ewing, Mr. Scholefield, and Mr. Potter. The name of Mr. Salt was subsequently added to the list. There are among these gentlemen many who are, or ought to be, well acquainted with the subject, and who will doubtless bring to the inquiry the knowledge and independent judgment its importance demands. We shall look with much anxiety for the appearance of the report.

WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.—A monumental brass, in memory of Mr. Dyce, is to be placed in the church of Streatham, at the expense of the parishioners; the vestry having recently passed a resolution to this effect, on the ground that his "great abilities as an artist, musician, and author, and also the services rendered by him to the parish (in which he passed the last years of his life), in his position as churchwarden, and otherwise," fully entitled him to such recognition.

THE PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, or at least many of them, are attracting the attention of visitors, from the condition into which they are manifestly falling; and the question naturally arises as to the cause of this deterioration. The Wilkies seem to be in the most pitiable state, but there are some by Etty, Collins, and others, scarcely in better condition. Two by the first-named painter, 'The Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin,' and 'The First Earring,' have recently undergone extensive restorations; it was found necessary to re-paint almost the entire background of the latter, while 'The Blind Fiddler' and 'The Village Festival' are rapidly becoming "mapped out" with large and unsightly cracks. Now there must be something either in the locality or in the building itself to generate this mischief; for, though it is stated with respect to Wilkie's pictures, that, being painted with asphaltum, their decay was only a question of time, it is quite certain that other works by him, of the same date as these, continue in good preservation; besides, under any but the most unfavourable circumstances, an average of twenty, thirty, or even forty years, is a decidedly short life for an English picture. Allowing that the pigments and media used by many of our best artists are not so enduring as those employed by the old masters—and this seems to be almost universally admitted—it must still be asked, how it is that the collection at South Kensington suffers so much in comparison with other galleries? for of this there can be no doubt, and it can, we think, only be accounted for by some conditions of temperature and ventilation peculiar to the place. A building in which iron and glass form the chief materials cannot be suitable for a picture gallery; almost insufferably hot in summer, damp in autumn, and exhaling a warm moisture, engendered by artificial heat, in winter, these variations of unhealthy temperature cannot but have a baneful effect upon the canvases that are subjected to them. But whatever the cause, the fact still remains the same, that some of the chief and most valuable pictures of the English school are rapidly deteriorating; no time, therefore, should be lost by the authorities in ascertaining from what such a result has arisen, and in applying a remedy before it is too late.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At a recent meeting of this Society, a letter from Sir C. B. Phipps was read, signifying her Majesty's approval of the award of the royal gold medal to

M. Viollet-le-Duc, of Paris, honorary corresponding member of the Institute. Mr. T. L. Donaldson, president, announced that the subscriptions, amounting to nearly £1,000, collected by the friends of the late Mr. Pugin for a testimonial to his memory, had been transferred in trust to the council of the Institute, who had invested it in securities.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The annual meeting of the members of this Institution was held in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum, in the month of March, when Mr. Beresford-Hope, president, delivered an address on "The Position of the Art-Workman," and afterwards delivered the prizes to the competitors to whom they had been awarded. In wood-carving, the first prize of £20 was obtained by Mr. J. Seymour, of Taunton; the second, of £5, by Mr. J. M. Leach, of Cambridge; and an extra prize of £1 1s. was given to Mr. A. Kenmure, in the employ of Mr. Forsyth, of Edward Street, Hampstead Road. In coloured decoration, the first prize of £5 5s., given by the Ecclesiological Society, was awarded to Mr. A. Hassam, in the employ of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Co., New King Street, Covent Garden; the second, of £3 3s., the gift of Mr. Beresford-Hope, to Mr. J. J. Wood, Brown Street, Bryanstone Square; and an extra prize of £1 1s., given by the Architectural Museum, to Mr. E. Sherwood, nephew, and in the employ, of Mr. Wood, the second prizewinner.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY had their third *conversazione* of the present season on the 31st of April. The rooms were not so well supplied with works of Art as they have been on some former occasions, but there was still much to invite attention. The post of honour was assigned to Mr. E. M. Ward's large and finished sketch of his gallery-picture, 'Marie Antoinette parting with the Dauphin,' on one or the other side of it hung 'Phillipine Wilser confessing to the Emperor Frederick I. of Germany her clandestine Marriage with that Monarch's Son,' by F. Koller, an admirably painted picture, most expressive in the characters introduced; 'Ehrenbreitstein,' a fine landscape by the late F. Bridell; a landscape by W. Linnell, not one of the best works of this painter; another, very good, by Müller; O'Neil's 'Westward, Ho!' two or three beautiful specimens of still life, by the late W. Duffield, among them was conspicuous 'The Dead Heron,' 'The Reaper,' a young girl, by T. Faed, A.R.A.; a large 'Sea-view,' by W. Melby, carefully painted, with some other oil-paintings of lesser note. The principal examples of water-colour pictures were two somewhat early drawings by Prout, 'Folkestone,' and 'Durham,' firm and vigorous; a fine specimen of Dewint, an old castle on the bank of a river; 'Good Dog!' and 'Devotion,' by W. Hunt; 'Baiting Hooks,' W. H. Mole; 'The Hayfield,' H. Jutsum; 'Sardis,' H. Johnson. C. Lewis contributed several good drawings, among which we especially noticed a stream sheltered by trees, its surface covered with sedges and water-lilies. F. Dillon also sent several drawings of Eastern scenery; nor must we forget to mention two small *bits* by W. Coleman, which Birket Foster would scarcely disown, and a portfolio of unfinished subjects, wild flowers and plants, a bird's nest and eggs, by his sister, Miss Helen Coleman, a young lady who seems to aspire, and not presumptuously, to the mantle of the veteran, William Hunt, has but lately put aside. The portfolios of sketches were not numerous, but the visitors gathered round those contributed by H. Jutsum, T. M. Richardson, Hicks, Langhorne, the newly-elected associate member of the Water-colour Society, and one of some very spirited sketches of the heads of dogs and other animals, by Miss Fairman.

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The opposition to this Society on the part of the stall-keepers at the Crystal Palace has resulted in the establishment of a central office at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, and the vacating of that at Sydenham, though the drawing of the prizes will still take place, as hitherto, at the Palace. It is to be regretted, for the best interests of the Crystal Palace Company, that an opposition of such a character, and based, as it was, upon grounds so fallacious, was listened to by the Directors. About 4,700 guineas were taken in subscriptions last year to this Art-Union, and it was assumed by the

Crystal Palace stall-keepers, that if the Art-Union had not existed there, this sum would have been spent amongst their gimeracks, sweetmeats, &c. That people desirous to subscribe one guinea or more for a work of Art should, if precluded from such a channel of investment, seek to disburse the amounts in the ordinary stock of so miscellaneous and bazaar-like a character as that which crowds the shops of the Crystal Palace courts and galleries, was an assumption as unwarrantable as it was ridiculous, and more particularly so, from the peculiar facts of the case. Certainly the exhibitors were not aware that, of the 4,700 subscriptions taken by the Society, but about 500 were taken *in the Palace*, and it could only be a moiety of this sum that could by any chance have found its way into the pockets of the Crystal Palace dealers. That the works produced by this Art-Union generally, and in some cases very remarkably, illustrated the advantages attending the influence which a body of gentlemen of accredited taste may have upon the character of Art-manufactures, is universally admitted. Not only have the Presentation Works of this Society been of a high character in regard to their Art-value, but they have been produced at prices that demonstrate the possibility of making good Art also cheap Art. The alliance of such a society with the Crystal Palace Company was creditable to that body; it was in accordance with the principles upon which the claim for public support on behalf of the foundation of the Crystal Palace was based, and we think to loosen the ties of such a connection, and especially at the present moment, a great and lamentable mistake.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY, with the usual liberality of its noble owner, is now opened to the public for the season, every Saturday, between the hours of ten and four. Tickets of admission are to be obtained at Mr. Smith's, 137, New Bond Street.

HISTORICAL PICTURE BY MRS. E. M. WARD.—The great success so deservedly attending the first and second essays by Mrs. E. M. Ward in historical illustration, as evidenced by her fine pictures of 'Henrietta Maria receiving intelligence of the Execution of Charles I.' and 'Mary Queen of Scots confiding her Infant Son to the care of the Earl of Mar,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1862 and 1863, have stimulated her to a further effort in the same style of Art. It is rarely that successes are consecutive, but there can, in this instance, be no doubt that the present picture will still further strengthen the high opinion in which her previous labours have been so justly held. The scene is laid in the Tower of London; and the young king, Edward V., is shown listlessly reclining, absorbed and melancholy, before a hearth, upon which the smouldering logs emit a cheerless gleam. Near is a table, upon which is spread the preparations for a meal, from which the king has evidently turned in sickening distaste. At the entrance, in the background, is the figure of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., leading on the younger prince, the Duke of York, to share his royal brother's captivity, and ultimately his fate. The blended look of affection and surprise in the face of the boy-prince is admirably rendered, affording a marked contrast to the sinister expression which darkens the features of Richard. Although the princes being in mourning for the recent death of their father to some extent limited the application of varied colour, still, by the judicious introduction of fitting accessories, the picture is extremely rich in that quality. The manipulation of the different textures is most satisfactory, and though most highly elaborated, is marked by great executive skill and vigour. The cloak of royal purple and the miniver cape, which partially shroud the figure of Edward, as well as the tapestry covering the table, that of the bed-hangings, the vessels containing the viands, &c., are marvellously real in the variety and speciality of their surfaces. Both in sentiment and treatment the picture is a great triumph. The physical and mental prostration of the youthful king, so vividly and touchingly depicted, at once enlists our sympathy, whilst the graceful rendering of the action still further deepens the interest which rivets the spectator. Altogether this is essentially a grand work, as successful in its result as it is ambitious in its aim, and furnishes a most con-

clusive argument as to the justice and necessity of admitting female artists within the ranks of the members of the Royal Academy.

THE NELSON COLUMN LIONS.—A recent number of the *Reader* stated that "Sir Edwin Landseer has completed the model for one of the lions destined for the base of the Nelson column. It is said to be a miracle of Art in its way, the result of infinite study, and worthy of all the time the great artist has expended on its execution. It is at present in the studio of Baron Marochetti, previous to being cast in bronze." A report of this kind was in circulation many months ago, but we have not heard it confirmed in any way, and can only wait in hope that the animals may be "in position" during our lifetime—of which there seems some doubt.

FEMALE ART-STUDENTS AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A memorial, signed by twenty-three female students of the South Kensington and other Art-schools, all of whom are training for professional artists, has been addressed to the Royal Academy, asking to have restored to them the privilege of studying in the schools of the Academy, the doors of which, last year, were closed against them. The principal ground on which the excluding resolution was based was "limited accommodation," but the memorialists truly intimate that there need be no apprehension of the rooms being overcrowded with female students; first, because the number "likely to become competitors for admission will, at least for years to come, be very small indeed in comparison with the number of male students; while the proportion of successful female competitors is likely, as your memorialists fear, to be still smaller. And, secondly, because that inasmuch as your memorialists neither ask nor desire that any preference or favour be extended towards the female competitors at the entrance examination, the result will be that the entire number of students will not be increased." Other reasons are stated in the memorial to show that the request made is both reasonable and just; we shall be right glad to know it prevails with the Academy, and that the ladies are at least put on the same road to professional distinction as the stronger sex. The annals of Art supply abundant evidence of female talent, and sometimes of great genius; while the channels open to women not only for honour, but for subsistence, are not so many that even one—and that a high one—should be shut to them. Justice, reason, public opinion, and gallantry alike demand that the Royal Academicians should reconsider their determination.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE.—A laudable project has been arranged for an exchange of photographic and duplicate copies of works of Art between the Science and Art Department and foreign Museums.

MR. PENRY WILLIAMS has favoured us with two or three statements respecting his pictures, which, in consequence of his distant residence in Rome, we did not receive in time to embody in our notice of his works last month. It may here be observed that the delivery of letters in the Papal States seems often a matter of great uncertainty, some we have addressed there recently never having reached their destination; and a correspondent in Rome has complained to us more than once of the uncertainty of the postal arrangements in the city. Mr. Williams's picture of 'The Ferry on the River Ninfa' was painted for the late Mrs. Huskisson, relict of the late Right Hon. W. Huskisson; after her death it was purchased by Mr. W. Forman, the present owner. The picture of 'Il Voto, or the Convalescent,' was painted for the Marquis of Westminster, and is now in the Grosvenor collection: the commission was given for it under the following circumstances. Mr. Williams was engaged on the picture of the 'Madonna del Arco' for the late Sir Matthew W. Ridley, who died before the work was quite completed and sent home. Three competitors then put in a claim for its possession, the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Colborne, and Sir Henry Bunbury; but Sir Matthew's son, the present baronet, claimed priority, and obtained the painting. The Marquis, who was bent on having a specimen of the artist's pencil in his gallery, then gave Mr. Williams the commission for the 'Il Voto.' The

'Artist's Portfolio, or Rustic Amateurs,' was executed for the late Lady Davy, who, it is said, intended to bequeath it to the Marquis of Westminster; it is presumed she did not carry her design into effect, for after the death of this lady the picture passed into the hands of Mr. Kerr, its present owner. The 'Scene at a Neapolitan Fountain,' now at the South Kensington Museum, was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Mrs. Huskisson, long the friend and liberal patron of Mr. Williams, who also painted as many as eight pictures for the late Duke of Sutherland, five or six for the late Earl of Carlisle, all of which are now at Castle Howard, and two for the Duchess of Cambridge. Last year he was honoured with a commission from the Prince of Wales for a picture, now at Marlborough House. None of these works have been publicly exhibited.

A BUST OF OLIVER CROMWELL, from the chisel of Mr. Noble, has been executed at the expense of Mr. T. B. Potter, of Manchester, for presentation to the Reform Club.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—At the last annual examination, in the month of March, of the pupils in this school, Mr. Hart, R.A., the inspector, awarded twenty-one medals, and selected eight drawings for the national competition.

ART-UNION COMPETITION SCULPTURE.—The council of this institution has awarded the premium of £600 to 'The Wood Nymph,' by Mr. C. B. Birch, a young sculptor who, we believe, has studied much in Germany.

On the 16th of March, the anniversary of the death of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen and several members of the royal family repaired to the mausoleum at Frogmore, to witness the uncovering of the statue of her Royal Highness. The figure is executed by Mr. Theed, who modelled it under the superintendence of the Prince Consort; it represents the Duchess standing on a pedestal of red Portuguese marble, in a temple over the chamber containing the sarcophagus. Above the statue is inscribed, "Her children arise up and call her blessed." The following verse, by Tennyson, also appears:—

"Long as the heart beats life within her breast,
Thy child will bless thee, guardian, mother mild,
And far away thy memory will be blest,
By children of the children of thy child."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Mr. H. Weigall is painting a portrait, and Mr. Joseph Wyon is executing a medal, of her Royal Highness; the latter is for the city of London.

W. M. THACKERAY.—Mr. E. Edwards has photographed and published two portraits of the late Mr. Thackeray; one of them, by the way, is only a smaller repetition of the other, omitting the background, but it is a far more pleasing portrait than the larger, which is on so extended a scale, as to be positively disagreeable; the face looks coarse and blotchy. The likenesses in both, however, are excellent; there is no mistaking that massive head, and those striking features, which, once seen, no one could ever forget; and as examples of photography they are excellent.

Among the various memorials of Shakspeare which the present year has brought forward, is one by Messrs. Grinsell and Bourne, of Birmingham, a bronze medallion of the poet, modelled from the Chandos portrait by Mr. J. J. Allen, also of Birmingham. The medallion is large, about nine inches in height, and the casting is clean and delicate; the likeness also appears to be carefully preserved.

PRIZES FOR ART-WORKMEN.—The Society of Arts offers this year an extended and liberal list of prizes to be competed for. On the chief classes sixty-four prizes are announced, varying from £3 to £20 each, besides one of £25, with the Society's silver medal, one of £15, three of £10, two of £7 10s., and two of £5, for original specimens of wood-carving. All particulars relative to subjects and conditions may be learned on application at the Society's rooms, in the Adelphi.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862 will have, perhaps, its most singular memorial in a work which Mr. J. B. Robinson, a sculptor resident in Derby, is preparing. During the time the exhibition was open, he collected about *three thousand* specimens, patterns, books, circulars, &c., from various exhibitors, native and foreign, which he has since increased to ten thousand, consisting of ribbons, laces, velvets, embroidery,

silks, tapestries, woollen goods, carpets, and all kind of fabrics, with photographs, lithographs, prints, &c., of large or costly objects. The specimens of real fabrics Mr. Robinson has inlaid, or placed on leaves, to form a book, which will also include specimens of polished woods, stones, marbles, granites, prepared sufficiently thin to be inlaid, as well as samples of colours in small flat bottles, also inlaid. About one thousand of these pages are now finished; when complete the entire work will probably comprise fifty large imperial folio volumes, and will certainly form the most *unique* record of the industrial arts of our age. Her Majesty has, we understand, had some of the pages submitted to her, and has graciously permitted Mr. Robinson to inscribe his most laborious undertaking to the memory of the Prince Consort.

REGISTRATION OF WORKS OF LITERATURE AND ART.—It appears, from a return made to the House of Commons on the motion of Mr. Black, that during the last year the number of British books registered at Stationers' Hall was 1,534; foreign books, &c., 818; and works of Art, 3,611. The number of Assignments registered within the same period was 132, and of Certificates furnished, 197. The average of fees paid during the last six years amounted to £436 11s. per annum.

THE ARTISTS' VOLUNTEER CORPS had a conspicuous share in the toils and honours of the Easter Monday campaign. Owing to the near approach of the opening of the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, the corps did not appear on the ground in its full strength, but the members who were present, under the command of Captains F. Leighton and Lewis, Lieutenant Talford, Ensign Earles, and Adjutant Harman, attracted very general notice by their soldier-like bearing, their high state of discipline, and the precision of their movements and firing. Captain Lewis, an amateur painter of great talent, was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of Lord Bury, who commanded the division of which the "Artists" formed a part.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—There has been no greater triumph on the stage, since the glorious days of Macready's management, than that which Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have attained by the aid of Mr. William Beverley and other auxiliaries. The play of *Henry the Fourth* (the First Part) has ever been a popular favourite; yet there are so many difficulties in the way of its representation, that it is not often acted. Its revival is, undoubtedly, the most successful that modern play-goers have witnessed. The managers have brought rare intelligence to bear upon the work, neglecting nothing that could have been taught them by the experience of predecessors, but availing themselves of all modern inventions and improvements—such as may give right effect to every portion of the acted drama. The players do their best: the parts are well cast and ably sustained; but our references are chiefly to the accuracy of the costume, the fidelity, as well as the beauty, of the scenic representations, and the general character of the *mise-en-scene*. The play is deservedly popular—the theatre is "crowded nightly." We regard this fact as evidence of increased power on the part of the public to appreciate excellence and regard merit.

ART IN THE LAW COURTS.—An action was tried last month at Liverpool, before Mr. Justice Willes and a special jury, in which Mr. Herbert, a picture-dealer of that place, sought to recover from a Mr. Thompson the sum of £215, which the plaintiff had paid the defendant for an alleged picture by Turner. The transaction took place through a Mr. Hollins, who was the means of introducing Mr. Thompson to the plaintiff. Mr. A. Cooper, R.A., Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., Mr. E. Goodall, and Mr. Pye, the two last-named gentlemen the well-known engravers of Turner's pictures, gave evidence that the picture in question was not the work of that great artist; this, in fact, appeared not to be doubted for an instant by any one capable of forming an opinion; and it certainly does seem strange that a dealer of any judgment, such as it may be presumed Mr. Herbert is, or is considered to be, should have committed so palpable a mistake, and that he should have given so large a sum as £215 for a picture afterwards estimated

as worth only from £3 to £8. The action turned upon the question of warranty, the plaintiff declaring, the defendant denying, that any warranty was given. The former asserted in evidence that he bought the picture almost without examining it, while the latter and some of his witnesses stated that Mr. Herbert had very closely investigated its pretensions in their presence, that the sale was a *bonâ fide* transaction, and that the plaintiff had bought the work in the regular way of his trade as a picture-dealer, exercising his own judgment with regard to it. His lordship, in summing up, submitted to the jury, that after the evidence given as to authenticity, the picture could not be deemed a "Turner," and he then left the question of warranty to their decision; the jury returned a verdict for the defendant on this issue, and for the plaintiff on the second plea, which raised the question as to authorship. The verdict was, in fact, against Mr. Herbert, and we do not see, on the evidence as reported, how any other could have been given.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has, it is stated, declined the offer of the sum of £15, voted by the Society of Wood-carvers in aid of the prizes which the council of the former institution proposes to give this year for the best specimens of wood-carving. It is not easy to understand why this desire to co-operate in a good work should be rejected, unless the wood-carvers have attached to their offer such conditions as the Society of Arts could not accept consistently with the position it occupies, or is assumed to occupy, before the public. The matter, however, requires some explanation.

THE BEHNES MEMORIAL. At a meeting of the friends and admirers of the works of the late eminent sculptor, William Behnes, it was resolved that a public subscription be forthwith set on foot, with the view of raising funds sufficient for the erection of a monument of an enduring yet simple and inexpensive character, over the remains of this artist in the cemetery at Kensal Green; and it was further resolved, on the motion of Dr. Babington, that a bust of the deceased be executed in marble or bronze, and presented to the nation, either for the National or the Portrait Gallery. The Bishop of London, the Duke of Manchester, and many other persons of eminence, have requested their names to be placed upon the subscription list. The honorary treasurer of the fund is the distinguished artist, George Cruikshank; and the honorary secretary to the committee, Mr. Morton Edwards, No. 5, George Street, Hanover Square.

THERE is, at 531, Oxford Street, attributed to Pietro da Cortona, an 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' a picture of perhaps six feet by five, in very good condition, and harmonious in colour. The Virgin sits with the infant Saviour before her, and about to be taken up by a woman who stoops for that purpose. Between these figures stands Joseph, but farther back the other figures represent the shepherds. The background is a plain field of black, without any local accessory.

THE RUINS OF COPAN, CENTRAL AMERICA.—A series of photographic views of these remarkable ruins, taken by Mr. Osbert Salvin, has recently been published by Messrs. Smith, Beck, & Co. Copan is, or rather was, situated in the Republic of Honduras, close to the frontier of Guatemala, on the bank of a river of the same name, and in a valley two feet above the level of the sea, flanked by mountains on either side, rising one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the river. It has been described by the travellers, Stephens and Catherwood. The ruins consist, chiefly, of monoliths, richly sculptured with hieroglyphics, presumed to be the works of a race of Indians now extinct; nothing, however, has been learned, beyond conjecture, of their use, date, or of the people who constructed them: it is supposed that they had reference to some religious ceremonial in connection with sacrifices. Standing amidst tall herbage and among trees of forest growth, these curious and picturesque fragments and complete stones show no small amount of artistic taste, and on that account alone, irrespective of their unknown archaeological interest, are worthy of being brought before Europeans in the manner in which we see them in Messrs. Smith's stereoscopic slides. Some of them remind us of the ancient Celtic monuments met with in Ireland.

REVIEWS.

THE HOLY BIBLE: containing the Old and New Testaments, with References and a condensed Concordance. Illustrated with more than Eight Hundred Engravings. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

A quarto edition of the Scriptures, printed in bold type on good paper, with the additional attractions set forth in the title-page, as above, and published at a price within the means of almost all but the very poor, can only be regarded as an immense boon to every one who can read the English language. Such a book is that which the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell & Co. has at length completed; and a really noble volume it is, both in appearance, and for the purpose of the biblical student. It is not to be assumed that the illustrations are to be classed with the highest style of Art, but with very few exceptions they are all good, and many of them something more than good; they include views of cities and other localities mentioned in the text, illustrations of the manners, customs, and natural productions of the East, and the most important scenes and narratives mentioned in sacred history, while each chapter begins with an elegant initial letter. The numerous marginal renderings of the text and the references are taken from the most approved Oxford editions, and a notable feature of the volume is a careful and well-arranged Synopsis of the four Gospels. The appended Concordance, too, will be found of great utility. With such a Bible as this in her possession, no Christian mother need fear of attracting her young children to the lessons it teaches by its profuse and excellent illustrations, while the theological student will find in it no small amount of the information he desires to gain concerning the truths of revelation.

SHAKESPEARE: HIS BIRTHPLACE, HOME, AND GRAVE. A Pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon in the Autumn of 1863. By the Rev. J. M. JEPHSON, B.A., F.S.A. With Photographic Illustrations by ERNEST EDWARDS, B.A. A contribution to the Tercentenary Commemoration of the Poet's Birth. Published by L. REEVE & Co. London.

This is a *Shakspeare* year: we adopt our own orthography, giving Mr. Jephson the benefit of his in the title of his book. If the whole country has not risen up *en masse* to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the great poet at Stratford—nay, if devotees have not come from every quarter of the globe where the English language is known, to offer their incense at the same shrine, it is not because the world has been left in ignorance that it is exactly three hundred years since Shakspeare was born. In every conceivable way we have been reminded of the fact: it greets us on all sides as we walk the streets; we read it in every newspaper and periodical that come to hand; artist and sculptor, the loom, the factory, and the printing-press, have all aided in the work of commemorating the birthday of our "immortal bard," contributing each something of more or less value to his glorification. Mr. Jephson's offering is a very pleasant book, describing the author's journey on horseback to Stratford, what he encountered on his road thither, and what he saw when he reached the place, and what he did not see, but has read of, concerning Shakspeare, his family, his doings and writings. In addition are some apt and well-timed remarks on the drama in general, and especially on its state and condition in the sixteenth century; all is written in an easy gossiping style as far as possible from book-making, and having the accompaniments of numerous excellent photographs illustrating the most important localities mentioned in the history, the volume is not only a seasonable but a worthy tribute to the man Mr. Jephson evidently delights to honour.

THE BOOK OF DAYS; a Miscellany of Popular Antiquities in connection with the Calendar. Edited by R. CHAMBERS. Published by W. AND R. CHAMBERS, London and Edinburgh.

The Messrs. Chambers have been so long and so honourably connected with literature, that the works they have issued form an useful library. Early pioneers in the field, they have stood the brunt of the battle they had helped to call forth—the good fight for cheap and wholesome literature. Young men of the present day are no judges of their own position; they cannot fully realise what that would have been thirty years ago. What were considered cheap books then, would now be thought dear enough; yet very few of them could be obtained at that time. The world marvelled when the *Penny Magazine* was first

published, and talked of the paper alone being worth the penny; but what is that to the penny publications we now get daily? The high character of very many of these cheap works is another wondrous thing. Authors of the highest eminence write in them, and willingly, for it is notorious that they pay best. It is a wholesome sign of the times, this popular love of good reading, and nothing is pleasanter than to know that a sound journal, like that which has been kept up so many years by the Messrs. Chambers, still holds its position amid the rivalry of so many claimants to public notice.

"The Book of Days," the last of the serials, is now completed, and does much honour to the able editor. Constructed on the plan of "Hone's Every-Day Book," it resembled it a little too much in the very earliest pages; but a new and valuable vein of curious information soon developed itself, and the volumes ultimately became a storehouse of fresh and agreeable anecdote, biography, and curiosities of literature. It is impossible to turn over these pages without gaining some new and peculiar information. Memoirs of people remarkable for talent, eccentricity, or popular renown, abound. Strange inventions, wonderful exhibitions, quack doctors and conjurors, oddities of life and manners, are also largely dwelt upon. Manners and customs, some of the strangest kind, also receive abundant elucidations. All is rendered more clear by quaint woodcuts, many copied from rare originals; but the larger number are not to be found in any work of this kind. We may point to the articles on the Shrewsbury Show and Lord Mayor's Show to corroborate this; and to those on Lotteries, Bartholomew Fair, or the Garrett Election, for their superiority to those by Hone. Very many minor articles abound in interest, and some that appear as little essays on particular branches of archaeological lore are well worthy attention for their completeness and curiosity. The art of condensation has been well-studied in many; thus, though brief, they are full, and sometimes exhaust the main topics of a subject. A reference to the index of this book will be its best letter of recommendation, and show how large a field of research has been patiently trodden over by the contributors who have been so ably marshalled by Mr. Robert Chambers. Where so much that is new is combined with so much that is true, and antiquarianism has been divested of its driest details to give readers instruction and pleasure, the work cannot fail to be useful. As a reference book it has much value, but more as one that may be always taken up with a certainty of amusing an idle hour, and adding as well to the reader's useful knowledge.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW, EDINBURGH, 1860. Engraved by A. WILLMORE, from the Picture by S. BOUGH, A.R.S.A. Published by J. L. FAIRLESS, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Subjects of this class and state ceremonials of all kinds are among the most difficult which painters undertake to represent; they do not, as a rule, compose pictorially; there is, generally, a studied formality in the disposition of all concerned which opposes itself to the ordinary laws that regulate the artist's work, and takes away from it much of its real picturesque character. With these difficulties, however, Mr. Bough has very successfully contended, in his delineation of the great Scottish Volunteer review that took place in Edinburgh four years ago. The place selected for the review was greatly in his favour, and by choosing a point of sight that takes in on one side a considerable stretch of high irregular ground, and on the other, the city, with its mass of magnificent houses rising gradually up, and backed by the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, and the Cathedral, all in the distance, we have a landscape of great beauty. Then he has covered the rising ground on the left with a host of spectators, some seated, some lying down, others standing, but all in varied costumes; the central part of the foreground is occupied by batteries of artillery, men and horses "standing at ease;" to the right of the foreground are more groups of spectators mingled with artillery, and beyond all, in the valley, masses of infantry brigaded into squares; the disposition of the whole material, civil and military, is as picturesque as one can well conceive of such a subject.

But if the task is an arduous one for the painter, it certainly becomes still more so for the engraver, who has no colour to aid him; all the tints of the rainbow, and as many others as the artist chooses to put on his canvas, must be transformed into black and white only; hence the labours of the former are so far greater, and his ingenuity is more severely taxed. But Mr. Willmore has acquitted himself well, the print, a large one, is, as a whole, sparkling, with far less monotony of tone than might be expected from the subject, and it shows a good distri-

bution of light and shade; the sky, with its grand floating clouds, is exceedingly well managed.

This engraving, which will assuredly be welcomed by all those who took part in, or witnessed, the grand display of Scottish loyalty, was entrusted in the first instance to the late Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., who had proceeded but a little way with the etching when his death occurred; the plate was then taken up by his brother, who has been a long time engaged upon it, and brought to the successful termination in which it is now presented to the public.

MAYALL'S NEW SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF EMINENT AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS. Part I.

MAYALL'S CELEBRITIES OF THE LONDON STAGE. Part I.

Published by MAYOR AND SON, Soho Square.

These are new candidates, in photographic art, for public favour. It will suffice to say they are the productions of Mr. Mayall to give assurance of their merit. Among the first to adopt photography as a profession, he has been among the best, if not the very best, by whom it has been upheld; and the art is undoubtedly much indebted to him for the universal interest it excites. We cannot fear that his "selection" of subjects will be other than good; there are few persons, eminent or illustrious, in Great Britain, who will object to sit to him, for all may be certain of "mercy" as well as "justice" in the transcripts that will be made. He has made a most satisfactory beginning. Part I. contains portraits—about six inches by four—of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred; others of the Royal Family will no doubt follow in due course.

The celebrities of the London stage begin with an admirable "carte" of Charles Matthews. Each portrait contains a well and gracefully-written, and sufficiently long, biography.

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS. Illustrated. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Part I. Published by CASSELL, PETER, AND GALPIN, London.

Although we shall have occasion to describe in detail this new edition of the works of Goldsmith—probably introducing into our pages examples of the engravings by which it is lavishly illustrated—we desire now to direct the attention of our readers to its merits. The typography is remarkably good, not too small even for venerable readers. The paper, slightly tinted, is of more than ordinary excellence, yet here we have Part I., consisting of forty pages, and containing twelve large engravings, for the sum of sixpence. There has been no publication of a better order issued by the modern press—we mean without reference to its price, although Messrs. Cassell have accustomed us to expect much at little cost. The drawings are by Mr. Selous; he has read the several characters well. It is, perhaps, impossible for any artist to reach our preconceived ideas of the vicar, the simple, upright "parson" of the old school, but Mr. Selous has seen and felt the benevolence of his countenance, and brings him pleasantly before the eye. His drawings are all "masterly;" there is nothing here that may not satisfy the most fastidious, while the subjects are all so treated as to please "the masses," for whom the publication is principally intended. In a word, the work is a charming production in all its several departments, not unworthy a place on the drawing-room table of the mansion, but suited to adorn the parlour table of the cottage.

A very important consideration is that which regards the "editing" of such a work; at present we have but little evidence on this head, except in a "neatly" and gracefully written preface to the Vicar. But this essential part is sure to be well done, for it is in the hands of Francis Waller, LL.D., a scholar, and "a ripe and good one," who holds a prominent and honourable position in letters, although hitherto his productions have been chiefly anonymous, under his *nom de plume* of Slingsby.

Messrs. Cassell are thus adding to the debt the British public will owe them, by bringing the best of our classic authors within easy reach of persons of restricted means.

HAPPY AS A QUEEN. Engraved by F. STACKPOOLE, from the Picture by T. BROOKS. Published by BROOKS AND SONS, London.

Outside the door of the nursery we doubt if this print will find many admirers: it represents a little girl holding in her lap a small doll dressed in its best. The subject is scarcely worth so much careful engraving as has been expended on it, and is certainly only suited to the apartment where the young members of a family congregate.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1864.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.



HE present exhibition of the Royal Academy is considerably above the comparatively low average of late years. For several past seasons the public have had to deplore the absence of some of our leading artists, and the consequent want of commanding works. Royal Academicians, in fact, have starved their own exhibition by their efforts made to enrich the palace at Westminster with great historic works executed in fresco and water-glass. Dyce died, as it were, with his pencil in hand, having given, not to easel but to mural paintings, the best years of his life. Herbert has just finished in the Peers' robing-room a grand composition, which will for coming generations be the glory of the English school, and his labour, thus concentrated at Westminster, is of course so much energy diverted from Trafalgar Square. MacIise, in like manner, has poured forth the exuberance of his genius in vast monumental tableaux which, henceforth as graven tablets of history, will go down to latest posterity, to the honour of our British Art and the glory of our country's arms. He too, therefore, has been unable, from time to time, to place his bold broad mark on the walls of the Academy. E. M. Ward, it is true, last year gave to the exhibition one of its leading attractions, 'The Visit of the Foundlings to Hogarth's Studio;' but this May we miss again his graphic hand, save in a minor contribution, the labour of the summer months having been devoted to the painting of 'The Landing of Charles II.,' one of the series of works taken from English history wherewith he adorns the Commons' corridor. By like commissions the crowning efforts of C. W. Cope have been concentrated on St. Stephens, and consequently have migrated from Charing Cross. It is due to these artists, and to the Academy, which thereby loses in *éclat*, that these facts should be recounted; it is right, moreover, it should be known that these painters have not only denuded the exhibition, but, at the same time, have impoverished themselves by their arduous efforts to raise in this country a school of historic and monumental Art. In passing, we may say that parliament has doled out to these academicians a remuneration wholly inadequate, and that works of which the country has reason to be proud are now prosecuted under a hard contract at a positive pecuniary sacrifice. We feel persuaded that this grievance requires only to be known in order to receive prompt redress. This rehearsal of labours

"in another place" we have made in order to give a good reason why the Royal Academy exhibition of late years has shown a falling away among the upper ranks of exhibitors; and why, at the same time and in the same proportion, the burden as well as the renown of sustaining the ancient honour of the exhibition have fallen upon younger shoulders. The case being thus fairly stated, the oft-repeated charge of growing decrepitude and decadence in the Academy itself is shown to be manifestly unjust. We believe, indeed, that this corporate body was never in greater strength; and we feel convinced, moreover, that if it will but accede to the salutary reforms enunciated by the recent Royal Commission,—if it will be content to widen its area, to reorganise its schools, and to admit both as students and members, the available talent of the country, which now lies outside, aloof, and even hostile,—we shall then all live to witness the Academy itself consolidated in its power; we shall find the Arts of the country ready to acknowledge in a wisely constituted body the fostering care of a parent; we shall see that our painters, sculptors, and architects will, as indeed they now do, only with warmer zeal and more confiding trust, flock and congregate to this the great exhibition of the year as to an arena where honours may be won, and a tribunal where the judgment of professional peers will pronounce a just verdict.

We repeat, the present exhibition is excellent; and that not only in the possession of a fair proportion of leading and first-class pictures, but also from the large number of works of merit or promise contributed by rising or absolutely unknown artists. A rapid enumeration of some of the principal pictures which adorn each room in succession, will serve to show the character of the collection, and to indicate in what directions its strength lies. In the East, or Large Room, the three posts of honour are occupied by the following works:—a brilliant scene from the easel of Mr. PHILLIP, 'The Spanish Wake;' an effective composition from Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, Polar bears, bearing the moralising title, 'Man proposes, God disposes;' and thirdly, an interior of crowded incident and detail, 'The House of the Coptic Patriarch, Cairo,' elaborated by J. F. LEWIS. Nearly opposite, in a small canvas, sits a little girl, 'My Second Sermon,' painted by J. E. MILLAIS, a sequel to 'My First Sermon,' of last exhibition. The grand style is represented by a life-size picture, 'Ahab and Jezebel,' by E. ARMITAGE. The ocean is, as of old, under the sway of CLARKSON STANFIELD, in two of his most charming compositions, 'Peace' and 'War:' the English coast has been again patrolled by J. C. HOOK; as witness several scenes on the Cornish shore, among which miners "from under the sea" may be specially commended; and then the large room closes its brilliant array by one of the most remarkable pictures of the year, 'Dante in Exile,' by F. LEIGHTON. Coming to the Middle Room, we are greeted by an assemblage scarcely less illustrious. In 'The Burial of John Hampden,' by P. H. CALDERON, we have a scene solemnly shadowed in mourning; in 'The Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend,' a gay festivity; and in 'The Castle of St. Angelo,' by DAVID ROBERTS, we are treading, as it were, on the broad stage of history. The West Room is fortunate in the possession of capital works, some of which, by their unwonted size, break the monotony of the horizontal line, and give grateful variety. F. GOODALL's 'Messenger from Sinai' comes as a justification of his election as an academican, if any vindication were required for an honour cer-

tainly earned several years before it was conferred. A. ELMORE's 'Excelsior' is certainly as noble a work as this studious painter ever produced. C. W. COPE's 'Contemplation' has much of the rapt devotion of the Italian masters. The fourth large upright picture is thoroughly English, a landscape 'In the North Country,' by T. CRESWICK. We must not forget to mention, among the works which give further value to the West Room, 'Ruins of a Roman Bridge, Tangier,' by E. W. COOKE; 'Luther Posting his Theses on the Church-door of Wittenberg,' by E. CROWE; 'La Reine malheureuse,' by W. F. YEAMES; 'The Last Tack Home,' by J. G. NAISH; and 'The Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century,' by J. HAYLLAR. Such, in brief, are among the pictures which arrested our attention on the day of the private view. We will now proceed in detail to the analysis and classification of the entire Exhibition.

HIGH ART:

HISTORY—SACRED AND SECULAR.

"It cannot be doubted," writes Mr. Watts, in a letter addressed to Lord Elcho, a member of the recent Royal Academy Commission, "it cannot be doubted that the English School of Art, in many respects admirable, is deficient in elevation and majesty, qualities in which English literature is second to none." . . . "It appears to me," he continues, "to be nothing short of a phenomenon that English Art should so little express the peculiar qualities of English character and history; the power and solid magnificence of English enterprise is almost entirely without corresponding expression in English Art." . . . "But a people who care more for Handel's music than for that of any other composer, would not long be insensible to similar impressions conveyed in a different but very analogous form." We have quoted these passages, because they come as the deliberate judgment of a painter who, in public opinion, has been identified with high Art, and because they thus with weight pronounce on the well-known deficiencies of the English school; while, at the same time, assurance is given that the genius of our artists and the aspiration of our people will yet find in nobly-executed works the worthy manifestation of great deeds and grand thoughts. But it cannot be doubted that our English artists have hitherto been denied the training essential to the execution of severe historic designs, and, consequently, such efforts in their hands but too often degenerate into mere studies of costume. Our English school of painting, from this its deficiency in tuition, is certainly inferior to foreign academies, in the essential element of drawing. A French student, as compared with an English student, certainly enjoys superior advantages, which are at once evident on a survey of the monumental pictures and other like works executed in Paris under each successive dynasty. A French student enters the "Académie des Beaux Arts," at the same time he probably has joined himself to the *atelier* of a leading painter, his guide and master, such as Delaroche and Coignet of former days; and then, as the ultimate reward of his labours, he obtains the *grand prix de Rome*, under which, freed from the necessity of painting to live, he is able, at the expense of the state, to lodge in the Villa Medici on the Pincian Hill, and under the tuition of a duly qualified director, such as Ingres, Horace Vernet, or Delaroche, to study and to acquire the lofty style of Art. The want of some like organised system and state endowment is alone sufficient to account for the comparatively low condition of high historic painting in this country. Nevertheless we are among those who gladly acknowledge the debt of

gratitude due to the Royal Academy for having, over the space of nearly a century, sustained schools where gratuitous instruction has been received. Still the need of something more searching and thorough is now all but universally felt, and each recurring exhibition does but prove that the reform and reorganisation of the schools can no longer be delayed. Mr. Watts states that when very young he entered the Academy classes, but finding there was no teaching he very soon ceased to attend. And if we look around the present exhibition, we are forced to the conclusion that many others among our painters, following the example of Mr. Watts, ceased at an elementary stage to prosecute their studies in the schools of the Academy: and thus, thrown upon individual resources, they have been left to pick up knowledge as best they were able. Furthermore, it is a fact worthy of note that three of the chief representatives of high Art on these walls—Mr. Armitage, the painter of 'Ahab and Jezebel,' Mr. Leighton, who exhibits 'Dante in Exile,' and Mr. Watts, the designer of 'Time and Oblivion'—have matured their several styles by foreign travel, or through the aid of continental academies.

E. ARMITAGE, in his picture of 'Ahab and Jezebel' (15), has furnished the exhibition with a noble example of a historic subject treated in the academic style. The theme which the painter here sets forth in simple majesty is taken from the twenty-first chapter of the First Book of Kings. Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab, King of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard. But Naboth replied to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And thereupon Ahab went into his house heavy and displeased, and he laid him down upon his bed and turned away his face, and would eat no bread. But Jezebel his wife came unto him and said, Why is thy spirit so sad? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry, I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth. These words literally describe the picture which Mr. Armitage has painted. The king—a regal figure crowned with diadem, robed in sumptuous attire, and upwards of seven feet in stature—reclines an effeminate sybarite on a couch. He is sick at heart, his countenance is sullen, even sorrowful, and the grapes and the wine are laid aside untasted. Over his head bends, or rather, as a fury, cowers, the wicked Jezebel, who, as an Eastern Lady Macbeth, goads an irresolute husband to a deed of infamy. She is robed as a queen in rich array. On her brow shines a tiara; her hair falling thickly on the shoulders is bound by a turban, and round about her loins sits an Eastern shawl of dazzling splendour. Like a tiger thirsting for blood, this demon of passion, with clenched hand, seems eager to spring upon her prey. The artist, in his effort to depict this character in its concentrated villainy, has, we think, gone rather beyond the moderation which the high historic style imposes, an error which is now admitted on all hands to have marred some of the otherwise grand, perhaps in a certain sense too grand, conceptions of Fuseli and Haydon. Yet, taken for all in all, this picture by Mr. Armitage commands high commendation. In his previous works the painter has been content with a broad bold treatment, but in the present picture, which, we think, must be received as his most mature effort, he attempts something more. To a firmly drawn outline—an outline or composition, be it observed, partaking of the character and style of the classic bas-relief—he adds elaborated detail.

The couch of porphyry inlaid with ivory, the rich curtain decorated with griffins devouring grapes, the bas-relief of an avenging God drawing the bow, and other carefully-studied accessories, have been culled from plates drawn by Mr. Layard, and from the Assyrian remains in the British Museum. By this masterly work Mr. Armitage gives proof of his qualifications for the office of director of the schools of the Academy—an office which we trust will, with least possible delay, be instituted as part of the contemplated reforms, and for the performance of the arduous duties involved in which appointment Mr. Armitage, in the opinion of competent authorities, has, by his academic antecedents, become eminently qualified.

F. LEIGHTON shows in strength: indeed, powers which have been previously scattered, strivings that have hitherto fallen short of the ends at which they have aimed, are in the present exhibition gathered together, and have now in great degree found their fulfilment. The promise given and the success attained by the artist's first picture of 'Cimabue,' here, in his last work, 'Dante in Exile' (194), reach fruition. The painter has chosen a period when the poet, driven into exile, sought asylum in the palace of the Duca della Scala, in the dissolute city of Verona. Dante, a tall gaunt figure, austere in every lineament, and of countenance pain-worn and awe-striking, descends the palace stairs, a Jeremiah among inspired bards, bearing the judgment of woe and retribution for a guilty generation. His soul is darkened by suffering; for, to quote his own dire words, prophetic of his doom, "Thou," even

"Thou shalt prove
How salt the savour is of other's bread;
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By other's stairs. But what shall gall thee most,
Will be the worthless and vile company
With whom thou must be thrown while in these straits."

The single figure of Dante stands alone—as heaven-born genius is wont to do—isolated and misunderstood, and even serving but as an object of pointed contempt and open scorn. Gay and dissolute courtiers, and idle hangers about town—for in the fourteenth century, even as now in the present day, the frivolous-minded of both sexes formed the multitude, and gave tone to what was called society—such characters, and the best, indeed, of their kind, are gathered into groups to watch the steps and scrutinise the mien of this strange seer of visions, the latest novelty and the greatest wonder in the city of Verona. This, then, is the composition of Mr. Leighton's work:—a palace stairs and court as a background, Dante for a central figure, and gay groups of fashion and beauty as accessories and surroundings. The contrasts are managed for effect. On the right is a head of command, noble in its form and aspect; in its front stands, as a foil, the court jester. On the other side are grouped ladies which, for bloom of youth and subtle sensibility of beauty, were not unworthy of a poet's love; in opposition is placed an old lady, shrewd and keen in line of strongly-marked features. The whole picture, indeed, shows knowledge; the composition has been matter of coolest calculation, the dealing out of the colours a question of chromatic equivalents. We are not quite sure that we can speak so unequivocally of the spirit or sentiment wherewith the forms are instinct. Finesse is not wholly compatible with simplicity; the academic style is apt to be artificial, and high Art may be pushed so far as to throw aside nature. Mr. Leighton's two remaining pictures, though smaller in size, are scarcely less provocative of criticism. 'Orpheus and Eurydice' (217) brings into prominence both the faults and the merits of the artist. Orpheus receives with repellent

hand the passionate appeal of Eurydice. The face of the man-deity, far from muse-inspired, seems sunk in sensuality, and becomes painful through an expression scarcely within the limits of moderation. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that on the figure of Eurydice has been showered surpassing beauty: the face is delicate, as if of chiselled alabaster; the throat and neck, of gentlest curves of grace, are tenderly modelled, shaded with pearly greys. The action of the arms too, and the fall of the carefully-studied drapery, are composed with a sensitive eye for symmetry. Mr. Leighton's third and last picture, 'Golden Hours' (293), possesses more naturalistic vigour, but in the squareness of a pair of shoulders, and in the clumsiness of the lady's waist, it scarcely escapes bodily deformity. The head, however, of the cavalier who makes the hours golden through music, comes as the redeeming point. This is a face in every feature responsive to Art's ennobling impulse; sensuous indeed it is, and dreamy to the last degree, as men muse-inspired are wont to be. These three pictures, certainly among the artist's very best, above all afford satisfactory proof that Mr. Leighton possesses the enviable power not so much of learning as of unlearning. Hostile criticisms are flying about against these performances; but censors will turn eulogists if the artist can but look more simply to nature, and cast from him preconceived conceptions which taint even his choicest forms of beauty. All men are in danger of mannerism; and this is the rock upon which Mr. Leighton has long been threatened with shipwreck. He, however, has turned the helm, and now steers on a safer tack.

P. H. CALDERON last year produced a deep impression by his studious picture, an episode in "the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." To the present exhibition he contributes a work no less thoughtful, and suggestive of reflections stretching far beyond the limits of his canvas, 'The Burial of John Hampden' (204). During an action at Chalgrove, Oxfordshire, in the year 1643, Hampden was struck with a bullet, and, some days after, died of his wound. Had the parliamentary party sustained a complete overthrow, the consternation of the army could not have been greater. Hampden was loved and venerated by his people, and now his comrades in arms follow with mournful steps his body to the grave. "All the troops," writes Lord Nugent in his Memorials, "that could be spared from the quarters round joined to escort the honoured corpse to its last resting-place, once his beloved abode, among the hills and woods of the Chilterns. They followed him to his grave in the parish church, close adjoining his mansion, their arms reversed, their drums and ensigns muffled, and their heads uncovered. Thus they marched, singing the 90th Psalm as they proceeded to the funeral." This impressive narrative has prompted Mr. Calderon to the painting of a solemn picture. The company of sorrow-bending mourners, warriors whose stout hearts are melting, have filed in funereal array through the woods of the Chilterns, and the coffin just reaches the porch of the humble church, as the sun goes down behind the hills. Mr. Calderon's treatment is in keeping with the situation and occasion. The colour is, of course, sombre; the general aspect of the picture even melancholy. The character of the resolute and manly heads, so strongly marked in the time of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth, the artist portrays with accordant breadth and power. This painter, in fact, in each picture which he produces, proves himself eminently qualified to seize and to master the great truths that make history,

in its pictorial treatment, a study so noble and yet so arduous. On the other hand, we think that Mr. Calderon might paint a better picture, if he would take the pains to put into his narrative, which is thrown broadcast upon his canvas, greater circumstantial detail, and more minuteness of finish. A painting is not only a thought, it is also a language—a language which, in its grammar, must observe minutest accuracy in etymology, syntax, and rhythm. Last year we asked Mr. Calderon for further finish; again we beg to repeat the request.

The technical, and, indeed, more than technical, imperfections which must prejudice works sometimes thrown off at random from want of patience, and sometimes arrested at a point short of completeness, because the artist has not the required knowledge or skill to carry out his intentions to their close and consummation, are forcibly illustrated by several otherwise commendable pictures, hung so near the eye as to challenge the scrutiny they court. G. A. STOREY, for example, puts together a telling and pleasing composition, 'The Meeting of William Seymour and the Lady Arabella Stuart at the Court of James I.' (465), which is marred in considerable degree by an execution that scarcely escapes being slovenly. The heads are but slightly sketched, yet here and there we come upon a figure or a dress faithfully elaborated, showing the painter possesses the requisite power, had he but the will. Again, a very clever picture undoubtedly, 'George Fox refusing to take the oath at Houlker Hall' (471), by J. PETTIE, has the dash of a sketch rather than the deliberation of a mature picture. But here again, while the execution is at fault, we have the satisfaction of acknowledging that the thought and intent are in force. George Fox, a figure of rude simplicity, stands steadfast in calm resolve. His judges, in mock solemnity, are painted with the pencil of a satirist. Thus, also, J. E. HODGSON, in a picture, 'Queen Elizabeth at Purfleet' (512), taken, like the work which we noticed last year by the same artist, from the Armada, has pronounced several heads with considerable character; but in technical qualities we have to deplore remissness. The execution is ragged, and the lines and masses are all but wholly without composition. W. J. GRANT is another of our young artists whose genius only requires to gather maturing experience. 'Katherine Parr and Henry' (489) is a work composed with knowledge of effect, though the effect gained does not err on the side of weak refinement. The eyes of at least one half of the company start and stare, as is common with a certain style of actors on the stage. Mr. Grant's smaller picture, 'Secret Intelligence' (553), is, we think, better painted, and after a higher mental tone.

History may be dealt with, as we have seen, in so large and even loose a way, as to lack circumstance and reality, or it may be made to chronicle an infinity of trivial detail destructive of power and grandeur. H. FISK, in his picture of 'Robespierre,' in the last exhibition, fell into the latter snare, and in his contribution to the present Academy, entitled 'The Last Night of Jesus Christ in his Nazarene Home' (551), he still remains a victim to the same fallacy. Yet, barring this littleness in the place of largeness, the work has merit; the conception and situation are novel. The boy Christ has risen from his couch laid on the roof-top overlooking the small town of Nazareth, and nestled among hills; the traveller's staff is by his side, ready for the coming journey, and high thoughts carry his mind to heavenly musings. St. Joseph lies lost in the depth of slumber, for the stars still keep watch in the zenith, and morn has not yet broken in the horizon.

The middle-age painters, restricted to a limited series of sacred subjects, were doomed to repeat everlastingly the same idea; Delacroix and other masters of the modern school have been permitted a freer and wider range. If Mr. Fisk has not endowed the divine character of Jesus of Nazareth with fitting dignity, he has, at any rate, added one more incident to a life every circumstance of which were theme for painter, no less than for preacher. W. GALE has apparently taken an Eastern journey, and one of the results of his studies, 'The Virgin led by Joseph' (595), is abundantly careful and painstaking. W. J. WEBB, in 'The Lost Sheep' (312), symbolises the Good Shepherd. An Arab, in the wild desert country of Judea, comes upon a lost and weary sheep, which he tenderly bears on his shoulders homewards. The landscape, the rocky foreground, and all other accessories are painted faithfully, and the spirit of the work is serious and earnest. T. HEAPHY, by his picture of last year, 'Kepler,' as well as by his work in the present exhibition, 'Bernard Palissy' (592), proves himself one of those painters who, caring little for breadth, expend their power on detail. His figures are carefully worked out, his accessories elaborated under the dictates of a conscience which imposes slavery as a duty. A mother and child have escaped from the lingering ordeal with some remnant of life and nature.

Thus we have described, on the one hand, a school suffering under scattered detail, and, on the other, we have passed in review works which may err from superabundant breadth. Some few of our painters there are who seem to be aiming at the golden mean, at a style which shall reconcile generic truth with individual accident, which shall seek to give humanity its worth, and to keep clothes cut and stitched by the tailor in subordination—a school and a style which will know how to bring out history as the march of civilisation, as the manifestation and development of enduring truths, through the instrumentality of human agents; and thus it is possible that the time may come when the grand movements of the drama of the world's progress, when the great actors that move across the stage, together with each circumstance and detail of costume and furniture, shall assert their rightful prominence, or submit to seemly subordination. For the present, we have still to wait in hope for the advent of this ideal, yet naturalistic, school.

G. F. WATTS, in his grand design of 'Time and Oblivion' (437), does not, of course, pretend to have solved the problem of a balanced and well-adjusted historic treatment. By the catalogue we are told that this sketch is intended as "a design for sculpture," "to be executed in diverse materials after the manner of Phidias." The subject does not want in grandeur: "Time," personified, bearing the usual attribute of a scythe, strides with outstretched arms into eternity. By his side "Oblivion" hides her drooping head deep in shadow. The fault we find with this work is not that it fails in finish, to which it does not pretend. It attempts, in fact, nothing more than to sketch an idea in the rough. But the artist has, we think, fallen into an error more fundamental than any mere question of carrying out with completeness his intent; he has failed to distinguish between the treatment severally required by bas-relief and painting, and his work accordingly hesitates and vacillates between the picturesque effect accorded to the one, and the severity required of the other. An attempt, however, so bold and unaccustomed deserves praise. To launch a production, not wholly unworthy of the age of Phidias, to which it aspires, into the midst of an exhi-

bition wherein the master of ceremonies and the vendor or lender of costumes are the dispensers of properties and the arbiters of proprieties, required no small degree of courage.

Among historic pictures which, happily, reach the mean so much to be desired, which duly balance and reconcile breadth of effect with minuteness in circumstantial detail, Mrs. WARD's 'Princes in the Tower' (565) is a felicitous example. The story has been well chosen and skilfully told. The elder of the two princes is seated; his finely-formed head rich in luxuriant hair, and still preserving traits of beauty, though touched with sorrow, leans upon his hand. To the door of the prison, Gloucester, bearing the stamp of villainy in every feature, has brought the younger boy, who starts back in dismay at the sight of his brother a prisoner in the Tower. Scanty light struggles through a small window into this mournful cell, out of which, we are told, the young king and his brother "were never again seen abroad." Mrs. Ward has, on none of her previous pictures, bestowed more thought, or given to execution more care; both for intention and for technical elaboration little remains to be desired. We incline to think, however, that the general effect would have been more pleasing, if a monotony of brown, which in this dungeon, perhaps of necessity, preponderates on floor and walls, could have been broken, and relieved by cooler greys.

The studious and faithful chroniclers of history are increasing in number and augmenting in diligence. It is a good sign for the times when we can, among young and rising members of the profession, add to the historic painters already passed in review the names of Crowe, Yeames, Hayllar, and Ros-siter. E. CROWE, by his picture of the present year, 'Luther posting his Theses on the Church Door of Wittenberg' (360), will sustain, if not extend, the reputation he has already made. The scene, which is striking, the artist has effectively put upon canvas. The text for the picture D'Aubigné furnishes in the following graphic passage taken from his "History of the Reformation:"—"On the 31st of October, 1517, at noon on the day preceding the festival of All Saints, Luther, who had already made up his mind, walks boldly towards the church, where a superstitious crowd of pilgrims was repairing, and posts upon the door ninety-five theses, or propositions, against the doctrine of indulgences." Mr. Crowe, if he had been in the service of the pope, could scarcely have satirised Luther more cruelly. We scarcely understand how it is that the hero of the Reformation, who flung an inkstand at the devil, besides performing sundry other equally dramatic and pictorial deeds, has met with such ill appreciation at the hands even of artists supposed to be sympathetic with his labours. We must exclude, then, the principal figure in Mr. Crowe's picture from commendation; excepting this one mistake, which is fortunately not absolutely fatal, we can declare the composition, both in management and execution, satisfactory. The artist has put himself to some pains to render his picture instructive. He introduces portraits of Tetzel, Luther's father, mother, and sister, of Catherine Bora, Lucas Cranach, &c. This introduction of portraits has the merit of blending with history the individuality of biography, after a manner which makes each enhance the interest and the value of the other. Another carefully studied picture by the same artist, 'Dean Swift looking at a Lock of Stella's Hair' (594), illustrates with faithful hand and severe truth a melancholy page in the annals of literature. W. F. YEAMES follows up his success of last year

by a work singularly original and striking, 'La Reine malheureuse' (477), taken from the calamities of Henrietta Maria, the devoted queen of the doomed "martyr king." Henrietta had just returned from Holland, whither she had gone to raise supplies for the aid of Charles in the prosecution of his war against the Parliament. She had landed in Burlington Bay only two days when five ships, commanded by the parliamentary admiral, were seen in the offing. The squadron forthwith commences a hot cannonade. The queen and the women of her household, accompanied by cavaliers, are seen in the picture, as they crouch into a ditch to escape the cannon-balls which are whistling loud overhead. The women, and the men too, are covering with fear. The queen alone remains calm. Mr. Yeames has given to the figures character. His work is throughout well studied. J. HAYLLAR, in gayer mood, paints a clever and carefully worked-out picture, under the title of 'The Queen's Highway in the Sixteenth Century' (450). A letter of the period is written in words which now read as if seasoned with humour and irony:—"The journey was marvellous for ease and expedition, for such is the perfect evenness of the new highway, that her highness left the coach only once, whilst hinds and folk of a base sort lifted it on with their poles." Her coach has indeed sunk, if only once, at least with a vengeance deep enough—not less deep than up to the axletree, so perfect was the highway! The ladies, in rich attire, are picking their path with light steps and dainty feet. Mr. Hayllar has veiled his comedy after the manner usually known as "genteel." C. ROSSITER paints a clever, though in subject scarcely a pleasing, picture of 'That true St. Margaret, the Scottish maiden whom Claverhouse chained to a post in the rising tide of the sea' (484). This work by C. Rossiter, and the last-mentioned picture by J. Hayllar, are unfortunately hung rather too high for either scrutiny or appreciation. In conclusion, we must not omit to mention two small works, differing from all which have gone before, and differing not less widely the one from the other. 'Sebaste' (380), by Mrs. C. NEWTON, is in a style unfortunately not favoured by hanging committees. It has nothing of the rude naturalism now in vogue; on the contrary, it is painted tenderly and lovingly, after the later manner known to the Italian spiritualists. The other work to which we have referred, and with which we must hasten to a conclusion the present division of our subject, is a figure of 'Rispa' (33), by R. S. STANHOPE, a work mediæval by its severity, and naturalistic through its vigour. Mrs. Newton by beauty touches the heart; Mr. Stanhope, belonging to an opposite school, by forms ungainly assaults the intellect with claim to originality.

COMPOSITIONS—LITERAL, IMAGINATIVE,
AND POETIC.

Under the designation of "High Art" we have just passed in review several works which can lay little or no claim to the honourable distinction; and now, in like manner, for the sake of some intelligible classification, which shall preserve a complex series of criticisms from confusion, we must throw together, under the present heading, pictures widely differing from each other. The division upon which we enter occupies an intermediate and extended territory, lying between historic Art as an upper frontier, and the *genre* of the Dutch school at its lower extremity. The intrinsic worth of the compositions we now propose to pass in review depends essentially on the nobility or the

beauty of the idea which they express and embody. Artists, we think, are too much accustomed to overlook this important consideration; they too often show themselves indifferent to the thought or motive upon which they are ready to devote—if not, indeed, unworthily to waste—precious days, and weeks, and months, intent all the while chiefly to attain mere technical qualities of colour, texture, or tone. Thus it is to be feared that many of our painters, losing, perhaps, the faith and ardour of youth, and ceasing longer to strive to keep the eye of the mind steadfast on the true, the beautiful, and the good, degenerate into clever mechanists, and even tricksters, content to show dexterity of hand, and to shine by skill and brilliancy of workmanship. To our mind a picture should be a poem, and no poem ought to be written, and no picture painted, when the poet or artist, if the truth were confessed, has nothing to say. As soon as an idea is found, and not before, does the time come to think of minor matters; then, and then only, should the mind turn to the study of mere points of metre, language, grammar, and typography. And it is this very distinction between the conceiving thought and the manipulative hand, which divides so distinctly the sensitive, sympathetic, and highly-educated classes in this country, from the ranks of trained—and, because deliberately trained, therefore too often cold and callous—artists, given over to paint, palette, and canvas. And it is for this reason, among others, that we advocate a proposed reform in the constitution of the Academy—a reform which seeks to infuse into the dry bones of professional life, ever tending to a routine humdrum, a lay element which, however wanting in practical knowledge, shall be fitted and able, by education, wealth, and position, to connect the outer public, and even the parliament and the government of this country, with the leading members of the profession. Thus insensibly would be raised the mental standard of our national school, and to our country's Art would be imparted that high and poetic thought which, kindled in our universities, and fostered for long years in chosen minds, too often dies, finding not, even in the ideal world of pictures, the noble truth for which it were ready to do battle.

'Excelsior' (424), by A. ELMORE, R.A., cannot suffer from the preceding strictures. The subject, indeed, when first we heard of the painter's perilous attempt, struck us as beset with peculiar difficulties. The lines of the American poet, which, when fresh upon the world, were not wholly removed from commonplace, have since become hacknied in every drawing-room, not to say worn threadbare by illustrations put on the fronts of music-books, or seen in the pages of penny and popular prints. It is no slight praise to say that Mr. Elmore, in his noble picture, has escaped from these besetting snares. He has conceived his subject in a simple grandeur, which delivers the work from mawkish sentiment. A strong man, no sentimentalist, but in mind and body framed for a hero, is seen upon an earnest and arduous march. His hand clasps the banner "with the strange device," furled and falling around his head. His eye turns upwards with earnest onward gaze—the mountain heights, white with snow and red in sunset, towering above him, and clouds cleft by the eagle's wing clinging around his path. The figure is life-size, the drawing studious, the execution firm, and the colour solemn.

C. W. COPE, R.A., contributes a single and life-size figure, heavenly in aspiration, under the appropriate title 'Contemplation' (434). The lines by Coleridge, inserted in

the catalogue, interpret the intention of the painter:—

"Struck with deep joy,
Silent with swimming sense, gazing till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily, and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet He makes
Spirits perceive his presence."

The rapture-gazing eyes are turned upwards in devotion, the hand holds a book of evening song, and the figure itself seems lifted, as it were, above the lower sphere of earth. The work is painted with a delicacy, and inspired by a fervour, consonant with Italian Art. The same painter is also seen in a charming head, the portrait of a lady (18); likewise in a picture which, by its subject and treatment, though simple, comes with the freshness of a new idea, 'Reading for Honours in the Country' (335).

FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., is likewise represented by three pictures, worthy of the reputation he has already won: 'The Messenger from Sinai at the Wells of Moses' (397), 'Summer Song' (59), and 'The Song of the Nubian Slave' (294), the last being "the diploma work deposited in the Academy on the artist's election as an Academician." 'The Messenger from Sinai' has hastened across the parched desert on a camel's back, bearing tidings from afar, and now, having reached the wells of Moses, he craves of a girl drawing water the draught wherewith to quench his devouring thirst. Solomon writes in words which seem as if wafted from the desert air, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." Such is the sentiment or association which the composition is likely to suggest: news good or ill, but at all events momentous, borne swiftly by "the ship of the desert" from a distant land, the herald himself parched and panting with burning heat, resting for a moment on his way to slack his scorching thirst. The picture is large, and the composition has been made striking. The messenger decked in turban, rich in interwoven green and gold and red, and seated on a towering camel's back, caparisoned with saddle-bag, dagger, and other accoutrements fitted for a distant journey, is in the act of stooping to meet the arm of the water-bearer, who reaches a cup towards his eager hand. The mutual action of the two figures, and the lines of the resultant composition, have been studiously managed. The colour, also, vivid and Eastern, is arranged with subtle sense of harmony, as may be seen in the distribution and the nicely-calculated balance of the greens, blues, reds, and yellows, not thrown together crudely, but broken and blended into soft semitones. This composition is in Mr. Goodall's later style of Eastern splendour. Another of his contributions, 'Summer Song' (59), reverts to his former and English manner, sober grey and green. 'Summer Song' is sylvan, the fields are fertile and flowery, the river flows in glassy tide on its peaceful way, the trees rise from out the deer-park in silent dignity. And then this dewy English landscape is made festive as a Boccaccio garden by a company of joyous ladies and cavaliers, companions, it may be, at the court of Charles I., who while away their summer hours with sweet song and good cheer.

J. PHILLIP, R.A., has this year surpassed even himself: 'La Gloria: a Spanish Wake' (51) is indeed glorious, it gives light and splendour to the exhibition, of which it forms one of the chief ornaments. This 'Spanish Wake' may be designated a dance over a death, as will be seen by casting the eye to the side of the picture, where lies, behind a curtain, a dead child, stretched on a couch lighted by a lamp. Beneath are seated in melancholy group two women, mourning in bitterness over their untimely loss. Above them stoops a good-hearted fellow in the act

of urging these women to lay aside their grief, and join in the festive dance. But the tambourine lies idly on the ground, and the hand which was wont to awake its music is heavily stricken. This side of the picture has been rightly shadowed in gloom; its colour is sombre as the sentiment; an anguish terrible as despair darkens into tragedy. This is the *penseroso* passage in the composition; on the right is the reverse, the *allegro*, sparkling and festive with life and the revelry of the dance. Yet even here may be seen the touch of sorrow on the cheek; laughter has not quite chased grief away, smiles still mingle with tears, the sunshine of renewed and exultant life has not quite lighted up the shadow of death. But the colour already leaves the sombre key of melancholy, and breaks forth into triumph and lustre. Here vermilion, and lake, and intensest yellow, vie each with the other. Every character, attitude, and dress is in keeping. The forms of the features are finely chiselled; the nostrils are full, as for the free outburst of passion's breath, and the black piercing eyes dart from their shadowed orbs the devil's fire. A girl in the centre of the group, the belle of the ball, with the witchery of Art and nature, points the fantastic toe, raising with one hand her free and easy dress, and in the other holding in triumph the hat which she has snatched from the head of her companion in the dance. The merry-making group around play the guitar, beat the tambourine, and indulge in the vociferous expression of transport. The foregoing description will suffice to indicate the amazing life, fire, and truth which Mr. Phillip has thrown into this remarkable picture.

J. Phillip, R.A., paints, as we have just seen, a Spanish festival over a death; H. O'NEIL, A., commemorates an English rejoicing over an approaching marriage. No two scenes could, in their component elements, be more dissimilar; no two pictures, as works of Art, could stand in greater contrast. Mr. O'Neil was a bold man to take such a subject, 'The Landing of the Princess Alexandra at Gravesend' (337). The Princess, with various members of the Royal Family of Denmark,—the Prince of Wales also surrounded by the younger scions of the English court,—has just landed from the steamer upon the pier, carpeted under foot and covered over head in honour of the occasion. This group, carefully painted, occupies the centre of the picture; the mayor and mayoress, with other municipal authorities of Gravesend, are, of course, not forgotten. But the artist has relied, at least for pictorial display, chiefly on a formidable and alluring phalanx of pretty girls, ranged, as banks of summer flowers, on either side of the canvas. These lilies blossoming on the shores of the Thames, are gay in straw hats and red mantles, and, putting on winning smiles, they give expression to the fulness of their hearts by a shower of violets and primroses. Had not Mr. O'Neil ventured on the attempt, which, in its issue, is not unsuccessful, such a subject might have been deemed unpaintable. The gentlemanly reading which he has given to the character of the Prince of Wales cannot be too highly commended. However, the pictures by this artist most after our own heart, are two small fancy compositions, of a mother and child, 'Awake' (29), and 'Asleep' (372)—each, especially the first, charming for simplicity and loveliness.

The pictures by P. F. Poole, R.A., Frederick R. Pickersgill, R.A., and J. C. Hook, R.A., may be thrown together more for contrast than for comparison. Mr. Poole belongs to the romantic school; Mr. Pickersgill seems still under subjection to the dry, cold laws of the Academy, which curtail genius

and check the flow of emotion; while on the other hand, Mr. Hook appears as the child of nature, sturdy as the rocks, free as the elements, which he paints with vigorous hand, unconscious of artifice. It may be said, then, without pushing generalisation beyond legitimate limits, that, by a well-known classification, Hook can be termed naturalistic, Pickersgill academic, and Poole romantic. But we must confess that we have seen each of these three artists to greater advantage than in the present exhibition. It will be found, however, that Mr. POOLE'S Arcadian composition of 'Greek Peasants' (114) still seeks for the poetry, still glows with the ardour which, in former years, he loved so well; and we, who have hung in rapture over his visions of romance clothed in gorgeous attire, can scarcely venture to think that the artist ever sacrificed to the intoxicated pleasure of colour the sterner qualities of his art. Still, in his pictures of the present year, we should gladly recognise more studious care in the drawing of the figures. But Mr. Poole can well afford to rely on his past triumphs: 'Solomon Eagle,' 'The Song of the Troubadours,' and 'The Goths in the Garden of Italy,' are among the greatest achievements of the English school. Passing to Mr. PICKERSGILL, his single work (123), depicting two lovers breathing "such vows as lovers use to swear," is careful in drawing and execution, and attractive in colour, after the artist's long-established manner. Mr. Hook, whether for better or for worse, probably indeed with divided reward and penalty attendant on his experiment, overleaped, some years since, as we have said, the narrow bounds of academic law, and plunged headlong into the arms of nature. Wordsworth tells us that nature never did disown the child who loved her; a consoling truth which Hook, beyond most men, has had good reason to lay near to his heart. And for the most part, in the works this artist has given to the world, he shows himself faithful to the compact wherewith he bound himself to follow after nature with humble, trustful step. Of his five contributions to the present exhibition, the picture named 'From under the Sea' (146) is the best, certainly the most original. Mr. Hook has been sketching on the coast of Cornwall, and this subject may be accepted as the most valued prize he there gathered. The incident seized is novel in the world of pictures, but usual in the region of mines. A truck conveying miners from their labours, their hats still bearing the smoking candle, mounts the tramway that issues from the dark mine which in this case happens to extend "under the sea." The faces of these men, their hats and coats of dead and dirty brown, tell out, in a contrast which the artist knows so well to manage, against the dusky blue of the sea beneath. This effect, which would otherwise be too sombre, is animated by a group thrown in at the right, in which we regret to find a rudeness and carelessness in the painting—liberties that artists are too apt to take when relying, as by right, on established reputations.

Several pictures which, did space permit, are worthy of deliberate criticism, we must now, for the sake of conciseness, connect by a mere running comment. 'Ordered on Foreign Service' (97), by R. COLLINSON, is the finished sketch of a well-known composition, commendable for its character, colour, and detail. Near at hand is hung 'The Knight's Guerdon' (89), a single, highly-matured, and stately female head by R. B. MARTINEAU, to which in the catalogue he has a right to append the following lines of the poet-laureate:—

"How sweet the looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall."

Hanging within reach of the last two pictures, may be seen Mr. FITZGERALD'S clever idea, sketched in brief, a vision 'After the Battle' (80). A warrior starts, and here stands with drawn sword, ready to slay the ghosts rising, as in a famous picture by Kaubach, from an army of slain soldiers lying on the battle-field. 'A Bird in the Hand' (69), by M. F. HALLIDAY, merits loving regard by the depth of its poetic feeling, and from the rapturous intensity of its colour. 'La Belle Yseult' (26), by J. B. BEDFORD, a single head, forced up to the last point of exquisite finish, deserves no stinted praise. Then passing from the great "East Room" towards the exit of the exhibition, and coming to the "North Room," we fall upon one or two works which must claim a cursory word. 'Home in Acadie' (528), by F. WYBURD, is smooth, refined, poetic in sentiment, but sickly and monotonous in colour, and deficient in vigour. 'Harry Esmond's welcome at Walcote' (502), by Miss R. SOLOMON, fails and succeeds in an opposite direction. F. W. W. TOPHAM, the son of an approved water-colour artist, comes before the public with a picture, 'Juliet and Friar Laurence' (510), which merits welcome. F. SANDYS, whose portraits in this and last exhibition have roused little short of a sensation, seeks to provoke no less admiration—not to say astonishment and dismay—in an altogether anomalous production, 'Morgan-le-fay' (519). The figure is mediæval, a petrified spasm, sensational as a ghost from a grave, and severe as a block cut from stone or wood. We are happy to hear that the work is not without admirers, fit, though possibly few.

A. HUGHES, in past years not unfavourably known—when the so-called school of "Pre-Raphaelitism" was still in the ascendance—by pictures poetic in conception and fervent in intense and harmonious colour, is now seen in three laborious works, which come as a sequel to his earlier manner. It is difficult for an artist to cast aside the swaddling clothes wherein he has been in his younger days nursed and petted; it is difficult for a man after such training to walk abroad in the world, and to put on a bold, strong front in the presence of his fellows. But considering all things—taking into account the reversal that has so suddenly and severely fallen upon the school in which Mr. Hughes was an earnest and honoured disciple—we think this painter may be congratulated upon his happy escape, without injury absolutely fatal. His offerings for the year, 'A Music Party' (62), 'Then by a Sunbeam I will climb to Thee' (384), being a scene inside a church, and a work with another title of sentiment, called 'Silver and Gold' (486), are each and all poetic and refined in conception, and singularly sensitive to delicate and harmonious modulations of colour. The figures, however, are lacking in manly vigour; they want the stamina and robustness which the greatest masters have shown not to be incompatible with beauty.

PORTRAITS.

The outcry raised each year against the number of portraits in the Academy is loud. The discontent provoked in the minds of the profession and of the general public grows great from the knowledge of the fact that while for want of space a multitude of works are crowded out from each exhibition; that while landscapes—except when painted by an Academician—are driven from the point of sight on the line to the vanishing point in the sky outline; we repeat, the discontent and indignation grows very great that while this injury—often cruel, and sometimes unjust—is inflicted upon various branches of the profession, a large collective wall space

is usurped by the heads of city aldermen, mayors of provincial towns, chairmen to boards of guardians, portraits "painted to the order of, and paid for by, admiring friends." It is fair, however, that it should be known that this infliction upon the public is not not always to be laid to the charge of the artist. Often, indeed, the exhibition of a portrait is not matter of option, but of necessity. "The compulsion," states Mr. Grant, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, "is on the part of those people whose portraits I paint, and who like to have their portraits exhibited." It is also right that the public should know that the Academy has been anxious to devise a remedy for the crying evil. Under the existing constitution of that body, each Academician, as well as each Associate, is entitled to exhibit eight works as of right. Now many members, though enjoying this vested interest, are of the opinion that the exhibition would be raised in merit by curtailing this privilege incident to membership from eight to four. Mr. Grant, whose professional interest might, it was supposed, have been prejudiced by any limitation of existing rights, states, in the evidence already quoted—"I am clearly of this opinion, especially as regards works upon the line." "I consider," continues Mr. Grant, "four portraits quite sufficient to show the world what a man's abilities are as an artist." "A portrait painter," said Viscount Harding, putting an opinion in the form of a question, "would send his four best portraits instead of having, as he now has, to give way to the importunities of people who wish their portraits to be exhibited?" "Yes," responded Mr. Grant, "I should be greatly relieved by the passing of such a law." Accordingly the Royal Commissioners have reported in favour of this salutary reform. It is, however, but just to state that the portrait painters, whether Academicians or Associates, have rarely taken full advantage of the permitted privilege of exhibiting eight works. For example, an analysis of the catalogue of the present season gives the following results:—Grant sends four portraits; Gordon five; Knight five; Boxall two; and Millais, who this year must be ranked among portrait painters, four. Thus five Academicians, instead of burdening the Academy with the maximum of forty portraits, restrict themselves to just half the number. And thus further it will be observed from the above epitome, that had each Academician been restricted to four works, the total of twenty would have been reduced only by two. Then coming to the Associates, the catalogue shows the following results: Richmond sends four portraits; Thorburn three; Sant six. Thus the three portrait-painting Associates, instead of exercising their full privileges up to the total of twenty-four pictures, are content to exhibit only thirteen. Under the re-constitution of the Academy, however, the rights at least of all future Associates will probably be greatly curtailed. But the above statistics, which show that eight Academicians and Associates have contributed not more than thirty-three portraits, will, at all events, serve, we think, to mitigate the ire of outsiders, who cry shame upon a presumed, but scarcely proven, injustice and abuse. At the same time we entertain no manner of doubt that the general aspect of the exhibition suffers material injury from the undue preponderance of mere portraits. For instance, the effect of the great room would certainly be altogether more satisfactory and imposing could the walls, instead of being crowded by portraits of "a lady" or "a gentleman," be crowned by historic life-size works, such as that contributed by Mr. Armitage; an arrangement in

the hanging well known in Paris, which fails not to impart to the exhibition in the Champs Elysées a power and command much wanting in the rooms of our London Academy.

The largest canvas in the entire exhibition is occupied by 'Their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort' (162), equestrian portraits, painted by F. GRANT, R.A. The horses are well drawn and painted; the style is, of course, a little grey and chalky, not quite of the richness of colour or of the transparency of shadow which Rubens might have thrown into a picture of this dimension, ennobled by steeds and riders. The head of a lady, 'The Hon. Mrs. J. Macdonald' (278), brings out to great advantage the manner of this artist; it may be slight in the painting, but in expression and bearing it is delightfully graceful and lady-like. The portraits by J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., such as that, for example, of 'General Cabrera' (46), are vigorous, though the force attained is a little too much dependent on violence in the shadows. J. PHILLIPS, R.A., in the same naturalistic manner, paints the head of 'The Earl Dalhousie' (237), reliant in part—as was the case with some of the great portrait painters of old—upon the texture attained by, and the consequent light-giving quality of, thickly laid colours. Sir WATSON GORDON, R.A., in the ancient prescriptive treatment which, from the time of Vandyke down to Reynolds and the subsequent followers in the school, has ruled the fashion, enjoys certain individual advantages over his compeers and contemporaries, as may be judged by an examination of several of his contributions—the heads, for example, of 'James Young, Esq.' (47), 'Professor Christison' (159), and 'Dr. William Sellar' (341). The manner of these works is simple, unpretending, and unadorned; the colour contents itself with unobtrusive neutrals, certainly not vying with Titianesque splendours. The execution is broad and bold, and yet in the modelling and moulding of the features great delicacy may be observed in the half tones. Such is the style of Sir Watson Gordon, which after its kind and within its limits has certainly never been surpassed. W. BOXALL, R.A., contributes, as his diploma work, a venerated head, that of John Gibson, R.A., simply yet nobly rendered, abstemious of distracting accessories, and coloured in unobtrusive greys. This portrait will, in future years, grow in value, especially should the Academy ever find space to display, as they deserve, the diploma works now buried in dark oblivion. The style of Mr. Boxall is wholly different from the solid, bold work of Knight, Gordon, or Phillips; it is fuzzy in manipulation, and vaporous in chiar-oscuro. The manner again of the three portrait-painting associates—Richmond, Thorburn, and Sant—shows contrast both in the end sought and in the means employed. The two former artists are unobtrusive and quiet; the last of the three seldom paints a picture which does not allure the eye by some dramatic effect of light and colour. To adduce individual examples, 'The Countess of Home' (171), by G. RICHMOND, is harmoniously painted with the usual ease and elegance of the master. The head of 'The Rev. John Keble' (673), the author of 'The Christian Year,' should not be overlooked; a head in itself remarkable, a character ever memorable, a portrait executed in crayons with that exquisite tenderness, with that quietness of deportment, which become so well the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian—qualities which G. Richmond has so long known how to express with a hand that never steps beyond the modesty of nature. To this faithful record of a man renowned in the Church, may here be added portraits of several great men, illustrious in the state or known to the republic of letters.

'Thackeray' (679) is here seen, as sketched by S. LAURENCE, in a drawing which through engravings and even by photographs obtains wide currency. Again, this literary giant, whose works will continue to delight and instruct generations that can see the author no more, whose modes of labour, whose haunts and home will become points of interest and research to the biographer,—Thackeray, the writer of imagination and wisdom, whose loss we all have had to lament during the past year—'Thackeray in his Study in 1854' (404), is brought by E. M. WARD, R.A., literally and vividly to the eye just as he lived, and thought, and worked. The characteristic bearing of Thackeray's head has been well caught, cast upward with a scrutinising eye thrown through those two wide orbs of spectacles, his outlooks on the world which he scanned so keenly. The accessories of a study, which now in its minutest accidents have acquired no ordinary interest, are faithfully transcribed, even to the trivialities of slippers, cigar, and waste-paper basket. This likeness of Mr. Thackeray is one of a series of literary portraits which Mr. Ward, closely connected and associated with men illustrious in letters and Arts, has had the privilege of taking—a series interesting as memories and valuable moreover as materials by which contemporary history receives trustworthy elucidation.

We will throw into one concise paragraph the portraits in the present exhibition that will claim attention by virtue of the celebrity of the sitters, if not always by the merit of the finished pictures as works of Art. 'Captain Speke and Captain Grant' (324), by H. W. PHILLIPS; 'The Studio: portraits of W. F. Witherington, R.A., P. Macdowell, R.A., F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.' (317), by J. E. WILLIAMS; 'His late Majesty Frederick VII., King of Denmark' (319), by Madame JERICHAU; 'Sir David Brewster' (459), by R. MACBETH; and 'The Hon. Robert Crizon' (415), by A. GLASGOW; 'The Duchess of Wellington,' by J. W. WALTON; and P. MOIRA's highly-wrought miniature-portrait of the Duc d'Anmale. To complete the list we must add the names before enumerated—Rev. J. Keble, Thackeray, John Gibson, Professor Christison, and the Earl Dalhousie. In the sculpture-room we notice a marble statue of 'John Hunter' (862), by H. WEEKES, R.A.; 'Lord Brougham' (892), by M. NOBLE; 'Professor Ramsay' (903), by W. DAVIS; 'The Duke of Newcastle' (907), by A. MUNRO; and 'Sir Cornwall Lewis' (911), by H. WEEKES, R.A.

In the older, if not, indeed, better style of portrait—sober, solid, and simple—we noticed a comprehensive picture of 'Captain Dingwall Fordyce' (66), by C. MACNEE. A large canvas occupied by the 'Children of Robert Hay, Esq.' (361), including a pony and other accessories, set in a wide-stretching landscape, painted by C. LUTYENS, though wanting in colour and effect, is very commendable. Of later years it cannot be doubted that new and unaccustomed methods and effects have been imported into the once narrow and dry, stately and stiff, propriety-portraits of our forefathers, who were generally doomed to descend to their children with no other accessories or blandishments than such as a curtain, a column, or a table could give. Portrait-painting was, in years past, save in the hands of a few of its leading professors, poverty-stricken and paralysed. Now, however, there cannot be a doubt that the painters of the present generation have imparted to the art richness, variety, and life. Among members of this younger school, sometimes in danger, it is true, of adopting meretricious adornment, we may mention Sant, Weigall, Wells, Millais, Sandys. The

composition portrait-picture of 'Mrs. Richard Fothergill and her children' (111), by J. SANT, A., is popular, effective, even showy. But the greatest success, perhaps, which this artist has attained, is in his triumph over a much-talked-of difficulty, his solution of a noted problem, by the painting of a second "Blue Boy." Gainsborough, it will be remembered, first tried the experiment to refute the maxim taught by Reynolds and others, that the principal figure in a composition must be clothed in a warm colour. Mr. Sant has followed Gainsborough's idea, and accordingly here we have, in the portrait of 'The Eldest Son of Lord Raglan' (279), a perfect triumph for cold blue. But Mr. Sant has mastered the difficulty, which, after all, was over-rated, in a method different from the one adopted by his predecessor. The first blue boy was encircled by a warm background; this second is placed in the midst of surroundings more cool, or, at least, more neutral than blue itself. Each method, though apparently contradictory the one to the other, attains, in fact, the same end, that of giving to the blue increased value and power. Mr. Sant still further enhances his effect by the high light of a white frill and waistcoat, as well as by the brilliancy of a head warm in its flesh tints. Mr. WEIGALL, like Mr. Grant and Mr. Sant, is successful as the painter of women, yet does his manner, as seen to great advantage in the full-length figure of the 'Princess of Wales' (50), differ from that of any one of his peers. Mr. Weigall has imparted to this picture style, elegance, and beauty. The silvery, gossamer quality of the white dress, set off by a black sash, is delightful to look at. This is the best rendering of royalty in the exhibition, which, certainly, has suffered violence at the hands of several artists, both English and foreign. Mr. WELLS, in previous works, made himself conspicuous by his rich and deep-toned colour, caught from the school of Venice, and the portrait of 'James Hodgson, Esq.' (38), in the present exhibition, bears reminiscences of his former years. The colour and the composition, however, are not well balanced. To our mind a better picture—probably the very best ever painted by Mr. Wells, is the full-length portrait of 'Mrs. Stewart Hodgson' (290), a lady carrying a parasol over her head, while at her back blooms a bush of purple lilac. The difficulties in the management of this picture are unusually great—difficulties which have been overcome with consummate artistic skill. We are glad to see the painter free from certain eccentricities, which we cannot but think marred his previous works. It has, however, been reserved for Mr. MILLAIS to give to portraiture a pictorial extension scarcely before dreamt of. In satire, indeed, it was sometimes said that the first duty of a portrait painter is to paint a good picture, and his second to secure, if possible, a correct likeness. Mr. Millais, while he probably has not despised the last injunction, certainly performs to perfection the primary duty of making a delightful work of Art. We cannot be astonished that parents long to see the children whom they love thus portrayed and perpetuated in childhood's loveliest years and most bewitching moods. In the picture-portrait called 'My Second Sermon' (13), everybody is rejoiced to recognise, sitting in the same place as last year, the little girl, now dear to many a heart, who then was listening to her "first sermon" in rapt attention. She now has grown into a naughty little child, so naughty as to be fast asleep in church. Yet, strange to say, no one loves her a whit the less. And so here she sleeps, in the depths of profoundest slumber—a sleep not of the eyes only, but an unconscious oblivion which has crept over mouth and

every feature, which has descended to arms, and hands, and legs, and feet, even down to the tip of the lowest toe. The painting is skilful, the colour is skilful too, effective by contrasted harmonies, the red of the cloak and of the stockings bearing out against the grey green of the baize-covered pew. 'Leisure Hours' (289) is another fancy title which this artist has bestowed upon two lovely little girls, grouped into a picture fertile in composition, and sumptuous in colour. They are robed in purple velvet, trimmed with white, and amuse the "leisure hours" of their happy day, a day as happy as long, with flowers, looking ever and anon into a vase wherein golden fish are sporting. A screen, rich in gilding and green, as a background, closes in the scene. Yet another style, by which a picture-portrait now seeks to win the favour, which the hostile art of photography is stealing from all but the most cunning of our painters, remains to be mentioned, the style of which Vandyck was the master more than two centuries ago. Of this manner of elaborated miniature, enlarged to half life-size, F. SANDYS is our modern manipulator—a manner, exemplified in the 'Portrait' (546), in which he has attained a perfection no one else can approach. In conclusion, we would call special attention to two portraits by A. BACCANI, one of 'Lady Mary Fox' (40), the other of 'Mrs. Freake' (172), which in some good degree combine the scattered merits of the several schools we have passed in review. The colour of Venice, the glowing and golden rapture of Titian, they certainly do not attain. But for harmony and keeping of quiet tones, for the reconciliation of detail with unity of general effect, for the rounding of the figure, and yet for the blending of the head and the dress with the background, and, lastly, but not least, for unostentatious carriage and quiet mental expression, for such choice, and—in balanced combination—exceptional qualities, these portraits can find few, if any rivals.

SCENES DOMESTIC: SLOW, PATHETIC, AND GAY.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and so even the commonplace of daily life gives birth to actual incidents which, for variety and even by intensity, transcend the painter's fancy. Pictures which encircle a man's home, and dwell, as it were, within the warmth of his own fire-side, though necessarily circumscribed in range, are certainly not wanting in power of appeal to feelings dearest and closest to our common humanity. Vast works of national import may be grand, but just in proportion as they rise to the dignity of their great argument, are they removed in cold sublimity above the level of every-day life, and thus become foreign to the affections which move the inner world, veiled from public eye—a world which, to each one of us, lies nearest to our heart of hearts. Hence smaller pictures which are dedicated to home, which cling in love to what is most loving, deservedly occupy no inconsiderable space on the walls of our exhibitions, and obtain no slight per-centage even of monetary patronage. And this favour, which such works have secured and are likely to retain, they are certainly entitled to, provided only that they are good after their specific kind. And to be good, and to be worthy of our favour, it is, in the first place, imperative that the thought or sentiment shall be in itself commendable or permissible; that if the subject be pathetic, the pathos shall appeal to honest and true hearts; or if it be lively, that the fun shall be within permitted social limits. These, in fact, are the ethics of Art, which, within their special sphere, are no less stern

and imperative than the minor morals which impart to society its tone and decorum. And then, again, by common consent it has been thought fitting that these pictures, which, after all, are dedicated to comparatively trivial incidents, and must of necessity be circumscribed within narrow limits, should be sustained with circumstantial verity, and worked out to utmost finish. In pictures of a higher flight, which set forth, for example, the destiny of nations, it were scarcely seemly to dwell upon the texture of a robe or the pattern on a slipper. But in small cabinet works, that often dilate on nothing more momentous than an evening party in a parlour, which narrate nothing more grand than a storm in a family teapot, it certainly were not out of place to show a Wedgwood pattern on the china. The substance of our remarks, then, is simply this, that in cabinet domestic pictures, the sentiment shall be sympathetic, and the wit, if not precisely Attic, at all events such as is permissible to ears polite. As for the execution, it shall be like a tale well told—in other words, neatly turned out of hand, sparkling, if possible, and pointed, but certainly, at the very least, plain, perspicuous, and persuasive.

The pictures of J. C. HORSLEY, A., fulfil, perhaps, as far as it is possible, these several demands. 'The bashful Swain' (429) tells his own tale. He approaches towards the open door in trepidation; a nosegay, an offering to his lady, as large as a cabbage, is under his arm; his stick he holds to his mouth to choke his rising emotions; and at his heels follow a clamorous flock of geese, which seem to claim him as companion. Inside the cottage is a wholly different state of things. Three lovely girls, sisters or cousins, are happy as the day is long, bright and beautiful in the play of the sunlight which streams in at door and window, and merry with passing wit and humour, of which, we may be sure, "the bashful swain" serves as the butt. The lady, the object of the country bumpkin's passion, is seated at her work threading her needle; her companions are "chaffing" at her expense; a dog and a cat hold hostile interview, whether or not to foreshadow the doubtful bliss of coming matrimony, we know not. Such is the story; the technical qualities are equally felicitous. For example, the conflict of cross lights falling on the seated figure has been managed with much adroitness, the play of sunshine, indeed, within this cottage interior is dazzling and yet not distracting. The difficulty which the artist must have encountered to preserve unity, and to give to his figures roundness, can only be estimated by those who have made a like attempt.

T. FAED, A., continues as faithful as the poet Burns to the annals of the poor. In his chief picture of the year, a text taken from the Edinburgh poet, Ballantine, furnishes him with a topic. Ballantine, in one of his homely rhymes, wrote the line—

"He was faither, and mithter, and all things to me;"

and Mr. T. Faed, taking up the theme, has depicted an honest shoemaker seated at his last, holding between his knees a motherless darling, on whose little hands he puts, with sedulous affection, a pair of neat gloves. The less fortunate children of the village, companions of the petted girl, stand by, ready to walk with their class-mate to the parish school. This may seem but rude, untutored life, yet, verily, is it refined, and, withal, happy. The picture, for workman-like qualities, is among the artist's most successful productions—humble in nature, yet high in finish. The texture of the surface, and the quality of the light, are not attained without care and mature knowledge. In some portions

the paint has designedly been laid on heavily, in order the better to receive the glaze which gives atmosphere, transparency, and keeping; and then, to impart brilliancy and a certain *éclat*, which cannot be, after all, wholly wanting in a work, however unadorned, a few bright colours are abstemiously added. J. FARD paints in a style widely differing from that of his brother Thomas: he looks to a sphere more superfine; he prefers a bright silk dress to a dusky cotton gown; he likes better, even for the purposes of a picture, a gentleman with a decent coat on his back, than a peasant, however honest, with a patch on his breeches. 'Catherine Seyton' (576), from Scott's "Abbot," "glancing her deep blue eyes a little towards Roland Grene," and, "after a vain struggle, breaking out into an involuntary fit of laughter," is one of the best-painted pictures in the entire exhibition, and certainly by far the most successful work we have yet seen from the easel of J. Fard. The whole picture maintains a winning refinement, which is not broken through, even in the explosive burst of Catherine's hearty laughter. The two figures are happily composed, not only in relation the one to the other, but also in regard to the size of the canvas to be filled, and yet not crowded—vital points, in which an artist often fails, from the want of a geometric eye for space and proportion. The painter, too, has justly balanced the figures against the accessories, giving to the human element its due preponderance over tables and chairs; and yet these appurtenances stand substantially upon the floor, and are executed with a precision and polish which might excite the admiration of a West-end cabinetmaker.

W. C. T. DONSON, A., contributes, after his usual simple and sympathetic manner, two small pictures, 'A Girl with Ferns' (4), and 'Morning' (265), the latter also a little girl who is yet in the "morning" of life, saying her "morning" prayer. The child reads from an open book her orison, her innocent soul seeming far from temptation's snare, yet does she earnestly put her life in the keeping of the Good Shepherd who leads and guards the gentle lambs. The picture has been painted tenderly, with painstaking thought even to the smallest circumstance. Another work which may be here mentioned as every way commendable for its sentiment and motive, not pointing, indeed, as the picture just mentioned, to the bright morning of life, but descending the deep valley of shadows, is Miss OSBORN'S solemn composition, entitled 'For the Last Time' (555). Two sisters sorrowing, hand in hand, are opening the door of the chamber where death keeps watch over all that was mortal and earthly of a parent gone to the Father of spirits. These orphans in their house and home, their heads bowed under grief's burden, bear in their hands flowers as a last offering. The pathos, it will be seen, is impressive, and that the more so, because no intrusion breaks in upon the silence and the solitude, which the painter, with a sensitive heart to the demands of the situation, has studiously maintained. We incline to think, however, that the picture would have been none the worse for a little more attention to the execution, especially in the region of the head, of at least one of the figures.

G. E. HICKS strikes the high note of joy with a brilliant touch. Among our English artists he is allied to the school of Mr. Frith, and among French painters he would take honourable rank in that numerous class which is dedicated to the delineation of life in its foibles, and society in its fashions or frolics. He has a facile, felicitous manner, which glides smoothly over the surface of the world

—he carries a brush which sparkles as it sports with his subject, and leaves in its track a polish that bears the outward show of refinement. We are sorry the painter of 'The Dividend Day' and 'The Post Office' presents himself this year to our notice only by a small work (130), and that without the advantage of even a title. Of the subject, however, as also of the good quality of the picture there can be no doubt. A young mother dangles a ball along the floor for her baby to play with. Her figure has that grace which Mr. Hicks knows so well how to impart; the execution is brilliant, the detail sufficiently express. And here, breathing the atmosphere of drawing-rooms, we may as well pass to an artist who has latterly, within the limits of a few small frames, painted the very pink of fashion, as personified at least in ladies robed sumptuously, ladies so indolent and fine as to be of no earthly use, save to be looked at and to sit the recipients of adulation. 'The Sunbeam' (554) is the sentimental title which Mr. EGLEY bestows on his latest thought, an idea that is supposed to be heightened by the following lines which Tennyson supplies in the pet poem of "Eleanore":—

"In a shadowy saloon,
On silken cushions, half reclined,
I watch thy grace."

Mr. Egley has clothed the lady in princely attire, seated her in a rich boudoir; the walls are hung with tapestry; in the heroine's lap are violets; yet on her face lies the shadow of an abiding melancholy; the canker-worm has eaten into the roses of her cheek, and the fire of the eye has been quenched in tears. We are sorry to confess that this cheap romance has not affected us quite so deeply as it might have done in years when we had not learnt the easy trick. Not far distant from this fine lady hangs another lady, to our heart more estimable: 'My Pupil' (543), by J. W. HAYNES, is an unsophisticated girl seated at an easel, making a sketch of the bust of Clythe. Notwithstanding a certain smoothness and thinness in the painting, and a total absence of texture in surface or material, which involve some weakness, this figure is to be commended for its quiet, lady-like deportment. J. BALLANTYNE'S 'Last New Novel' (156), a girl seated at a window devouring the last new novel, is to be commended. Not far distant we espy another happy thought, which cannot be passed by without a word of welcome. 'Companions in Mischief' (125), by S. SIDLEY, are nothing more than a little girl and a mischievous cat, the one cutting to pieces precious lace, the other playing with a ball of Berlin wool. In the same room is a quaint, clever conceit, under the title 'How the Little Lady stood to Velasquez' (178), carried out gravely, yet with befitting humour, by J. ARCHER. Those who have studied the marvellous portraits by Velasquez in Madrid, will best know how duly to appreciate this transcript in brief, not to say this parody, on the great originals. The remaining picture by Mr. Archer, 'Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere' (428), scarcely realises the expectation we had formed from his previous productions. He has shown himself hitherto severe—no bad indication in an artist who may be still the student—but in the present work he descends to styles more decorative, and thereby forsakes the higher sphere for which he had entered as no unworthy probationer. In this same paragraph we may include two lady,—or, as we believe they would prefer to be designated, female,—artists, Mrs. Bridell and Miss Brownlow, wide as the poles asunder. Mrs. BRIDELL, who, for her father's and her husband's sake, deserves well of the world of literature and Art, has this year executed

a work not unworthy of her antecedents and her memories. 'Love Letters' (456) make a picture of considerable character and power, which would have been more attractive at least, had greater suavity and gentleness been blended in a composition which now remains somewhat harsh and discordant. As a contrast, the fault—if there be a fault—in Miss BROWNLOW'S conception of 'Repentance and Faith' (488), is simply that for want of vigour she has fallen into a refinement little short of sickly. She evinces, however, a mind sensitive to beauty and responsive to pure emotion, and her work thus, merits approbation.

The Dutch school has gained in England, at least since the days of Wilkie, numerous and arduous disciples. Whether the modern adherents to a method, often more manual or technical than mental, have quite come up to the old originals may be questioned. For composition, we know of nothing in our modern school so skilful as a picture by Ostade in the Tribune of the Louvre; for execution, nothing can surpass the bright, shining armour which Teniers painted; and in elaborate finish no modern work has gone beyond the 'Anchorite' of Gerard Dow, in the Dresden Gallery. Yet perhaps what we may have lost in these directions we have gained, and even more than gained, as a recompense, in a certain propriety, decorum, and delicacy of feeling, which, if not absolutely foreign to a Dutchman, may be said, without any vain boast, to belong inherently to an Englishman. Pictures after our own Saxon-Dutch school crowd upon all our exhibitions; and although the limits of their canvas be small, the range of their subject is wide and varied, reaching even from prose to poetry, from moralising to satire, from the pathos of tears to the broad grin of laughter.

Nicol, Hunt, Hardy—a name known in duplicate—Clark, Smith, Burr, and others, may be thrown together for sake of brevity into this Saxon-Dutch category. 'Among the Old Masters' (391), by E. NICOL, is a work which indulges in broadest humour; a state of mind which the artist cultivates with peculiar gusto and success. The point in the joke is simply this: a stupid Irish boor finds himself, to his infinite amaze, seated in a goodly mansion hung with choice pictures by the old masters. The fellow is astounded with ignorant and gaping wonder. The execution equals the conception. C. HUNT is another of our artists who strive to make, as it were, the pit and gallery audience of the Academy ring with peals of laughter. His 'Banquet-scene—Macbeth' (276), furnishes a child's parody. A boy-ghost, robed in white sheet, points the finger of avenging destiny towards the guilty Macbeth. The lady of this mock tragedy bids, in mien of due solemnity, her guests begone. Yet boys still there are at the banquet, who will persist in eating of the good things set before them. The tale is capitally told, and the picture equally well painted. Then leaving this quiet humour, or rather broad farce, and betaking to a vein more level and sedate, we must give emphasis to a picture called 'Evening' (405), by G. HARDY. The father eats his supper, and his child says the evening prayer. This is certainly one of the best interiors in the exhibition, excellent in a finish got by knowledge rather than by toil; the colour, too, is blended into harmony with an eye made sensitive to delicate mutations. There are pictures by a namesake, F. D. HARDY, which also merit notice. A. H. BURR, who last year secured renown, has this season, in a picture which he calls 'Fun' (530), not sustained his reputation. The scattered materials in this cottage interior require bringing together, and greater care in

the drawing and the painting might have been desirable. G. SMITH, in a picture which bears the title 'Beware of the Dog' (5), indulges in a pleasant distribution of colour, the blending of pink, red, and yellow, set off by purple, an arrangement which gives brilliancy and beauty to Mulready's later works. E. COCKBURN, by his little picture 'Daddy's Coming' (224), wins great praise. This cottage interior is after the usual sort, with the addition of a small incident thrown towards the window. The sun has just set over the hill country, in which "daddy" toils as peasant labourer, and with the blush of evening comes the hope of a father's return. And so the little boy has clambered to the window, and with joy announces that "Daddy's coming." A. PROVIS, in an 'Interior' (116), has attained a quality of light that we have not yet observed in his duodecimo editions, which, in smallest compass, contain so many jottings. We cannot pass without commendation, 'Industry' (25), by G. H. BOUGHTON; and 'Reading the Scriptures' (35), by J. M. BARBER. Nor can we certainly forget 'The Squire's Feast' (272), by G. B. O'NEILL, a full composition of contrasted character, ranging from old women drinking tea to the sleek clergyman with bland smiles and spiritual patronage entering at the door.

A. TIDEMAND, the deservedly honoured national painter of Norway, has attempted to surpass his former self in the delineation of 'An Old Norwegian Duel' (542). His previous works, seen at the International Exhibition and elsewhere, have been sympathetic; this is repulsive. Mr. Tidemand has written to his "Dear Mr. Phillips" a letter since printed, which tells us, "that the duel which forms the subject of my picture is a fight with axes, a weapon much in use about one hundred and fifty years ago. . . . My picture represents the issue of a combat with this weapon, and that issue, in the present instance, is fatal to both parties. . . . The duel took place at a farm in Tellemark, in Southern Norway, and the place is still shown where seven men fell in combat. They had long been feasting and drinking at the farm, when high words were uttered, closely followed by defiance, and that by fight. The man who had first been struck down, has been laid on the bench near the table. His young wife, frantic with grief, leans over him, and her child, dimly conscious of a great misfortune, hides its face in the mother's lap," &c., &c. These extracts may suffice to indicate that a picture which reaches no ordinary dimensions, has been crowded as thick as it can hold with horrors. This, we think, is, for several reasons, a mistake. Among others, while the grandeur of tragedy has been missed, the spectator is left to muse on the miserable issue of what we in England should deem nothing else than a tavern broil. The work, notwithstanding, merits respect, even admiration. It contains nearly thirty figures, elaborated by study, and intense with expression. It is indeed the artist's most mature and ambitious work; yet are we bound to repeat, that chiefly from an error in the choice of the subject, the picture is a blunder. A style homely and truthful, which does not possess any great inherent fascination, is the more dependent upon a theme which shall, as in the best known works of Tidemand, come home to the heart.

OUTDOOR FIGURES, RUDE, RUSTIC, AND REFINED.

The out-door life of our northern latitude contrasts in its sombre colours with the bright and festive existence enjoyed by the peoples of the south. Yet our English school has now, for several generations, turned to good account scenes which, denied to the

sunny south, peculiarly pertain to our English climate. As long as in our happy isle the seasons of seed-time and of harvest come round—whenever man puts the sickle to the golden field, and women bind the sheaf, and children flock as gleaners to gather the portion given to the poor, so often may the artist with rejoicing place in his portfolio "outdoor figures, rude, rustic, and refined."

A. RANKLEY has seldom been seen to so much advantage as in the present year. His principal work, 'The Doctor's Coming' (347), has remarkable force and effect. The subject is a gipsy encampment—mother, father, and infant child, are disposed at the mouth of a rude tent, the firelight shining brightly into their faces. Illness has entered their dwelling, if dwelling or home it can be called, and aid must be got from the neighbouring village. The outer landscape is grey in twilight, or rather dark, in a night illumined only by stars. Seen in the distance, a man on horseback trots across the moor, and approaching near to the tent, hurries forward a little girl, who proclaims, "The doctor's coming." From the same artist we have another work, in a diverse mood, 'A Chat across the Way' (168). By the side of a garden stands a pleasant-looking girl, neatly, not to say smartly, dressed, and possessed of a winning manner. She chats across the way to her companion, who looks and listens, leaning out of a window. The picture is nicely painted. Mrs. ROBINSON may learn a lesson from this unpretending idea, carried out with animation, yet free from ostentation. A flaunting damsel, painted by this lady, will not take in any one, so the 'Beware' (236) of the title, from the following well-known lines of Longfellow, was scarcely needed,—

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! beware!"

Close at hand is a little 'Limerick Lace Girl' (235), by E. HAVELL, a maiden who, unlike the dangerous beauty just passed, will not ensnare by her guile, though she may win by her innocence. This is a pretty face, beaming with health, colour, and the sunshine of smiles, capably painted. Hard by runs 'The Streamlet' (262), by E. HOLMES, and stooping over it is a girl dipping for water; the landscape accessories form a brilliant study. 'Counting the Change' (455), by C. S. LIDDERDALE, is another country lass, doing her best to look picturesque; having sold her eggs from her basket, she sits on a stile reckoning the proceeds. We always have reason to admire this artist's quiet, unassuming manner. Passing to the great "East Room," and running the eye along, or a little above, the skirting board, we come upon several works which invite, while they reward, close inspection. 'The Fern Gatherer' (19), by R. HERDMAN, may be commended for its rich and golden colour. 'Say Ta' (36), by G. D. LESLIE, is a composition not unworthy of a name honoured in the annals of English Art. In a barge moored by the side of a canal are a mother and child; a couple of well-dressed ladies, taking a walk on a fine summer's day, notice the poor woman, and give her infant an apple. "Say ta, baby," is the mother's natural response and injunction. This homely incident the artist transcribes just as it might have occurred, without any apparent artifice in the composition. Yet a moment's analysis will suffice to show that a good reason can be given for the placing of every incident; and certainly no pains have been spared in the study of the numerous accessories. G. H. BOUGHTON, after the misty manner which certain French artists affect, shadows forth

an old gossip, bearing Mrs. Gamp's umbrella we should suppose, who enforces her 'Interminable Story' (90) on a girl just out from a church school. 'Left in Charge' (106), by L. C. HENLEY, a baby left in care of elder children, is one of those pretty and oft-repeated compositions at a cottage door which tell so well when nicely painted. 'Pascuccia' (127) is the name given by R. LEHMANN to a Roman model, who, laying aside a bundle of sticks, extends his hand for charity. The figure is painted with a smooth surface, and clothed in a dun colour; both obtain little favour in this country. Close by let the visitor not fail to observe 'Moss Troopers fording a Morass' (129), by F. WEEKES. The visors of the horsemen are up, and piercing eyes look for the approaching enemy from afar. The small pictures of this young artist, the son of an Academician, are never wanting in character. A little further on we come upon another good idea, quaintly conceived and capably painted, 'Music versus Work' (147), by J. E. WORRALL. A boy of all work has laid aside his broom to play on a tin whistle. We are always glad when it is possible to steal a laugh within the solemn propriety walls of the Academy. To Mr. MARKS we generally look for any little fun we may promise ourselves, but he has turned to moralising. 'Say not to thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee' (464), is the proverb which this painter enforces at the shop door of a fat and jolly baker, whose heart of charity a poor minstrel playing in the streets has failed to soften. The scene is laid in a French town, thronged with characters after the usual type—girls, for example, are drawing water at a well, and three monks converse with a country peasant. The style, which is of a quaint and severe naturalism, maintains good keeping with the gable ends of the mediæval houses. The two other pictures by this artist, 'Doctors Differ' (326), and 'The House of Prayer' (584), though smaller in size, are choice in quality. In the last, an old woman, with a child by her side, is seated in the aisle of a church; a Gothic tomb of mitred bishop serves to give state and solemnity to the spot. The scene is impressive. The widow, with open book, offers for herself and her child the prayer to God, "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed." And now in the circuit of the exhibition, in search after the pictures which can be strung together with running comment, having reached the North Room, we may as well add to our list the eccentric though clever productions of J. A. WHISTLER. Immediately above 'The House of Prayer,' just passed in review, happens to hang Mr. Whistler's 'Wapping' (585). If contrast were desired, here it may be found with a vengeance, in the opposition of a church to a pot-house. At Wapping, it would seem, is a public-house with balcony overlooking the Thames; at all events, within the picture, which seems true to the very life seen on the spot, sits a repulsive company, the centre figure a man of desperate ugliness. The choice of a subject so repellent deserves censure. Nothing can redeem characters thus completely sunk in vulgarity. However, it is but just to acknowledge that in the painting of the river, and the craft floating thereon, Mr. Whistler has shown marvellous power. Near at hand, the same artist shows his versatility, not to say genius, in another picture, 'Die Lange Lizen—of the Six Marks' (593), a title which, we believe, being interpreted may mean, the long Chinese lady painting a choice vase, known as a class to connoisseurs by six marks. Mr. Whistler, in this singular but clever conceit, affects the

Chinese manner; the lady might herself have sat as a model to a painter of the celestial empire; or she looks as if she had just stepped out from a china bowl, so stiff is she in bearing, and so redolent of colour is her attire. We may expect great things of Mr. Whistler, if he will but bring his talent under the control of common sense. And as we seem to have fallen for the moment into a vein of pictorial eccentricity and paradox, we may as well take flight to another room, where hangs aloft at the sky, 'Ex Voto' (230), by A. LEGROS. A murder appears to have occurred at no distant period on the confines of a forest, and the spot is marked, after the custom in many countries, by a picture, before which a company of women, near relatives of the deceased, have come in affectionate pilgrimage to pay their devotion. The figures are large, somewhat crude in the whites, and in mieu more repellent than attractive. The style, wholly foreign to our English school, surprises by its novelty. W. Q. ORCHARDSON is another artist who strikes a key to which our senses are as yet unattuned. 'The Flowers o' the Forest' (414), figures in an open field, by this artist, is a work stamped by an independent spirit.

Poets there are, both true and pseudo, such as Watts, Princep, Poynter, and others. A little picture by the first of these artists, called 'Choosing' (395), is, to the last degree, charming. The subject is simple, nothing more than the head of a girl leaning forward in the act of smelling and choosing a flower, herself a flower tender and lovely. Mr. WATTS, in this small work, certainly one of the most artistic in the exhibition, shows his usual subtle sense of the harmony of colour. Mr. PRINCEP, as we have already hinted, aspires to be a poet-painter, but at present, however high-flown may be his thoughts, his gift of expression at least lags far behind. In the last exhibition this artist came into prominent regard by a large composition, which gained a place upon the line. "We have not spared," we then wrote, "the defects in Mr. Princep's picture; we may, however, in conclusion say, that the power it displays should, at no distant day, secure for its painter an illustrious position." We regret now to add that the defects which marred this painter's previous work still continue to preclude him from that high position to which he evidently aspires. Looking at such a production as 'Benedick and Beatrice' (560), we should surmise indeed that the painter errs from fostering an ambition beyond his attained technical mastery. Surely the anatomy of poor Benedick is painfully dubious in vital organs. The single life-size figure christened 'Berenice' (3), does not want nobility. Robert Brown-ing writes—"Berenice"

"Is a lady, such a lady: hands so white and lips so red;
On the neck the small head buoyant, like a bell-flower
on its bed,
O'er the breast's superb abundance."

The painter has given no unworthy embodiment to the poet's rapturous words. At all events, Berenice is of a bouncing size; but she would have been more winning had the artist, for the occasion, assumed greater delicacy and suavity of manner. 'The Siren' (509), by E. J. POYNTER, is a graceful figure, not so much in the style of Mr. Frost's chaste nudités, as after the manner of Mr. Leighton's refined voluptuousness. The siren holds the spell of enticing beauty, and in her eye lurks sinister intent as she strikes her harp, and sings—

"Whither away? fly no more;
Whither away from the high green field, and the
happy blossoming shore?"

The "exhaustless East" furnishes Webb, Herbert, jun., and Lewis with scenes graphic in character and gorgeous in colour. Mr.

WEBB'S 'Shop in Jerusalem' (383) is, in execution, unequal. The camel's head, the turban-covered Bedouin, with certain accessories, are well painted. 'In the East' (535), by Mr. HERBERT, jun., may be commended especially for its translucent atmosphere, flooded with light. The East also in the various pictures by J. F. LEWIS, A., obtains elaborate and circumstantial chronicling. 'The House of the Coptic Patriarch, Cairo' (110), ranks as the largest work painted by this artist for many a year: would that we could add the best. It has been rightly said that upon this single canvas are crowded materials for twenty pictures; and in order that the reader may fully realise the force of this assertion, we give the following catalogue of contents: two camels, two goats, two Turks, one camel-driver, two women, two boys, forty-one pigeons, four ducks, and one cat! This, of course, does not include the infinitude of small items which crowd a Cairo court-yard, here scattered as sand on a sea shore. This medley shows no effort at composition, no striving to bring into unity the conflict of distracting incidents. As for the tank of water in the centre of the yard, it might be a bed of gravel or a ploughed field. But what is wanting in this picture finds ample recompense in 'The Caged Doves, Cairo' (577). The sunlight streaming through the lattice window, sparkling as it falls like a shower of gold on the lady's dress, is an effect which Mr. Lewis has often striven after, and now attains even to the point of incredible perfection.

With two delightful pictures we will conclude our review of the class of works in which man is dominant over nature, in which the figure preponderates over the inclusive landscape. Mr. WEBSTER's serio-comic composition, 'The Battle of Waterloo' (249), is in his happiest mood. A penny peep-show, doing no doubt infinite justice to the great victory, has been just put up, much to the delight of the children of the place, who crowd round eager for a look. Every countenance tells its individual tale. Some urchins are wondering, others patiently waiting; some anxiously longing, others laughing; while one is drinking in the marvels of the scene quite to his heart's content. No man reads the character of a child with the intuition of Mr. Webster. Lastly, yet emphatically, let us commend to loving admiration the little picture of 'The Wounded Robin' (394), by H. LE JEUNE, A. The poor robin, lying helpless in the cold snow of winter, calls forth the sympathy of children on a neighbouring bank, ready to bring succour. The work, within its simple sphere, is gentle and sweet.

LANDSCAPES, SEA-PIECES, AND PAINTINGS OF ANIMALS AND STILL-LIFE.

T. CRESWICK, R.A., contributes one of the largest landscapes painted since the days of Salvator Rosa and Titian. 'Across the Beck in the North Country' (470) has the advantage of being thoroughly English, both in simplicity of subject and in fidelity to nature. We all know what a change has come upon landscape art since the times of Gaspar Poussin and of Claude, and even since the days of their English disciples, Loutherbourn and Wilson. Of the old broad, bold, and "blottesque" manner, which threw in shadows or painted mountains with one simple sweep of the brush, there are now few, if any, representatives. In some respects the Linnell family, father and sons, so far, at all events, as they have remained untainted by the "Pre-Raphaelite" heresy, preserve the old and grand traditions. They often paint a picture for the sake of an idea, or, in other words, they make nature's moving drama

of effects dominant over inanimate materials. 'Haymakers' (37), by J. LINNELL, sen., must thus be received as a display of colour, and little more. To the family of the Linnells we may here add the two Danbys, and the Brothers Boddington, Percy, and Gilbert, three several households who have signalised our English landscape school by harmony of colour or thrilling poetry of effect. It is, perhaps, matter of regret that each of these families is known by its separate and prescriptive manner, as if letters patent had been taken out, giving to each establishment the exclusive privilege of perpetual reproduction of the favoured and specified idea. Thankful, indeed, must a member of any one of these fraternities feel, when a thought not already used up dawns upon his intellect. Watching closely the line of march taken by these artists across the field of nature, it becomes interesting to notice when any of the number may have stolen on an unbeaten track. We incline to think that T. DANBY has, in the present year, been thus fortunate. Certain it is that in his picture, 'The Escape' (534), he shadows forth a poem suggestive through mystery and impressive by pathos. A boat laden with fugitives is borne on a tumultuous sea, for the sun has gone down in wrath this day, and the wave, and the sky, and the heart of man, are sorely troubled. The brother, J. DANBY, paints 'North Shields' (323), illumined by the sun of Venice. The sky is deep in space and atmosphere, through which the bright eye of day pierces with brilliant rays. Messrs. Boddington, Percy, Gilbert, and Williams, are one and all represented by pretty and skilfully-executed pictures, after the style for which they are deservedly known. H. JOHNSON'S 'Temple of Minerva in Ægina' (321) is one of the scenic and dramatic compositions in which this artist delights. Mr. Johnson shows as much art in the construction of his sunset skies as the architect of Ægina did in the building of the temple. Doric column crown a headland which overlooks the blue Mediterranean, sparkling in the light of the setting sun. This temple of Minerva is as a throne, and the sky as a theatre for the elements to play in. J. THOMPSON paints a pretty, cheerful landscape, with figures which confer on it a title, 'The Height of Ambition' (529). 'Watgate Bay' (99), by J. MORGAN, is a careful study of rocky headlands, stretching across a flat beach into the sea.

It is surprising, as it is satisfactory, to see how completely the ultra and more repellent forms of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school have died out. This slavish style, which has had its day, may, however, have done some service as the apprenticeship of genius, and it is but fair to confess that the landscapes which, in our exhibitions, are either hopeful in promise, or are actually complete in mature knowledge, more or less show the good results of that devoted study of nature which was, in fact, the only saving truth which Pre-Raphaelitism proclaimed. The service that Mr. Ruskin has done in this, if in no other direction, should never be forgotten. And now that men's minds can in sober coolness survey the merits of a controversy which once waged so fiercely, the thralldom that formerly threatened our English school need no longer be dreaded, and our young artists may, as freed men, make a fair compact with nature, giving and taking reciprocally, gathering from fields and streams, woods and mountains, truth, beauty, and grandeur, and, at the same time, throwing into things inanimate the language of genius and the colouring of imagination. Thus may we look for, indeed already do we see, the signs of approaching reconciliation, the meeting of schools old and new, the accordance of individual truth with

pictorial unity and the laws of artistic composition.

A carefully studied work, 'Thunder Clouds clearing away' (417), by H. DAVIS, may be quoted as an example, both of the rewards and of the penalties which attend a deliberate "Pre-Raphaelite" career. Criticising the pictures of this painter in last year's academy, we said, "Did we desire to show the advantages to which careful Pre-Raphaelite studies, made by a young man feeling as it were his way, might ultimately be turned in maturer years, we could scarcely obtain better proof than in the works executed by this artist." But the picture by Mr. Davis in the present exhibition shows that the painter is not yet safely out of the wood; he is still entangled in the meshes of Pre-Raphaelitism, he is at this very moment in peril, from his persistent attempts at impossibilities, for he has not yet learnt to surrender trifles in order that he may lay strong hold on master truths. Thus it is that a work of no ordinary merit, which certainly must have cost infinite labour, fails from its scattered details of obtaining commensurate effect. The clever studies by MACCALLUM—certainly in their way not to be surpassed—"The Morning Glow" (505), and 'Mont Blanc from the Val d'Aosta' (564), for the same reason fail in attaining the broad solid masses which tell best in the completion of an exhibition. 'The Bread of Man' (480) is the title that H. L. ROBERTS gives to a careful study of a corn-field. The ears of corn appear to be life-size, and the red flowers and their companion weeds are painted to the same scale. Labour such as this, when it shall be directed to subjects better suited to a picture, will meet with, as it deserves, acknowledgment and reward. We notice a little picture, 'The Whortleberry Gatherer' (52), by Miss M. REDGRAVE, cheerful in concentration of light and colour, careful in study, and altogether worthy of commendation. We also observe another very faithful transcript, 'Mullion Cove, near the Lizard' (520), by Miss A. BLUNDEN. The picture is hard; but that may be as much the fault of the rocks as of the painter. J. B. SURGEY's 'House that Jack built on the Coast of Suffolk' (71), a house constructed out of an old up-turned boat, which serves for a roof, deserves mention for good honest workmanship. Several little pictures by H. MOORE ought not to be passed by without a word of warm recognition. 'In the Cottager's Cow Pasture' (234), this artist gets daylight and also detail, but the execution is dry, and the sky singularly ragged and chalky. We are glad to be able to give all but unqualified approval to J. BRETT's 'Massa, Bay of Naples' (569), a complete reversal of the style adopted in a rude work of former years, called 'The Hedger.' 'Massa' is a picture of remarkable brilliancy; it palpitates with light and heat, like nature herself when basking or rather panting under an Italian sun. The colour, too, is delicious, remarkably tender in the iridescent tones playing on the surface of the water. The flood of sunlight cast across the headland, gold in its brightness and blue in the shadow of the trees, is dazzling. Mr. Brett may have painted works which have obtained more notoriety, but the intrinsic merit of this picture transcends the éclat won by eccentricity. Among the water colours G. WOLFE exhibits a drawing, 'St. Ives Harbour' (632), which is pleasing in effect and detailed in study.

Certain artists there are who, not adhering to the old school, and not given over to the new—far removed on the one hand from the slushy, sloppy generalisation which scarcely distinguished apart any one of the seven days of God's creation, and equally distant,

on the other, from the scattered dottings and scratchings which the genuine Pre-Raphaelite calls nature—certain painters there are, such as Leader and Hulme, and perhaps we may add V. Cole, who are able to walk in the middle way; who, while they gather a pebble or cull a flower lying at their feet, can yet raise the eye to the distant mountain, or take a wide survey across the stretching plain. Mr. V. COLE, in his noble landscape, 'The Decline of Day' (346), is certainly still a little scattered, a vice pertaining to the school out of which we trust he is now finally emerging. Some pictures there are that set forth nature in mean attire and in poverty-stricken aspect; but a landscape such as this is specially to be extolled in that it gives to the earth its glory, as when God pronounced a blessing and declared that all He had made was good. 'Ockham, Surrey, in Summer' (446), by F. W. HULME, is somewhat too green, if not for summer, at least for a picture. Yet is the painter to be commended, among other things, for the adroitness with which he has dealt with the difficulty of the season he chooses. His summer greens run through the gamut from high to low, from the sharpness, or rather the brilliancy, of yellow-green down to the coolness of greens grey and blue. Thus, and thus only, can this least pictorial of the hues found in nature be rendered tolerable in Art. If we were asked for the landscape which by its well-balanced merits stood above the reach of criticism, we should probably point to B. W. LEADER's 'Sunny Afternoon, North Wales' (575). This is a careful, studious, unpretending work, in which breadth does not sacrifice detail, nor detail destroy general effect. It is a picture wherein no trick of composition intrudes, for nature seems to grow unchecked by the hand of man, and unconscious of the beauties wherein she is clothed.

We have seen that the Dutch are the prototypes of modern *genre*, and, in like manner, Van Huysum, born at Amsterdam nearly two centuries ago, is the master from which our English school of flower and fruit painting dates its origin, and in some degree derives its style. In certain qualities the pictures of still-life painted in Holland have never been surpassed. However, we incline to think that the flowers culled by our native artists bear a more cheerful and happy countenance than the roses painted in the Low Countries—that more of sunshine sparkles in the eye, that greater freedom sports in flower and leaf. The Misses MUTRIE, indeed, have not unfrequently gone to the wild hedgerow to gather the clematis and the foxglove, which they painted in nature's haunts, leisurely blossoming in unbroken retirement and rest. Our English painters, in truth, have not been unmindful of the Scripture injunction, to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." And then, again, as in 'Primulas in a Pot' (288), exhibited by Miss M. D. MUTRIE, we can trace the culture of delicate hands; we see, as it were, a nature domesticated and brought under training. Seldom, in short, have the two sisters been met with to greater advantage than in 'Spring Flowers' (286), 'Garden Flowers' (561), and 'Souvenir' (544), all painted with loving care. Miss E. H. STANNARD, 'By the Old Garden Wall' (457), heaps up grapes, pine-apple, and melon, with good effect. It is, however, to be regretted that this painter spoils excellent work by a mistaken attempt at grandiose composition; as, for example, in this very picture, where the capitals and entablature of a Greek temple are thrust with ostentation into the background.

Architecture has at no time and in no country been treated with more agreeable

pictorial effect, or been displayed in greater scenic grandeur, than by the artists of England during the last half century. In this telling and popular manner DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., has long enjoyed the mastery—a happy facility of which he gives signal proof in the present exhibition. 'The Castle of St. Angelo' (232) is, in fact, an epitome of the city of Rome. On the left rises Monte Mario; beneath the Mausoleum of Augustus rolls the Tiber, spanned by the Roman bridge which bears the angels of Bernini; on the right may be distinguished the Pope's palace of the Quirinal, and in the further distance is shadowed forth the Pincian hill. As a matter of course, a stone pine raises its umbrella-head into the sky, and the foreground is set off with the usual etceteras of broken columns and entablatures. The picture in its treatment is brilliant; and for concentration of objects world-wide in renown, it can scarcely be surpassed in interest. W. HENRY paints 'Venice' (313) in a manner which calls for emphatic eulogy. His style is not that of Turner, of Cooke, or of Roberts, but of Canaletto, literal as a photograph, yet not without the quiet poetry that speaks through simple facts unadorned. G. STANFIELD's 'Amphitheatre, Verona' (496), combines the fidelity that an architect demands, with the pictorial effect in which the public delights.

Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., and E. W. COOKE, R.A., divide the empire of the sea, which bears in calm glasses, as in a mirror, the bark that rides upon her tranquil breast, or in breeze and storm lashes with wild waves a rock-bound coast. Mr. STANFIELD, in two companion pictures—companions in contrast—'War' (155) and 'Peace' (170), tells a story, and thereby paints and points a moral. The abode of 'Peace' is on the Medway, where men-of-war lie in ordinary, as giants who have laid aside their arms, and are content to enjoy the consciousness of power in repose. Other ships, too, there are, which spread their wing-like sails against the sky, ready to take to flight on the peaceful errand of commerce. The heaven is serene, and nature rests in tranquil beauty. In the companion picture, the god of war thirsts for slaughter. Dark clouds lower, and the lurid smoke of the cannon covers the sky in a mantle of darkness. A man-of-war throws shells into the town on the distant horizon, which already is consumed by fire. In conception these two pictures are in Mr. Stanfield's happiest mood; the execution is careful, even faltering. Mr. COOKE appears, on his election as Royal Academician, in full strength; and, certainly, by the handsome gift of 'Scheveling Pincks running to anchor off Yarmouth' (223), his "diploma work," he has shown unwonted generosity. A Dutch boat, its tan-brown sail relieving against the dark sky, drives before a raging storm. The sea is admirable for the drawing of waves, justly balanced in ever-changing curves, and lovely in transparent colours, which pass through delicate transition from greys to blues and emerald greens. Among Mr. Cooke's three remaining pictures, 'The Ruins of a Roman Bridge, Tangier' (466), can certainly never be forgotten. Last year this artist, in his picture 'The Rock of Gibraltar,' delighted Murchison and the geologists; in the present season, by the remarkable fragment of a giant Roman bridge, he gives no less pleasure to Fergusson and the architects. An arch being broken, a caravan—consisting of camels, merchants, and attendants—is seen in the act of fording the mountain torrent. In the foreground grow the cactus and tall sedgy grass, and in the distance rise the Spanish shores and stretch the Straits of Gibraltar. The remaining coast scenes in the exhibition are not numerous. What can

F. R. LEE, R.A., mean by such a work as 'Adrift on the Ocean' (451)? We have heard it conjectured that this is a picture of whales, but how any fish, large or small, can live in chalk water and lead, requires further explanation. C. E. JOHNSON paints 'The Launch' (177), a small work, thoroughly well studied. In few words, it is difficult for us to express due admiration for Mr. NATHAN'S 'Last Tack Home' (444). This is a picture of uncompromising truth and of unconscious poetry, and the execution possesses first-rate quality.

The Academy has not been so strong for a long time in animal pictures as in the present year. Our three chief painters of horses, sheep, and other quadrupeds—Landseer, Cooper, and Ansdell—are at their best. SIR EDWIN LANDSEER is represented by no less than four works, of which 'The Piper and the pair of Nutcrackers' (82), and 'The Polar Bears' (163), attain to the pretty poetry, and even reach the tragic grandeur, where-with this artist has from time to time invested the sportive play as well as the more desperate action of the animal creation. The first of these pictures presents us with a bullfinch piping before a pair of squirrels, painted with all the finish and facility, and set off with that indescribable grace, which exclusively pertain to Landseer. The second of the two pictures we have mentioned takes the spectator to the terror-striking ice-fields where Franklin and his companions found in death snow for their grave and winding-sheet. Two hungry bears have come upon the relics of the expedition—a mast, a sail, a telescope, and a flag. One of the savage brutes tears the red union jack, the other crunches the rib bones of an unfortunate navigator. The cold mountains of ice, vast and desolate, are illumed by gleams of sunlight. Altogether the picture is remarkably impressive by its poetry, pathos, and terror. In execution the work is a little slight, and the bodies of the bears are certainly wanting in substance. T. S. COOPER, A., has seldom been seen to greater advantage. 'Sunshine and Shadow' (211), may be accepted as a summary of the artist's powers. Here cattle and sheep are reposing in the fat meadows, where the tranquil waters flow. Here the cool shade of the grey and silvery willow, capitably painted, invites to noontide rest. Some of the sheep are enjoying a siesta; others, with drowsy eye and patient bearing countenance, pant with heavy breath under the summer heat. R. ANSDELL, A., in his effective picture, 'Sheep rescued' (231), while seeking power, is betrayed into blackness. For this want of tenderness of tone, sometimes felt painfully in this artist's works, we are given as a recompense 'Lytham Sandhills' (513), which, for the delicate and quiet qualities of its silvery sky and sea, set off by the brilliant contrast of black and white cattle standing in the foreground, we are happy to rank among the painter's choicest products.

SCULPTURE.

A word will suffice for this cellar and its contents. Seldom, even in the days when sculpture was committed to "the black hole" of the Academy, have we found a collection that does so little justice to the admitted resources of the English school. Each of the styles, however, whereby the art of sculpture is distinguished has a few solitary, if not very signal examples, which we shall pass in cursory review. The school that seeks to cast poetry into plaster, or aspires to carve beauty in marble, is upheld by J. HANCOCK'S 'Penseroso,' a figure poetic and in conception consonant with Milton's words,

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."

The artist, however, will do well to revise his drapery, which at present, in its too decisive folds, militates against the force of the head. But it is for Mr. Leifchild that the poet's bay wreath must be reserved. His 'Erinna' bespeaks genius, a genius however that lies under a heavy debt of gratitude to Michael Angelo. Mr. Leifchild is haunted by the vision of Night and Morn which slumber convulsively in the chapel of the Medici. Yet while he follows after the giant Tuscan is he preserved from the extravagance that has usually befallen the great sculptor's imitators. J. DURHAM, in the gently sleeping 'Daughter of the Earl of Lincoln,' glides from portraiture into poetry, so tenderly has he modulated the flesh, such exquisite form and expression has he given to a slumber-lying hand. The sisters, Misses THORNYCROFT, deserve a welcome on their first coming out, the one with a bust commendable for simplicity, the other with a figure of Ophelia, noteworthy as a pretty idea. J. REMACKERS'S 'Peep of Day' and 'Evening Star' are charming little heads, carried out with attractive execution. PORTEVIN'S 'Joueur de Billes' is perhaps the most original statue in the room, but belongs to that section in the French school which strives to be clever, and condescends not to be pleasing.

Then passing to portraiture, we give pre-eminence to Baron MAROCHETTI'S bust of Dr. Blackwood, for quiet strength and pronounced character; and to J. ADAMS'S head of D. Colnaghi, for individual detail, massed and mellowed in well-kept unity. Of the several styles of bust making, broad and sketchy, minute and even "Pre-Raphaelite," some good examples are not wanting. M. NOBLE'S head of 'Sir James Outram' is the style emphatic and dogmatic. BOEHM'S rough-hewn bust of Charles Newton is picturesque. M. WOOD'S marble portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales show manipulation soft and polished; and T. WOOLNER'S graphic head of Mr. Combe is of school Pre-Raphaelite. Among full-length portraits, H. WEEKES, R.A., exhibits one for commendation, another for criticism. The figure of 'William Harvey' is what a portrait statue ought to be; here somewhat of a genius and a gentleman stands fittingly before posterity. In different guise does 'John Hunter' sit before the world, altogether free and easy in attitude, a manner that Roubilliac or Bernini might have caught at gladly.

In conclusion we repeat the exhibition is good; yet good though it be, we trust that, in coming years, we shall be able to congratulate the Academy on a display still better. We may anticipate that, ere very long, the painters of certain works which now cumber the walls will be taken to a reward not found in this world. We may hope that the space thus gained will be occupied to better advantage by the mature pictures of men now rising into power, as well as by the works of other artists at present held aloof through the too exclusive character of the Academy itself. We trust, in short, that the time is not far distant when the collective genius of the country shall be gathered into an enlarged and reformed corporate body, worthy of our people and of our national arts. Then, and not till then, shall we have right to expect from the Government the grant of a building adequate to the demands of the entire profession, and to the growing exigencies of the three great arts of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture. Looking forward to the realisation of these desires, we again repeat that the present exhibition, though good, will be followed in the future by still better.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ORANGE MERCHANTMAN GOING TO PIECES.

Engraved by R. Wallis.

THIS picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1819, bore the lengthy title of 'The Meuse: Orange Merchantman going to pieces on the Bar. Briel Church bearing south-east by south; Maas-Sluis east by south.' The spectator of the painting was thus left in no doubt as to the scene represented, and the locality where the disaster occurred. The former almost declares itself, for oranges are floating about on the surface of the water, and the crew of the near boat are hauling in a box of the fruit; in the middle distance is the wreck, round which a number of fishing-boats are gathered to aid in unloading the vessel, or to pick up whatever of cargo, rigging, &c., may have been detached from it. None but an artist of consummate genius like Turner, who often developed it in an eccentric manner, would have treated such a subject in so singular a way as to dot the water with yellow spots, and with a definite purpose, that of enriching the colour of the water; the pictorial value of these introductions can only be estimated by examining the canvas itself.

Though in point of grandeur this composition is inferior to many of Turner's sea-pieces, it is nevertheless a very brilliant picture. The sky expresses an April day, clouds laden with rain pass rapidly over it; sunshine and shadow alternately lighten and shroud the view. The storm which wrecked the merchantman must have dispersed some hours ago, but the wind is yet high, causing a long rolling motion of the waves. The arrangement of the various vessels is most picturesque, and the whole scene is instinct with life.

The little town of Briel, sometimes called *The Brill*, seen in the distance to the right, is situated near the mouth of the Meuse, or Maas; it has a large and commodious harbour, capable of holding several hundred vessels. The town is principally inhabited by a seafaring population, principally fishermen and pilots, but it is not without some historical interest. In 1572 the confederate Flemings and Dutch having been driven out of the Netherlands by the Spanish Duke of Alba,* equipped a fleet in England, and entered the harbour of Briel, which surrendered to them, and thus became the earliest seat of the independence of the Dutch republic. In 1585 the town was given up to our Queen Elizabeth, as security for advances made by her to the states of Holland, and it continued garrisoned by English soldiers till 1616, when it was restored. Briel, which is only a few miles from Rotterdam, is a well-built town, and strongly fortified.

Mr. Wornum, in his published remarks on Turner's picture, says:—"This very spot was the scene of an important naval battle in 1351, in the civil war between Margaret of Hainault and her second son, William. Margaret, wife of the Emperor of Germany, became Countess of Holland on the death of her brother. The provinces, with her son at their head, endeavoured to expel her. Her Hainault ships, with the assistance of some English and French vessels, gained a victory over her son off the island of Walcheren, and followed his retreating ships to the mouth of the Meuse, where William, having received reinforcements, gained a decisive victory over his mother. Margaret fled to England, and was shortly followed thither by her son. A peace was made between them by the intercession of the English king, Edward III. William took possession of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, while the Countess retained Hainault. William married, in England, Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster."

* This Duke of Alba was, undoubtedly, the ablest general of his age, but a most bitter enemy of the Protestants, and almost a Nero in cruelty. He beheaded the Counts d'Egmont and Horn, and caused the secretary of the former nobleman to be torn to death by horses. When the town of Haarlem surrendered to his forces, he executed two thousand of the inhabitants after promising immunity to all if they submitted. During the time he held the military government of the Spanish Netherlands, it is computed that he delivered into the hands of the executioner no fewer than eighteen thousand victims, and kindled a war which raged for thirty-seven years, cost Spain the blood of her best troops, immense treasures, and the final loss of some of her richest provinces.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXT

R. WAILES SCULPT

ORANGE MERCHANTMAN GOING TO PICTES

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

THE SOCIETY
OF
PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE SIXTIETH EXHIBITION.

PUBLIC opinion pronounces this one of the best exhibitions ever known. In some respects, and in some only, this verdict is correct. It is true that, with the advance in the taste of the people, and with the more than corresponding development of professional talent, the number of decidedly inferior works has, year by year, steadily diminished, and, consequently, in an equal ratio the collective average becomes high. Furthermore, when the art of water-colour painting consisted of little more than a wash—the resources of the artist were necessarily circumscribed within comparatively narrow limits. But as the colours at command multiplied, as the papers manufactured became of every variety of substance and surface, from the smoothness of an ivory tablet to the roughness of a brick and plaster wall, and as the modes of manipulation magnified the power of the skilful master ambitious to push his art to the utmost pitch of elaboration, so did water-colour painting at length extend its dimensions and enhance its glory, so that the question now arises, whether the world, in the entire circuit of its history, in its boasted methods of fresco, tempera, encaustic, or oil, has ever known a medium so consummate in advantage as water. And now we have at length arrived at a period when the process of this water-colour painting is all but perfected. One artist may, as compared with his brother artist, turn to better account the opportunities or privileges placed at his disposal. That is a question of individual aptitude and skill; but the fact remains, notwithstanding the deficiency or efficiency of individual professors, that the art, as an art, has now reached to its utmost resources and its fullest development. No painter in water can now complain that the materials at his command are faulty instruments for the expression of his thoughts. Whatever is in a man may now come out clothed either in sportive brilliancy or in sombrest shadow, just as he desire. These facts and considerations being duly weighed, it no longer is matter of surprise that the present exhibition shows steady progression on its predecessors. The art, as an art, being now capable of all that a painter's most sanguine imagination can demand, we find that the artist has taken widest and freest range over an illimitable nature, bringing from his storehouse things wondrous, both new and old. And so it is that there is nothing which has happened in history, no effect or form known to outward nature, that we may not expect to see put in brilliant array upon the walls of our water-colour exhibitions. The variety is infinite, and the modes of manifestation know not limitation. In the present exhibition, for example, Richardson, Palmer, Branwhite, Newton, George Fripp, Whittaker, Foster, and Davidson have portrayed nature in her pride and her humility, in her moments of joy and of sorrow, in her brightest garb and in her funeral pall. Again, if we turn to the world of humanity, Burton, Alfred Fripp, Gilbert, Walter Goodall, Haag, Jenkins, Tayler, Topham, Lundgren, Smallfield, and Walker are as an army to subdue and take possession of life and history. Thus it is that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; and thus is it the verdict before entered, that this is one of the greatest exhibitions ever known, is substantially true. It is better than that of last year, by virtue of the law which will make the exhibition of

1865 better than all that have preceded it. Still, notwithstanding the ever-rising average, have we reason to deplore the absence of any one work of commanding mastery.

The post of honour has rightly been accorded to Mr. BURTON's studious drawing, 'The Meeting on the Turret Stairs' (82). Mr. Burton, from his first contribution to the gallery up to this his maturest work, has set himself earnestly to acquire that academic accuracy of drawing which the history of Art abundantly proves to be essential to the achievement of pure forms, and the expression of noble ideas. It has been too often the misfortune of water-colour Art to take refuge in a broad, suggestive wash, which imparts to the spectator little more than a pleasing impression. Mr. Burton, with a few others who of late years keep him company in our exhibitions, bids fair to impart to water-colour painting a higher range. The subject of his present composition is shrouded just in that mystery which gives wing to conjecture. A warrior clad in coat of mail meets a lady in the narrow winding of a turret stairs; they pass, yet not without snatching a hasty embrace that tells of love yet burning in the embers of its former fire. Mr. SMALLFIELD must be commended as another of our artists studious of form, yet seduced by colour. 'The Slave of the Fish-pond' (224) is a Nubian boy designedly thrown into an attitude which courts the utmost difficulty in foreshortening. The artist has not quite solved the problem he set himself. The picture, however, in quality of light and colour, is exquisite. The slave takes from the fish-pond, overgrown with lilies, the golden fish. The bright lilies, the gold fire of the fish, the warmth of the Nubian's copper skin, vie with each other; against which weight of colour is balanced the chalky white of the stone steps and terrace, and the cool blue of tender leaves. 'The Time of Roses' (46) is another gem from the same easel. "Oh! Roses," writes the poet, "for the flush of youth,"—the age of innocence and beauty of which the queen of flowers may serve as a symbol. Besides a spell of loveliness, this drawing possesses noteworthy technical excellencies. The pearly white of the dress, and the cool of the grey sky, give enhanced value to the blush of the youthful complexion. Some plebeian heads in this gallery by the same artist are not so completely to our taste. The drawings of ALFRED FRIPP have for some years taken the lead in this school, which seeks after subtle and combined qualities of form, light, and colour. 'The Mischievous Pet' (139) is the drawing in which this artist has laboured most elaborately after this accumulative result. Each separate object, every detail, and especially each touch of colour, has its appointed place and purpose in this composition of concerted harmony. Two small drawings by J. JENKINS, 'Evangeline' (267), and 'Home' (283), deserve commendation for care in the drawing, and for the refined sweetness of the sentiment. For contrast, let us throw in the rudely-vigorous figures of O. OAKLEY. In a composition called 'Happy Leisure' (209), consisting of a lady and a pet parrot, the artist certainly might with advantage have put himself to a little more trouble, at any rate in the drawing and placing of the feet. The simple 'Harvest Child' (305), though small, is one of the best studies by this artist, because the most careful.

But the water-colour artist does not so much delight in the faultless realisation of a single figure, as in the telling working out through a collective group of some pointed narrative. Frederick Tayler, Walter Goodall, Riviere, Topham, Gilbert, and Carl Haag, have long been famed, in their several de-

partments, for the putting together of pleasing pictures of incident. 'The Mistress of the Buck Hounds' (161), by FREDERICK TAYLER, is after this painter's well-known style. The bearing of the horse and its rider has state and grace; a certain high birth and breeding seem to inspire steed and horsewoman; and the hounds, all alive and thirsting for sport, utter a cry which echoes to the hills. In drawing and execution, however, this composition is not in the artist's happiest mood. WALTER GOODALL contributes several pleasing and placid works, which win by innate refinement. Of these, 'A Brittany Interior' (260) is the most considerable. The subject might be met with in half the cottages of the province, and by this, its universality, it becomes the more sympathetic with human nature. A peasant returning to his home, takes his child from the cradle, moved by a father's love; the mother looks on with placid satisfaction. A sunshine of happiness floods into this humble abode. The pleasant effect here gained depends on the fortunate choice of a subject, on the harmony of a balanced composition and the play of joyful light. In actual painting, the artist lags behind these his good intentions. H. P. RIVIERE, for a genuine Irish interior, seasoned with smoke, dirt, and rags, and jovial with the romping dance and the laughter-moving joke, can scarcely be surpassed. He seems latterly, however, at least in 'The Street Opera' (232), to have changed his sketching ground; yet it cannot be denied that he has here hit upon a subject to his humour. Street musicians, though sometimes a nuisance to the ear, may often—as in the group here caught in the very act—be made a delight to the pencil. Mr. Riviere can enjoy fun without descending into coarseness. His drawings have often broad humour, always decisive character, and he carries out his purpose with a firm hand, careful even to the texture of a background. F. W. TOPHAM is ever happy among peasants, but to our fancy he has seldom been more at home than in the present exhibition. Among his varied compositions, the one called 'Saved' (172) is moving and tragic. The saving is that of a boy from the lake close by, where he has narrowly escaped a drowning; his mother, on her knees, thanks Heaven for the deliverance of her son. The moon casts her placid light upon the unconscious waters, and nature is at peace within herself, ready to soothe the sorrows of her suffering children. A newly-elected associate, E. LUNDGREN, sends an effective drawing, 'Choristers at Seville' (216). The rich robes of the priests, the red and white dresses of the singing boys, the light of the candles, the smoke of the incense, the droning countenances of the ecclesiastics, can scarcely fail to arrest attention. The subject is developed by a rough-and-ready hand, with more regard for distant *éclat* than for the admiration which grows on close approach. JOHN GILBERT is another of our artists—deservedly indeed a renowned veteran in Art—who trusts to the effect gained by a force into which he etches as much finish as time or inclination may permit. Some of his drawings show haste. 'The Battle of the Boyne' (20), though it contain passages of mastery, would be improved had extempore dash given place to deliberate study. Mr. Gilbert's two best drawings are that of 'Falstaff and Bardolph' (144), surpassingly excellent for the broad and grotesque delineations of the characters; and secondly, that entitled 'A Tavern Brawl' (2), certainly in the artist's choicest manner. This is no modern tavern or pot-house quarrel over beer and tobacco. The combatants are cavaliers with swords and feathered hats. The tavern itself is a stately interior, pannelled and hung with

portraits and tapestries. In this consummate work, the composition is calculated even to the placing of the minutest object, and the happening of the most trivial incident. The drawing is elaborated by facile lines, after the manner of an etching, and the colour gains the contrast and weight attained by the Dutch masters through the introduction of determined masses of black in the dresses. Assuredly when John Gilbert is at his best, no one in his special line can venture to approach him. CARL HAAG is not seen at his greatest size, but what he may want in magnitude he makes up in quality. Never indeed have we known more thoroughly satisfactory drawings from this artist than the three in which camels, an animal picturesque, yet to the sketcher impracticable, are introduced as the principal characters. 'The Desert' (83), the most important of the three, is, as it were, bridged by a far-extending caravan, which rises as an arched and ruined aqueduct across the thirsty plain. The camels, pictorial and towering, are almost statuesque and monumental in their aspect and dimensions. This drawing is executed with a care which makes close examination not the gratification of curiosity but a delight.

Among the recently-elected associates, we bring together F. Walker and E. B. Jones, certainly not for comparison, but for the sake of violent contrast. Two painters more diametrically opposed never before lived in one hemisphere, and assuredly never could have entered the same exhibition. We receive Mr. Walker as a man who sees nature just like any one of us, only with an eye more gifted. But for Mr. Jones we know not what spectacles he can have put on to have gained a vision so astounding. Had Duccio of Siena, or Cimabue of Florence, walked into Pall Mall and hung upon these walls their mediæval and archaic panels, surely no greater surprise could have been in reserve for the visitors to the gallery. But to get rid of our astonishment as best we may, let us examine in succession and in detail the several productions of F. Walker and E. B. Jones. To Mr. WALKER we are grateful, for he gives us two works which must live for ever in the memory—'Spring' (92) and 'The Church Pew' (317), the last a scene from Thackeray's 'Philip.' 'Spring' brings a girl gathering primroses, whose dress in the act has been caught in a nnt-bush, from the entanglement of which she seeks to free herself. The unconscious girl is seen through the boughs, which, as a net-work, intercept the figure. The situation strikes as novel, and yet is one which might be seen any day on the confines of a wood. For artistic qualities the drawing must be pronounced admirable. The colour is delightfully calm, the execution careful and unostentatious. The primroses and other details in the landscape are put in with mastery, and the only blot we can detect is the slovenly painting of a hand. The other picture by Mr. Walker, a family seated in a church pew, will have been the theme of universal adulation long before these words can issue from the printer's press. It is a drawing which tells much and suggests more. Every face has its history and its lesson; thought and devotion are impressed on each feature. The forms are well rounded, the outlines truthful, the details sufficient to speak the intent; and the colour, like everything else, is content to remain sober and unostentatious. What a wide gulph we must pass, what strange perturbations we must experience ere we can come to the amazing productions of E. B. JONES. Let us approach by way of 'The Annunciation' (200). Here is a bedstead set above a garden, at which the Virgin kneels in her night-dress. The angel Gabriel in his flight

appears to have been caught in an apple-tree; however, he manages just to look in at a kind of trap-door opening to tell his errand. But close at hand the visitor spies another work by the same artist, at sight of which wonder transcends all bounds. That the painter may have the advantage of speaking for himself, we transcribe the title or description which, through the catalogue, is given in elucidation of the mysterious and awe-inspiring conception:—(215) 'Of a knight who was merciful to his enemy when he might have destroyed him; and how the image of Christ kissed him, in token that his acts had pleased God.' The painter has actually ventured to represent Christ, or rather the wooden effigy of Christ on a carved crucifix, in act of bowing down from the cross to embrace the good knight, who, far from being comforted, seems to shake in his clattering armour. Surely in this too literal reading, the artist has committed the grave blunder of forgetting the inherent distinction between the arts of poetry and of painting—between the metaphor permitted to written words and the more literal reading required in positive forms, which stand for visible facts, and cannot be received as mere impalpable conceptions. And then coming to another point, the uses of sacred Art such as this—if, indeed, it can be called sacred—we confess ourselves to be wholly sceptical. We suppose, however, that we must take condemnation to ourselves, when we admit that we are unable to feel such efforts to be reverent, though doubtless designed to be holy even in excess. We cannot, indeed, but fear that such ultra manifestations of mediævalism, however well meant, must tend inevitably, though of course unconsciously, to bring ridicule upon truths which we all desire to hold in veneration. It has been our privilege to study the growth of religious painting in countries where Christian Art was born and reared, and we say deliberately that these works are a violence upon what the great masters have taught as beautiful and true and good. Fervour they may possibly have for minds mortified to all natural sense of beauty, but to those who believe what indeed the noblest Italian Art teaches, that truth is beauty, and beauty is truth, forms such as these are absolutely abhorrent.

Landscape Art, speaking generally, may be divided between schools of detail and of effect; drawings, on the one hand, which, minute in study, have obtained by a strange perversity of language the term Pre-Raphaelite, or, on the other hand, compositions after the broad manner of Wilson and Louthembourg, put together upon a preconceived idea or principle, and designed to express some one dominant thought or emotion, such as the tranquillity of twilight or the wild fury of the lashing storm. And speaking of storm, we may at once dispose of Mr. DUNCAN'S 'Wreck' (5), a tempest with a vengeance, a grand but impossible sea on which the boat could not live an instant. There are painters it would seem, who, like some of our greatest politicians, despise the word impossible. 'A Fresh Breeze' (220), by the same artist, may be noted for its sportive, liquid, grey, transparent sea. T. M. RICHARDSON formed his style when so-called "Pre-Raphaelitism" was unknown, and he consequently can dash at a bold effect without faltering or misgiving. 'A Swiss Village' (184), crowned with the Jungfrau, is one of this painter's most sumptuously clad landscapes. The giant mountain has been squared into huge blocks without any attempt at trivial detail: the composition is of course put together with knowledge of scenic effect. 'Sunrise on the König See' (193), is one of the largest but far from the least objection-

able of that class of ambitious drawings in the execution of which Mr. COLLINGWOOD SMITH must be allowed to stand supreme. If the modern school of landscape have done any service, it has been by throwing out of date and placing at a discount this clever carelessness of hand. A true love and reverence for nature would suggest a more respectful treatment of her forms. The drawings of Mr. BRANWHITE stand alone; pertaining to no one exclusive class, they seek to combine power in effect with emphasis of detail. 'The Gleam of Winter Sunlight' (236) is one of the most telling efforts of this artist, vigorous in execution, rich and varied in colour, and grand in form. ALFRED NEWTON, some few years since, took the world by surprise, especially for the truth with which he delineated a distant snow-clad mountain in its detailed anatomy. In those days Mr. Newton was classed among "Pre-Raphaelites," with this difference, that the labour which "the brethren" lavished on foregrounds this younger disciple transferred to distances. It had been objected, indeed, that the "Pre-Raphaelites" could not paint a distance. Mr. Newton came to prove the contrary. However this artist, like others of the school, forsook his first love, escaping the bondage of slavishly-wrought details to gain the more easy triumphs of broadly-cast effects. Mr. Newton's drawings this year are unequal; however, 'Loch Levin,' at all events, is in his best manner. A grand scene is here grandly painted. The early snow has flung its filagree white net over the topmost heights; the morning mists are rising from the solemn lake which slumbers under the mountain's shade. A central place of honour has been assigned to Mr. PALMER'S 'Dream on the Apennines' (150), which, by its blaze of colour, pierces with Argos eye across the exhibition. Mr. Palmer might have been painter to the kings of the golden age. His colour-box must certainly be richly stored with the philosopher's stone. The grandest passage in this outlook over the Roman plain is the stately group of trees to the right, which veils the fury of the furnace-burning sun.

After this surfeit, it is a relief to turn to the drawings of GEORGE FRIPP and J. W. WHITTAKER, simple in the unassuming modesty of nature. 'The Pass of Nant Francon' (88), by Mr. Fripp, is specially to be commended for the exquisite tone preserved by allegiance to transparent colour, and for the keeping of the relative distances in their severally allotted places, qualities in which this landscape is without a rival. In passing, we must commend the cattle pictures by BRITTAN WILLIS, for a brilliancy scarcely attained by Cuyt himself. The Venetian drawings by JAMES HOLLAND, also a drawing from the same city by EDWARD GOODALL, ought to claim, by their studied harmony of colour, an attention which the limits of our space unfortunately does not now permit. And so we must at once deal in brief with some leading pictures which illustrate the closing division of our subject, the school of laborious detail. Mr. NAFTAL has for some years shown himself fragmentary and scattered, but he now gives signs of transition from disconnected detail to a collective general effect, and thereby gains proportionate grandeur. Mr. BIRKET FOSTER also, if we mistake not, is striving to mass into unity the infinite dots of which his landscapes have been so dexterously composed. He, too, like others, may be in transition, for none are so perfect as not to strive after something yet unaccomplished. However, to our liking, 'Flying a Kite' (125) can scarcely be surpassed. The composition of the figures with the landscape is adroit; the story is pretty,

the details are sufficient for their purpose and position, and have, above all, been kept duly subordinate to the general effect. In the same category, C. DAVIDSON'S 'Autumn' (112) deserves no stinted praise, as a study of stem drawing, and for its thronging troop of congregated leaves. Two other artists remain to be noticed, and then we have done. ALFRED HUNT has for some time walked in eccentric courses, but now at length, in two remarkable drawings, 'Matterdale' (16), and 'Ullswater' (26), he bids fair to reach the summit towards which his steps have tended. Mr. BOYCE, as witness 'The Old Barn' (299), cherishes a single eye for simple nature, which, in the reverence of deep feeling, he ventures not to alter, or even to compose. The art of this artist, one of the newly-elected associates, is artless.

With pride may the society appeal to this its sixtieth exhibition. The works of one, the most venerable among its members, William Hunt—now, alas! taken from his labours—are here to attest its old renown. An admirable bust, executed by Mr. Munro, stands in the centre of the room in memory of the departed.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE THIRTIETH EXHIBITION.

THE New Society of Water Colour Artists, under the adopted title of "The Institute," opens this year a pleasing exhibition. The gallery is inviting to the eye on first entrance by its varied yet accordant aspect; an agreeable impression which more detailed examination of individual works does not dissipate. Some drawings, it is true, have here gained admittance which had better have been absent altogether. Still, the general average is good—an average which we incline to think mounts higher year by year, giving evidence of satisfactory progression to the society. In each of the departments, indeed, of water-colour Art do these walls display works of noteworthy excellence. Figure-painting is represented with credit by Tidey, Corbould, Jopling, Absolon, and Cattermole. Landscape is delineated pleasantly, and more or less studiously, by Warren the younger, Bennett, Rowbotham, and Reed. Architecture and picturesque buildings are faithfully and forcibly transcribed by Werner and Prout. Sheep have seldom been flocked with greater shepherd care than by Shalders, or flowers culled more lovingly than by Mrs. Duffield, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Margetts, and Mrs. Harris. Here, then, are ample materials for the making of any exhibition agreeable, instructive, and successful.

Two drawings only out of a gathering of three hundred and twenty-three aspire to the lofty region of high Art: the one, 'The Night of the Betrayal' (253), by HENRY TIDEY; the other, 'Morte d'Arthur' (282), by E. H. CORBOULD. Mr. Tidey is one among the few—alas! but too few—of our modern artists who essay religious subjects after the noble manner of the great masters. All honour is due to any painter for venturing on so arduous a task, and we congratulate Mr. Tidey on the very considerable success which has crowned his labours both in the present and the previous exhibition. 'The Night of the Betrayal' is arranged as a triptych in three parts—a centre with two wings, which hang as doors, and close at will upon the largest compartment. This, it will be remembered, is after the manner of the

altar pictures of the middle ages, a mode not ill adapted to our modern and secular uses, inasmuch as the entire composition may be thus closed from light, dirt, or common gaze, and thereby be kept safe and sacred as a cabinet or shrine for a study, an oratory, or even an ordinary drawing-room. The more household gods we can thus make to ourselves the better; the more we can adapt the sacred usages of the Church to our Christian homes, the better shall we be able to infuse into our daily life the poetry of Art and the æsthetic ardour of devotion. This triptych division, moreover, enables a painter to display his subject from diverse and consecutive points of view. It is the misfortune of an artist, as distinguished from a poet, to be limited to a single moment of time; but the painter who spreads, as here, his narrative over three successive tables, can tell of a before and a hereafter. Thus Mr. Tidey gives as the prelude to 'The Night of the Betrayal' 'The Garden of Gethsemane,' and as its sequel 'The Repentance of Peter.' That these works, judged by the highest standard, are wholly satisfactory, is more, perhaps, than can be expected. It is their ill fate that they are animated by a modern spirit, that they are melodramatic and scenic, and that consequently they want the simplicity, and even the sincerity and the singleness of devotion which in the purest schools and periods have given value to religious Art. The contrast which Mr. Tidey institutes between moonlight and torchlight is of course effective, but yet commonplace. The subject might with advantage have been spared from all such easy tricks. The picture would also be improved by greater detail in drawing; by less, on the one hand, of the vaporous style to which the artist is addicted, and, on the other, by more severity of outline, and by forms pronounced with greater firmness. Having pointed out these shortcomings, we again repeat that Mr. Tidey has, taken for all in all, executed a noble work. The figure of Christ in 'The Gethsemane' is specially to be commended for its dignity; and the conception of St. Peter, as he goes out to weep in bitterness, shrouded in the shadow of mystery, is more than usually original—it is indeed a grand reading of the character. We trust that the artist may receive every encouragement for the further prosecution of his arduous labours.

The second work we have mentioned as aspiring to the regions of high or poetic Art is E. H. CORBOULD'S 'Morte d'Arthur,' from the well-known poem by Tennyson. The noise of battle had rolled all day long among the mountains by the winter sea, when the brave King Arthur, stricken by the foe, lay wounded nigh to death. Then drew near a dusky barge, "dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern"—

"And all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream of those
Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the singing stars,
And, as it were, one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the waking of the world.
Then murmured Arthur, 'Place me in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.
So like a shatter'd column lay the king."

We transcribe these lines because they best interpret Mr. Corbould's picture. King Arthur lies stretched upon the barge, attended by his knights, and surrounded by three queens in agony. Every form is noble and lovely, and the drawing both of the heads and of the hands most careful. The colour and texture of the robes and other accessories, and also the lustre of the jewels in the crowns, are realised with infinite care. It is to be regretted that the artist in gaining

substance has lost transparency, and in seeking power has been betrayed into blackness of shadow.

Last year, writing of Mr. JOPLING and his works, then comparatively little known, we said,—"This artist is gifted with an eye for colour, and sometimes shows a pencil precise in drawing, which only requires still further study to meet high reward." This eye for colour has become still more sensitive to the subtleties of harmony, and this pencil still more sedulously trained to accuracy of drawing, so that in the present exhibition we have to congratulate Mr. Jopling on the production of a mature work, which, though nothing more than a single life-size head, has in its kind never been surpassed in the whole range of water-colour Art. 'Fluffy' (232) is the somewhat capricious title which the painter has given to his elaborate study; 'Fluffy' being the name of the little curly, doll-like dog which an affected miss fondles after the prevailing fashion of the moment. The lady rejoices in that rich crop of golden hair which now obtains in the artist-world peculiar favour, not unlike to the auburn tresses wherewith colour-loving Venice crowned her queens of beauty. The background is, of course, chosen for the contrast of complimentary colour; and the dark shadow of a deep purple robe gives still further brilliancy to the soft skin and clear complexion. The execution is elaborate yet facile.

Mr. BOUVIER has a poet's love of beauty; his imagination seems to be smitten with classic harmony of form, and his eye delights in delicate purity of colour. 'The Caryan Slave' (217), a graceful girl dressed in classic robes, bearing a dish of grapes, is a figure which, by its refinement and delicacy of beauty, merits the honour it has received. Some of the younger members of the Royal Family purchased this drawing at a special private view. But the artist has attempted a subject beyond his power in 'The Maids of Honour in the Reign of George I.' (184). It cannot be too often repeated, that a knowledge of drawing is the only sure foundation whereon a painter can build, and that sentiment, feeling, poetry, and every other imaginative gift are too frail to stand, when wanting in the firm basis which the draughtsman's power alone can give. It is a snare to our water-colour painters, that they can take refuge in the facilities and fascinations of the medium in which they work, and that they may attain no inconsiderable success without submitting to the drudgery of thorough academic training. In both societies, however, there are honourable exceptions of men who make precision of hand the indispensable prelude to facility of brush. We may mention, in passing, several small and unpretending compositions by C. GREEN, a newly-elected associate, as commendable for care in outline. This painter, we understand, is practised in drawing upon wood, an art which Albert Durer in olden times, and John Gilbert and Birket Foster in modern, have proved to be propitious practising-ground to mature pictorial productions. CHARLES CATTERMOLÉ, also a newly-elected associate, bearing an honoured name which we are glad to welcome, even for the sake of a well-known veteran, into the ranks of artists bearing promise of renown, would do well to remember that, as we have already said, no success can be stable which does not stand on the correct drawing of the human figure as its starting-point. 'The Casting of the Perseus' (116) is certainly too ambitious an attempt for this painter's present attainments. What he can do, and what he ought to do, is precisely indicated by the more careful study which he has thrown into the single

figure called 'The Warder' (121). This artist, who here comes before us for the first time, is allied in manner to John Gilbert and the elder Cattermole, and, if we mistake not, he possesses qualities which will, before many years, win for him honour and reward. Among his numerous contributions to this gallery, 'Artillery on the March' (94) is, perhaps, the best—a drawing capital in action, character, and composition, excellencies wherein this artist bids to be pre-eminent. The president, HENRY WARREN, contributes several works, not, for the most part, inspired, as in former years, by eastern romance, but humbled down to the simplicity and unassuming truth of our English rural life. 'In the Woods where the sweet Nuts grow' (164) is, we think, among its companions, the most felicitous. The subject pretends to nothing more than a country girl gathering nuts, while her little sister holds up her pinafore to catch the prize. The figures have a winning aspect, and the accessories of the leaves of the forest are brought in with literal and charming fidelity. J. H. MOLE is another of that numerous class of artists who practise the popular style, which gives to landscape the life of figure incident. In this kind of works, of course, sometimes the landscape, and sometimes the figure, rises dominant. 'Stonesay Castle' (47), by Mr. Mole, the precincts peopled by a few interesting figures, attains a lucid noon-tide light pleasant to gaze on. LOTIS HAGHE also combines figures with accessories, and thereby attains accumulative results. But the background which he chooses is not a crowd of green leaves; rather does he call the very stones to witness to the import of the story he tells. 'Torquato Tasso seeking an Asylum in the Convent of St. Onofrio, Rome' (38), adds one more to the many illustrations which Mr. Haghe has given of telling epochs in the world's history. The scene is striking. Tasso, with the cardinal by his side, is met by the monks of the convent, under the portico known by every pilgrim who has entered the Holy City. Beneath, in the distance, winds the Tiber, and rises the Castle of St. Angelo. The drawing shows an eye for pictorial narrative, but the execution, which is at once feeble in hand and florid in colour, fails to carry out the full import of the situation indicated. To Mr. Haghe we always look, and not in vain, for some such impressive historic scene as Tasso retreating to a convent, or Rienzi haranguing the people in the Roman Forum.

Few artists can tell a story more neatly than JOHN ABSOLON. His narrative is clear in what may not inaptly be called pictorial diction; his incidents are well chosen and rightly placed, and his general treatment commends itself as altogether pleasing and popular. In the present exhibition the pencil of this artist is prolific. Mr. Absolon contributes no fewer than eight works, of which the composition entitled 'The Limner' (100) ranks as best. His theme has been suggested by 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' a book of which neither painters nor the public ever tire. "Our taste," writes Goldsmith, "so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet." 'The Limner' is here busy at the picture of "the family;" and near at hand sits Olivia, with the would-be Alexander duly prostrate at her feet. Mr. Absolon has imparted to his drawing much of the sparkling yet sly satire in which Goldsmith as an author delighted. CHARLES H. WEIGALL sends a picture of quiet humour, fairly painted, under the suggestive word 'Opportunity' (225). The good old mother of the house has fallen asleep in her chair, and a lover

thereupon seizes the golden "opportunity" of making urgent appeal to the daughter. Such incidents, however oft repeated, never lose their power to please. Mr. Weigall has told the tale cleverly. After a wholly different manner does Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY make her appeal to the heart, or rather to the conscience. 'The Eleventh Hour' (203) seems to prognosticate the proffered salvation of a hardened offender just ere his sentence, it may be at the gallows, launches his soul into eternal perdition. The culprit is in gaol, his ankles are bound with irons, and a woman who has entered the dungeon for his spiritual rescue, thrusts with impetuous appeal into his face a cross, as the emblem of his deliverance. The scene is portrayed with Mrs. Murray's usual power. The colour is strong, the execution has a rude vigour, and the effect is studiously striking. These qualities Mrs. Murray has long had at her command, and we are happy to recognise in the present work, the best we remember from her pencil, increased care both in the drawing and the execution.

The remainder of this article we must devote to a summary of architectural drawings, sea-pieces, and landscapes. The architecture of streets, churches, and temples, has here found pictorial treatment from several of our artists gifted with an eye for picturesque effect. Between an architectural diagram or elevation and an effective architectural picture, the difference we all know is great. A building must be time-worn, moss-grown, and storm-beaten, it must lose in some measure the marks of the handiwork of man, and have put on the clothing of nature; it must have thrown itself to the elements and have become the playmate of the wind, the rain, and the sunshine, ere its bare walls can be the congenial companions of trees, and rocks, and torrents. Among the artists who, in the present exhibition, prove themselves adepts in this scenic display of architecture, we have marked the names of Vacher, Prout, Deane, and Werner. CHARLES VACHER, in 'The Colossi of Thebes' (48), makes a burning sunset serve as the scenery, in front of which the giants of the plain stand as on the broad stage of Egypt. The numerous drawings contributed by this artist are impressive and poetic in effect, but his style would certainly be more consonant with the subjects he chooses, could he impart to the majestic ruins of the Nile the strength and magnitude which are their due. Mr. PROUT, as a contrast, reaps all the advantages that can accrue from literal prose. His manner is that which the public have long learnt to associate with his family name. He delights in the picturesque streets of old cities, he dotes over the details of dilapidated houses, he glories in gable ends and the ruggedness of a broken sky-outline. Mr. Skinner Prout has long been serving an apprenticeship, and we are glad to mark in such drawings as those of 'Falaise' (59) and 'Dinan' (273) that he has won a diploma of mastery. Mr. DEANE must be mentioned in the same category. 'La Tour de Beurre, Rouen' (14), and 'The South Door of Rouen Cathedral' (186), deserve praise. In a wholly different mood Mr. CHASE has made a pilgrimage to Stratford. 'Anne Hathaway's Bedroom' (125), and 'The room in which Shakespeare was born' (132), are commendable for care, likewise for the amount of clear daylight which the artist has managed to bring into these humble interiors. Lastly, we scarcely know in what adequate terms to speak of CARL WERNER's inimitable transcripts of Eastern architecture and Eastern city life. 'Street Scene, Cairo' (262), is as precise in the drawing of the walls as if a stone-mason had stood by with plummet, line, and chisel in hand. 'The Carpet

Bazaar' (254), in the same city, is also perfect after its kind; the buildings, for faithful portraiture, could scarcely be surpassed, and the figures are faultless in action, situation, and colour.

In this gallery Mr. THOMAS ROBINS rules the ocean. 'Blowing Hard' (97) is free in the play of wave and forcible in the dash of the beating storm; 'The Milton Oyster-boat' (255) floats like a thing of life on the sportive sea. These walls are also adorned, in common with the four sides of every London exhibition, by landscapes of winning beauty. Reed, Rowbotham, Warren the younger, Bennett, Whympier, Leitch, Shalders, and Aaron Penley, are among the names to which this gallery is conspicuously indebted. 'Windermere at Sunset' (29), by PENLEY, is a careful drawing, after the olden manner known to our fathers. 'Loch Maree' (62), by W. BENNETT, has been taken from

"The land of rainbows, spanning glens, whose walls, Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-colour'd mists."

Mr. WHYMPIER belongs to the school of unostentatious greys, which the last painter, Mr. Bennett, forsook, when he ran in chase of rainbows. 'Five o'clock in the Morning on the Sands of Aber' (175) is a drawing skilful in the treatment of a simple, and therefore in some sort difficult, subject, made up of nothing more than a dusky sky, wet, flat sea-shore, and a troop of gulls. 'Hayfield on the Banks of the Thames' (198), also by the same artist, forms an exquisite little gem, both for detail, colour, and composition. Mr. LEITCH is less placid in his effects; he renders his compositions emphatic by a colour, powerful if not indeed violent. 'The Campagna of Rome' (89), peopled by goatherds and peasants, makes a rich and pleasing picture. 'Runciglione' (120), from the same studio, a large subject in miniature, is a pretty, lively-minded landscape. For a sheepfold—or rather for a flock of sheep which, not in fold, take free range through meadow, lane, and hedgerow—Mr. SHALDERS is the man. His handling sometimes reminds of Birket Foster; yet he has a manner of his own. His sheep are round in the back and soft in fleece, and for deportment as quiet and patient as sheep can be. 'On the Holmwood, Dorking' (238), this artist introduces one of our truly characteristic hedge-rows, thick and formidable in brambles and tangled grass. But of all our artists who compete for renown by the indomitable courage required for so-called Pre-Raphaelite finish, Mr. WARREN, the younger, is the most untiring; and in a small picture called 'Hay-time' (260), he has indeed attained no ordinary success. The drawing of the trunks and stems, and the pencilling of the leaves of the beechwood, are not to be surpassed; and the yellows, the bright greens, the grey greens, and the blues intermingled with a nice eye both for contrast and harmony. Carrying a wholly different countenance and complexion are the scenic compositions of Mr. ROWBOTHAM, such as his drawing of 'Amalfi' (7), radiant in the warm sun, and soft in the southern atmosphere of the blue Mediterranean. This style Mr. Rowbotham has reduced to the seductive facility of a pleasant trick. Finally, we must not forget to pay due tribute to the prowess of Mr. REED. His 'Nant-Francon' (315) certainly takes rank as one of the most powerful landscapes in the exhibition. The mountains are built up and cleft asunder with a bold hand; and the artist within the compass of his picture comprises space and magnitude, two of the grandest elements that can enter into landscape Art. With this high praise we close our criticism of an exhibition which rises by the merits of some thirty or forty drawings above the level of mediocrity.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVII.—Callot and his school.—Callot's romantic history.—His "Capricci," and other burlesque works.—The "Balli" and the Beggars.—Imitators of Callot; Della Bella.—Examples of Della Bella.—Romain de Hooge.

THE art of engraving on copper, although it had made rapid advances during the sixteenth century, was still very far from perfection; but the close of that century witnessed the birth of a man who was destined not only to give a new character to this art, but also to bring in a new style of caricature and burlesque. This was the celebrated Jacques Callot, a native of Lorraine, and descended from a noble Burgundian family. His father, Jean Callot, held the office of herald of Lorraine. Jacques was born in the year 1592,* at Nancy, and appears to have been destined for the Church, with a view to which his early education was regulated. But the early history of Jacques Callot presents a romantic episode in the history of Art aspirations. While yet hardly more than an infant, he seized every opportunity of neglecting more serious studies to practise drawing, and he displayed especially a very precocious taste for satire, for his artistic talent was shown principally in caricaturing all the people he knew. His father, and, apparently, all his relatives, disapproved of his love for drawing, and did what they could to discourage it; but in vain, for he still found means of indulging it. Claude Henri, the painter to the court of Lorraine, gave him lessons, and his son, Israel Henri, formed for him a boy's friendship. He also learnt the elements of the art of engraving of Demange Crocq, the engraver to the Duke of Lorraine.

About this time, the painter Bellange, who had been a pupil of Claude Henri, returned from Italy, and gave young Callot an exciting account of the wonders of Art to be seen in that country; and soon afterwards Claude Henri dying, his son Israel went to Rome, and his letters from thence had no less effect on the mind of the young artist at Nancy than the conversation of Bellange. Indeed the passion of the boy for Art was so strong, that, finding his parents obstinately opposed to all his longings in this direction, he left his father's house secretly, and, in the spring of 1604, when he had only just entered his thirteenth year, he set out for Italy on foot, without introductions and almost without money. He was even unacquainted with the road, but after proceeding a short distance he fell in with a band of gypsies, and, as they were going to Florence, he joined their company. His life among the gypsies, which lasted seven or eight weeks, appears to have furnished food to his love of burlesque and caricature, and he has handed down to us his impressions, in a series of four engravings of scenes in gipsy life, admirably executed at a rather later period of his life, which are full of comic humour. When they arrived at Florence, Jacques Callot parted company with the gypsies, and was fortunate enough to meet with an officer of the grand duke's household, who listened to his story, and took so much interest in him, that he obtained him admission to the studio of Remigio Cantà Gallina. This artist gave him instructions in drawing and engraving, and sought to correct him of his taste for the grotesque by keeping him employed upon serious subjects.

After studying for some months under Cantà Gallina, Jacques Callot left Florence, and proceeded to Rome, to seek his old friend Israel Henri; but he had hardly arrived when he was recognised in the streets by some merchants from Nancy, who took him, and, in spite of his tears and resistance, carried him home to his parents. He was now kept to his studies more strictly than ever, but nothing could overcome his passion for Art, and, having contrived to lay by some money, after a short interval he again ran away from home. This time he took the road to Lyons, and crossed Mont Cenis, and he had reached Turin

when he met in the street of that city his elder brother Jean, who again carried him home to Nancy. Nothing could now repress young Callot's ardour, and soon after this second escapade, he engraved a copy of a portrait of Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, to which he put his name and the date 1607, and which, though it displays little skill in engraving, excited considerable interest at the time. His parents were now persuaded that it was useless to thwart any longer his natural inclinations, and they not only allowed him to follow them, but they yielded to his wish to return to Italy. The circumstances of the moment were especially favourable. Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, was dead, and his successor, Henry II., was preparing to send an embassy to Rome to announce his accession. Jean Callot, by his position of herald, had sufficient interest to obtain for his son an appointment in the ambassador's retinue, and Jacques Callot started for Rome on the 1st of December, 1608, under more favourable auspices than those which had attended his former visits to Italy.

Callot reached Rome at the beginning of the year 1609, and now at length he joined the friend of his childhood, Israel Henri, and began to throw all his energy into his Art-labours. It is more than probable that he studied under Tempesta, with Henri, who was a pupil of that painter, and another Lorrainer, Claude Dervet. After a time, Callot began to feel the want of money, and obtained employment of a French engraver, then residing in Rome, named Philippe Thomassin, with whom he worked nearly three years, and became perfect in handling the graver. Towards the end of the year 1611, Callot went to Florence, to place himself under Julio Parigi, who then flourished there as a painter and engraver. Tuscany was at this time ruled by its duke Cosmo de' Medici, a great lover of the Arts, who took Callot under his patronage, giving him the means to advance himself. Hitherto his occupation had been principally copying the works of others, but under Parigi he began to practise more in original design, and his taste for the grotesque came upon him stronger than ever. Although Parigi blamed it, he could not help admiring the talent it betrayed. In 1615, the grand duke gave a great entertainment to the Prince of Urbino, and Callot was employed to make engravings of the festivities; it was his first commencement in a class of designs by which he afterwards attained great celebrity. In the year following, his engagement with Parigi ended, and he became his own master. He now came out unfettered in his own originality. The first-fruits were seen in a new kind of designs, to which he gave the name of "Capricci," a series of which appeared about the year 1617, under the title of "Capricci di varie Figure." Callot re-engraved them at Nancy in later years, and in the new title they were stated to have been originally engraved in 1616. In a short preface, he speaks of these as the first of his works on which he set any value. They now strike us as singular

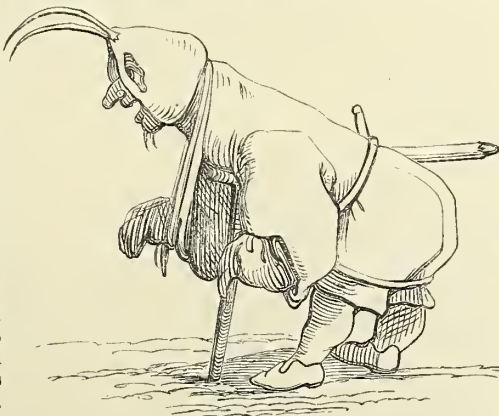


Fig. 1.—A CRIPPLE.

examples of the fanciful creations of a most grotesque imagination, but they no doubt preserve many traits of the festivals, ceremonies, and manners of that land of masquerade, which must have been then familiar to the Florentines; these engravings would, doubtless, be received by them with absolute delight. One is copied in our cut

No. 1; it represents a cripple supporting himself on a short crutch, with his right arm in a sling. Our next cut is another example from the same set, and represents a masked clown, with his left hand on the hilt of his dagger, or perhaps of a wooden sword. From this time, although he



Fig. 2.—A GROTESQUE MASKER.

was very industrious and produced much, Callot engraved only his own designs.

While employed for others, Callot had worked chiefly with the graver, but now that he was his own master, he laid aside that implement, and devoted himself almost entirely to etching, in which he attained the highest proficiency. His work is remarkable for the cleanness and ease of his lines, and for the life and spirit he gave to his figures. His talent lay especially in the extraordinary skill with which he grouped together great numbers of diminutive figures, each of which preserves its proper and full action and effect. The great annual fair of the Imbruneta was held with great festivities, and attended by an immense concourse of people of all classes, on St. Luke's Day, the 18th of October, in the outskirts of Florence. Callot engraved a large picture of this fair, which is absolutely wonderful. The picture embraces an extensive space of ground, which is covered with hundreds of figures, all occupied, singly or in groups, in different manners, conversing, masquerading, buying and selling, playing games, and performing in various ways; each group or figure is a picture in itself. This engraving produced quite a sensation, and it was followed by other pictures of fairs, and, after his final return to Nancy, Callot engraved it anew. It was this talent for grouping large masses of persons which caused the artist to be so often employed in drawing great public ceremonies, sieges, and other warlike operations.

By the Duke of Florence, Cosmo II., Callot was much patronised and loaded with benefits, but on his death the government had to be placed in the hands of a regency, and Art and literature no longer met with the same encouragement. In this state of things, Callot was found by Charles of Lorraine, afterwards Duke Charles IV., and persuaded to return to his native country. He arrived at Nancy in 1622, and began to work there with greater activity even than he had displayed before. It was not long after this that he produced his sets of grotesques, the Balli (or dancers), the Gobbi (or hunchbacks), and the Beggars. The first of these sets, called in the title *Balli*, or *Cucurucu*—the meaning of which latter word does not appear to be known—consists of twenty-four small plates, each of them containing two comic characters in grotesque attitudes, with groups of smaller figures in the distance. Beneath the two prominent figures are their names, now unintelligible, but at that time no doubt well known on the comic stage at Florence. Thus, in the couple given in our cut No. 3, which is taken from the fourth plate of the series, the personage to the left is named Smaraolo

* This is the date fixed by Meaume, in his excellent work on Callot, entitled "Recherches sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Jacques Callot," 2 tom. 8vo., 1860.

Cornuto, which means simply Smaraolo the cuckold; and the one on the right is called Ratsa di Boio. In the original the background is occupied by a street, full of spectators, looking on at a

dance of pantaloons, round one who is mounted on stilts and playing on the tabour. The couple in our cut No. 4 represents another of Callot's "Caprices," from a set differing from the first "Caprices," or



Fig. 3.—SMARAULO CORNUTO.—RATSA DI BOIO.

the Balli. The Gobbi, or hunchbacks, form a set of twenty-one engravings; and the set of the Gipsies, already alluded to, which was also executed at Nancy, was included in four plates, the subjects

of which were severally—1, the gipsies travelling; 2, the avant-guard; 3, the halt; and 4, the preparations for the feast. Nothing could be more truthful, and at the same time more comic,



Fig. 4.—A CAPRICE.

than this last set of subjects. We give, as an example of the set of the Baroni, or beggars, Callot's figure of one of that particular class—for beggars and rogues of all kinds were classified

in those days—whose part it was to appeal to charity by wounds and sores artificially represented. The false cripple is here holding up his leg to make a show of his pretended infirmity.



Fig. 5.—THE FALSE CRIPPLE.

Callot remained at Nancy, with merely temporary absences, during the remainder of his life. In 1628, he was employed at Brussels in drawing and engraving the 'Siege of Breda,'

one of the most finished of his works, and he there made the acquaintance of Vandyck. Early in 1629, he was called to Paris to execute engravings of the siege of La Rochelle and of the

defence of the Isle of Rhé, but he returned to Nancy in 1630. Three years afterwards his native country was invaded by the armies of Louis XIII., and Nancy surrendered to the French on the 25th of September, 1633. Callot was required to make engravings to celebrate the fall of his native town; but, although he is said to have been threatened with violence, he refused; and afterwards he commemorated the evils brought upon his country by the French invasion in those two immortal sets of prints, the lesser and greater '*Misères de la Guerre*.' About two years after this, Callot died in the prime of life, on the 24th of March, 1635.

The fame of Callot was great among his contemporaries, and his name is justly respected as one of the most illustrious in the history of French Art. He had, as might be expected, many imitators, and the Caprices, the Balli, and the Gobbi, became very favourite subjects. Among these imitators, the most successful and the most distinguished was Stefano Della Bella; and, indeed, the only one deserving of particular notice. Della Bella was born at Florence, on the 18th of May, 1610;* his father, dying two years afterwards, left him an orphan and his mother in great poverty. As he grew up, he showed, like Callot himself, precocious talents in Art, and of the same kind. He eagerly attended all public festivals, games, &c., and on his return from them made them the subject of grotesque sketches. It was remarked of him, especially, that he had a curious habit of always beginning to draw a human figure from the feet, and proceeding upwards to the head. He was struck at a very early period of his pursuit of Art by the style of Callot, of which, at first, he was a servile imitator, but he afterwards abandoned some of its peculiarities, and adopted a style which was more his own, though still founded upon that of Callot. He almost rivalled Callot in his success in grouping multitudes of figures together, and hence he also was much employed in producing engravings of sieges, festive entertainments, and such elaborate subjects. As Callot's aspirations had been directed towards Italy, those of Della Bella were turned towards France, and when in the latter days of the ministry of Cardinal Richelieu, the Grand Duke of Florence sent Alessandro del Nero as his resident ambassador in Paris, Della Bella was permitted to accompany him. Richelieu was occupied in the siege of Arras, and the engraving of that event was the foundation of Della Bella's fame in France, where he remained about ten years, frequently employed on similar subjects. He subsequently visited Flanders and Holland, and at Amsterdam made the acquaintance of Rembrandt. He returned to Florence in 1650, and died there on the 23rd of July, 1664.

While still in Florence, Della Bella executed four prints of dwarfs, quite in the grotesque style of Callot. In 1637, on the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II., Della Bella published engravings of the different scenes



Fig. 6.—A WITCH MOUNTED.

represented, or performed, on that occasion. These were effected by very elaborate machinery, and were represented in six engravings, the fifth of which (*scena quinta*) represents hell (*d'Inferno*), and is filled with furies, demons, and witches, which might have found a place in Callot's

* The materials for the history of Della Bella and his works will be found in a carefully compiled volume, by C. A. Jombert, entitled, "*Essai d'un Catalogue de l'Œuvre d'Etienne de la Bella*." 8vo., Paris, 1772.

'Temptation of St. Antony.' A specimen of these is given in our cut No. 6—a naked witch, seated upon a skeleton of an animal that might have been borrowed from some far distant geological period. In 1642, Della Bella executed a set of small "Caprices," consisting of thirteen plates, from the eighth of which we take our cut No. 7.



Fig. 7.—BEGGARY.

It represents a beggar-woman, carrying one child on her back, while another is stretched on the ground. In this class of subjects Della Bella imitated Callot, but the copyist never succeeded in equalling the original. His best style, as an original artist of burlesque and caricature, is shown in a set of five plates of Death carrying away people of different ages, which he executed



Fig. 7.—DEATH CARRYING OFF HIS PREY.

in 1648. The fourth of this set is copied in our cut No. 8, and represents Death carrying off, on his shoulder, a young woman, in spite of her struggles to escape from him.

With the close of the seventeenth century these "Caprices" and masquerade scenes began to be no longer in vogue, and caricature and burlesque assumed new forms; but Callot and Della Bella had many followers, and their examples had a lasting influence upon Art.

We must not forget that a celebrated artist, in another country, at the end of the same century, the well-known Romain de Hooze, was produced from the school of Callot, in which he had learnt, not the arts of burlesque and caricature, but that of skilfully grouping multitudes of figures, especially in subjects representing episodes of war, tumults, massacres, and public processions.

REFLECTIONS IN WATER GEOMETRICALLY CONSIDERED.

BY CAPTAIN A. W. DRAYSON, R.A.

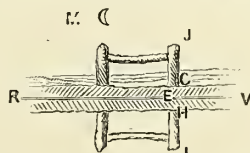
THERE are few subjects in nature that yield more beauties in an artistic point of view than water. We have in it a mirror which multiplies all the elegancies of form that are around and above it. Endless variations abound in the reflections, which are different in many respects from the original object reflected. The relative distances of objects may, to a great extent, be indicated by their reflections, when no other adequate means can be found; and thus every wood-side pool or still pond is in itself a study worthy even the attention of our leading artists. An able writer on water says, "What I shall here state are a few only of the broadest laws verifiable by the reader's immediate observation, but of which, nevertheless, I have found artists frequently ignorant, owing to their habit of sketching from nature, without thinking or reasoning, and especially of finishing at home. It is not often, I believe, that an artist draws reflections in water as he sees them." These remarks are so applicable to the present paper, that we here quote them, and, in addition, may state that the subject of reflections, especially in still water, having been brought to our notice, we have, during a considerable period, kept a record of those otherwise beautiful works of Art, in which all geometry has been set at defiance, and canvas water made to do what real water never accomplished; and thus as great offence was given to the geometrically trained eye, as though one well skilled in colour had to gaze at pea-green clouds and bright red fields of grass.

Although it may not be necessary to adopt rigidly correct geometrical rules when producing a picture in which there is an abundance of still water, yet the subject of reflections becomes so much simplified, when we know the geometry of the question, and so many palpable errors may then be at once discovered in our previous works, that we immediately become aware that we have gained a great power, in consequence of our geometrical knowledge. We may then venture to finish at home those reflections which were roughly sketched out-of-doors, because, as we know the laws that govern these, we are not likely to violate them, in consequence of being unacquainted with them.

We will divide this subject into two parts, viz., reflections in still water, and reflections in water in motion. The latter part will, however, be very short, the geometrical laws being exactly similar in each case; but some slight variations in details, and important results as to effect, will be found in connection with the latter portion of the subject.

The great law in connection with water is that "the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection." Let us now apply this rule to the subject under discussion, and by the aid of a diagram show the first simple effects of the law.

Suppose RE the water-line, separating the water from the bank above it, G the top of the bank,

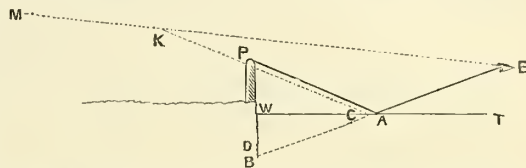


on which stand two posts and a rail; we have here the very simplest description of reflection, for it is merely necessary first to measure EC equal to EC' , and CE equal to CE' , and the reflection of the bank and post is at once found. This is the most simple of problems, and one which scarcely needs any proof in order to show its correctness.

Let us now, however, take an additional item, viz., the moon, as at M , and let us inquire where the reflection of the moon ought to be placed in the still water before us. We have no hesitation in stating that unless simple geometry be brought to bear on this subject, the artist could only place the moon's reflection in the water by guess, if he did not by observation note its position. In

order to place this reflection correctly in the water, we should examine this diagram in section as below.

WAT represents the still water, E the position of the eye, P the top of the post, and EM the direction of the moon, which would appear just as much above r as was shown in the preceding diagram. Now, as the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection, it is merely necessary, in order to obtain the reflection of the top of the post, to find a point A , so that the angles EAT and PAW are equal, then A and B ,



as shown in the picture, will be the position for the reflection of the top of the post. The distance of the moon from E and w being almost infinite compared to the distance EW , it would follow that a line drawn from w to the moon would be almost parallel to one drawn from E to the moon. It would therefore be impossible to find any point between r and w where the moon's reflection would be visible, because, even taking the extreme point w , we should still have the angle EW greater than any angle made by a line drawn from the moon to the water at w . Thus, although the moon might be seen as at M in diagram 1, still its reflection would be invisible to a person at E .

Instead of the object M being at an immense distance, as is the case with the moon, suppose that it was at such a point as K in the same line, its reflection should then be obtained as follows:—Between E and K take a point such as C , so that the angles ECT and KCW are equal, then C will be the position for the reflection of K , and thus on the plane of the picture B will be the object's reflection. Thus, although the point K is seen by direct vision above the top of the post, still its reflection will be seen below it.

From this it will be evident that, according to the distance of K from the water, so will its reflection become altered in position, and thus we can actually indicate the distance of the object K , by means of its reflection in the water.

This method of examining our objects in section, will enable us to comprehend exactly the laws which regulate reflections on still waters; but we can in practice adopt another method, which will prevent us from committing some of those blunders which, as we remarked, naturally offend the geometrically trained eye.

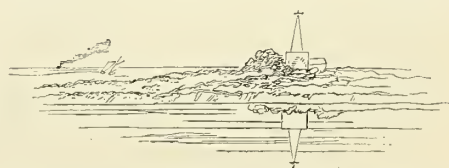
W we suppose the bank of a pond or river of still water; T a tree, distant about a quarter of a



mile from the bank. In what manner should we obtain the true reflection of T ?

We should proceed as follows. Suppose the water to extend as far as the tree, and let the water-line be represented by the line SR , which is slightly below the stem of the tree; measure a distance equal to this distance below the line SR , and from the point thus found draw the tree inverted, and equal in length to the real tree; that part only of it which has to be drawn over the water would be its visible reflection.

We lately observed in a picture gallery a drawing by an able artist, in which there was a church reflected in the manner shown below; thus giving



an illustration of the way in which nature's laws are sometimes set at defiance by those who despise some of the sciences which at first sight might

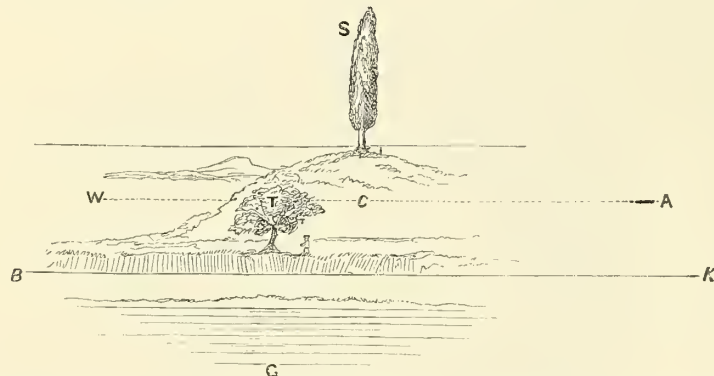
appear to have nothing to do with the artist's craft.

From an examination of the preceding diagram and its explanation, the reader will perceive that this church, distant perhaps half a mile from the river bank, would not, and could not, be reflected as here represented. Produce the water-line, and then invert as before, and a very small portion of the top of the church spire would alone be reflected close to the bank, whilst none of the trees around it would be seen. The correct reflection for this object would be as shown in the diagram below. The bank of the river would, of



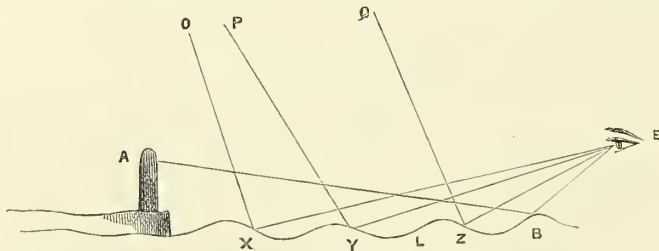
course, obscure a portion of the spire, and allow only the extreme top to be visible. Such an error as the preceding we have observed in a multitude of cases where the artist has ventured to deal with still water; a subject which, although teeming with beauties, is yet rarely handled, perhaps in consequence of its lovers having experienced some of the difficulties which we have here endeavoured to clear away.

Nearly all the reflections of distant objects may be correctly obtained by this one method of considering the water extended until it is exactly



matter of inversion, first inverting the bank, then the tree, so that its summit would in reflection be represented at the point marked c. In order to reflect s correctly, we must imagine the water to extend exactly beneath s, as shown by the line w c a; from c we measure downwards a distance equal to that from c to the root of the tree, then invert the tree, and its reflection will appear in the water. In too many instances we have observed reflections of this kind most erroneously sketched, thus to a great extent damaging the effects of an otherwise able work of Art.

The great principle that "the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection," also holds

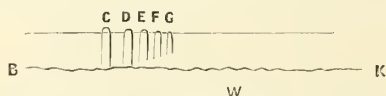


possible to see the post A reflected at B, the angle of incidence being there equal to the angle reflected. The reflection of the post, however, would not be seen in a continued line; for example, at z, an object in the direction of q would alone be reflected, at v one in the direction of r, and at x, o might be seen. Thus if the sun or moon, or a bright cloud, were in the direction of z q or x o, the reflection of these might alternate with that of the post A.

It will be evident from a close examination of the diagram and the principles here referred to, that it is quite possible to make very serious errors in connection with reflections in moving water, especially when only a partial sketch is

beneath the objects, and then invert them, and represent in the reflection only those parts which would overlap and reach the water. Whether these objects be on a level with or above the water, the same law holds good.

For the sake of additional illustration, let us suppose the following conditions:—A piece of still water, beyond which is a horizontal plain, and on which are upright posts, about twenty yards apart; the observer is several yards from the bank of the plain—required the reflection of these posts. Let B K represent the bank, w the water, c d e f and g the posts. The reflections



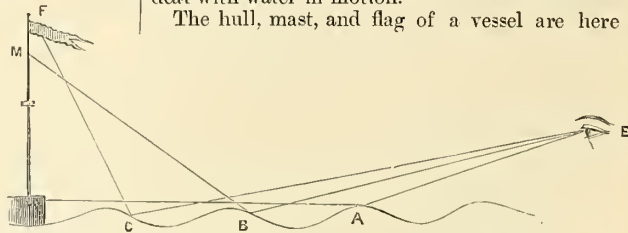
can immediately be found by producing the water-line until it is beneath each post; then invert the posts, and the position of the top of each will be found.

A very common source of error is when two objects are at different elevations and distances from the water. Suppose B K the bank of a pond, r a tree standing on the bank, and s a tree at a distance, the relative distances of which may be shown by the two figures which serve as scales.

The reflection of the tree r becomes merely a

be the most distant; but on examining the annexed diagram, we find how this rule is found to fail, and how a singular liberty may be taken when we deal with water in motion.

The hull, mast, and flag of a vessel are here



shown, and also the section of some waves, r being the observer's eye.

On account of the slope of the water at c, the reflection of the flag F would there be seen; at B, for the same reason, a portion of the mast at M would be visible, whilst from A the hull of the vessel at H would be seen. If then the flag were red, the mast white, and the hull black, we should have in a portion of our reflections red in the distance and black close to us, an arrangement which could not exist were the water perfectly still.

In some otherwise admirable paintings we have seen reflections of objects in water where it was impossible these could be visible; for example, as in the annexed diagram, which represents a sectional view, s is a portion of a ship, and w a wave in front of the vessel, E being the position of the observer's eye. If now the reflection of the vessel be in the least shown at any portion of the



wave marked w, we have an impossibility, because objects in the direction of w r only would be seen reflected at w.

For the sake of a simple demonstration, we have supposed that the waves are merely undulations of water; in fact, however, this is rarely the case, the sides and tops of waves being usually broken water; thus a slight modification of the above principles becomes admissible. When, however, we know the laws which govern these matters, we can safely allow a slight deviation from a rule, according to circumstances, without any great chance of error.

We will venture but one more remark in connection with this subject, viz., as regards the effect produced by the direction of a wave.

If the line of the wave be at right angles to a line joining the object reflected and the eye of the observer, then the reflection is merely broken in the manner described as regards the post A. If, however, the line of the wave be inclined at any other angle to the line from the observer to the object, then the reflection instead of appearing as a broken straight line, will appear of a serpentine, s, form. The proof of this will be manifest to any reader who has gone over the preceding demonstrations.

During a tolerably still evening, any one of the metropolitan bridges are excellent stations from which to observe reflections in water, the gas lamps affording many examples. But a still pool on a calm day is far better as a study. We there may see the simple reflection in still water, the elongated in broken water, the wavy or serpentine, as a line of waves is caused; and also we may perceive the interesting inversion of order, as regards some of the objects, the cause for which we have endeavoured to explain in this paper. All these facts become doubly interesting, and more appreciated, when, in addition to an artist's eye, we possess also the knowledge of the geometrician; and thus, whilst we appreciate the beauty, we are acquainted with the laws of the various phenomena that we see in the river or pool beneath us.

EXHIBITION OF FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

THE arena of this gallery is small, yet within its narrow compass is fought out the great battle of the continental schools. In this one room do we find an epitome of the styles in Art which at the present moment divide Europe—a summary of the modes or methods whereby some of the most famed among living artists have sought to interpret nature, and give to mankind the outward show of their inward aspirations towards the beautiful and the true. Yet a survey of the little but diversified world here laid before us, enforces only still more strongly the one conclusion which now in all lands, whether British or foreign, comes irresistibly upon every observant mind, that artists have forsaken the ideal for the real, the imaginative for the literal, and the generalisation of the Academy for the naturalism of individual studies. That the French school of David of last century has become extinct is, perhaps, no calamity; but that Ary Scheffer should, within the memory of each one of us, have passed away without leaving some small and compact company of disciples to follow in his steps, is, to say the least, a phenomenon which serves to mark the spirit of our times. The current, in short, of modern Art has set fiercely in an opposite direction, as the present admirable exhibition on all sides testifies. Gerome is not so much classic as romantic; Yvon has the rude vigour of positive naturalism; Gallait, in the strength of his genius, casts off the bondage of mere academic rules, and creates for himself a historic style as bold as it is free. Yet while we thus see that English and foreign schools alike are moving in one and the same direction, it were indeed the blindest of errors to suppose that contemporary styles are identical, or, for all intents and purposes, even similar. One of the chief lessons, in fact, to be learnt from a collection such as this, is the wide diversity which reigns among masters united within the same commonwealth of Art. It is, indeed, instructive to mark how each artist, while he conforms to the manner that pertains to his age and country—while he unconsciously obeys the generic laws which sway and sweep across a continent, remains, nevertheless, within the domain of his individual genius, free to assert his independence, and even to foster his eccentricities.

Let us begin with two noted representatives of the grand style and the large scale as now known in France. The reputation which Gerome won by 'The Duel' and 'The Gladiators,' he fully sustains in his present picture, 'Scene on the Nile.' A boat urged onwards by two oarsmen, pulling like demons, carries as its chief cargo a recruit to the army, bound hand and foot, seated at the stern. A gay coxcomb of an Arab sings into the ear of the prisoner a taunting song; and at the prow presides the representative of the pasha, bearing at his girdle a deadly array of pistols and daggers. The picture is small, yet the manner is grand and large. Of a man who can paint such a work, no coming miracle can take us by surprise. The second artist we shall name in this first class is Yvon, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, whom the French receive as the successor to Horace Vernet, and, as such, the painter laureate to the glories of the empire. Yvon is accustomed to cover, as did his predecessor, square miles of canvas, reeking with smoke of cannon, and crowded with soldiers cutting their way to glory with the sword, or dying in pools of gore. A performance on this scale of grandeur could scarcely be expected, save at Versailles. However, here in Pall Mall we are favoured with a minor achievement, which shows the quality of the man. 'Wounded Soldiers removed from the Field—Italy, 1859,' is a picture of comparatively mild horrors. A bullock-wagon transports a cargo of wounded and dying soldiers, heaped together with little regard for personal comfort or pictorial effect. The picture, however, proves a master hand.

Belgium, scarcely second to France in the domain of high Art, is here represented by her three chief leaders, Gallait, Leys, and Wappers. Gallait may be called the Delaroche, Leys the Van

Eyck, and Wappers possibly the Rubens of the modern Belgian school. Wappers' contribution, a life-size 'Italia,' is, at all events, large enough to satisfy one of the conditions which the grand painter of Antwerp might possibly have imposed upon his followers. The pride of the gallery are the two noble historic works by Gallait. The style of this painter was made familiar by the Belgian Court of the International Exhibition, and the subject which there excited thrilling interest, 'The Last Honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn,' here finds a prelude, or antecedent, in a picture, if less sensational, at least equal in Art power. The title which the present picture bears is 'The Sentence of Death read to the Counts Egmont and Horn on the eve of their Execution.' In this work we cannot but again be struck with the artist's manly and downright naturalism, with the breadth of his treatment and the boldness of his handling. Every head is firmly modelled, each feature is strong in the tension of its expression, and the hands, by their attitude, interpret and carry out the dramatic action of the entire composition. The drapery is kept subordinate. It becomes instructive to contrast this living naturalism of Gallait with the petrified mediævalism of Leys, manifest in three remarkable works, of which 'Going to Church on New Year's Day, Antwerp, Sixteenth Century,' is in the artist's best manner—archaic, archæologic, and austere. The picture is good, but Van Eyck would have made it better; yet the background of old brick walls and wooden shop-fronts—the best painted portions—could scarcely be surpassed. Leys is certainly the most notable among the Pre-Rubensite school of Flanders. Madame Jerichau, who in the International Exhibition acknowledged the flag of Denmark, sends 'The Shipwrecked,' by far the most successful work she has yet executed.

Small cabinet interiors, playful and pointed in incident, and painstaking in finish, a style and a class in which the French are supremely felicitous, find skilful exponents in Plassan, Ruiperez, Duverger, and Frère. 'Saying Grace' is, we think, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the last-named artist, and that is high praise. The sentiment is exquisite, so simple and heartfelt. This family of honest poverty are evidently, in all the acts and relations of daily life, chastened by the elevating and refining spirit of earnest piety. From a mere Art point of view our painters will do well to note the delicate and harmonious blending of the broken and tertiary colours, also a certain sketchy slightness in the execution, especially for the rendering of accessory details—characteristics of the French manner as distinguished from the English. Among Belgian painters, Willems, who might be a descendant of Terbourg, paints in 'The Toilet' a satin dress to admiration, a dexterity which has won him the honour of Chevalier in the Order of Leopold.

In the field of landscape and animal painting the two schools of France and Flanders contend for mastery. Gallie Isabey, in his picture 'The Coast of Brittany,' dilates into large dimensions, and displays his habitual grandeur, yet withal rudeness of manner. Hung face to face with this picture by Isabey, is a sea-piece by the well-known Düsseldorf Achenbach, 'The Jetty at Ostend.' The wild sea foam with which this painter usually crests his waves, recalls, perhaps, too much the soap-suds of a stormy washing-day; yet undoubtedly Achenbach is one of the very few painters in Europe who can venture to contend with the ocean in tempest. The two landscapes by Lambinet are, as ever, luminous in sky and transparent in water. He has painted a poetic effect with a fluent, full, and overflowing brush. Israels, in 'The Poor Widow's Removal,' chants one more dirge of desolation and death, shrouded with the dark pall of a shadowed sky. Verboeckhoven's sheep are soft and shaggy in wool, and his landscape accessories as usual crude in colour. Lastly, we must not forget to mention that the genius of the Bonheur family obtains witness in a luminous little picture by Juliette, the sister of Rosa. While writing we are informed that Rosa herself has promised a large work, the companion to 'The Horse Fair,' which we can only hope the enterprise of Mr. Gambart may secure as a further attraction to the French Gallery.

MR. HERBERT'S PICTURE

OF

MOSES BRINGING DOWN THE TABLES OF THE LAW.

THIS, the first and most important picture of the proposed series in the Lords' Appeal Court, is at length finished—long, it must be said, after the time stipulated, not because the artist has spared himself, but rather that he has laboured in a manner that, in this case, some may call too earnestly. The picture fills the extremity of the room, which within its four plain walls would be considered too small for a subject so vast; but fortunately this is the best lighted picture yet existing in the Houses of Parliament, and its treatment is such that its expression of space pronounces as reality the blue peaks of distant mountains; and this, next to the atmosphere of sanctity that envelops the whole, is most deeply felt on entering the chamber. It will be well to say that the source of this triumphant effect lies in the studied tenderness and well-guarded scale of the shaded portions of the painting, which, in contrast with shades of furniture and objects in the room, are atmospheric, and descend little below half tones; hence, in short, we look upon the picture as from a window at a scene enacted in the full breadth of daylight. The principal passages of the theme are found in the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus:—"And it came to pass when Moses came down from Mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in Moses' hand, when he came down from the Mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with him. And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him." But the compass of the narrative gathers from the entire history of the miraculous passage of the Israelites, as "And a mixed multitude went up also with them," &c.; "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him," &c.; "A golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe," &c.; "And blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair," &c.

We speak of this picture as one of a series. It is now more than twenty years since the publication of those early reports of the Commissioners which detail the proposed decorations of each chamber. Thus the set in this apartment are to illustrate Law and Judgment; the three remaining primary subjects being the Judgment of Daniel in the case of Susannah and the Elders; that of Solomon in the case of the real and the false mother; and the Judgment of God in the case of Balaam and the tribes. The smaller spaces will contain further passages from the histories of Daniel and Solomon.

Mr. Herbert has taken Dean Stanley for his authority, and conscientiously worked out the scene of his picture from the most comprehensive and exact photographs he has been able to procure. The immediate site is a bare rocky slope at the foot of the Gebel Mousa, admirably adapted, from its gentle rise, to assist the symbolical reading of the picture. The colour of the granite is a warm drab, its clefts being divided by ridges, looking upwards as if rough-hewn into every variety of elliptical buttress. On the left we obtain glimpses of the Wady, as it is called, or the valley, in which is encamped the Israelite host; and above it, in blue distance, rise the sharp granite pinnacles of the neighbouring mountains. The scene, in its colour, forms, and combinations, presents, as nearly as is possible by human means, the

present character of what may be accepted as the spot where Moses descended with the tables of the law.

The picture typically forms an arch, of which Moses and the tables are the key-stone, and but for whom the whole must fall to pieces; this, by the subtlety of the art, we at once feel. In the remaining members of the structure are shown the living elements of the world's future history, of which each person present, from the most important to the least significant, may be said by his presumed posterity to supply a book. Moses descends slowly, as a man travelling warily in a dream, with his eyes fixed, looking not outwardly but inwardly. Round his head is a halo as from the shining of his face, by which many of those near him are dazzled and frightened. On the left stands Aaron, humiliated and penitent in remembrance of the golden calf, and behind him are his two sons, Nadab and Abihu, with an expression of doubtful curiosity in their faces, a foretype of that disobedience in their ministry which caused them to be consumed by fire. Near these stands Joshua, an imposing military figure, confident and devoted, for he had nothing to do with the golden calf. Next in order is Eleazar, the third son of Aaron, who succeeded him in the priesthood (Numbers xx.); near him in a reverential attitude is Nun, the father of Joshua. On the right the construction is continued from Moses by Miriam, the prophetess, who kneels with her face averted. Near her is one of the Midianite shepherds, in his sheepskin vest; Ilur, the husband of Miriam; Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, of the tribe of Judah, who was sent to search the land of Canaan; Bezaleel, in whom the Lord put wisdom to work all manner of work for the sanctuary; one of the tribe of Levi, dazzled by the brightness of the countenance of the law-giver; a Nazarene, who, by his growing hair, is known to have separated himself unto the Lord. The structure, comprehensive as it is, is not considered complete without showing its connection with the New Testament, which is effected by a growing spray of the acacia, whereof the crown of thorns was plaited.

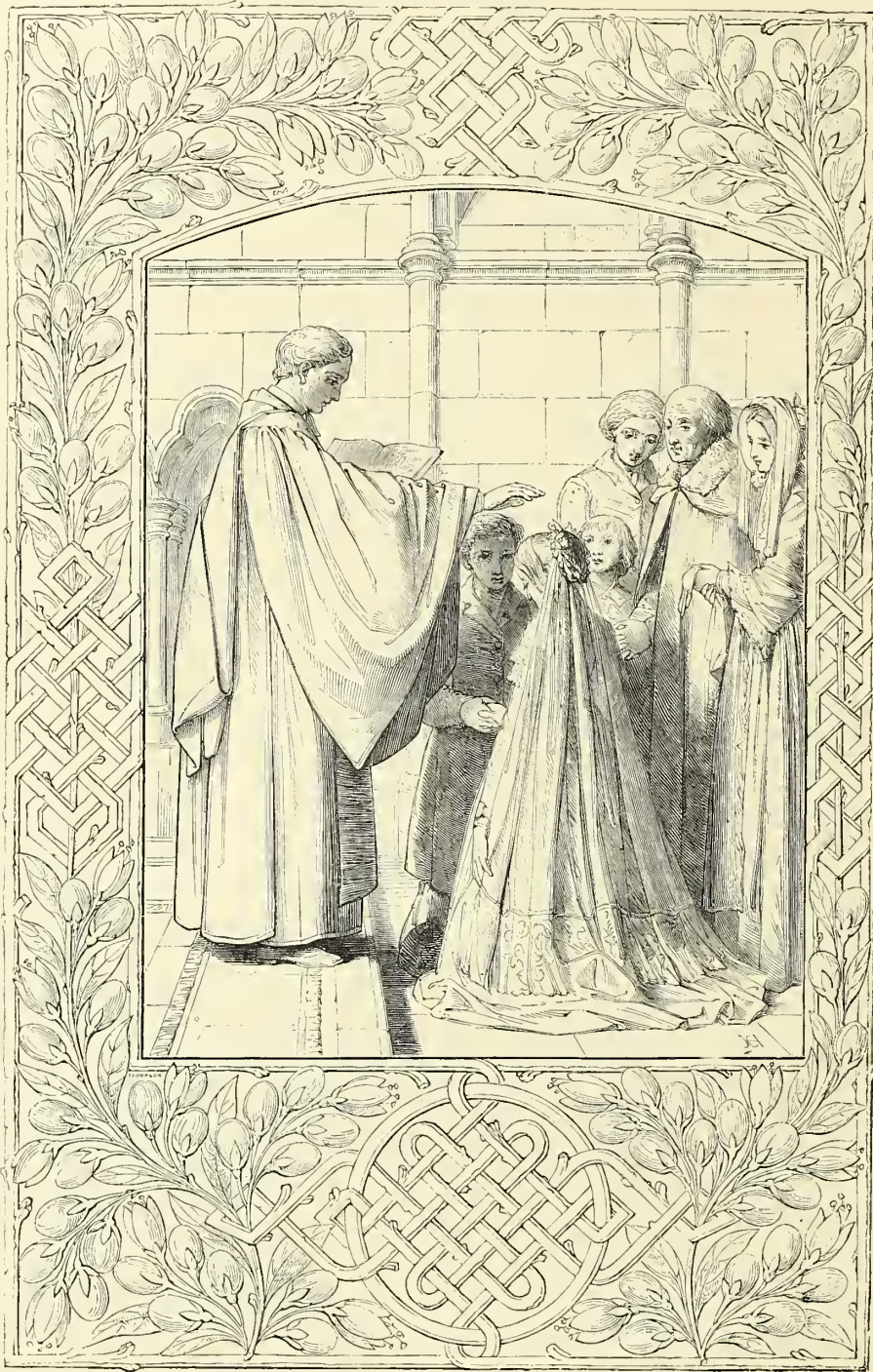
It is probable that the personal conceptions and manner of equipments in this most marvellous work will expose Mr. Herbert to the adverse criticism of those who know of nothing but the draperies and contours of the Rhodian Art. A comparison, however, of the most ancient sculptures with the various national eastern dresses, shows that the latter have changed but little since the days of the Pharaohs. Thus the searcher for truth has forced upon him the fact that the existing Arab dress differs in little from that of the days of Abraham. As soon as the Italian schools became acquainted with Greek draperies, they ceased painting their characters in the dresses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and whatever may be the feeling of the admirers of flowing draperies, they may be assured that the days for the presentation of Israelites in Greek robes are numbered.

As to the working of this picture, it has been indescribably laborious. In the head-dress of Miriam, for instance, when sufficiently close, the texture of the cloth is visible, and the naked back of one of the figures, which in "pure" fresco might have been painted in seven hours, has been perfected by six weeks of labour. The picture is painted in stereochrome, the process of which has been described in these pages. It now remains to be seen what determination will be come to with respect to continuing the series; it is difficult to believe that they can be suspended, or that they ought to be, as some argue.

ILLUSTRATED PRAYER-BOOK.*

In the days when books of every kind were few, and those whose duty it was to conduct the offices of the Church were almost the only persons capable of reading what was appointed for her services; when the people were compelled through ignorance to listen to the prayers offered up by the priest, instead of joining audibly in them with the form in their hands; when grave and hooded monks sat for hours in cells which, for the time, bore some resemblance to the studios of painters: then there arose, under the various

forms and titles of prayer-books, psalters, *livres d'heures*, missals, &c., those beautiful illuminated works which have come down to us from the mediæval ages, monuments of the taste, skill, ingenuity, and perseverance of the artists of the period, and often so costly in their production as to be kept among the treasures of the fraternity by whom they were executed, or transferred by purchase or gift to the possession of kings and wealthy nobles. The *scriptorium* of the monastery was a school of Art, into which were gathered, for the use of the learned brethren, parchments, and vellums, and pigments, and inks of various colours, gold and silver liquids, with natural



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

objects of all kinds, and especially flowers and plants of the rarest, as well as of the most common, description. These were the materials and the models with and from which the old monks and their coadjutors worked out those exquisite pages we now find carefully preserved in museums and rich libraries as objects worthy of all care and honour.

* THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS, AND OTHER RITES AND CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH, according to the Usage of the United Church of England and Ireland. With Notes and Illustrations. Published by J. Murray, London.

The invention of printing superseded in a very great measure the labours of the *scriptores*; books rapidly multiplied, and when the Reformation came, the Scriptures, as well as the forms employed in the services of the Church, circulated more or less among the people. Printing, however, did not entirely do away with the work of illuminating, which, for a time at least, was employed in ornamenting numerous valuable manuscripts and printed books; and now, after the lapse of centuries, the printing press, through the agency of chromo-lithography, has become the medium of supplying every part of the civilised

world, and at a comparatively nameless cost, with books as artistically beautiful as those which had their birth in the silent cells of the monastic recluse. Such is one of the revolutions made by science in the doings of mankind; the old block book printers of Germany, and our own Caxton, when he set up his press within the limits of the Sanctuary at Westminster, had little idea of what would ultimately come forth from their infantile efforts.

These observations have been suggested by a very elegant edition of "The Book of Common Prayer" recently published by Mr. Murray, now

before us; not that it actually comes under the denomination of an illuminated work, for it has no colour except in the initial letters, but because the ornamental portion belongs to the groundwork of illumination; in all but a very few examples it is only pure outline. The side of each page has a graceful floral band, generally of such flowers and plants as are appropriate to the season, or may be accepted as appropriate to it: on each page of the calendar the border is carried all round, and on the same principles; thus, for example, the snowdrop appears as the chief feature in the design for the month of

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS FOR ART.

THAT portion of the Civil Service estimates for the year ending March 31st, 1865, which relates to the above object, is now before us. Taking the document in the order in which it is presented, we find that the expenses of the "General Management" of the Art Department at South Kensington are set down at £5,760, against £5,020 for last year. This increase is caused principally by an additional number of clerks being engaged; for example, four of the first class instead of two, and six of the second class instead of three; an assistant bookkeeper has also been appointed. The sum to be voted for the schools of Art in the United Kingdom, for the South Kensington Museum, Library, &c., is £47,300—an increase of £650; for the current expenses of maintaining, keeping in repair, &c., the Museum at Kensington, £24,655, against £22,971 for the year preceding; and for the "Completion and Decoration of Buildings already in Carcase," and "Continuation of New Buildings (on account)," £24,000—the whole constituting a sum total of £101,725!

There seems to be a remarkable disparity in the amounts demanded under certain heads. For example:—

Purchases for completing Collections with objects	£ 500
Public Attendants, Artisans, Cleaners, &c.	... 3,350
Police	... 3,500
Fires, Gas, Warming, Ventilating, &c.	... 2,500
Works and Repairs	... 6,600

The receipts from the public during the past year amounted to £2,030 3s. 6d., and for the sale of catalogues, to £224 5s. 3d. As no credit appears to be taken for this money, the question naturally arises—"how is it disposed of?"

In the list of officials at Kensington, a new title appears, that of "Art Referees," of whom there are two, with a salary of £500 each, rising to a maximum of £600; for these appointments the sum of £600 is asked in the present estimates. One of these posts is filled, we believe, by Mr. C. J. Robinson, late one of the "Superintendents of Collections," an office now abolished; the other, it appears by a note, is held for the present by the General Inspector for Art, Mr. Henry Cole—it may be presumed gratuitously, as no vote is asked for salary. A sum of £5,000 for "Special Purchases from the International Exhibition" is among the estimates demanded. The Museum was visited by 726,915 persons in 1863.

Passing on to the estimates for the National Gallery, which also include the picture gallery at Kensington; we find these set down at £16,027, against £13,875 for last year; of this increase, £2,000 is set down for the purchase of pictures. During the past year the National Gallery acquired, by purchase, a landscape by John Crome; an altar-piece by B. Lanini; 'The Agony in the Garden,' by G. Bellini; an altar-piece by Bramantino; 'Madonna and Child,' by Boltraffio; an altar-piece by Pesellino; and a portrait of Longoni, by Solario: all of these, except the pictures by Lanini and Solario, were bought at the sale of the late Rev. W. D. Bromley's collection. In addition to the purchases, the nation received by bequest Sir M. A. Shee's portrait of Lewis, the comedian, as the *Marquis*, in "The Midnight Hour," and Uwin's 'Sir Guyon preparing to overcome the Enchantments of Acrasia,' and by donation, 'An Experiment with the Air-pump' painted by Wright, of Derby: these three works have been placed in the gallery at Kensington. The trustees of the National Gallery also, in the past year, came into possession of a reversionary bequest, made by the late Mr. T. D. Lewis, of above £9,000 Consols, the dividends of which are to be applied by them for the use or objects of the Gallery, or otherwise for the improvement of the Fine Arts.

There is a parliamentary commission sitting to inquire into the management of our National Schools of Art—those, we mean, under the direction of the department at South Kensington. Until that inquiry has terminated, and the country is in possession of the report, the House of Commons ought not to be required blindly to vote a large sum of money for an institution now on its trial.



CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

February, the hawthorn in that of May, the rose in June, wheat in July, barley in August, grapes in September, apples in October, and so on. The pictorial illustrations introduced into the gospels and epistles are principally copied from works of the old painters, Fra Angelico, Raffaele, Da Fiesole, Fra Bartolomeo; there are also two or three by Overbeck, and some by artists whose names do not appear on the engravings: these are all small in size, and very delicately engraved in outline. Larger, and of a more finished character, are the illustrations introduced into the special services; two of these, from drawings, we

believe, by J. Calcott Horsley, A.R.A., the publisher has allowed us to place before our readers, who will notice in the borders what we have pointed out—the fitness of the design to its object. The only colour introduced throughout is in the initial letters, which are red.

As a rule, illustrated prayer-books are scarcely to be recommended for church use; but this one is so chaste and subdued, so within legitimate bounds, that not the slightest objection, but rather the contrary, can be urged against it by the most scrupulous advocate of simplicity in all that relates to the services of the temple.

JUNE.

1	W.	
2	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
3	F.	Archæological Institute. Meeting.
4	S.	New Moon. 11h. 40m. A.M.
5	Sh.	<i>Second Sunday after Trinity.</i>
6	M.	
7	Tu.	
8	W.	Archæological Association. Meeting.
9	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
10	F.	
11	S.	[Quarter. 11h. 48m. A.M.
12	Sh.	<i>Third Sunday after Trinity.</i> —Moon's First
13	M.	Institute British Architects. Meeting.—
14	Tu.	[Trinity Term ends.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	W.	Society for Encouragement of Arts. Con-
16	Th.	Antiquarian Soc. Meeting. [versazione.
17	F.	
18	S.	[10h. 54m. P.M.
19	Sh.	<i>Fourth Sunday after Trinity.</i> —Full Moon.
20	M.	Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
21	Tu.	
22	W.	
23	Th.	
24	F.	<i>Midsummer Day.</i> —Cambridge Term ends.
25	S.	Kensington Museum opened, 1857.
26	Sh.	<i>Fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i> —Moon's Last
27	M.	[Quarter. 2h. 14m. P.M.
28	Tu.	Coronation of Queen Victoria, 1838.
29		Society of Arts. Annual Meeting.
30	Th.	



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN JUNE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

At last we can proclaim the summer, and in this month the sun gives us some idea of the terrible power which he wields under the tropics. During a considerable part of June we have no real night, and even though the moon may be absent from the sky, there is always sufficient light to enable a benighted traveller to guide his steps. Rising at noon to a height of sixty-two degrees above the horizon, the sun does not sink sufficiently below it at night to deprive us of twilight, and the consequence is that the last rays of evening twilight and the first of morning dawn are identical. The hot beams which pour upon the earth soon bring out the flowers and leaves, and during the month of June the lovely vesture of the earth is well-nigh induced. The trees are now in full leafage, and show forth the glory of their varied hues. How wonderful is the contrast which nature provides between the different qualities of green possessed by the forest trees! and harmoniously do they always blend together, relieved, it may be, by the glittering white trunk of a birch, the dark, sombre bark of an oak, the glossy stem of a beech, or perchance the straight, warmly ruddy trunk of the pine.

As to the flowers of the month, it is impossible to enumerate them all, so multitudinous are they. Suffice it to say that in representing a June scene the artist may safely make use of that Undine of flowers, the white water lily; and if he wishes for more brilliant hues, he may take the pink spires of the willow herb as it grows in clusters by the water's edge, as well as the bright yellow petals of the iris which haunts the stream. The forget-me-not also flowers in this month, and its azure blossoms are thickly strewn upon the river bank.

By the sea-shore many marine plants are now in blossom, such as the sun-sponge; the sea eringo, with its thorny root-leaves and its pretty blue petals; the black milkwort, notable for its thick, solid leaves, and its flesh-coloured flowers; and the sea-rocket, with its shining leaves and lilac petals. None of these flowers are very brilliant in hue, but the artist may obtain plenty of colour from two species of marine poppy, one the yellow horned-poppy, which is common enough, and the other the scarlet horned-poppy, which is very rare.

Most of the gaudy poppy race are in full blossom during this month, and chief among them is the common scarlet poppy, which flaunts its fiery head among the corn. There is scarcely one plant in nature more graceful than this poppy when its bud is just beginning to open, and droops, all clad in green and scarlet, from the slender stem. Lovely as is the fully expanded flower, it loses half its grace when it becomes bold and strong enough to lift its drooping head and spread its glowing beauties to the sun. Farmers hate the poppy, but I love it heartily, remembering the sunny fields of France, the many little excursions on everybody's fête day, the bright coquelicot trained with native taste round the dark tresses, and the pleasant evening walk through glowworm-lighted lanes. Then there are poppies of other hues. There is a pale scarlet poppy, and a yellow poppy, and a violet poppy, the last mentioned being a fen-loving flower; and it is said that the beautiful white poppy herself may be found in the fields. She is, however, a visitor, or, at the best, a mere colonist.

In this month the beautiful little pimpernel strews her fiery small blossoms on the ground,

the shining yellow buttercups cluster thickly in the field, the pheasant's eye may sometimes be seen in the pasture lands, and the pale blue bugle flowers hide themselves in the woods. Towards the end of the month the ferns are beginning to exhibit their luxuriant fronds, while their young curled leaves push their way through the soil.

The birds have mostly lost their song in this month; but as sounds cannot be inserted in a picture, the deprivation is of no great consequence to the artist. Troops of newly-fledged young now come out under the guidance of their parents, some essaying their wings, and crouching in dire affright on a branch or wall, craning their necks at the awful depth below, and not daring to leave the perch until they are fairly pushed or shaken off. Others have just passed through the initiatory phases of flight, and are fluttering about in all directions, proud of their newly-acquired accomplishment, and improving hourly in skill and strength. They have their enemies, these little birds, for many a crow and magpie is waiting for them, ready to carry off the helpless little things, and take them home as a meal for their hungry brood. The shrike, too, pounces on the young fledglings, carries them off to its nest, impales them on neighbouring thorns, and so leaves a well-stocked larder round its home. Even the small red-backed shrike will do this, as I can aver from personal experience; and though it may feed its young mostly on insects, yet it often seeks larger prey, and robs the finches and warblers of their offspring. Weasels, too, lurk in the hedges, and run off with many a young bird, and the viper ascends the lower branches and takes the nestlings from their warm home.

Most of the British insects can be seen in this month, but the artist will do well *not* to enliven a June scene with the brimstone butterfly or the herald moth. He may give as many blue and copper butterflies as he pleases, provided he paints them from nature, and not from the depths of his inner consciousness; and he may insert the wonderful humming-bird moth, and show it on the wing at mid-day. The great stag-beetle, too, may safely find a place in a picture, only if the insect be depicted as in the act of flight, the jaws must never be shown open. And whatever insect an artist does draw, in the name of entomology let him look to the antennæ, and not scarify the nature-loving soul by putting knobbed antennæ on a grasshopper, or thread-like antennæ on a butterfly.

Before me lie several pretty drawings by eminent artists. In one of them, an object purporting to be a scorpion is introduced, and the extraordinary monster which is presented to the public under this title is apparently composed of a crayfish with all its antennæ cut off, and with a pair of pincers at the end of the tail instead of a sting. Surely in every museum there are scorpions enough to guard an artist from committing such a solecism of the pencil. The fact that the same scorpion is rather more than a yard in length, and thicker than a man's arm, is perhaps too trifling a blenish to be mentioned. Another artist has drawn a crab which has two carved hooks instead of claws, and has jointed them to the upper surface of the shell. Any one would blame a draughtsman for putting the antlers of a stag on the brow of an ox, or decorating the eagle with the starry train of the peacock. Absurd, however, as such monstrosities may be, they are not one whit more offensive than the beasts, birds, and insects which are continually depicted by artists who will not take the trouble to look at the objects they draw.

Have I not seen the puma covered with spots, an African elephant with a hump back,

and an Indian elephant with tusks growing from his under jaw? Have not the eyes of naturalists been offended by Indian monkey gifted with prehensile tails, ostriches with four toes on each foot, falcons seizing their prey in their beaks, mountain goats looking one way and jumping another, baboons with legs as long as a man's, with fancy tails, and with calves as large as a fashionable footman's, together with hundreds of similar absurdities? And, to come to events of every-day life, few except Bewick and Rosa Bonheur have given the right action of a horse, either on the trot or gallop. Two hours in Rotten Row would give the needful instruction, and yet the professed animal painters yearly depict the race-horse and the trotter in attitudes which no horse ever assumed, or could be made to assume. Perhaps when the artists sketch the races, steeple-chases, &c., of the present year, they will remember that in the trot the fore and hind legs of alternate sides are not used simultaneously as in the conventional idea, and that in the gallop there is always a leading foot, so that each hoof sounds separately as it touches the ground.

During this month there is abundance of life about a farm. Sheep-shearing begins, and presents many a pretty subject for a picture. Full of practical defects as is the recognised custom of washing sheep before they are sheared, it is so picturesque that the artist's spirit must conquer the utilitarian, and retain the rude, primitive fashion of tumbling the sheep into the river, ducking them, swimming them, and then tumbling them ashore again. Whether the sheep like it is another question. The shearing, too, is a pretty sight, as the poor patient beasts are laid on their sides, rolled this way and that, snipped, clipped, and shifted according to the pleasure of the shearer, and at last allowed to run off, much bewildered with the unwonted lightness, and more bewildered by the difficulty of recognising its denuded comrades or being recognised by them. A vast amount of bleating and sniffing has to be gone through before the flock is again on speaking terms.

Then, how easy it is to distinguish the work of an expert shearer from that of a novice. The marks of the shears are as different as the handwriting of a village school-boy and a merchant's clerk. One sheep is covered with lines drawn regularly over the back, met by others that turn the flanks, and agreeing exactly on both sides of the animal. The wool is cut cleanly to the very skin, so that the staple will not lose a quarter of an inch in length nor of an ounce in weight. Another sheep exhibits rows of uncertain, botchy stripes, some cut close to the skin, others protruding some half inch above it, while here and there a little patch of tar shows that the shearer has been too anxious to cut closely, and has included the skin as well as the wool between the blades, giving pain to the sheep, and staining the wool with blood.

Haymaking, too, is, or ought to be, in full operation before the month of June has ended, and is a scene which is ever varied according to place and time, and never fails to afford subjects for many a sketch. Hay-making always is picturesque; and whether the labourers be really working for their daily bread—their old worn garments kept by a trusty dog, and their enormous store of ale or cider in kegs and jars,—or whether they be amateurs, making a half game of their work, but doing it right well notwithstanding their merriment,—or whether they be children pretending to make hay, and ruining it by rolling over the fragrant cocks and flattening them into solid masses of half-dried grass,—they cannot avoid being picturesque, and exciting much gratitude in the painter's heart.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.
A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART III.

IN 1764, Josiah Wedgwood, then in his thirty-fourth year, the sole proprietor of an extensive, lucrative, and rapidly increasing manufactory, and enjoying the proud distinction of being "potter to her Majesty," and of having earned for himself a name and fame which were the envy of all his neighbours, married and brought home his young bride to the Ivy House, at Burslem. The lady who became his wife was his distant—in fact the magical number of "seven times removed"—cousin, Sarah Wedgwood, the daughter, and eventually sole heiress of Richard Wedgwood, Esq., of Smallwood, in Cheshire. The marriage was solemnised just 100 years ago,

on the 25th of January, in the year 1764, as will be seen from the following copy of the register of the parish of Astbury, kindly furnished to me by the rector of that place:—

"No. 453.

"Astbury Church, Cheshire.

[All the first part of the register not filled in.]

"Married in this church by License, this twenty-fifth day of January, in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-four, by me,

"JOHN HARDING, Curate.

"This marriage was solemnised between us,

"JOS. WEDGWOOD,

"SARAH WEDGWOOD.

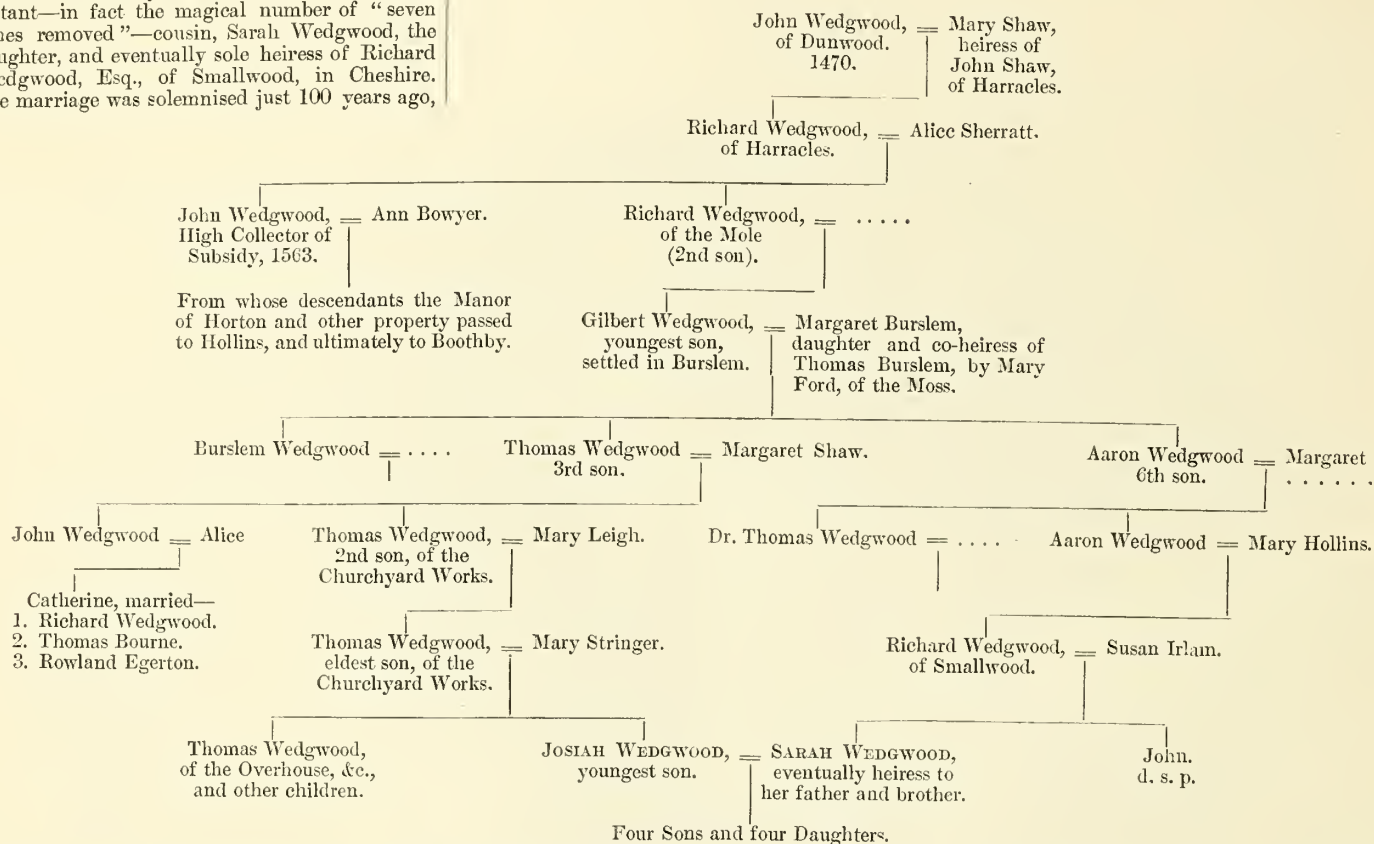
"In the presence of

"RD. WEDGWOOD,

"JNO. CLARK."

The Richard Wedgwood, one of the witnesses to the marriage, was, of course, Richard Wedgwood, of Smallwood, the father of the bride.

The Wedgwoods of Smallwood were descended from Aaron, the sixth son of Gilbert, from whom also the "Big House" and "Red Lion" families were derived, while Josiah was descended, as I have already shown, from Thomas, the third son of Gilbert, and, therefore, elder brother to Aaron. The following simple table, which I have drawn up, leaving out the collateral branches and descents, will show the relationship that existed between the great Josiah and his bride, and also both his and her descent, through several generations, from the Wedgwoods of Harracles and Leek:—



Four Sons and four Daughters.

By his marriage Josiah Wedgwood received an accession to his fortune, in the dowry of his wife, who eventually, as sole heiress to her father, and to her brother John, who died without issue, in 1774, brought to him the whole of the property of the Smallwood branch of the family. This fortune, I have heard it stated, amounted in the end to no less than £20,000—a magnificent sum in those days, and of incalculable use to a rising, energetic, and judicious manufacturer.

About this period, the brothers, Thomas and John Wedgwood, of the "Big House," retired from business, and Josiah made proposals for the purchase of their works and those of the Ivy House, which he then rented under them. This offer, unfortunately for the town, but fortunately for Wedgwood himself, was not accepted. Had the property passed into his hands, he would have formed it into an extensive manufactory, which would have been of incalculable benefit to Burslem. As it was, the rejection of the proposal led him to look elsewhere for a site for his manufactory, and ultimately to establish it where it still stands, a lasting monument to his enterprise, his unwearying industry, and his talents, and of the benefits which he conferred on the neighbourhood and on the kingdom at large.

Thomas and John Wedgwood, of the "Big House," were the sons of Aaron Wedgwood, who died in 1743, by his wife, Mary Hollins. This Aaron Wedgwood, who made the white stoneware of the period, was son of Aaron, the sixth son of the Gilbert Wedgwood, from whom Josiah and the other Burslem branches were descended. He married Mary Hollins, and it is a remarkable circumstance, which is thus recorded in the

parish register, that they were both buried in one grave, and on the same day:—

"Aaron Wedgwood and Mary his wife, both of Burslem, were interred in the same grave, April 24, 1743."

The tomb of this worthy couple still stands in the churchyard, not far from the north door of the church.

About the year 1740, it is said, the two brothers, Thomas and John Wedgwood, left their father Aaron's employ, "as lead-ore glaze potters, and commenced the manufacture of white stoneware upon their own account; but although very industrious and ingenious workmen (one of them being well skilled in burning or firing the ware, and the other an excellent thrower), they were unsuccessful for a long time, and had actually determined to abandon any further attempt to make the white stoneware, when an accidental circumstance encouraged them to proceed. The water with which they prepared the clay, it seems, became highly saturated with salt, owing to the shard ruck or rubbish from their ovens being placed immediately above their water pool, and which rubbish contained much salt. The rain passing through the shard ruck, dissolved the salt, and carried it into the pool, whence it got into the body of the ware, and, in conjunction with the flint and clay, together with the lime which generally adheres to flint stones, formed a fusible body that arrived at a state of vitrification with a lower degree of heat than was requisite to prepare this body for the salt glaze. This discovery induced them to make another trial with purer water; and in this they suc-

ceeded beyond expectation. The Wedgwoods followed up their success with unremitting diligence; and shortly afterwards built a new and commodious manufactory, where they had a supply of good water. This was near the Windmill, invented and erected by the celebrated Brindley for reducing flint stones to a fine powder by grinding them in water, and thereby preventing the pernicious effects upon the health of the men employed in preparing the flint according to the old method, by pounding it by hand in a dry state in a mortar. The fine dust of the flint getting into the lungs produced coughs and consumptions, which frequently proved fatal. This building, censured at the time as having been upon too extensive a scale, was the first earthenware manufactory in the Potteries not covered with thatch. In 1750 they erected an excellent and substantial dwelling-house adjoining their manufactory, which so far exceeded the other houses in the Potteries in point of size and elegance, that it then was, and now is, distinguished by the appellation of the 'Big House;' and in the year 1763 these gentlemen retired from business in the possession of an ample fortune, the just and honourable reward of their industry and integrity."

The "Big House" stands at the corner of Wedgwood Street and Market Place, facing down Swan Square, from which place, and from the Waterloo Road, it forms a conspicuous object. It stands back from the street, with a walled enclosure in front. The old pot-works are at the rear, and are now occupied as builder's premises, by Messrs. Harley and Deane. The property, I believe, still belongs to the Wedgwood family.

Thomas and John Wedgwood, the builders of the Big House, and Aaron Wedgwood, the first maker, with Littler, of china at Longton, being brothers of Richard Wedgwood, of Smallwood, were uncles to Sarah, the wife of the great Josiah.

Thomas was, it appears, born in 1703, and married his cousin Mary, daughter of Dr. Thomas Wedgwood. He died without issue, in 1776, and the following somewhat curious epitaph to his memory—for it is not often that an inscription of "brother of" so and so is to be found—is still to be seen on the floor of the vestry:—

"Here lies the body of Thomas, brother of John Wedgwood, who died April 8, 1776, aged 73. Also Mary Wedgwood, wife of the above Thomas Wedgwood, who departed the 6th of July, 1781."

John Wedgwood, who was born in 1705, married Mary Alsop, by whom he had issue, and died in 1779. At the time of his marriage, and for some time previously, Josiah Wedgwood had, besides the business of his manufactory, been actively engaged in many schemes for the benefit of his native town, for the furtherance of its commercial interests, and for the good of its inhabitants generally. Accordingly, I find him, in 1760, signing a petition to the lords of the manor, praying for a grant of "a small piece of land lying in Burslem, where the May-pole did formerly stand, in order to erect a piece of Building for a Schoole, as there is but one Schoole in the Town, and for want of an other, two parts of the children out of three are put to Work without any learning, by reason the other Schoole is not sufficient to instruct them." To this petition, which went on to say—"so we humbly beg of your Honours that you will be pleas'd to be aiding and assisting in this, and consider that it is a great piece of charity done by your Honours, which will be in memory of you and your posterity for ever, and the prayers of the Poor will always be with you, so we hope your Honours will be agreeable to this charitable request," were appended a number of names, "being the Gentlemen and Freeholders" of the liberty and manor, who "do firmly promise to advance the sums of money following their names, to be applied in erecting the piece of Building for the use and purpose above mentioned; that is to say, a Schoole for the education of poore children." In this list, Josiah Wedgwood, and his relatives, Burslem and Thomas Wedgwood, appear for the sum of £10 each, being amongst the highest contributors. This scheme was afterwards altered, and from it sprang the present Town Hall and Market of Burslem.

About the same period he had been busying himself in the project for making a turnpike road through the district, which was achieved by the passing of the Act of Parliament a few months before his marriage. The state of the roads at this time may be gleaned from the following extract from the petition of the potters, in 1762; and it is highly creditable to Wedgwood, that in this, as in the case of the schools, of the Grand Trunk Canal (of which I shall have to speak later on), and of every other scheme which could benefit his native town or its surrounding district, or tend to the increase of its trade, he was not only one of the foremost and most strenuous supporters, but was the prime mover. The petition says:—

"In Burslem and its neighbourhood are near one hundred and fifty separate potteries for making various kinds of stone and earthen ware, which together find constant employment and support for near seven thousand people. The ware of these potteries is exported in vast quantities from London, Bristol, Liverpool, Hull, and other seaports, to our several colonies in America and the West Indies, as well as to almost every port in Europe. Great quantities of flint stones are used in making some of the ware, which are brought by sea from different parts of the coast to Liverpool and Hull; and the clay for making the white ware is brought from Devonshire and Cornwall chiefly to Liverpool, the materials from whence are brought by water up the rivers Mersey and Weaver to Winsford, in Cheshire; those from Hull up the Trent to Willington; and from Winsford and Willington the whole are brought by land carriage to Burslem. The ware, when made, is conveyed to Liverpool and Hull in the same manner as the materials are brought from those places.

"Many thousand tons of shipping, and seamen in proportion, which in summer trade to the northern seas, are employed in winter in carrying materials for the Burslem ware; and as much salt is consumed in glazing one species of it as pays annually near £5,000 duty to government. Add to these considerations the prodigious quantity of coal used in the potteries, and the loading and freight this manufacture constantly supplies as well for land carriage as inland navigation, and it will appear that the manufacturers, sailors, bargemen, carriers, colliers, men employed in the salt works, and others who are supported by the pot trade, amount to a great many thousand people; and every shilling received for ware at foreign markets is so much clear gain to the nation, as not one foreigner is employed in, or any material imported from abroad for, any branch of it; and the trade flourishes so much as to have increased two-thirds within the last fourteen years.

"The potters concerned in this very considerable manufacture, presuming from the above, and many other reasons that might be offered, the pot trade not unworthy the attention of parliament, have presented a petition for leave to bring in a bill to repair and widen the road from the 'Red Bull' at Lawton, in Cheshire, to Cliff Bank, in Staffordshire, which runs right through the potteries, and falls at each end into a turnpike road. This road, especially the northern road from Burslem to the 'Red Bull,' is so very narrow, deep, and foundrous, as to be almost impassable for carriages, and in the winter almost for pack-horses; for which reasons the carriages with materials and ware to and from Liverpool, and the salt works in Cheshire, are obliged to go to Newcastle, and from thence to the 'Red Bull,' which is nine miles and a half (whereof three miles and a half, viz., from Burslem to Newcastle, are not turnpike road), instead of five miles, which is the distance from Burslem to the 'Red Bull' by the road prayed to be amended."

In this scheme, as I have hinted before, Wedgwood and his brother manufacturers met with severe opposition, especially from the inhabitants of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who considered that by diverting the traffic into another channel, their town would be ruined, and their trade, especially that of the innkeepers, destroyed. The Act, however, passed with the alteration, that it ended at Burslem instead of being continued to Cliff Bank. The formation of this turnpike-road—which has the reputation of being the first in the Potteries—was mainly due to the immense exertions of Wedgwood, who only grew more determined as opposition increased, and eventually carried his point, and thus conferred an incalculable benefit on the neighbourhood, much against its will.

In the course of his own business, as well as upon the schemes of the turnpike road and canal, Wedgwood had not unfrequently occasion to go to Liverpool, where, indeed, he had already found an important market for his goods. On one of these visits, in consequence of some accidental aggravation of his old complaint, he was laid up for some weeks, and was then under the charge of, I have reason to believe, Dr. Matthew Turner, a man of high intellectual attainments, and an excellent chemist, who resided in John Street, and to whom the merit of the re-discovery of much of the lost art of glass-staining belongs.*

The doctor was an intimate friend of Mr. Thomas Bentley, of Liverpool, a man of superior attainments, of refined taste, and of most agreeable manners and conversational powers, and "pitying the situation of Mr. Wedgwood, a stranger, and so much afflicted, introduced Mr. Bentley to him as a companion, whose intelligence, vivacity, and philanthropy, would quicken the lingering hours of pain." From this acquaintanceship, so accidentally and strangely brought about, sprang up a lasting friendship which ripened as time drew on, until it culminated in a partnership, and ended only in the death of Bentley.

And here let me correct a wide-spread error regarding this well-known partner of Josiah Wedgwood's, concerning whom I shall have some particulars to give in another chapter. Ward, in his "History of Stoke-upon-Trent," a work written at Burslem, Wedgwood's native place, says, speaking of Josiah Wedgwood,—"He took

into partnership Mr. Richard Bentley, son of Dr. Bentley, the celebrated critic and Archdeacon of Ely, a man of great ingenuity, taste, and learning, possessing too a large circle of acquaintance among people of rank and science. To him, it is generally understood, Mr. Wedgwood was chiefly indebted for his classical subjects, for which his establishment became so highly celebrated." This statement has been repeated, with but little variation, in almost every notice which has yet appeared of Wedgwood or of his productions down to the present time. I am enabled, however, to show that this statement is erroneous, and that not only was Wedgwood's partner not the son of Archdeacon Bentley, the critic, but was not even named Richard. The companion, and afterwards partner, of Josiah Wedgwood was, as will be seen from the fac-simile of his autograph,

Tho Bentley

which I here engrave from a letter in my own possession, *Thomas Bentley*. The letter from which this autograph is copied, is addressed to "My dear Friend," "Mr. Josiah Wedgwood at Etruria," &c. In connection with this autograph I give in the accompanying illustration an engraving of the beautiful medallion of Bentley, pro-



duced by Wedgwood as a companion, probably, to his own, already engraved, from an example in my own collection. The bust, it will be seen, is remarkably bold and fine, and must have been the work of an artist of no common order.

In my next chapter I shall show that Thomas Bentley, about whom too little is at present known, and concerning whom so many errors have been perpetuated, was a native of Derbyshire, and a member, doubtless, of the old family of that name, long connected with that county.

In the same chapter I shall endeavour to trace the career of Josiah Wedgwood from the period at which I now leave it—shortly after his marriage—down through the first years of his connection with Bentley, to the time when he built, and removed to, Etruria—the period, it must be borne in mind, in which many of his most striking and important discoveries were made. In succeeding chapters I shall hope to show, by the aid of illustrations carefully selected from different collections, the progress he so rapidly made in ornamental Art, and the beauty of form and purity of style which even in those his early days characterised his productions.

* This clever man, I believe in conjunction with Mr. Hubbard, executed the south window of St. Anne's Church, Liverpool.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. E. PLINT,
ESQ., LEEDS.

CHRISTIAN ENTERING THE VALLEY OF
HUMILIATION.

F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., Painter. G. Greatbach, Engraver.

BUNYAN'S allegory of the "Pilgrim's Progress" seems destined to live almost, if not quite, as long as the sacred volume whose doctrines it teaches and whose precepts it enforces. Divines quote it, lecturers make it the subject of their addresses, teachers talk of it to children, artists refer to it for pictures, publishers circulate it in every conceivable form and degree of costliness, learned men edit and make their comments upon it. It has become a household book, read by thousands of every generation,—some from curiosity, some for amusement, and some for instruction,—and will continue to be read so long as the language in which it is written remains intelligible. Little did Keelin, the Bedfordshire justice, think, when he committed the *quondam* tinker of Elton to the county gaol, that he was laying for him the foundation of an immortality wide as the poles and bright as a sunbeam. "It is not in the least degree probable," writes one of Bunyan's biographers, "that he would ever, out of the prison, have begun the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' . . . The leisure of the Den committed him to it; the straitness of the Den, compelling his imagination into exercise, quickened and increased the ministrations of its beauty; and the very darkness and loneliness of the Den at times helped him onward in it; and he was like Milton in his blindness, with the sublimities of the 'Paradise Lost' thrown upon his inward sight. In open day, among the pursuits of life and the absorbing duties of his ministry, Bunyan's mind would not have been likely to have paused upon the imagery of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' even if it passed before him."

The universal popularity of the story cannot be matter of surprise: independently of the great truths covered, but not concealed, by the manner in which the narrative is set forth, it is related with so much quaint beauty of thought and expression, yet with so great simplicity, that even a child becomes interested in it, and can understand it. More than a hundred thousand copies in English were circulated during the author's lifetime, together with all the editions printed in America, and translations in French, Flemish, Dutch, Welsh, and Gaelic. "It was read," says the same biographer, "in palaces and cottages, by men, women, and children, in cities and in the country, on lonely moors and among the mountains, and across the seas."

Mr. Pickersgill has selected one of the most striking and picturesque incidents in the tale for the painting from which this engraving is taken. When Christian leaves the palace "Beautiful," four of its inmates, Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill that led into the Valley of Humiliation, to render any aid he might require. "So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two." The artist has kept very closely to the letter of the text, without departing from its spirit. Two of his companions, Discretion and Piety, the latter in a white robe, hold him on each side, to keep him from falling; Prudence removes some brambles from his path; and Charity, with an infant in her arms, carries a basket containing "a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins," which is presented to him when they part company. Without caring to inquire whether the armour in which the pilgrim is encased and the dresses of the females agree, chronologically—a point admitting of dispute, perhaps—the group of figures is arranged with great skill and with decided pictorial effect. Throughout the composition there is nothing allegorical; all is natural, beautiful, and most attractive in feeling, expression, and colour.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855.

THE ARTS IN INDIA.

WE have received the following communication from Dr. Hunter, superintendent of the School of Industrial Arts at Madras, who has on former occasions favoured us with intelligence on the progress of Art in a portion of our distant Indian possessions:—

"You have noticed our efforts in Madras once or twice, but they are extending so rapidly over other parts of India, that I think the movement ought to receive more attention in Europe than it has hitherto done. The wealthy natives in the Madras Presidency are taking to photography as an amusement, and one or two of the rajahs are establishing schools of design. We have been applied to in Madras for trained teachers, suggestions, drawing lessons, tools, models, and simple machinery for several branches of Art and artistic manufacture; and there are new openings for usefulness turning up for trained, sober, and intelligent men in a number of directions. Drawing classes are being opened in the government, normal, and other schools. A set of masters is being trained for teaching drawing in the different European regiments, and the progress made by many of the soldiers is very encouraging. I believe that in a few years the natives of India will appreciate even the highest walks of Art, and we are trying to pave the way by introducing the best tools from London, Edinburgh, and America; the best models and designs from London and Paris, with casts of hands, feet, ornaments, figures, and animals, from France, Germany, Vienna, Italy, and London. We have received most valuable aid from the Department of Science and Art in London, and from the British Museum and other scientific institutions; and we are now busy making drawings and printing engravings, woodcuts, and photographs of some of our best studies in return for the kindness we have experienced from the Home Department. I think there is quite enough in Indian Art to interest the English public, and to suggest to your artists and manufacturers ideas that might be of great use. For instance, there are elements of grandeur and richness in some of the Hindoo sculptures from the best pagodas of this Presidency, that European artists have not yet had an opportunity of inspecting; while the purity of form in some of the best Mahometan mosques and tombs of the Madras Presidency, in my opinion, far surpass the larger and more pretending Mahometan buildings of Turkey, Egypt, and Upper India. I send you a few photographs we have lately been taking of the old Hindoo sculptures of Itumprée, or Bhijannuggur, and Tarputree, and also of Mahometan tombs of some of the family of Tippoo Sultan, near Vellore. With very little alteration or addition of figures, the latter would make interesting and attractive pictures, and British artists would do well to study the simplicity and grand elegance of some of the native draperies and costumes, as seen daily in our bazaars and roads. Photography will, I believe, be of incalculable benefit to the Fine Arts in India, if we can get the higher walks of it encouraged; but as yet portraiture is the only branch in India that meets with proper encouragement, and that is degenerating into a vulgar, common-place, or insipid manufacture of minute portraits, in which the cut of the coat or dress seems to be of as much consequence as the effect or likeness. We are training young men to out-door photographic work. I send by post an illustrated report upon our school, which will show what we have been doing."

The report alluded to only brings down the operations of the school to the middle of 1862; a later document is, however, almost ready for publication. That which has reached us is in every way of a highly satisfactory character, bearing unqualified evidence of the progress of the native students in the industrial arts especially, and the general attention these arts are receiving in the Presidency of Madras. Many of the European soldiers diligently attend the drawing classes of the school, and bring the knowledge acquired there to a practical result in a variety of occupations. The photographs sent us by Dr. Hunter are excellent specimens of the art; the places represented show, for the most

part, magnificent examples of Hindoo architecture, gorgeous in sculptural ornament of the richest kind, and in character most pleasing, even to the eye of a European accustomed to the symmetry and beauty of Gothic and classic decoration. We believe that an artist of the "David Roberts" stamp would find in the scenery and architecture of the East Indies subjects as picturesque and attractive as Mr. Roberts brought away in his portfolio from the Holy Land.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—Two more stained-glass windows have recently been added to those previously adorning the cathedral of this city. They are the gifts respectively of the Duke of Montrose and Lord Belhaven, and were designed by Franz Frees, a pupil of Kaulbach. The subjects of the designs are Aaron, Miriam, Joshua, and Deborah, seated, with angels floating above them. The local papers report most favourably of the designs, as well as of the manner in which they are executed. The paintings occupy the couplets under the great north transept window; the total height of this gable is considerable, the three windows presenting a surface of six hundred feet. The entire architectural design forms a remarkable composition, the couplets just placed therein being surmounted by the large six-light window filled with the figures of the prophets, designed by Von Hess, which have already been noticed in our columns.

CORK.—The exhibition of the Cork Fine Arts Society took place last month. The object of this society is chiefly to encourage a taste for Art among the citizens and their neighbours, and to encourage native talent. The School of Art in the city is an old-established one; and many distinguished artists have come forth from it—among them, if we are not mistaken, Mr. MacLise, R.A., and the late Mr. Hogan, the sculptor.

DUBLIN.—The trustees of the "Taylor Prize Fund," which is in conjunction with the Royal Dublin Society, offer the following prizes for the current year, open to Art-students of Irish birth or attending a school of Art in Ireland, to be awarded at an exhibition to be held in the rooms of the Royal Dublin Society, on November 23rd, where all works intended for competition must be sent on the 14th of the same month:—1. For the best drawing or cartoon in chalk, the figures to a scale of 3 feet (two or more prizes each), £10. Subjects.—The Good Samaritan; 'The Meeting of Æneas and Dido after the Shipwreck.' 2. For the best landscape in oil colours, £20. To be increased or lowered in amount, or wholly withheld, according to the merit of the works.

BATH.—The late Captain Montagu, R.N., of this city, has bequeathed to the corporation five portraits of individuals once well known in Bath; among them is one of the celebrated Beau Nash.

CAMBRIDGE.—An important addition has just been made to the collection of pictures in the Fitzwilliam Museum through the munificence of Mr. A. A. Vansittart, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, who has presented seven pictures, all of great merit, and undoubtedly genuine works of the artists to whom they are ascribed. They are as follows:—1. A large landscape, with figures, by Adrian Van de Velde; a magnificent picture. 2 and 3. Views near the Duues and on the Amstel, by J. Ruysdael, Nos. 206 and 269 in "Smith's Catalogue." 4. 'The Worship of the Golden Calf,' by Old Francks. 5. A small picture of a horse, by Paul Potter. 6. A landscape, by Old Patel, from Lord Montfort's collection. 7. Interior of Great Church at Antwerp, by Van Niekelen. Mr. Vansittart has likewise presented a collection of coins and medals, chiefly rich in specimens of English workmanship. The Fitzwilliam Museum has also lately come into possession of a picture formerly belonging to the late Archdeacon Hale, and purchased by the University at his death. This picture, a 'Virgin and Child,' is said to be an early Raphael, and, though there may be some doubt about this, there is no doubt that it is an old picture of the school of Perugino.

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art was held on the 19th of April. Mr. Mückley, the head master, read his report, recording facts with reference to the recent minutes of the South Kensington Department, which, he said, concerned all schools of Art, and that of Manchester in particular; and which, if persisted in, would irreparably injure the growth of industrial art. Last year the institution had three pupil-teachers and



CHRISTIAN IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE T. F. PLINT, ESQ. L.F.F.S.

seven prize students; and thirty schools for the poor received instruction in drawing through its aid. The pupil-teacherships had been abolished, and in December next it was proposed to cancel the appointments of the prize students, while twelve of the schools alluded to, which were taught drawing through the Art pupil-teachers, had remained untaught during the whole year, from the circumstance of the students of the School of Art being unwilling to accept the terms of the new code. He was glad to be able to report favourably on the condition of the school as to the progress of its students. Mr. Aspdon read the report of the committee, who had great pleasure in referring to that of the head master as to the practical working of the school. Their attention had been diverted from the advancement of the pupils to other matters. They had been in correspondence with the managers of other schools, who joined with them in denouncing the conduct of the Department of Science and Art in still further crippling the provincial institutions, whilst so large a sum was bestowed on the parent establishment at Kensington. The committee had sent a deputation to London to give evidence before the select committee. Whatever might be the result of its inquiry, the committee had no hesitation in stating that, unless some government aid was afforded to replace, in part at least, the £300 which the school had been so unjustly deprived of, the institution must inevitably be closed, as it could not exist on local support alone. Other remarks were made strongly condemnatory of the course pursued by the Science and Art Department. The financial statement showed that £381 had been received in subscriptions, £286 in donations, and £550 in students' fees. The total income had been £1,221, and the expenditure had been £1,157. The balance owing at the beginning of the year was £241, and at its close was £177.

WINDSOR.—Signor Salviati, we learn from the *Builder*, is proceeding rapidly with the enamel mosaic work in the vaulted roof of Cardinal Wolsey's tomb-house, Windsor Castle, under the directions of Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., for her Majesty the Queen. The surface of the panels to be covered by the mosaic work is upwards of two thousand square feet, and more than a half of the whole is already fixed. The cartoons have been designed and drawn by Messrs. Clayton and Bell. All the mosaic work was executed in Venice, and is fixed by Venetian artists, who came hither for the purpose.

WORCESTER.—The inhabitants of this city are about to present to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales a magnificent *dejeuner* service as a wedding gift. It is manufactured at the famed Royal Porcelain Works of Worcester, and is decorated with paintings copied from the works of Correggio in the church of St. Paul, at Parma.

YARMOUTH.—Thirteen medals were awarded by the Government inspector to the pupils of the Yarmouth School of Art at the last annual examination in March.

YORK.—A stained-glass window, in memory of the late Mr. Justice Wightman, who recently died while "on circuit" here, is to be placed in the cathedral by public subscription.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—At a recent sale of ancient and modern engravings, at the Hotel Drouot, the following specimens reached the prices attached to them, showing that in Paris, as in London, genuine and good works of Art are eagerly sought after:—'The Last Supper,' engraved by R. Morghen, after Leonardo da Vinci, £164; 'The Laocöon,' engraved by C. Berville, £27; 'The Judgment of Paris,' by Von Bochoit, £20 15s.; 'The Virgin au Poissons,' by the Baron Desnoyers, after Raffaele, £36 10s.; 'The Virgin de la Maison d'Albe,' Desnoyers, after Raffaele, £24 15s.; 'The Virgin au donataire,' Desnoyers, after Raffaele, £36; 'The Virgin aux Rochers,' Desnoyers, after Leonardo da Vinci, £24 15s.; 'Rebecca receiving Presents from the Servant of Abraham,' Drevet, after A. Coypel, £27; 'Portrait of Bossuet,' by the same, £24; 'Moses striking the Rock,' Estève, after Murillo, £17; 'The Transfiguration,' Morghen, after Raffaele, £20; 'General de Montcade,' Morghen, after Van Dyck, £21 5s.; 'The Madonna di Sisto,' F. Müller, after Raffaele, £56; 'Marshal Turenne,' F. Müller, £27; 'The Descent from the Cross,' Rembrandt, £25; 'St. Anthony carried into the Air by Demons,' Schongauer, £27; 'Charles I. standing beside his Horse,' Sir R. Strange, after Van Dyck, £20 10s.; 'La Sposimo di Sicilia,' Toschi, after Raffaele, £38; 'The Entry of Henry IV. into Paris,' Toschi, after Gérard, £18 10s.; Portrait of André Déonzyoon Wénius, Commissary of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, and called 'The Man with the Pistol,' a very rare engraving, by Cornelius Vischer, £32: a proof of

this print was sold, in 1845, at the sale of M. Débois's collection for upwards of £64; 'Angels weeping over the Dead Body of Christ,' Vosterman, after Van Dyck, £19; 'Strolling Musicians,' Vosterman, after Diétricy, £20. The entire collection realised £2,400. —The *Salon* this year is one of the weakest within our recollection, and this extends over a period of more than half a century. The absence of works of a high class is grievously manifest; in fact, few of those by the leading painters of France are seen on the walls: the best pictures are contributed by Belgian artists. The total number of works exhibited is nearly 3,500.

ROME.—We have intelligence from this city that Mr. Mozier, the well-known American sculptor, has nearly completed a statue of 'Undine,' and has also remodelled his 'Wept of the Wish-ton-wish,' introducing into the latter work several alterations which may be regarded as improvements. Mr. Gibson is bringing to a finish a statue of 'Psyche,' report speaks of it as a most graceful figure, pure in character and chaste in expression. Another of our sculptors resident in Rome, Mr. B. E. Spence, has been at work on a statue of 'Sabrina.' This, we hear, is almost, if not quite, completed, and is likely to enhance Mr. Spence's already well-earned reputation. The past season in Rome has not proved favourable to the artists there, especially to those who are mostly dependent on commissions.—The following horrible story appeared lately in the columns of a daily contemporary:—"M. Allard, a distinguished painter of Lyons, who, at the commencement of the winter, went to Rome with his mother, wife, and four children, to study the great masters, has just been murdered in his studio. When found he was in a dying state, having received no less than sixteen wounds on the head with a heavy instrument. The murderer is believed to be a man who had sat to him as a model for a picture representing Judas giving the kiss to our Saviour. The model was sitting for the figure of the betrayer. The man has been since arrested at Civita Vecchia."

MUNICH.—The venerable artist Vogel von Vogelstein writes to us from this city on the subject of Mr. J. B. Atkinson's paper on "The Revival of Art in Germany," which appeared in our March number. He says:—"It would have given a still higher interest to the article if the writer had mentioned the real source of this movement, which is to be found in the very distressed state of Germany at that time, consequent on the wars of Napoleon I. in our country. In order to console and encourage us, our poets, L. Tieck, the Schlegels, Wackenröder, and many others, highly commended in their writings our majestic Gothic cathedrals with their stained-glass windows, the old German missals and miniatures, oil-paintings, and whatever else of glorious Art the middle ages produced among us. A very general admiration, and consequently a wide-spread imitation, of such works became the fashion. This feeling gave rise to the collection of ancient German pictures made by the brothers Boisseré, then in Cologne, which had considerable effect in promulgating the taste for such works throughout the country. As we artists were aware that Italy was more or less the source of Christian Art, some few of us (myself in the beginning of the year 1813) went to Rome. Thence I visited Florence, Perugia, Assisi, Cortona, and many other places large and small, with my 'Vasari' and my pencil in hand, to search for and study the old masters, such as Giotto, Da Fiesole, Signorelli, Perugino, and others. The works of these old masters were then not to be found in the picture galleries of Italy; they had to be discovered in the convents and other ancient ecclesiastical edifices. In these researches, I made, during several summers, a collection of more than three hundred sketches and drawings after ancient paintings, which I sold about two years ago to the University of Moscow. At the revival of the study of Art promoted by David during the French Revolution and the time of the Republic—an imitation chiefly of the Greek and Roman—painting took the character of antique sculpture. As then our models were principally old paintings of sacred subjects, so the national Art showed a religious character, and a general higher religious feeling took possession of the German nation. To embody in pictures the utmost intensity of this expression, united with the truest character and individuality in the figures, is the great object of this regeneration, which has not only greatly improved our historical painting, but also portrait, landscape, and all other kinds, as we can readily see by comparing them with those of the last century and the beginning of this. I never advocated the opinion that we should imitate literally Giotto and others, but take only the internal spirit of these works, and unite it with the later improvements of our Art." Herr Vogelstein here expresses our own views of what should be the aim of the modern Pre-Raffaellite school.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE pertinacity with which the "official mind" clings to a job, when once its perpetration has been seriously resolved upon, is something as marvellous as it is inscrutable and difficult to contend against. The "official mind" has no shame, is amenable to no argument, and, above all, knows not when it is beat. Adverse decisions of parliament, condemnatory reports of commissions and committees, and loud and indignant expressions of public opinion, have no effect upon its obtuse morality. Besides, on each successive defeat, there is always available the convenient resource of delay, during which the "official mind" lays schemes and plots, and adopts all sorts of disingenuous expedients to strengthen its case, whenever a more convenient opportunity shall occur for attempting its fruition. The "official mind" can afford to wait, and it would be hard, if it wait long enough, that it should not, at one time or other, light on a happy moment when, public watchfulness being temporarily beguiled, it may find opportunity to carry its long-cherished designs by a *coup de main*.

There are few questions of a non-political character which, during many years past, have engaged a larger share of public attention, or been more warmly discussed, than the position of the National Gallery, in its joint occupancy with the Royal Academy of the extremely ugly building on the north side of Trafalgar Square, and its proposed removal from the half of those premises which it occupies, in favour of the latter. We are not now going to re-discuss the question on its merits, including the "moral," if not legal, claim of the Royal Academy, as a private and exclusive body, to enjoy the use of extensive apartments rent free at the public expense. It is sufficient for us that successive responsible ministers have given assurances that, wherever it might eventually be located, the Royal Academy's tenure of the public premises in Trafalgar Square was only temporary and during pleasure; and that successive parliaments, committees, and commissions have confirmed that view of the case. Indeed, in 1850, Earl Russell, acting upon this principle, in view of the exigencies of the public collections occasioned by the accession of the Vernon bequest, actually "gave notice" to the Royal Academy to yield up their apartments to the use of the nation, accompanying the demand by an intimation that he intended to propose a vote of money to the extent of £40,000, to enable the Royal Academy to provide themselves with a home elsewhere. Nor was this "notice to quit" in any way resisted by the Academy, either on legal or "moral" grounds; the matter went off, merely because Parliament refused to grant the money. But still the Royal Academy did not "turn out," and provision had to be made for the Vernon collection, and afterwards for the Sheepshanks collection and the Turner collection, by building galleries at great cost to the public at South Kensington. And thus the national collection was broken up, and the British portion of it—that very portion most interesting to a general public—consigned to a locality comparatively distant from the living haunts of men.

About this time "a change came o'er" the "official mind," or rather in certain "influential quarters," which bore a potent, though unauthorised, influence over it; the Gore House Estate (the story of which we told at some length in our number for November, 1862) was found to comprise a large extent of ground "eligible for building purposes," and it was suggested that, as the modern pictures of the nation were so comfortably housed at South Kensington, the "old masters" might be sent there also. A plea of health was first put forward in support of this project: the sooty atmosphere of the metropolis, forsooth, was especially prejudicial to these venerable works, and change of air into the country would be in the highest degree beneficial to them. But this argument was speedily disposed of by the concurrent opinions of chemists and experts, including that of the now President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery, that if it became a question of removal upon this score,

there was nothing in favour of so completely suburban a site as that of South Kensington above one actually urban. Nevertheless the question was stoutly contested during several sessions, until at length it was, as was supposed, definitively disposed of by the report of the Royal Commission of 1857, which was agreed to with one dissentient voice (that of Mr. Richmond, an Associate of the Academy), in favour of the retention of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and that emphatically on the ground of its "accessibility to the public."

The only natural consequence of this decision would have been to have taken action for the removal of the Royal Academy from the portion of the building in Trafalgar Square in which they had so long been tenants on sufferance; and accordingly, in 1859, Mr. Disraeli proposed to carry out Earl Russell's intentions of 1850, by dispossessing the latter, offering them, in exchange, liberal provision of building ground on the premises attached to Burlington House. This handsome offer, which amounted, in fact, to a free gift of ground to the value, at the lowest estimate, of £70,000, the Royal Academy accepted, but saddled their acceptance with so many onerous and unreasonable conditions that the negotiation was protracted until Lord Derby's ministry resigned.

No one can doubt that if the report of the Commission of 1857 had been even colourably in favour of the removal of the National Gallery, it would have been promptly acted upon, and our glorious Raphaels, Claudes, Titians, &c., have been long ere this ruthlessly torn from their walls, and carted away to South Kensington. But the alternative process of removing the Royal Academy was "flat burglary" in the apprehension of the "official mind," and the old convenient expedient was resorted to of treating an unwelcome decision as if it had no existence. Indeed, with such obdurate persistency was this negative, this recusant policy pursued, that three years ago, when it became absolutely necessary, under the conditions of Turner's will, to remove that great British master's collection to the already overcrowded premises in Trafalgar Square, the Government absolutely built a new gallery there, besides altering other apartments on the public side—at the same time constructing additional accommodation for the Royal Academy in the wing they occupied, at the expense of several thousand pounds.

Next we come to the Royal Academy Commission of last year, appointed on the motion of Lord Elcho, and including, besides his lordship, Mr. Danby Seymour, both of whom, during many years, had been the energetic, the uncompromising, and doubtless conscientious, defenders of the public's right to their National Gallery. Lord Elcho and Mr. D. Seymour in 1859, in their places in the House of Commons, deliberately demanded that the Royal Academy should at once have "notice to quit."

What "charms" may have been used to turn these champions of a people's right from their purpose, we know not, nor do we care to know; certain it is that the report of this commission, and in which these gentlemen concurred, whilst admitting that "no other site (than that in Trafalgar Square) could certainly be selected that would invite so large a concourse of visitors, or be convenient to so many classes of persons"—thus enlarging upon and confirming the principle of the report of 1857—recommended that the National Gallery should be removed from that most eligible site, and the whole of it given up to the "private body of artists" known as "the Royal Academy." And the ministry which had allowed the report of the commission of 1857 to remain so long a dead letter, was prompt to give adherence to this measure of spoliation. In June last, before the ink of the Elcho report was dry, Mr. William Cowper, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, gave notice in the House "that the Government had under its consideration a plan for the removal of the National Gallery to Burlington House." And this "plan," so coolly announced, quite as *une affaire de rien*, has been quietly maturing in the recesses of the Department of Works ever since, and will be carried into effect with wonderful alacrity, unless it is prevented by a general and authoritative expression of

public dissent. There is no longer any doubt that the Government are prepared, if Parliament will permit them, to give up the whole of the national building to the Academy, upon certain conditions. Well, if, in spite of all that has been urged on the score of the rights and convenience of the public, this sacrifice is to be made, let Parliament consider, at least, the responsibility which will rest upon them, to see that the nation gets something tangible, something substantial, in return, in the form of an enlarged and enlightened system of Art-education worthy of the age. It is a notorious fact that the proceedings of the schools of the Academy have been very far from keeping pace with the progress and *status* of Art in our day, whether measured by the amount of money expended upon them, or the number of pupils instructed. Indeed, within the last forty years, during which so much has been doing for Art and by Art in various other quarters, the increase of instruction at the Academy has been ridiculously disproportionate, as may be judged of from the fact that, whilst in the ninety-four years since the establishment of the Academy, the average number of pupils admitted has been 282 in each decennial period, the number admitted between 1848 and 1858 was only 350; and that whilst the annual expenditure on the schools over the whole period has averaged £1,518, the average annual expense in the same ten years only reached £2,394, and that in the ten years preceding only £1,979. This is very lamentable. It is not, we think, unreasonable to state that if the Royal Academy had duly fulfilled its province, there would have been no occasion for a Department of Art, which has cost the country so much, and led to so much disappointment. The question is, whether Government, in proposing to establish the Royal Academy in enlarged premises at the public expense, will take securities for its fulfilling a great national requirement in Art-culture. If they do, they may have Parliament and the country with them; if not, they must prepare to face the odium which will properly attach to the attempted perpetration of a mere job in the interests of a clique.

It is now stated that the Academy have at length tardily addressed to the Queen their answer to the Royal Commission's report, in which, rejecting the proposed infusion of a so-called "lay element," the extent of concession they announce that they are prepared to make to the demands of public opinion, is to increase the number of academicians to fifty, abolishing the separate class of engravers, and placing them in full membership, and to considerably enlarge the body of associates, "so as practically to bring all the best artists of the country, who may be willing to join them, into the corporation." We confidently anticipate that these proposals will not be accepted as a sufficiently satisfactory solution of a long-pending difficulty, either by the legislature or the country. It is intended that much shall be given, and it is demanded that much shall be received; the Academy must no longer be a private and irresponsible body of associated gentlemen, they must be answerable to the public for the due and proper discharge of public duties.*

With all due deference to the superior authority of the learned Chief Commissioner's judgment in point of constitutional law, we venture to submit that, in cases involving the disposal of national property, to move "an address to the Crown" would not be the most proper mode of proceeding. The straightforward and only efficacious course for the House to adopt will be to refuse the grant for any buildings at Burlington House until perfectly satisfied all the bearings of the case upon which it is demanded, involving the future interests both of the National Gallery and of the Royal—or, as it should henceforth more properly be called—the National Academy.

* Since these remarks were written the answer of the Royal Academy has been issued. It is entitled "Observations of the Members of the Royal Academy of Arts upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts." Although it stops far short—very far short—of the "proposals" of the Commissioners, it goes perhaps farther than was generally expected, with a view to their adoption. The document was published at too late a period of the month to enable us to give to it the attention to which it is undoubtedly entitled.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1864.

IN our May number we announced that the exhibition of the Royal Dublin Society was to be opened on the 17th of that month. At the desire of his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle, that event, which he was to inaugurate, was postponed to the 25th. Before, therefore, our June number is in the hands of our readers, the public will have had access to the exhibition. While we write all arrangements are in a state of active progress, and approaching a successful completion. The clink of the hammer is incessantly heard in the Machinery Court; in the principal hall objects of manufacture and of Art are crowding in, and taking their places in the spaces allotted for them; the great fountain is ready for the play of its waters, the orchestra is erected, the organ being put up, and order and beauty are evolving out of the chaos. The picture gallery, too, is bringing to light its treasures, many of them rare ones; so that we have now the assurance of a successful undertaking. But, as we said, all this will be a reality when our number is published. We lay before our readers views as well of the exterior of the building as of the interior of the courts. The principal building of the Royal Dublin Society, which will be seen in our sketch, the fine house formerly the palatial residence of the Dukes of Leinster, is too well known to require any description; nor is it necessary, as the apartments in it are not to be used in the exhibition, though the library as well as the museum will be thrown open during its continuance. Its large semi-circular courtyard will, however, be made available and converted into an extempore garden. On the southern side of this court refreshment rooms have been erected, in connection with the spacious agricultural hall, which contains the principal departments of the exhibition. It is a quadrangle, 216 feet in length, and 108 feet in width, lit from the roof, and divided into a central hall 64 feet wide, and two aisles, each 22 feet wide; on each side of the central hall are galleries, 18 feet wide, supported by light metal pillars. The building is tastefully decorated, and painted with excellent artistic effect, cobalt, vermillion, and white being the prevailing colours. The great central space is occupied with glass cases, in which are displayed objects of delicate fabric and of costly manufacture. Midway between the entrance at the western end and the orchestra at the eastern, stands a handsome fountain, manufactured by the Messrs. Edmundson, of Dublin; while the orchestra, rising from a low elevation to the height of the galleries and backed by the organ built by Mr. Telford, terminates the vista. As the visitor proceeds up the centre, he sees on the right hand articles of linen manufacture of every description, while on the left are displayed the woollen fabrics of the country. Of the aisles, the southern is appropriated to the exhibition of ironmongery, cabinet-work, and furniture of every kind. Irish ship and boat building will be exhibited in the agricultural museum. The northern aisle is partitioned off to form the picture gallery, which is lined with dark red cloth, against which the pictures are hung. The lighting is from the roof, and is excellent.*

There has been no ungenerous response to the solicitations of the committee either abroad or at home. Paintings by K. Baade, Von Baerdemaeker, and T. Scheiss, from Munich. Dusseldorf contributes largely from its famous

* The principal building in which the exhibition is to be held (the Agricultural Hall) was designed by Frederick O. Clarendon, Esq.; the Machinery Court was designed and erected by Messrs. Grendon and Co., of Drogheda.

school, selected by the first artists there, Arnz Berg, Becker, Bewer, Duntze, Hahn Flamm, Harweng, Fasn Funghem, Len, Lindler, Heinecke, Schoenfeld, Webb, and others. Amongst the Brussels artists who exhibit are to be found Cecchini, Untenberger, Otto Van

Thoren, Kindermans, Roffiaen, Wauters, Madame Geefs, and Van Schendel. Eugene le Gendre sends from Bruges; and from Paris are pictures by Gerard, Gredin, and many others. Sir Robert Peel contributes two paintings from his collection at Drayton

Manor; Mr. Gillott, of Manchester, a fine Danby, a Machise, and an Eddy; Mr. Brodie sends 'The Fiery Cross,' and Mr. Edwards, of Birmingham, a number of pictures, some by the celebrated animal painter, Horler; Messrs. Gambart, Colnaghi, Graves, and



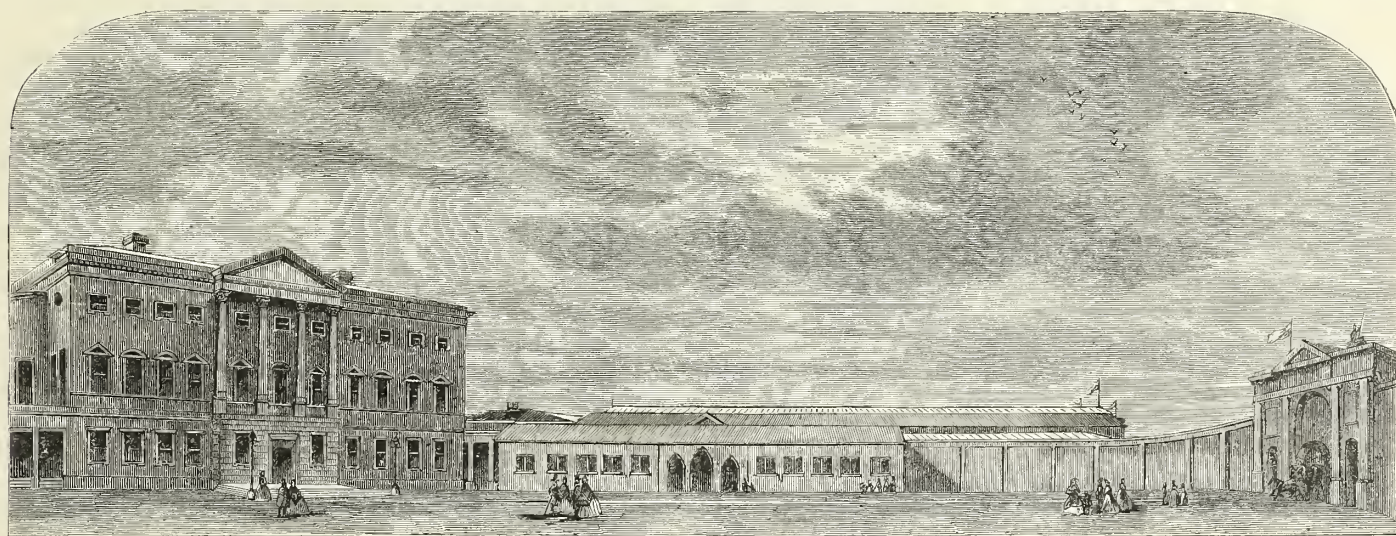
THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION: INTERIOR.

Cranfield, add several attractions, and the Irish artists are doing their duty. We may thus calculate that from 700 to 800 good pictures will be found in the gallery.

Let us take a brief survey of the Machinery Court. This has been erected for

the occasion at a cost of £1,200. It stands at the south-eastern end of the hall, is built of iron, and very prettily decorated, and measures 130 feet in length by 90 in breadth; at the north-eastern angle is erected a powerful steam-engine, liberally contributed by Messrs.

Woolstenhulmes and Rye, of Oldham, to drive the various machinery. Amongst these are those of Mr. John Mason, of Rochdale, exhibiting the entire process of the manufacture of woollen cloths, while the manufacture of flax will be shown by the machinery



THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION: EXTERIOR.

of Messrs. Lawson, of Leeds. This court will not only be highly attractive, but, we believe, deeply instructive to the Irish artisans and manufacturers.

Ireland has ever been a musical nation, and has given us great masters in modern

times, Balfe, Wallace, and others, amongst whom Dr. Stewart, Professor of Music to the University of Dublin, has a deservedly high reputation. At the request of the committee, Dr. Waller has written an original ode for the "opening," to which Dr. Stewart has

composed the music: ample provision has been made that the performance of it shall be most efficient.

Although this exhibition is in the main exclusively Irish, there can be no doubt it will interest and attract the people of England.

OBITUARY.

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS.

A quarter of a century ago the name of this gentleman, who died on the 5th of April, was as popularly known in literary and artistic circles as that of any one now living. In the various characters of lyric poet, journalist, and Art-critic, he held a distinguished place among his contemporaries; his memory has a special claim on our columns, because this Journal had some few years ago, occasionally, the assistance of his able pen.

Mr. Watts was born in London, in 1797, and was educated at a school in Kent, where his elder brother was one of the masters. Subsequently he engaged himself as an usher in several schools, and, later, as a private tutor in a family at Manchester. While thus occupied he published his first literary work, "Poetical Sketches," which appeared in 1822. The little volume attracted the attention of several of his literary contemporaries, and passed through five editions in a comparatively short space of time: it was illustrated with designs by Stothard, engraved by Charles Heath. Towards the close of that year Mr. Watts commenced his career as a journalist, having entered into an arrangement with the proprietors of the *Leeds Intelligencer*, a long established paper of Conservative principles—Mr. Watts was always a strong and consistent advocate of this political creed—to conduct that journal. From this post he removed to edit the *Manchester Courier*; and afterwards came up to London, and assisted in establishing the *Standard*, which for many years was carried on with great success as an evening paper only; the introduction of penny newspapers induced the proprietors to make it a morning publication also, and to lower its price. During a period of ten years Mr. Watts conducted the *United Service Gazette*, of which he was one of the earliest promoters, and its first editor. Few men have rendered greater services by his energy to the Conservative cause than Mr. Watts, for during a period of nearly twenty-five years he was the means of establishing, or assisting with his writings, as many as twenty public organs of the party with which he allied himself.

We have long since adopted a class of Christmas and New Years' gift-books very different from those which Mr. Watts aided to introduce into this country, in 1824, when he started the "Literary Souvenir," one of those elegant little works of Art and literature which found many followers and maintained a long course of popularity; which the leading artists of our school aided with their pencils, and whose pages were graced with much of the best lyric poetry of the present century, written expressly for these books. Mr. Watts carried on the "Literary Souvenir" for ten years. In 1850 he published a selection, under the title of "Lyrics of the Heart," of his own and other poetical writings, with illustrations by Stothard, Danby, Howard, and others. The "Poetical Album," in two volumes, also appeared with his name on the title-page as editor, at different dates: these contained a collection of all the best minor poems published in the magazines, &c., for several years.

Mr. Watts's judgment on modern Art was sound and discriminating, and he exercised it independently when speaking or writing upon such topics. From his long and intimate acquaintance with his contemporaries both artistic and literary, he had acquired a mass of information and anecdote which rendered him, when he chose to be communicative, for "the fit was not ever upon him," a most agreeable companion.

In 1853 the government of the day conferred on him a pension from the Civil List of £100 per annum, "in consequence of services rendered to literature and the Fine Arts through thirty years;" a pension which it is hoped may be continued to his widow, sister of the late J. B. Wiffen, a name not unknown in literary circles. Mr. Watts found in his excellent and accomplished wife most efficient aid in his labours. Their eldest son is wedded to the daughter of William and Mary Howitt, a young lady who has obtained fame both as an author and an artist.

CLAUDE MARIE DUBUFE.

The French school of painting has lost one of its most eminent members in this artist, who died towards the end of April, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Dubufe was born in Paris, and studied in the *atelier* of David. He first appeared as an historical painter in 1810, when he produced 'A Roman Family dying of Famine;' two years afterwards he sent from his studio, 'Achilles taking Iphigenia under his protection.' Among his later principal works are, 'Christ stilling the Tempest,' 'Apollo and Cyparissus,' bought by the government for the Luxembourg Museum, 'Psyche and Venus,' 'The Birth of the Duke of Bordeaux,' 'The Passage of the Bidassoa,' 'Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee,' 'The Deliverance of St. Peter,'—the two last purchased by the municipality of Paris. He received a commission from the French government to paint four pictures for the first saloon of the State Council-chamber, to typify respectively Egypt, Greece, Italy, and France. In 1827 appeared his two paintings, companion works, entitled 'Remembrances' and 'Regrets,' which have become well known on the Continent by the engravings. Among his more popular *genre* subjects may be specified, 'The Nest,' 'The Household,' 'The Slave-Merchant,' and 'The Abandoned.'

As a portrait-painter Dubufe had a high reputation. To the International Exhibition of 1855, in Paris, he contributed only works of this class. Of the numerous portraits from his pencil, we may especially point out those of the Queen of the Belgians, the Duchess of Istria, the Countess Lehon, General Athalin, and one of Mdlle. Vernon in the character of *Fenella*. He received a medal of the first class in 1831, and was decorated with the ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur* in 1837. His son, Edward Dubufe, also a portrait-painter of note, resided in London some years ago: there is a picture by him in the Vernon collection, which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* with the rest of that series.

JEAN HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

This artist, another of the most distinguished of the French school, died in March last. We have a notice of him ready, but are compelled to postpone its publication till next month.

ARIEL.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. G. LOUGH.

WE know not why sculptors should so frequently refer to classic history for subjects, when the annals and literature of our own country supply them copiously, without much trouble of research, and of a character more original than the legends and history of Greece and Rome. What a glorious gallery of sculptures could the writings of only one man—but that one the greatest of all—Shakspeare, call into existence; male and female, heroes and heroines, beings who have walked on the earth, and those who lived only in the poet's wondrous imagination; "airy nothings," and forms of actual flesh and blood, through his pages, and invite the artist's attention as seductively as the Venuses, the Apollos, Cupids, Psyches, and all the other mythological personages whose stories have descended to us from Greek and Latin writers.

Mr. Lough has found a subject in Ariel, one of Shakspeare's most fanciful embodiments. The particular passage that suggested the figure is, it may be presumed, to be found in Ariel's song:—

"There I crouch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly."

His conception of Ariel is not altogether consonant with the ideas usually entertained of the spirit—a light, young, and merry though mischievous creature; the form here is that of womanhood, and the expression of the face is stern; but looking at the statue simply as a work of Art, it presents an example of powerful modelling and striking action, combined with very considerable poetic feeling. It is in the possession of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., M.P., Carlton House Terrace, and has never been publicly exhibited.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE annual general meeting of the members of the Art-Union was held on the 27th of April, by permission of Mr. Webster, in the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of receiving the report of the council, and for the distribution of the sum allotted for the purchase of works of Art for the year 1864. Lord Montague, the president of the society, having taken the chair, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, read the report, in which it was observed that the council did not think it useless to allude to the claims the Art-Union was entitled to make on the confidence of the public. The best qualities of Fine Art were beyond the means of classes whose taste had now been educated up to an appreciation of real excellence, but by the scheme of the Art-Union the best works were placed within their reach. The progressive growth, the firm establishment of the Art-Union, and the amount of the subscriptions show, after such a lengthened probation, a sufficient evidence of the value of the institution as a means of Art-education by the distribution of really meritorious works among classes which, but for such a society, could not possess them. The subscriptions for the present year amount to £12,469 12s. The reserve fund now amounts to the sum of £11,549 10s.

The amount set apart for the purchase of works of Art from the public exhibitions by the prize-holders themselves, was thus divided:—32 works at £10 each, 32 at £15, 20 at £20, 20 at £25, 12 at £35, 12 at £40, 10 at £50, 6 at £75, 3 at £100, 2 at £150, 1 at £200—the whole being in number 150. To these are added four statuettes in bronze of Foley's 'Caractacus'; 150 statuettes in porcelain, from the statue 'Go to Sleep,' by Durham; 150 busts in porcelain of the bust of the Prince of Wales; 150 pairs of bas-reliefs in fictile ivory, of subjects from Milton, by E. Wyon and R. Jefferson; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Young England'; 200 chromo-lithographs, 'Wild Roses'; 170 volumes of etchings by R. Brandard; and 30 silver medals commemorative of Bacon—in all 1,204 prizes, in addition to the volume of illustrations received by every member, and the Parian busts due to those who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without having gained a prize. In moving the adoption of the report, Lord Montague stated that he had been connected with the society for twenty-eight years, and that his association with the institution had been a source of greater satisfaction to him than his connection with any other society; and he believed that the efforts of the Art-Union had tended greatly to advance the interests of Art, and even those of the country generally. The adoption of the report was seconded by Mr. Fahey, and was unanimously agreed to. A vote of thanks was moved to the honorary secretaries by Professor Donaldson for their valuable services, who said it was intended to present to them some more substantial tribute of respect. The model of the testimonial intended for presentation to the honorary secretaries stood on the table: it is to be executed in silver, and will bear a suitable inscription. The cost will be £500, a sum representing in nowise the value of the services so long and so faithfully rendered by these gentlemen, yet serving in some degree as a recognition of those services. But we shamed to say it—even the £500 are not yet subscribed! Is this creditable to British artists, so many of whom owe to these gentlemen the foundation of their fortunes? A very small percentage indeed of the enormous sum expended by their means in purchases of pictures would make a very much larger sum than the one required. We know this is a delicate subject to touch upon; we do so at the risk of giving annoyance to the honorary secretaries, who have rightly held themselves aloof from the attempt to do them honour; yet we cannot resist an earnest appeal to "the Profession" not to let a slur and a reproach be cast upon it. This month, at all events, the *Art-Journal* will be read by artists; let them think of the position in which they stood twenty-eight years ago, when it was very difficult to make by Art a sufficient income for the necessities of life. Let them consider, also, how happily different are circumstances now. We need say no more, but cannot believe we have said too much.



ARIEL

ENGRAVED BY F. ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY J. LOUGH

MR. THOMAS'S PICTURE OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

CONSIDERING the various shades of difficulty to be met and surmounted in a picture of this kind, Mr. Thomas has accomplished his task in a remarkably short time. In the treatment of such subjects, artists seem hitherto to have agreed to work according to a settled form, and to have been bound to a particular moment in the ceremony; as in a marriage, to the precise time when the ring is put on the finger of the bride, or, in a christening, when the infant is named. In looking at a picture like this, a question suggests itself as to the reality of the dresses, especially those of the ladies. It would have been impossible to secure them by taking each person in turn as a study in the picture itself, for rapidly as they were sketched by Mr. Thomas, he was yet scarcely in time to find them in the perfect state in which they were on the occasion of the ceremony. The dress of the Princess of Wales, for instance, had been dismantled of the orange-flower wreaths by which it was ornamented; these had doubtless been distributed among persons desirous of possessing such a memento of the ceremony. Others again were already in the hands of the modistes for transformation into court, ball, and evening dresses. In many cases, there was, therefore, of necessity a recomposition for the purposes of the artist. Thus nearly all the dresses have been painted from sketches, and had it not been so, it would have been impossible to present them with the spirit and accuracy by which they are characterised. And so with the figures; all have sat to the artist, but he has preferred working from sketches to painting from the life on his canvas, and hence the rapidity with which the work has been accomplished.

Mr. Thomas has, we say, departed from the common forms of construction observed in the representation of courtly ceremony and solemnity, for it is not the actual marriage that is painted, but its conclusion, everybody yet maintaining his or her place, the only movement observable being that among the nearest figures in forming the head of the procession as about to retire from the chapel. We cannot believe that any better view of the whole could be obtained from any other point than that selected, which is in front of the altar. In the centre of the *haut pas*, and immediately in front of the Archbishop of Canterbury, are the Prince and Princess of Wales, the former about to lead the Princess from the altar. The Prince wears the mantle of the Garter over a general's uniform; the Princess wearing of course white, richly trimmed with orange-flower. The supporters of the bride are the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian of Denmark; those of the bridegroom are the Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Saxe Cobourg. Behind the bride and bridegroom is the Archbishop, supported by bishops on his right and by the Dean of Windsor on his left, and further back on each side of the altar are the minor canons. The right of the *haut pas*, that is, looking towards the altar, is occupied by members of the Danish Royal Family, and on the left we see an assemblage of the Royal Family of England, all of whom are at once recognisable from the perfection of the resemblances. Near the bride, and on her right, are the eight bridesmaids—Lady Victoria Scott, Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Elma Bruce, Lady Victoria Howard, Lady Emily Villiers, Lady Agneta Yorke, Lady Feodore Wellesley, and Lady Eleanor Hare. The extremities of the *haut pas* on both sides are occupied by ambassadors, "ambassadors," and the high officers of the crown and their ladies, among whom a conspicuous figure, in the glitter of his Oriental attire, is the Maharajah Duleep Sing. Prominent, in the nearest section of the picture, are Sir Edward Cust, heralds, and gentlemen ushers, with their faces turned towards the spectator, as forming the head of the procession, which is about to leave the chapel. The bridegroom has given his arm to his bride, whose train, a little crushed, by the way, from the surrounding pressure, is held by the nearest bridesmaids; the action of all these figures indicating the

conclusion of the ceremony and departure. The Queen does not appear in the throng round the altar, but is seen in the royal closet on the right of the altar. The lower part of the picture—a blaze of jewellery supported by a distribution of the most gorgeous colouring—is most happily sustained by the upper part, in which is the large painted window, commemorative of the late Prince Consort, the crimson velvet hangings, the silk banners, the old oak carvings, the delicate alabaster bas-reliefs over the altar, and the richly-gilt altar-plate, all of which in colour yield in nowise to the alternation of dazzling hues below. But that which impresses the observer is, in the first place, the masterly disposition of light and dark; and in the next, the absence of stiffness in the figures and formality in the aggroupments.

Mr. Thomas has dared to deal independently with his subject, and the result is pictorial quality in a measure far beyond what exists in any royal ceremonial that we have ever seen. The *haut pas*, and all the personages that occupy it, are fully lighted. This is as it should be, but it does not seem less a propriety that nearer portions should be in shade. There are not less than one hundred and thirty figures, the majority of which are admirable portraits. Thus is Mr. Thomas's picture—as a description of a state ceremonial—a surprise that at once destroys the settled conviction of conventionality with which for twenty years we have approached all similar works. The purposes of the painter are at once seen; in realising, however, these purposes, he has had recourse to no vulgar expedient, but has conducted his work in the most masterly manner to a triumphant result.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

THE PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

SIR,—I have read in the May number of your Journal that the paintings in the Kensington Galleries deteriorate quickly. When, a few years ago, I made a visit to London, I went there, and saw one of the finest Turners (I believe a view in Venice) placed a few inches above an opening where the hot air was admitted into the room; the sky of the picture had two or three very large cracks in it. I remarked to one of the attendants in the Gallery, that I thought it hazardous to have a painting so near the flue; he said there was no fear, as the heat came out, and had no expansion within. May not this be partly a cause of the damage done to the pictures? I think so, and it ought to be looked to. As to painting with asphaltum, any artist who adopts that bad custom had better pay a visit to the Louvre, and he will there see in perfection its disastrous effects, in pictures of the highest class, by Girodet, Prudhon, Valenciennes, Granet, and Gericault, whose fine painting, the 'Raft of the Medusa,' is actually falling to pieces, and it is proposed to have a copy made of it. There are many more names I could add, but the above may suffice. It was a strange fancy for these artists to adopt—as the master they all followed, David, made little use, if any, of this colour, and his paintings are in the finest preservation.

Paris, May 4.

H. B.

[The truth of the remarks we made last month has been questioned by some with whom we have since held verbal communication; but the parliamentary report, to which allusion is made elsewhere, confirms, in a great measure, our statement, for it speaks of certain pictures at Kensington having been repaired last year.—ED. A.-J.]

UNINTENDED PHOTOGRAPHS.

SIR,—As many photographers seem to be satisfied that the Soho pictures on paper were copied by some mechanical process, not by photography; and that those on silver plates, though clearly photographs, have been produced since Daguerre's discovery, your readers will be so kind as to qualify to the extent required, the opening paragraph of my article in your April number on "Unintended Photographs."

London, April.

C. TOMLINSON.

[The above communication reached us too late for insertion in our last number.—ED. A.-J.]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—It is probable that before these pages are in the hands of the public, the country will be in possession of what the government proposes to do with respect to this building. Mr. Heygate has asked the First Commissioner of Works whether the scheme for erecting a new National Gallery at the rear of Burlington House, and which was last year stated by the First Commissioner of Works to "have been for a considerable time under the consideration of the government," had yet been approved, and if not, to what national purposes it was proposed to devote the estate purchased for the nation in 1854, at a cost of £140,000, and now occupied by Burlington House and Gardens. Mr. Cowper said the government had determined upon proposing to parliament an estimate for the erection of a National Gallery upon the vacant ground in the rear of Burlington House; that estimate was now in course of preparation, and would shortly be laid upon the table. [It has since been made public, and it appears that Parliament will be asked this year for a vote of £10,000, the first instalment of a sum of £152,000, the estimated cost of the proposed edifice at the rear of Burlington House, including decorations and paintings. The details of the Government plan we must leave to a future opportunity.]

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The trustees of this institution are fully persuaded of the inadequacy of the present rooms in George Street to the display of the wealth they now possess. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to call attention to the subject in parliament, and it is believed that as soon as arrangements can be conveniently effected, the collection will be removed to a permanent abiding-place, where the merits of the best portraits, and there are many of rare excellence, may be appreciable. In testimony of the growing popularity of the collection, it may be stated that on Easter Monday and Tuesday the rooms were visited by not less than 2,861 persons. The acquisitions made since our last notice are—by presentation, portraits of John Lord Hervey, by the Marquis of Bristol; of Woodfall, by Mr. H. D. Woodfall; a bust of Dr. Arnold, by Behnes, presented by the Bishop of Manchester; and a pencil drawing of Lord St. Vincent, presented by Mrs. Lucretia Kay. The purchases have been, portraits of Lord Mansfield and Lord Heathfield, both by Copley; of Thomas Stanley, the historian of philosophy, by Sir P. Lely; of Queen Catherine of Arragon, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Archbishop Laud, by unknown artists; and of Charles Churchill, by T. Schauk.

THE PROPOSED NEW MUSEUMS AT KENSINGTON.—The designs sent in for this proposed structure, in compliance with an invitation to architects issued from the Board of Works in January last, have been exhibited in the Royal Gallery near the House of Lords. Thirty-three "sets" of designs were hung; we have neither time nor space, in this our busiest and most over-crowded month, to enter upon any examination of the drawings; our readers who desire information on this point will find it in the journals especially devoted to architectural subjects. On the 29th of April the Commissioners appointed to award the premiums—Lord Elcho, Mr. Tite, M.P., Mr. David Roberts, R.A., Mr. Ferguson, and Mr. Penne-thorne—met to make their final decision, when the first prize, of £400, was awarded to Captain Fowke's design; the second, of £250, to that of Professor Kerr; and the third, of £150, to Mr. Borthwick's. Of course, the names of the authors of the drawings were unknown till their sealed letters were opened by the Chief Commissioner of Works, the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.; and there can, therefore, be no ground for supposing that any partiality has been shown in making the awards, or that there was any clue to the authors. But the story of these museums *in posse* is somewhat strange; it appears to us as if the Government had begun the business at the wrong end; it holds the ground in possession, and now it has the designs for the structures, but not the money to pay for the erection; and parliament has hitherto shown itself very sensitive on the point of a grant. When the question was

mooted some time ago in the House of Commons, by some member who desired to know what use would be made of the buildings, Mr. Cowper is reported to have replied that, "the first thing was to get designs, and the use to which the building should be put would be a matter of further consideration." This seems droll in more ways than one; but the strangest feature is, that architects should be called upon to furnish designs for an edifice, without specific information as to the requirements it is absolutely intended to meet. The whole matter reminds us of an old story of a man who called upon a friend to ask the loan of a horse: "No," was the reply given him, "but I can lend you a pair of spurs, if they will be any service." And so Mr. Cowper has the site and the drawings, but not the money; and parliament, we expect, will desire to learn something more about these museums before agreeing to a vote.

THE BANQUET AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1864 was "much as usual." The president, as heretofore, made speeches and said nothing; indeed the only topic on which he aimed to be heard concerned architecture; no word was said as regarded contemplated reforms in the Academy; it was too tender a theme for the members, while the guests, of course, eschewed it in "the presence." The only point of the evening worth recording is the eloquent and graceful compliment to the memory of Dyce, rendered to it by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was proud to style himself the artist's "friend." Literature was represented by Mr. John Foster, who made a brilliant speech; the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke for the visitors; the Lord Mayor returned thanks for himself and his "portrait;" Lord Elcho was heard on behalf of the volunteers. Further than this, record is unnecessary, except in so far as regards the "wines, dessert, and attendance," which the reporter for the *Times* assures us were "all that the most fastidious could desire."

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDENS: SCULPTURE.—Dr. Lindley, one of the most useful and estimable of public men, has resigned the honorary secretaryship of the society, and his place has been filled by—Mr. Henry Cole! The announcement of this ominous name was at once accepted as evidence of a contemplated job, or, at least, that one would be attempted. The attempt has been made, but it has not succeeded. Last year the efforts of the Sculptors' Institute obtained a singularly interesting and attractive collection of works in sculpture, which not only adorned the gardens, but acted beneficially as regarded the artists and the art. Mr. Henry Cole, however, the "new broom," orders a new plan—sure to prejudice both; he ordains and directs that all works sent in shall be labelled with the price at which copies may be sold to the public, in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta; next, that when a plaster model is purchased by the Society, it shall include the right of the Society to make, at its own expense, one copy in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta, or some other material; and next, that the artist shall state the price to the Royal Horticultural Society he requires for the right of allowing further copies of the plaster model to be MANUFACTURED in terra-cotta, &c. As a result—which anybody but Mr. Henry Cole might have anticipated—there will this year be no exhibition of sculpture in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, or, at least, no exhibition to which our leading sculptors will contribute, the Sculptors' Institute having transmitted to the secretary the following resolution, "passed unanimously:—"That this Society do not take part in, or support in any way, the proposed exhibition of sculpture at the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens, under the Rules dated February, 1864, now submitted to the profession at large."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The gold medal established by the society in memory of its late president, the Prince Consort, to be called the "Albert medal," and to be bestowed, from time to time, "for distinguished merit in promoting Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," has been adjudged to Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., in recognition of his eminent services to all classes of the community in the creation of the penny postage system and other postal reforms. The society has appointed two committees, consisting of its most distin-

guished members, the one to "consider and report" what memorials should record the sites of the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862; the other to "consider and report" how the society may promote the erection of statues or other memorials of persons eminent in Arts, manufactures, and commerce, and whether it is desirable that the society should contribute to the monuments of distinguished individuals, members of the society.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—This subject has been again brought before Parliament, by an effort on the part of Mr. Dillwyn, the member for Swansea, to locate the establishment in some more accessible quarter than South Kensington. In the course of his speech, he stated his motive to arise mainly from a knowledge of "the grasping disposition of the authorities at South Kensington," and added:—"There was something very curious in the absorbing powers of Brompton for museums. The members of the government seemed to have taken a new oath of allegiance which bound them to Brompton. He knew several who used to speak rather disparagingly of the South Kensington concerns when independent members, but who became thorough and devoted supporters of them as soon as they took their seats on the Treasury Bench."

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The forty-ninth anniversary festival of the founding of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 16th of April, when nearly two hundred and fifty gentlemen—a much larger number than we have seen on a similar occasion for many years—met to support the Lord Bishop of Oxford, who presided. The members of the Royal Academy mustered rather strongly, but Sir C. L. Eastlake, who is rarely absent, was prevented by indisposition from attending. The right reverend chairman advocated in eloquent terms the claims of the institution to public as well as professional support, an appeal which was most liberally answered, the subscriptions announced during the evening amounting to nearly £1,200, more than £300 in excess, we believe, of any previous collection. The list included the sum of £25 from the chairman, and one of 20 guineas from the "Moray Minstrels," an amateur choral society, who volunteered their services for the occasion, and sang in admirable style several part-songs during the evening. The health of these gentlemen having been proposed, Dr. Davies replied to it on their behalf, and said that as an additional proof of the estimation in which he and his brother minstrels held the Artists' Benevolent Institution, they would contribute towards its funds the sum mentioned.

SOUTH KENSINGTON PICTURE GALLERY.—Copley's picture of the 'Death of Major Pierson,' purchased by government at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's collection, is placed in this gallery.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—Art has a zealous advocate in Cardinal Wiseman. On the evening of the 12th of April, his eminence delivered a lecture in the theatre of the South Kensington Museum, before the members of the Architectural Museum, on the following subject: "Judging from the Past and Present, what are the Prospects for good Architecture in London?" The lecturer entered into the details of the question at considerable length, spoke commendably of some of the modern metropolitan buildings, especially of those in the city, deprecated others, and alluded in particular to the want of harmony generally observable in our streets—various styles, strongly opposed to each other, being visible in the same line of buildings. Looking at the past, and judging from it of the present, the Cardinal regretted to find now existing so vast a want of reverence and respect for the great, the good, and the beautiful, in itself or in its associations—the absence of a feeling that everything is not to be balanced by the realisation of a passing advantage or a pecuniary gain. The prospects of architecture in London were very promising, but they would be immensely promoted by exciting in the people a reverence for relics of the past, and a taste for the beautiful.

BARON MAROCCHETTI'S STATUE OF 'CŒUR DE LION,' like the Nelson column, still waits completion. Mr. Hankey, from his place in parliament, recently asked the First Commissioner of Works why the bas-reliefs intended for the base of the work had not been placed there, and "whether

he would communicate with Baron Marocchetti, and have them done at an early period." Mr. Cowper was understood to say in reply, that "the matter was still under consideration." We certainly do manage admirably our public works of Art in England. What with the Nelson lions, and the bas-reliefs for Palace Yard, the Baron's studio presents an impenetrable mystery. Over its doorway should be written that significant motto, "*Nulla Spes*."

MR. REDGRAVE, R.A., is engaged in compiling a catalogue of all the pictures now forming the Royal Collections, and deposited in the various palaces dispersed over the country. It is to be illustrated by photographs of all the works, executed upon a uniform scale.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.—The general impression produced by the designs exhibited this year at the rooms in Conduit Street is, that they are inferior in merit to what has been seen on former occasions. The contributions are numerous, carefully drawn, and many of them very artistically coloured—a system adopted to please the public, but which the professional visitor can very readily dispense with. Architects, like painters, are very apt to shrink from the labour of thought that produces originality, when there is a large demand for their works; and inasmuch as both professions find ample employment just now, there is little expectation of meeting, either in our picture galleries or in Conduit Street, many evidences of great study or of novel ideas.

STEREOCHROME.—Our experience of water-glass painting, though as yet limited, all but warrants the presumption that we have at length a means of mural painting more suitable to our climate than fresco. Before the works in the upper waiting hall of the Palace of Westminster were as old as Mr. Maclise's finished picture in the Royal Gallery, they showed signs of decay, but the Waterloo picture remains as perfect as when first finished. All honour, then, to Mr. Maclise, to whom we owe the introduction of the water-glass method, and whose success has already drawn followers. He it was who applied to the fountain-head at Berlin and Munich, whence he returned with a store of practical knowledge.

MR. GREGORY has given notice of his intention to ask Parliament for an increased payment to Mr. Herbert, for his works in the House of Lords. To such increase he is fully entitled, but not more so than other artists—Mr. Maclise especially—who have so laboured in "the Houses" as very materially to diminish the incomes they would have received from "private practice." The merit of Mr. Herbert no one will gainsay; but who will question that of the other artists employed by the nation? To select one is something very like a vote of censure on the others; the public will naturally infer that to give augmented recompense to one and withhold it from the rest, is equivalent to saying the rest have not earned what the one claims. We trust to the honour and to the liberality of Parliament not to make so invidious and dangerous a distinction. [This subject was brought before Parliament on the 12th of May; a very interesting discussion took place, which, we rejoice to see, indicates a liberal spirit concerning Art in "the Commons." The Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his intention to award an additional £1,500 to Mr. Herbert—a sum to which he is well entitled; but unquestionably Mr. Maclise may claim an amount at least as great. This "boon" will not content Mr. Herbert. Mr. C. Bentinck stated that "he had the authority of Mr. Herbert for saying that unless he received something like £5,000 (which he does not receive), he would never again put his brush upon the walls of the Houses of Parliament." Sir S. Northcote subsequently explained that was not what Mr. Herbert meant; he meant merely that "it would be impossible for him to continue his work in the House, unless he received such remuneration as would justify him in doing so."]

A SERIES of six drawings in water colours, by Mr. John Gilbert, has been exhibited during the past month at Mr. Agnew's gallery in Waterloo Place. They illustrate the popular ballad of "The Old English Gentleman," and may be accepted as faithful representations of the life and character of one of these ancient worthies, as history and tradition have handed down their story during the last two centuries. In the first

picture is seen the old gentleman's bountiful relief of the poor; in the second he presides over a banquet in his own baronial hall; in the third and fourth he keeps "merry Christmas," entertaining his friends in the former, while his servants and retainers are feasting in the latter. The fifth subject is a death-bed scene; the days of wassail and rejoicing are over, and the lord of the mansion is taking his last farewell of a large group of children and grandchildren, and bestows his blessing upon them. In the sixth and last picture, the body of the "fine old English gentleman" is borne to the grave on the shoulders of some of his servants, through a long line of mourning friends and tenantry. These drawings are executed in the bold and peculiar style with which the artist's pencil has long made us familiar, and with that knowledge of costume and circumstance which much study and research have given him. They are, moreover, finished with greater elaboration than is usual with Mr. Gilbert.

THE WORKS FOR THE ALBERT MEMORIAL in Hyde Park have been commenced. There is now a huge boarding in the park, directly opposite the Horticultural Gardens.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND has obtained, by purchase, Dyce's very beautiful picture of 'Francisca di Rimini.'

BRITISH PORCELAIN.—M. Daniell, of New Bond Street, has exhibited a most superb and very charming dessert service produced by him at the works, Coalport, for a distinguished commoner, whose liberality and taste are well known. The ground is the famous rose du Barry; each plate, compotier, &c., contains a picture, the majority of the pictures being English landscapes. These are entirely the work of English artists; they are all admirably painted, and show the excellence at which our porcelain painters may arrive, if opportunities be given to them.

BUSTS OF SHAKESPEARE.—Messrs. Wills Brothers have made two valuable additions to our large store of Shakspeare memorials. We have had frequent occasion to direct attention to the productions of these artists; they are sculptors in the higher sense, but they do not disdain to bring Art into active co-operation with manufacture. These busts are placed within reach of the many. They are of terra-cotta, small in size, but finely modelled and charming in colour. The one is taken from the Stratford bust, the other from the "Van Jansen" bust. Messrs. Wills have also produced a group of a more elaborate and ambitious character, representing Titania, on whose lap reposes the transformed Bottom. It is a work of very great merit, and cannot fail to add to the reputation the artists have obtained. These attractive productions may be seen in the Porcelain and Earthenware Court at the Crystal Palace; Mr. Banfield having allotted space to their proper display.

THE SHAKESPEARE PHOTOGRAPHS of Messrs. Cundall and Downes form a very interesting series of views connected with the birthplace, including four of the best authenticated of the portraits and the bust in Stratford Church. There are twelve photographs. The selector of points could not well go wrong. The more attractive of the subjects in this collection are interiors and exteriors of the world-lauded room, Ann Hathaway's cottage, and Trinity Church.

GARIBOLDI.—Every shop for the sale of photographs in England exhibits portraits of this most remarkable man, so lately the idol of all classes. "Cartes" have been furnished in abundance from Italy; the greater number of these, however, are copies from paintings, and unsatisfactory. Messrs. Maull and Polyblank were fortunate in obtaining sittings at Stafford House; they have produced three photographs of very great excellence, conveying a perfect idea not only of the features, but of the kindly expression of "the General."

AMERICAN PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHS.—There is an establishment at No. 1 in the Strand for the sale of photographs, principally produced in America. The exhibition (for so it may be termed) contains portraits of all the remarkable and renowned men and women of the Northern and Southern States, the two presidents, and all the leading generals of both armies—the men of whom we read daily, and, generally, with sadness and sorrow. The collection, however, is not thus limited: the men of peace are here; science, Art,

and letters have their representatives. The series is, indeed, very extensive; a selection from it cannot fail to gratify those who, in England, are interested in the issue of a frightful and fearful War, and pray earnestly for the coming of Peace.

THE NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION, 1865.—We have made our readers aware that an exhibition of Art and Art-industry, manufactures, natural productions, &c., will be held at Dunedin, Otago, in January, 1865. For the information of intending exhibitors it may now be stated that applications for space and all other information should be addressed to John Morrison, Esq., the government agent for the colony of New Zealand, 3, Adelaide Place, London Bridge, who has placed the whole correspondence and business details of London management in the hands of Mr. P. L. Simmonds, who, with Dr. Lindley, had the superintendence of the colonial department of the International Exhibition of 1862. The enterprise is being carried out with great spirit and energy by the colonists. The various Australian colonies will take a prominent part. The intercolonial steamers have agreed to convey goods for exhibition to and from for one rate of freight, and the English shipowners have very generally reduced their charges on goods intended for the exhibition.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS held its fourth *conversazione* for the season on the evening of the 13th of April, in the gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street. The *locale*, added to the expectation that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the new president of the society, would then make his first appearance in the chair, attracted an unusually large attendance of the members and their friends. His lordship briefly addressed the company on the objects of the society, with which he expressed his warm sympathy. Some excellent vocal and instrumental music was performed during the evening.

MESSRS. MECCHI AND BAZIN, of Regent Street, have completed a very sumptuous dressing-case for the Pasha of Egypt, the instructions given for which prohibited all attempt at ornamental design, but without limit as to expense. The Pasha's desire was that the case should be simply a square box, and such it is, made of sandal and tulip woods, but in size it measures about two feet and a half by two feet, and every article in it to which metal was at all adaptable is made of silver. The lid is inlaid with the crescent and the star, and the letter I. P. (Ishmael Pasha). The influences, it might have been thought, by which the Pasha is surrounded, would have induced him to order his dressing-case in Paris, but that it has been manufactured in London is a wholesome sign of the appreciation in which the solidity and excellence of our manufactures of this class are held.

"THE STUDIO" commences a series of photographic portraits of living artists issued by Mr. Hering, of Regent Street. Part I. contains portraits of Phillip, Calderon, Faed, and Watson. They are capital photographs, and, of course, admirable as likenesses. We question, however, the taste of an arrangement of drapery, by which the artists acquire characters not "in keeping." At all events, if they are to wear ruffs, the ruffs should be true to a period.

THE EARL OF DERBY has been elected to the president's chair of the Commission of the Exhibition, 1851, thus filling the place vacated by the ever-lamented death of the Prince Consort.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT HAMPTON COURT IN THE SUMMER OF 1658.—Such is the title of a large picture, by Mr. Charles Lucy, now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, wherein Cromwell is set forth in his family relations. The transcendent renown of the Protector as a statesman and a military leader, has all but silenced the smaller voices which dwell upon his domestic virtues. Mr. Lucy has, we believe, painted Cromwell before with a preference to incidents of his private life. The persons presented in the picture are, besides himself and Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Claypole, Andrew Marvel, Secretary Thurlow, Richard Cromwell, Milton, Lady Faulconbridge, Frances Lady Russell, and others of the family. So carefully painted is the head of Cromwell, that it makes the others look unfinished. In character and expression it comes nearer to the conception that we gather from the best por-

traits than, perhaps, anything that has been given forth as a posthumous likeness. It has been worked out from the well-known cast, and that miniature by Cooper, rendered famous by Cromwell's insisting to have the small excrescence above the nose faithfully painted. He wears a plain Sunday suit of violet velvet, with netherstocks of the same colour, and is engaged in an animated and earnest conversation with Mrs. Claypole, the subject of which suggests itself—if the interview between the father and daughter on her death-bed be not forgotten. Milton is seated at the organ—at this time he had been totally blind for six years. In 1652 he desired that Andrew Marvel should be associated with him in the secretaryship, but it was not until about a year before the date of this supposed scene, that Marvel was so appointed. In the studious earnestness with which Mr. Lucy has entered upon and completed his work, he has done all justice to his subject, which, though a text of peace, is yet silently eloquent on the troubles of the time. There is also at the Egyptian Hall Mr. Selous' 'Crucifixion,' which was described at length in these columns when exhibited at Messrs. Jennings's. Another great attraction are Mr. Carl Verner's drawings.

M. TROYON.—Many of our readers will regret to hear that this eminent landscape-painter is, according to a statement made in the French journals, at the present time afflicted with that most terrible malady, insanity.

AT THE PANTHEON is exhibited a collection of pictures, originals and copies, by Mr. Nathan Hughes, who has resided many years in Florence, and also in Chili and Peru, whence he has brought interesting memorials. We know not whether Mr. Hughes is an American or an English artist; his feeling seems to incline to French manner. By many persons subjects from Chili and Peru will be regarded with some curiosity, as it is not often that scenes from these countries present themselves. The catalogue is an extensive miscellany of one hundred and twelve numbers, and looking for South American scenery, we find 'Plains of Longomilla, Chili—scene of the great battle of 1851,' 'Chili Miners,' 'View of Lima from the Alameda,' 'The Guano Islands,' with numbers of other studies local and personal. These places commend themselves to notice, but not for picturesque quality. The luxuriance of the vegetation deprives the scenery of that variety that constitutes much of the beauty of landscape. Mr. Hughes has practised extensively as a portraitist, and thus presents some of the celebrities of South America.

'A DRAWING ROOM.'—Mr. Jerry Barrett has just completed a picture of this subject, as held by the Queen at St. James's, for which purpose Mr. Barrett enjoyed the privilege of being present on several occasions, in order the more faithfully to describe the ceremony. The picture was commenced in the spring of 1862, and by command of the Queen every facility has been afforded to the artist. The Queen, the late Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal Family, occupy the left centre of the picture; and the lady in the act of being presented is the Marchioness of Carmarthen. The portraits are fifty or sixty in number, and conspicuous among them are—the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess and the Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Wellington, the Marchioness of Ely, Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Jocelyn, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, the Maharajah Duleep Sing, Duke of Argyle, Lord Clyde, &c. Mr. Barrett having made studies of the throne-room and all its furniture and ornaments, the picture, with its striking portraits, will be received as a version of the subject as faithful as can possibly be rendered.

THE LITERARY FUND DINNER.—There was a universal feeling of regret, approximating to reproach, that to support the Prince of Wales at the anniversary dinner there was not a single artist of note. We greatly fear the bonds that connect Literature with Art, and Art with Literature, are not strengthening with the present generation: it is a subject on which we shall have much to say hereafter.

REVIEWS.

THE BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SHAKESPEARE. By HENRY G. BOHN. Published for the Philobiblon Society.

It is very seldom that a bookseller takes to literary labour as to a pleasure of an elevating kind, or looks upon the books he publishes in a more respectful light than the trader in bricks glances at his stock. In the olden time all men were more or less learned who had to do with bringing forth an author's labours: Caxton, Pynsen, Elzevir, Plantyn, Morell, and many others, were learned men, and encouraged and paid the scholars who were willing to become correctors of their presses. Our mechanical age has made literature in a great degree mechanical too. It is pleasant, however, to find one of our best and busiest booksellers devoting himself to a labour of love, in going over a somewhat wearying field of research for the sole benefit of a few lovers of literature, headed by the Duc d'Aumale, who is a zealous collector of rare books. Mr. Bohn's volume is very carefully compiled, and he has ingeniously managed to get something new and valuable in further illustration of our great poet's career, particularly in early life. He by no means inclines to the derogatory opinions of Farmer and others, who wish to make it appear that all his classical knowledge was obtained through English translations of Greek and Latin authors; and he asserts that Shakespeare must have had some understanding of French and Italian, there being in his time no translation of the Italian tales on which he founded his "Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "Twelfth Night." The localities and usages of Venice mentioned in the first of these plays have induced competent critics to believe the poet visited that "city of the sea." Mr. Bohn has, by a train of argument founded on documentary evidence, shown his early familiarity with the players at Stratford; and has amusingly placed in one paragraph the conclusions to which different writers have come as to his first occupation in life, from the presumed technical knowledge exhibited in his works: "according to these ingenious reasoners, therefore, he may have been a glover, a woolstapler, a butcher, a teacher, an attorney's clerk, a doctor, a sailor, a soldier, a psalm-singer, and an actor." More than this has been asserted by some "demented reasoners," that he never wrote his plays at all; and even that he had no existence, except as a *nom-de-plume* for certain anonymous productions of the theatre. Mr. Bohn has added to his volume a wondrous list of books connected with the poet and his works, which will astound all but bibliographers or bibliomanias: it would form a very large library in itself, and should be begun in the poet's native town. Mr. Bohn has illustrated his volume with some good engravings, not the least interesting being a copy of the Droeshout portrait, by H. Robinson, which clearly proves the want of talent in the Dutch engraver as the chief objection to its favourable reception. Altogether this volume is a most valuable addition to our long list of Shakespeariana.

'EASTWARD HO! AUGUST, 1857.' 'HOME AGAIN, 1858.' Engraved by W. T. DAVEY, from the Pictures by H. O'Neil, A.R.A. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., London.

The pictures from which these engravings are made are too well known to require any description. They were among the most attractive works in the Royal Academy exhibitions when they hung there, not alone for their intrinsic merits, but because in those years, 1858 and 1859 respectively, the public feeling was all alive to every incident associated with the Indian war. Nor has it at this distance of time so far declined as to leave no interest attached to these paintings, which may be regarded as "national" pictures, for though they do not profess to represent any historic fact, they illustrate what might have taken place under the circumstances to which they refer. Each is, in truth, a passage of English history idealised.

It is well that such works, on account of the story they teach, should have a wider sphere of observation than the galleries of those gentlemen who are their fortunate possessors. We give a welcome, therefore, to these fine engravings, and predict for them what they deserve—an extensive popularity. Mr. Davey has produced a pair of mezzotint prints forcible in effect, excellent in the distribution of light and shade, and with a considerable amount of delicacy in the treatment, especially of the faces, with which he evidently has taken great pains, and has been most successful in retaining the expression given to them by the painter. The engravings are large, but they "match" admirably, the arrangement of each

composition adapting itself most fitly to the other, as if Mr. O'Neil had purposely intended that the two—whether as pictures or prints—should hang side by side.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Printed and published by F. FRITH, Reigate.

A printed notice accompanying these pictures informs us that Mr. Frith proposes to issue to subscribers of one guinea annually, for four years, a series of fifteen photographs, "by the best artists of the day." The first instalment is now on our table: a set of very beautiful views, selected with much judgment, and varied in character. Canterbury affords two, the fine old Christchurch Gateway, and the equally fine old Norman exterior staircase, leading, if we remember rightly, to what is now used as a grammar school. Another specimen of ancient architecture is the doorway of Barfreystone Church, Kent, one of the most striking photographs of the series. These three were photographed by Mr. Bedford. An interior view of a portion of Tintern Abbey, by Mr. Roger Fenton, though a little "foggy" in some of its details, is a forcible representation of that noble ruin. Mr. Rosling's view of Conway Castle is brilliant and picturesque, and his Falls of the Ogwen, North Wales, has a rugged grandeur about it which is most impressive. A doorway in Riveaux Abbey, and an interior view of the same venerable ruin, by Mr. Bedford—but especially the latter, show his perfect mastery over the processes employed to produce the pictures. There are three Yorkshire ruins by Mr. Fenton—all good, but the first supremely so: the Wharfe at Bolton Bridge, the "Stepping-Stones," Bolton Abbey, and a view on the Ribbles. We have next three scenes by Mr. Rosling, in one of the most beautiful of our home counties, Surrey:—Betchworth Park, a closely-wooded kind of dell in winter-time, exquisitely manipulated; a view near Reigate, and another on the river Mole; the last beautiful in light and shade. 'The Confessional,' photographed by Mr. Goodman, is, we presume, from a painting. The priest is sitting in a recess of richly ornamented architecture, at the side of which, and seen through some open columnar work, is a young penitent on her knees. The composition is well put together.

The photographs are about eight inches by six in size, and are carefully mounted. When the whole sixty are complete, they will form a truly acceptable series, provided they are continued as begun, of which no doubt need be entertained.

TURNER'S ENGLAND AND WALES: a series of Photographic Copies, by C. C. and M. E. BERTOLACCHI. Part I. Published by them at 89, Great Portland Street, and for them by COLNAGHI & Co., Pall Mall, &c. &c.

The most famous, and certainly the most pleasant and profitable of all the engraved productions of the great landscape painter has long since been "out of print." The engravings were on copper, and therefore rapidly "wore out." We have here *facsimiles* taken from proof impressions, having all the sharpness and brilliancy of the original works. The collection will consist of ninety-six photographs, to be issued in six parts, each part to contain sixteen prints, produced at a comparatively small cost. The subjects are very varied—as varied, indeed, as is the scenery of England and Wales: fair valleys, high hills, rivers and sea coasts, harbours and towns, venerable remains of antiquity, ruined abbey and castles—in a word, we have the choicest pictures of the most interesting and impressive scenes our country supplies. The original work is well known, although few possess it. Its reproduction is a boon of magnitude to Art; and the publication is entitled to the favour and patronage it is destined to receive.

THE AUTOGRAPHIC MIRROR: containing Facsimiles of Documents, Letters, &c., by Sovereigns, Statesmen, Warriors, Divines, Historians, and others. Parts 1 to 5. Published at the office, 110, Strand.

To those who are collectors of autographs, but have not the means of acquiring all they desire; to those also who find an interest in the handwriting of distinguished individuals, independent of its subject, this publication will prove most acceptable. The lithographic process has here brought within the reach of all letters, &c., of men who are associated with a nation's, even with a world's, history; of those who have passed away from the scene of life's labours, and of those who are yet among the living. The import of much that is written may be comparatively valueless, but the handwriting itself cannot but be regarded, in most instances, with great interest. There are persons professing to determine

the character and mental qualities of an individual merely from examining the style of his or her penmanship. We know of a lady who has made some very shrewd guesses in this way, concerning people of whom she has never seen or heard. We think, however, it would puzzle the most skilful professor of the art to pronounce with the least approximation to truth upon the characters of some of those whose correspondence appears in the pages before us. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that many of the most celebrated men wrote a clear, fine, and legible hand; for example, Washington, Nesselrode, Pitt, Fox, George IV., and others.

Some of the letters and papers here introduced have historic interest. There is one, however, from a living writer, which ought not to have been made public. It was evidently a private communication, never intended for any one but the person to whom it was addressed; and by whatever means it came into the hands of the editor of the "Autographic Mirror,"—and we have no doubt it was honourably obtained,—it should not, as containing a passage reflecting on the character of the writer himself, have been given to the world. This is the only blot we can discover in this most amusing, and not uninteresting publication. Such a "mistake" is not, we think, likely to occur again.

THE GOSSIPING PHOTOGRAPHER AT HASTINGS. By F. FRITH. Published by the Author, Reigate.

Hastings is as picturesque a watering-place as any to be found on the southern coast of England; and its neighbour, St. Leonard's, is a kind of Brighton on a very small scale. At no considerable distance are two other towns, once of some importance, Rye and Winchelsea, both still possessing numerous attractive objects for the artist. From these four places, Mr. Frith has culled a series of most pleasing photographs, and accompanies the pictures with a history and description of the towns, written in a semi-comic, semi-truthful style, which may amuse some readers, even if it does not afford them much instruction. But the "gossip" is not to our taste. The residents and visitors at St. Leonard's and Hastings are, generally, of the aristocratic order, with whom Mr. Frith's story is not likely to find much favour, whatever his pictures may do, and these merit all the compliments we can pay them. The best literary portion is his "Ballad of the Battle of Hastings," modelled on the style of the "Lays" of Macaulay and Aytoun. It is really a spirited composition, though occasionally marred by the defects alluded to in the prose. It requires the master-mind of a Tom Hood to travesty historical facts in truly unobjectionable language. The "Gossiping Photographer" makes its appearance in a handsome form, as regards binding and type.

ESSAYS ON FICTION. By NASSAU W. SENIOR. Published by LONGMAN & Co.

This volume is a collection of reviews. They possess great interest, not only as the productions of a philosophic scholar whose name is high among thinking men of letters, but as "records" of feelings excited by works of the master-spirits of the age, when they "first came out"—some of them nearly half a century ago, others the issues of a much later time. Thus we have reviews of Walter Scott's earlier novels, and of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," while those of Thackeray and Bulwer come between. They were chiefly contributions to the *Quarterly Review*. Our space permits us to do no more than refer to the sound and judicious views of the accomplished writer; and to the style, graceful and manly, by which these able reviews are distinguished.

MEMORIES: THE BEQUEST OF MY BOYHOOD. By EDMUND FALCONER. Published by TINSLEY BROTHERS.

A volume of poems by an actor and manager is a novelty at least. Mr. Falconer has produced two or three plays of rare excellence, and established a right to prominent rank among authors. There have been few modern comedies so good as "Woman," written by him, and represented under his management at the Lyceum theatre. Here he appears in another guise. These poems are the compositions of a refined and graceful nature. Some of them are, indeed, very beautiful, and may take place beside those of poets better known. The themes are rather solemn and impressive than light or trivial, while there is manifest in the whole of them a lofty and often a religious spirit.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1864.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.

A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART IV.



LAND navigation at the period of which I am now writing was in its veriest infancy; but the advantages which an increased water communication between different towns would give to trade were fully understood by Mr. Wedgwood, whose mind, ever active, grasped the subject in all its bearings, and determined him to bring those advantages to his native place, and to the trade which was its sole support. His mind once made up, nothing was allowed to brook it. Obstacles only increased his determination, and opposition his firmness of purpose. As early as 1755, a scheme had been broached in Liverpool for joining, by means of a canal which should pass through the great towns of Chester, Stafford, Derby, and Nottingham, the rivers Trent and Mersey, and thus connect the important ports of Liverpool on the one hand, and Hull on the other. Surveys were made for this and other schemes, some passing through the "pot district," and others purposely avoiding it. The progress of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal intensified the interest which had been created in the subject, and at length, in 1762, James Brindley, the prince of engineers, who had been employed in erecting wind flint-mills, corn-mills, engines, etc., in the pot district, and who was successfully carrying out the duke's canal, was engaged to make the survey through Staffordshire. "The schemer," as he was aptly called, had as early as 1758 made a rough survey of the district, and in the two succeeding years he continued his surveys and mastered the levels necessary on the proposed line of canal. Meetings in support of the proposed scheme were held, and Smcaton as well as Brindley produced their plans, but the project of inland water communication being in its entire infancy, and the duke's canal being unfinished, the projectors left their scheme in abeyance for some time, while they watched with intense anxiety the progress towards completion of the duke's canal. When it was opened, and its success became palpable, the Staffordshire scheme was revived with increased spirit. Wedgwood entered into it with all the ardour and energy of his nature; but at this time rival schemes, unthought of before, sprung up and had to be encountered. Brindley's project was wisely considered to be the plan for the district, and to this plan, which was also backed by the Duke of Bridgewater, Josiah Wedgwood gave his firm and lasting adhesion. One of Brindley's letters, written on the 21st of December, 1765, shows how energetically Wedgwood worked in the promotion of this scheme, which became in the end one of the

greatest blessings to the district which it ever enjoyed. The following is an extract:—

"On Tuesday Sr Georg sent Nuton in to Manchestr to make what intrest he could for Sir Georg and to gather ye old Navogtors together to meet Sir Georg at Stoperd to make Head a ganst His grace. I sawe Doctor Seswige who sese Hee wants to see you aboat pamant of His Land in Cheshire. On Wednesday ther was not much transpired, but wasso dark I could carse do aneything.

"On Thursday Wadgwood of Burslam came to Dunham and sant for mee and wee dined with Lord Gree & Sir Hare Mainwering and others. Sir Hare cud not ceep His Tamer. Mr Wedgwood came to seliset Lord Gree in favor of the Staffordshire Canal and stade at Mrs. Latounc all night & I with him & on fryday sat out to wate on Mr Edgerton to selesit Him. Hee sase Sparrow and others are indavering to gat ye Land owners consants from Hare Castle to Agden."

On the 30th of the same month (December, 1765) a meeting was held for the furtherance of the scheme, the lord-lieutenant of the county presiding, and being supported by the county and borough members, and others of influence. At this meeting Brindley, in his quiet and simple manner, explained his plans, and having fully shown their feasibility, they were at once adopted, with only some trifling alterations. At this meeting it was determined to apply to parliament for power to construct the canal, and the question of ways and means was fully discussed. Wedgwood took so prominent a part in the discussion, and was so warm in his support of the scheme, that the chairman, Earl Gower, asked him, it is said somewhat derisively, as he was so forward in pressing the scheme, what was he prepared to embark in it? To this Wedgwood immediately replied, that he would at once subscribe a thousand pounds towards the preliminary expenses and take, I know not how many, shares besides. This liberality, showing an honesty of purpose, and a strong faith in the project, became contagious, and put to the blush many milk-and-water supporters of the scheme who were present. Wedgwood's offer, it would seem, decided the matter; money enough was raised, an Act of Parliament was applied for, and by the middle of the ensuing year, 1766, obtained.

The inhabitants of Burslem and the neighbourhood were so much elated with the news of the result of the meeting, and so rejoiced at the spirit which Wedgwood and others had displayed, that the next evening following the meeting—the last day of the year 1765—they lit a huge bonfire in the town, and round it drank the healths of the promoters of the scheme.

The Act of Parliament having been obtained, after constant and unwearied anxiety, the honour of cutting the first sod was accorded to Mr. Wedgwood, its most prominent, most energetic, and most liberal promoter. This important ceremony—important as it proved to be, not only to the potteries, but to the kingdom at large—was performed with all necessary formalities on the 26th of July, 1766. The first sod was cut by Josiah Wedgwood, on the declivity of Brownhills, on a piece of land within a few yards of the bridge which now crosses the canal. Brindley, the engineer, and many influential persons, were present, and each cut a sod, or wheeled away some earth after he had set the good example. In the evening a bonfire was lit in Burslem, a sheep was roasted whole in the market place, a *feu de joie* was fired in front of Mr. Wedgwood's house, and all the usual demonstrations of joy were indulged in to their hearts' content by the potters of the district.

Thus this important undertaking was fitly inaugurated by the man who had taken the most active part in its promotion, and to whom the neighbourhood was indebted for so many benefits. The history of the progress of this canal, which has been pleasantly and graphically told by Mr. Smiles, would form a pleasing episode in the memoirs of Wedgwood, but it is enough for my present purpose to say that it was carried on with all the energy, and all the tact and skill, of which the truly wonderful nature of Brindley was capable, until his death. For six years he laboured closely and assiduously at it, and after his death, in 1772, the remaining portion of the work was successfully completed by his brother-in-law, John Henshall.

The zeal which Wedgwood showed in the furtherance of this scheme is thus well expressed in the private manuscript to which I have before had occasion to refer. When he once fairly took up the subject, "business, family, everything, gave place to this important object, for many months in the year 1765. Drawing around him the few that then thought with him on the subject, or were inclined to take an active part, they concerted on the means of gaining friends, and overcoming opposition. At this time the principle itself of the utility of canal navigation was disputed, and if any advantages were admitted, they did not appear to a very powerful class of the people as of sufficient importance to counter-balance the injuries they apprehended to themselves. Here was a great deal of intellectual ground to be cleared, and the contest was not for this or that modification, but whether the thing itself should exist at all. In this struggle Mr. Wedgwood was certainly the foremost and most active person, and for three months, during the progress of the bill in parliament, was nearly as much lost to his private connections as though he had been in China. The canal in question was called the Grand Trunk, because it was foreseen that many lesser ones would break out of it, as has since happened. It is upwards of ninety miles in length, joining the Trent about a mile below Cavendish Bridge, in Derbyshire, and terminating in the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, in Preston Brook, in Cheshire. The internal passage through the hill at Harecastle, is an object of great curiosity, being a mile and three quarters in length, and crossing many veins of coal, which are got at a small expense, being thus laid dry, and the canal is greatly benefited by the supply of water. Mr. Brindley began this work on both sides at the same time, and his workmen met in the middle. The contrivances of this great man, by which he executed stupendous works in a short time that seem to have required ages, have been properly noticed in the account of his life in the 'Biographia Britannica,' the materials for which were furnished by Mr. Wedgwood, who lived in habits of intimacy and friendship with him, and ever revered his memory.

"Mr. Wedgwood was the first treasurer of the canal, and an active member of the committee for making and carrying it on more than twenty years."

Having by this time firmly established the manufacture of his staple commodity, "Queen's Ware," and placed its production on a sure and lasting basis, and having by the improvements of the roads, and the construction of the canal, removed the only impediments which seemed to fix a limit to its consumption, from a want of easy and more rapid conveyance of raw materials to, and finished goods from, the pot district, Wedgwood felt that it was time to relieve himself to some extent from the weight of a constant personal supervision. He desired to be more free from this now established branch of his business, in order that he might devote himself more to the study of chemistry, and of clays and other mineral substances, with a view to the production of those higher classes of goods for which his manufactory afterwards became so justly famous. "With this view, and to reward the merit of a worthy man, a relation, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, who had been some years a faithful and industrious foreman in the manufactory," he entered into partnership with that gentleman, giving him a share of the profit in, with the entire direction of, that branch of the manufactory (the Queen's Ware), and in this position Thomas Wedgwood remained until the time of his death, in 1788.

This Thomas Wedgwood was, I believe, cousin to Josiah, being son of Aaron Wedgwood and his wife Hannah Malkin. He was born, it would appear, in 1734, and was, therefore, four years younger than Josiah. He was a man of high scientific attainments, and has the reputation of being the first inventor of the electric telegraph (afterwards so ably carried out by his son Ralph), and of many other valuable works. He married Elizabeth Taylor, of the Hill, Burslem, and by her had issue, Ralph, of whose descendants more anon; Samuel, who died without issue, at Whitworth; Thomas, who died in New York of yellow fever, also without issue; Aaron, of Liverpool; Abner; and John Taylor Wedgwood, the eminent line engraver, whose works are so justly prized by

collectors. John Taylor Wedgwood, who received the appointment of "Engraver to H.R.H. the Princess Charlotte, and to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg" (the present King of the Belgians), engraved, among many other exquisite works, an admirable portrait of his deceased relative, the great Josiah, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting. He died, a bachelor, in London, in 1856. Thomas Wedgwood, the partner of Josiah, of whom I have just spoken, resided at Etruria, after the removal of the works there, and died at that place in 1788, having, it is said, been accidentally drowned. His eldest son, Ralph (elder brother of the engraver), was three times married—first to Mary Yeomans, of Worcester, by whom he had issue Ralph Wedgwood, of Barnes and Cornhill, still living; secondly, Sarah Taylor; and thirdly, Anne Copeland, by each of whom also he had issue. By the latter marriage was his son W. R. Wedgwood, of Greyshot Hall, who has done so much, and so commendably, to establish his father's claim to the invention of the electric telegraph.

Ralph Wedgwood was a man of extraordinary and varied ability, the originator of important scientific inventions, and the author of the "Book of Remembrance," published in 1814, in which the invention of the electric telegraph, under the name of "the fulguri-polygraph," is made known, and its benefits—precisely such as are now reaped by the public—are described. Ralph Wedgwood was born in 1766, and was brought up with his father at Etruria, where he received much valuable aid in chemistry, &c., from Josiah Wedgwood. He afterwards carried on business as a potter, under the style of "Wedgwood & Co.," at the Hill-works, Burslem, but was ruined through losses during the American war. He then removed into Yorkshire, where, having entered into partnership with some other potters, he again commenced business. This engagement, however, was not of long duration, and he retired from the concern with a thousand pounds awarded as his share of the business. He next removed to Bransford, near Worcester, and thence to London, in 1803, travelling in a carriage of his own constructing, which he describes as "a long coach to get out behind, and on grass-hopper springs, now used by all the mails." While at Bransford he had been perfecting his many inventions, among which was his celebrated manifold writer, which still maintains its high repute "against all comers." One of his copying schemes, which he called a "penna polygraph," that of writing with a number of pens attached to one handle, he found on his arrival in London had already been made by another person. His other plan, proving to be new, he called "the Pocket Secretary," and afterwards the "Manifold Writer;" and on the 7th of October, 1806, after much discouragement and opposition, he took out a patent for this as "an apparatus for producing duplicates of writing." In 1808 he took out a second patent for "an apparatus for producing several original writings or drawings at one and the same time, which I shall call a Pennapolygraph, or pen and stylographic manifold writer." In 1806, he established himself at Charing Cross, and soon afterwards his whole attention began to be engrossed with his scheme of the electric telegraph, which in the then unsettled state of the kingdom—in midst of war it must be remembered—he considered would be of the utmost importance to the government. In 1814, having perfected his scheme, he submitted the proposal to Lord Castlereagh, and most anxiously awaited the result. His son Ralph having waited on his lordship for a decision as to whether government would accept the plan or not, was informed that "the war being at an end, the old system was sufficient for the country!" The plan, therefore, fell to the ground, until Professor Wheatstone, in happier and more enlightened times, again brought the subject forward with such eminent success. Ralph Wedgwood died at Chelsea, in 1837; and I am glad to have been able thus briefly to allude to his labours in the scientific world.

With Thomas Wedgwood—himself the improver of some of the wares—as his partner, the "Great Josiah" found himself more at leisure, as I have said, to pursue his experiments and researches. Speaking of these chemical pursuits, the manuscript to which I have before referred says—

"It is not to be wondered at that his mind had a strong direction to this study in connection with chemistry, since he could not but be sensible how entirely the advancement of his views depended upon it, and he had happily acquired a fondness for the pursuit which, independently of the advantages he derived from it, was the source of rational amusement to his latest day. He possessed himself, at considerable expense, of all the minerals in this island, and there were few in other countries whose properties he had not examined. Being once shown a specimen of beautiful white clay, from the country of the Cherokees, in North America, he engaged the person who brought it over to return to that country, and procure him what quantity he could get of it. The fruit of this expedition was, however, only a few tons, which were carried on the backs of mules from a great distance, to the port of Charlestown, in South Carolina. No clay equal to this in purity has been met with in England, nor perhaps in Europe, except in a few lead mines about Brassington, in Derbyshire, and there only in such small quantities, that it cannot be made the basis of a manufactory. In 1792 Colonel Ironsides sent him a specimen of the brown matrix, from the East, which the colonel wrote to be the very clay itself, but herein was set right by Mr. W. in a letter to him. Mr. Wedgwood was well acquainted with the Brassington clay in 1766, and then procured small quantities of it for experiment.*

"By numbering and registering the results of the experiments he was constantly making, he could take up the ideas they furnished at any distant time when occasion required, and by these means he saw in the drawers of his cabinet the employment of his future life, and perhaps of that of his successor. He was thus enabled to keep up the spirit and attraction of his works by a succession of novelties, and his manufactory appeared in a progressive course of improvement. His inventions as they rose had the good fortune to be countenanced by the fashionable world, which secured them a favourable reception with the bulk of mankind. His contemporaries in the pottery (in every instance but one that will be pointed out) soon adopted them, and they became general articles of commerce and public benefit.

"That the efficacy of causes may have their due influence, we have known him ever forward to declare that it was alone owing to the munificent protection of his sovereign, and the liberal encouragement of the nobility and gentry of these kingdoms, that he was able to risk the expense of these continual improvements, unparalleled, we believe, in the history of any similar manufactory in Europe.

"Thus honoured and thus prosperous in his humble pottery, he used to say jocosely, 'his friends threatened him with the statute of lunacy if he should begin to make porcelain.' It was not possible, however, to continue his improvement of earthenware without producing substances that, having most of the genuine and essential properties of porcelain, must necessarily be so classed. But he so profited by the admonition of his friends as to keep himself disengaged from any plan of making the porcelain in common use, so much and often so fatally the ambitious object of many individuals. His researches marked him out a new and unbeaten track in the same field, that was more congenial to his disposition and powers. About this time, the year 1766, he first discovered the art of making the unglazed black porcelain, now so well known in this country, and called it Basaltes, as it has nearly the same properties with the stone of that name. And the first uses that he made of it were to imitate the fine vases of antiquity that he found in Montfaucon's works, and other collections that had then come to his knowledge. He saw the extensive application that might be made of such compact and durable substances as this, and others that he had begun with but not then brought to maturity, in multiplying copies of the fine works of antiquity, as well as those of our own times; and he was not without hopes that the improvement of pottery, by exciting the public attention to the productions of the arts, would lay the foundation of a school of minia-

* The importance of this material was evidently known to Wedgwood's contemporary, Duesbury, of the Derby china works, who rented some lead mines at the place.

ture modelling in this country, which had long felt a deficiency of artists in that way. To this end his labours were directed, and it must be allowed that he has done much to promote it; but many objects yet unattained dwelt in his mind's eye, and he used to declare in his later days, that 'he considered the pottery as still in its infancy.'

The close and constant attention which Wedgwood now gave to the properties of clays and different minerals, and the researches and experiments he prosecuted in chemistry, soon led to the production of a number of different kinds of wares unknown before, and which have gained for him a lasting and honourable fame. He formed an admirable library of chemical works, and carefully noted the results, not only of his own observations and experiments, but of those of others, and he soon became one of the most clever of chemists, as he certainly was one of the most accomplished of the scientific men of his time. I have now lying before me, through the kindness of Mr. Francis and Mr. Godfrey Wedgwood—to whom I have to express my deep obligation for much cordial and valuable assistance throughout my series of papers—three large and thick folio volumes of MS. collections, partly in Josiah Wedgwood's hand-writing, but principally in that of his chemist, Alexander Chisholm, on chemicals, metals, and kindred subjects, which show pretty forcibly the great attention which must have been paid to these important matters. In one of these volumes is a long list of scientific books, with the note, "Those marked O are in our collection," which evidently must have been a "collection" of no little importance.

One great result of Wedgwood's labours—indeed, one of the greatest—was the production in 1766 of the fine black ware, which he called "Basaltes" or "Egyptian." In this ware he produced, even in those early days, many fine pieces of work, and of a quality which only his own careful hand could afterwards improve. The other important bodies—the jasper, the white stone, the cane-coloured, and the mortar, etc.—followed in succession, each producing its beauties, and each being specially adapted for the purposes for which, by his master mind, it had been intended. Each, too, found its imitators among the potters of the district, who, envious of his success, were not slow to follow as closely as might be in his steps. Not one of these varieties of ware did Wedgwood patent, but with that liberality of mind which ever characterised him, he was willing that all who cared to make the bodies he had invented should do so. He was content with the knowledge of his own superiority—a superiority which he ever maintained over all his many competitors.

The characteristic properties of the different varieties of wares to which I have just alluded were thus described by Wedgwood himself; and, therefore, I cannot do better than quote them:—

"1. A *terra-cotta*; resembling porphyry, granite, Egyptian, pebble, and other beautiful stones of the silicious or crystalline order.

"2. *Basaltes* or black ware; a black porcelain biscuit of nearly the same properties with the natural stone; striking fire with steel, receiving a high polish, serving as a touchstone for metals, resisting all the acids, and bearing without injury a strong fire: stronger, indeed, than the basaltes itself.

"3. *White porcelain biscuit*, of a smooth, wax-like surface, of the same properties with the preceding, except in what depends upon colour.

"4. *Jasper*; a white porcelain biscuit of exquisite beauty and delicacy, possessing the general properties of the basaltes, together with the singular one of receiving through its whole substance, from the admixture of metallic calces with the other materials, the same colours which those calces communicate to glass or enamels in fusion; a property which no other porcelain or earthenware body of ancient or modern composition has been found to possess. This renders it peculiarly fit for making cameos, portraits, and all subjects in bas-relief, as the ground may be of any particular colour, while the raised figures are of a pure white.

"5. *Bamboo*, or cane-coloured biscuit porcelain, of the same nature as No. 3.

"6. A *porcelain biscuit*, remarkable for great hardness, little inferior to that of agate. This property, together with its resistance to the strongest acids and corrosives, and its impenetrability by every

known liquid, adapts it for mortars and many different kinds of chemical vessels.

"These six distinct species, with the Queen's Ware already mentioned, expanded by the industry and ingenuity of the different manufacturers into an infinity of forms for ornament and use, variously painted and embellished, constitute nearly the whole of the present fine English earthenwares and porcelain which are now become the source of a very extensive trade, and which, considered as an object of national art, industry, and commerce, may be ranked amongst the most important manufactures of the kingdom."

In the first of these bodies Wedgwood produced some marvellously fine ornamental vases, in

imitation of porphyry, granite, various marbles, agates, and other stones, and decorated with medallions, festoons, &c., in white or gilt. The material was so exceeding hard, that it would bear grinding and working by the lapidary, and took as good and fine a polish as the stone itself. I have in my own possession some small pieces of Wedgwood's producing which have been thus ground and polished, and present as fine a surface as could well be got from the hardest marble.

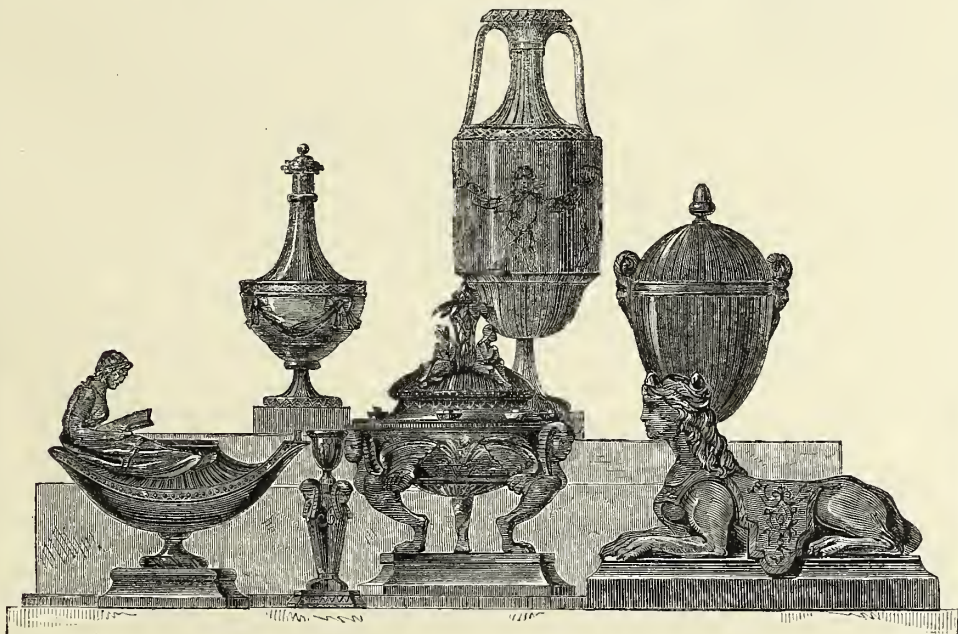
Some examples of vases in this material are shown in the accompanying woodcut. In this engraving the centre vase, belonging to Mr. Oliver, is a fine example, twelve inches high. It has on its front a medallion of "Cupid Shaving his Bow,"



after Correggio, which, with the heads, &c., is gilt. The other two, one of which has the handles and festoons, and the other the medallion, in white, are from my own collection, and are excellent and characteristic examples. In the collections of Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Marjoribanks, and others, as well as in different museums, are splendid examples of vases, &c., in this beautiful material.

Of the black ware, or basaltes, an infinite variety of goods was in the course of a very few

years produced. Of a dense and compact body, hard enough to strike fire when struck on steel, capable of receiving and retaining a high polish, untouched by acid or metal, bearing a much more intense heat than the stone itself, of the deepest and purest colour, and yet having a surface as soft, delicate, and smooth as an infant's flesh, this material was capable of being moulded and used in a variety of ways, and of producing works of the highest and most exquisite order.



A group of examples of this "black ware," which I have selected from the extensive collection of Mr. S. C. Hall, is given in the accompanying engraving; and later on I shall have occasion to speak of other varieties of this truly admirable ware, and to again refer to Mr. Hall's collection—a collection which is, unquestionably, one of the finest and most valuable in existence.

In 1766, the same year in which so many other important events connected with Wedgwood took

place, he determined upon the purchase of an estate, and the founding of works of a commensurate character with the rapidly increasing extent of his commercial transactions. Foiled in his attempt to purchase the pot-works, &c., at Burslem, and fully impressed with the importance of having his manufactory close to the canal in whose formation he had taken so prominent a part, he fixed his mind upon an estate in the township of Shelton, two miles distant from

Burslem, which he considered to be the best adapted of any in the locality for his purpose. This estate, called the "Ridge House Estate," lay most advantageously for his projected works, being intersected by the proposed canal, and offering many facilities for his manufacture which others did not possess; and with that quickness of decision which always marked his character, he determined to possess it at any risk. It was at this time in possession of a life tenant, with reversion to a gentleman then in Ireland. To Ireland Mr. Wedgwood at once despatched a trusty and professional friend, who completed the purchase to his entire satisfaction, and, changing the rent into an annuity for the life of the then proprietor, he came into immediate possession. "This land," says the contemporary manuscript from which I have before quoted, "had little to recommend it but convenience of situation. It was naturally an indifferent soil, and had been neglected for many years. Mr. Wedgwood, now in the new situation of a cultivator of the earth, did not live long in the desert without converting it into a garden; and the taste which he displayed in moulding anew the exterior surface, while he removed its sterility in the disposition of extensive plantations, and laying out the ground for varying the prospects, has a just correspondence with the simplicity and true elegance of his other works. This tract of country, of a cold, clayey nature, seemed before to be despaired of by its inhabitants, who thought it little worth but for the materials it furnished for the manufactories; but since this example, and the making of good roads, it has gradually assumed that smiling aspect which usually accompanies prosperous industry."

Having secured this desirable estate, Wedgwood in the succeeding year, 1767, commenced building the "Black Works," near the canal side. By the "Black Works," I mean, of course, the works intended for the production of the black "basaltes" and ornamental wares. Like Brindley, who cut an underground canal tunnel from his coal-pits to the main canal at Harecastle, Wedgwood cut branches into his own pot-works for convenience of landing the raw materials, and for the despatch of his finished goods to various parts of the kingdom. These "Black Works," in their present state—and it must be mentioned that they are scarcely, if at all, different from the time when they were first erected—are shown, with the branch canal in front, in the view on the next page, taken during the present summer.

In the succeeding year, 1768, Josiah Wedgwood, finding more and more that to be successful in his designs it was necessary that he himself should be stationary with his workmen, who possessed no principles of Art save such as he was constantly instilling into their minds, determined upon making a change in his establishment, which he soon afterwards happily carried out. Everything in the ornamental portion of his works required the most scrupulous personal attention, for the slightest deviation from the model or drawing of an ornamental vessel would be fatal to its success, and irretrievably mar its beauty. Much also had to be done abroad. To accommodate the ordinary productions of a manufactory to the wants of civil life, there is necessary an intimate knowledge of its customs and manners. To succeed in a profession of Art, it is proper to know at least the prevailing taste of the age, the works of contemporaries, and occasionally to sharpen the fancy and skill of the artist by a collision with the talents of others.

Mr. Wedgwood found this employment incompatible with the avocations of his manufactory, though we must not infer from hence that he had any reluctance to go into society. By the habit of never quitting any object till he had completely effected his purpose, by arrangement, and a careful distribution of his time, he never wanted leisure for the service of his friends, and came often to the social circle with an unclouded mind. This was so visible that some of his neighbours, who were witnesses to the progress of his works, expressed their surprise that he should have so much time to spare.

In this situation he opened his views to his friend Mr. Bentley, and proffered to him a partnership in this branch of his manufactory, which was called the *ornamental*, to distinguish it from

that of the Queen's ware, which was called the *useful*, and in which Mr. Bentley had no part.

"This gentleman, in taste devoted rather to literature than the drudgery of commerce, of a lively imagination, and a warm and affectionate heart, found in this proposal what at once suited his disposition and gratified his feelings; and thus took place, on the principle of mutual regard, as much as upon those of mutual interest, an intimate union between two deserving men, who, having been inseparable in their subsequent lives, ought not to be separated in any account that may be given of one or the other."

Thomas Bentley was the son of Thomas Bentley, and was born at Scropton, in Derbyshire, on the 1st of January,—New Year's Day,—1730, six months before Josiah Wedgwood first saw light. He was, I believe, brought up at Manchester, and afterwards removed to Liverpool, where, in partnership with a Mr. Boardman, he commenced business as a Manchester warehouseman, under the style of "Bentley and Boardman." In 1766 their names, as Manchester warehousemen, occur in Gore's Directory; the first Directory of Liverpool ever prepared, and now a very scarce and curious work. In 1754 he married, for his first wife, Hannah Oates, of Sheffield, but in the course of a short time became a widower.

In Liverpool Messrs. Bentley and Boardman became agents for Josiah Wedgwood, and this agency continued to be carried on during the time of Bentley's partnership with Wedgwood.

The two partners (Bentley and Boardman) lived together at a house in Paradise Street (then the fashionable quarter of Liverpool, and so called from the charms of its situation), since known as the "Cloth Mart," opposite College Lane; and here Mr. Bentley's refined taste and genial habits drew around him an intellectual circle of friends. Dr. Priestley, who then held one of the professorships in the celebrated Warrington Academy (of which academy Bentley was one of the founders), James Brindley, the engineer, John Wyke, "famous for instruments in the watch way," as he is curiously described in the account of his second marriage, in 1768, and one of the founders of the Liverpool Institution, Dr. Turner, an eminent chemist and man of letters, Thomas Chubbard, the portrait painter, Peter Burdett, the engraver, Dr. Clayton, the minister of the Octagon Chapel, and many others, were among his friends and visitors.

In 1757 Thomas Bentley was one of the founders of the Presbyterian Academy at Warrington, which was started on the decay of the famous academies at Findern and Kendal. In the following year, 1758, he was one of the founders of the Liverpool Library, and in 1763 was the originator of a religious society, for whose worship an edifice of octagonal form was erected in Temple Court, and from whence the sect took its curious but appropriate name of "Octagonians." This sect, which was said to be founded for the improvement of religious wor-

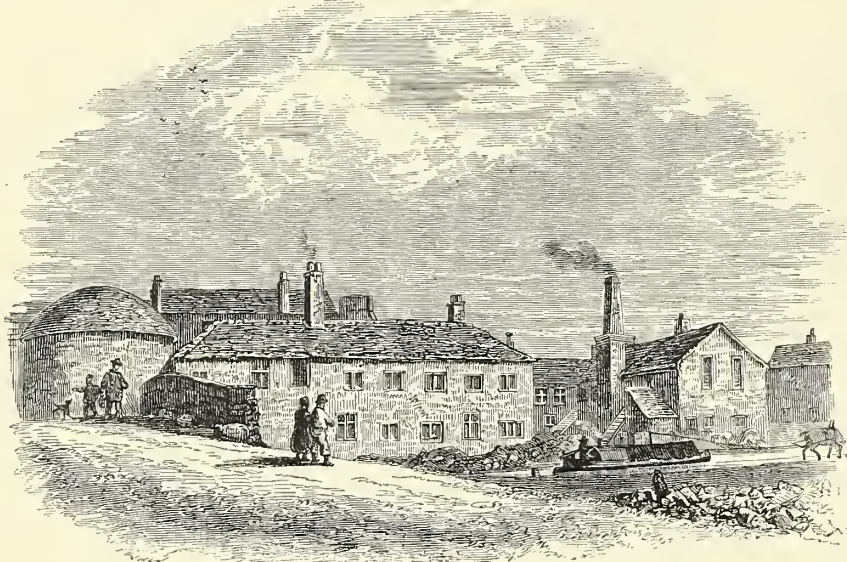
thought, named his newly-acquired estate, with its manufactory and hall, "ETRURIA"—a name to which, for purity of taste, beauty of execution, and excellence of body, its productions, under his fostering care, eminently entitled it.

These works, of which I shall give a series of views later on, were in those days—as, indeed, with but few exceptions, they are now—the most extensive in existence. Planned with the master-mind of Wedgwood, with his practical and practised eye to direct every part, the arrangement of the new manufactory was the most complete of its kind which the world had yet seen; and the world was not long in acknowledging the debt of gratitude which was owing to its founder. No sooner were the works "set in order," and filled with a staff of skilled workmen, than all were fully employed; and it is pleasant to add, that from the day of their opening down to the present hour—in midst of all the many changes which have taken place around them—they remain as they were, fully occupied and fully employed in the production of both the staple branches for which they were founded—the "ornamental ware" and the "useful ware."

The building of the manufactory and the residence for himself was not, however, sufficient for Wedgwood to do. To be comfortable himself, he must know that those around him were comfortable also; to be happy, he must impart happiness to others, even the most lowly of his employés; to sit at ease in his own new home, he must know that those he employed were well and cosily housed. He therefore set about building a village for his workmen and their families, and it is pleasant to add that of late years, since the establishment of locomotives, this village, formed for the workpeople of one establishment, has its station on the main line of the North Staffordshire Railway. The works, which are enclosed in walls on all sides, except where bounded by the canal, which parts them from the lawn of the hall, occupy about seven acres of ground. The village, at its upper end, closely adjoins the manufactory, and consists principally of one long straight street, reaching down to the railway bridge. Etruria contains I believe one hundred and twenty-five numbered houses, and about half as many unnumbered ones, and of course a proportionate number of inhabitants, nearly the whole of whom are employed by the Wedgwoods; as were their predecessors—in numberless instances their fathers or grandfathers, by Josiah Wedgwood, its founder and builder. Of its present state, however, I shall have more to say anon.

With Bentley now fairly joined with him in business, Wedgwood had more leisure to apply himself undividedly to his favourite projects for improvement of the Ceramic Arts; and his successes were rapid, as they were varied and surprising. He lost no opportunity of making himself acquainted with specimens of ancient Art—Grecian, Roman, or Etruscan—and of studying, not only their forms and decoration, but the composition of their bodies; and collectors and connoisseurs were only too glad to lend him their aid, by entrusting their treasures to his hands. With his great chemical skill, his practical and systematic searchings into the properties of different clays and other materials, his perfect knowledge of the effect of heat in its various degrees, and his almost boundless knowledge of everything relating to his art, and to science generally, he was soon enabled to produce vases comparable with the best period of ancient Etrurian Art.

Of the manner in which he was indebted to Sir William Hamilton's great work, and Sir William to him, the interesting manuscript to which I have more than once alluded in my memoir, says—"We believe that Mr. Wedgwood was the first artist in this country who conceived the design of thus making general the works of long past ages, and he was enabled to carry it into effect by the liberal disposition of the nobility, who opened their cabinets to his use, and permitted him to copy the first specimens of Art they had purchased in their travels, with patriotic views. Mr. Bentley, too, situated in London, the great emporium of arts, as of commerce, was very successful in forming other collections, and assisted him in classing them. It will be remembered by many of our contemporaries, that almost all our ideas



PART OF THE "BLACK WORKS," ETRURIA.

ship, was, I believe, principally composed of Presbyterians, and had a liturgy specially drawn up for its members. Dr. Clayton, of London, a man of great eminence in his day, was engaged as minister; but the society, after Bentley's removal from Liverpool, seems rapidly to have waned, and in 1776 the chapel was sold. This result was very mortifying to Mr. Bentley, who thus wrote to Mr. Boardman concerning it:—

"I have received a very mortifying letter on the subject of the sale of the Octagon. I cannot understand the principle upon which that institution has been sacrificed, but I am sure if the gentlemen had not been unnecessarily precipitate, and had thought proper to consult their distant friends upon the subject before they had consented to ruin the noblest institution of the kind that has been established, it need not have been given up.

"Considering the pains I have always taken upon this matter, and the many years, I may say, I have spent upon it, I ought in decency to have had some intimation of the state of things before so fatal a determination was made, and especially as I had neither dropped my subscription, nor cooled in my affections for that respectable society. But it has been otherwise managed, and at this distance I cannot be active in the matter. I can only lament the loss of an institution favourable to virtue and social worship. . . . If others who have had much greater benefit from the institution than myself had felt the advantage of it as strongly as I have always done, I am sure it would not have been abandoned."

While Bentley was a resident in Liverpool he

was a staunch and unswerving opponent of the slave trade; and this principle, so creditable to him, but so completely at variance with that of the money-making shippers and merchants of those days, made him far from popular. Had he sought popularity in the town of his adoption he would have been in favour of the slave trade and of the part which England was taking in the American war; but he chose "the better part," and taking the enlightened side of religion and humanity, gained for himself, by his pursuits and his principles, a name which is an honour to his country.

In 1768, as I have shown, Thomas Bentley became the partner, after being the Liverpool agent, of Josiah Wedgwood; and from this point the future of his short history—for he lived but twelve years to enjoy his new and useful sphere of life—will be best mixed in with my narrative as it proceeds.

In January, 1768, it appears from one of Wedgwood's letters, in which he discusses the elevation of the "Useful Works," the "Black Works" may probably have been completed, and both the more extensive manufactory and the mansion were soon afterwards commenced, and were so rapidly carried forward that by November the hall was up "plinth high," and in the following year, or 1770, were both finished. Throwing aside its previous name of "Ridge House," Wedgwood, with that refinement of taste and feeling which characterised his every action and

of taste were borrowed from our neighbours, the French, who, disdaining the study of antiquity, had established a peculiar style, and aspired to the distinctive character of a school of Art; till at length, by the unwearied researches and nice discernment of Sir William Hamilton, we were enabled to avail ourselves of a direct application to the fine works of an age when the Arts were in so high a state of cultivation, that we must yet despair of excelling, and can but rarely succeed in copying, them. Sir William's justly celebrated publication will remain for ever a monument of his patriotism and of his taste; but his labours would not probably have been attended with their full and proper advantages to society, without the aid of Mr. Wedgwood, who diffused the knowledge of these fine models throughout the world, and brought them within the reach of every artist. Those who have given attention to the subject, must feel the difficulty of making a good copy of a fine form, where the slightest deviation destroys the effect. The most minute exactness will not always be sufficient, for some essential thing will escape it unless the artist is capable of comprehending the original intention, is conscious of each beauty as he proceeds, and is warmed with his subject. In addition to these talents others were necessary to a successful imitation of the vases of ancient Etruria, which the industry and energy of Sir William Hamilton had rescued from the oblivion of ages. The art of painting them in durable colours, without the shining appearance of enamel that offends the critical eye, had been lost, it is supposed, ever since the time of Pliny. The ingenious Count Caylus had supplied this desideratum of the moderns in another branch of painting, by the discovery of colours that, applied on canvas by the mediation of wax, made encaustic pictures in the ancient manner. Under the discouraging judgment of all the antiquaries and connoisseurs who spoke upon the subject at that time, and who gave up the art as irretrievable, Wedgwood had the good fortune to produce the same effects in paintings burnt in upon porcelain with a red heat. The colours he made for this purpose had also another advantage; they never spread in the fire, or ran out of the drawing as other enamels must necessarily do, in a greater or less degree, in consequence of their vitrifying and melting upon the piece.

"Mr. Wedgwood was advised by his friends to take out a patent for this discovery, and it was the only one he ever had. He procured it in this instance, not probably with the full consent of his own mind; for at other times when patents have been the subject of conversation among his friends, accompanied with marks of surprise that he did not avail himself of that privilege, he has said that he was content with the advantages he had, and better pleased to see thousands made happy and following him in the same career, than he could be at any exclusive enjoyment."

This principle actuated him throughout the whole of his career, and this and his other noble qualities it is, as well as his intrinsic merit as a producer of wares unapproached for excellence by any other, that has cast such a halo around his memory. The patent of which I have just spoken was granted on the 16th of November, 1769, and as it is the only one which he ever applied for, and as it is one possessing considerable interest, I shall, on another occasion, give the specification which Wedgwood duly enrolled, after it had been drawn up by himself.

Examples of the vases made under this patent—which was to secure his invention "for the purpose of ornamenting earthen and porcelain ware with an encaustic gold bronze, together with a peculiar species of encaustic painting in various colours, in imitation of the ancient Etruscan earthenware," to himself—are to be found in many collections, and I shall have more to say of them in my next.

In my next part I shall hope to continue my narrative from the day of the opening of the Etruria Works in 1769, down to within a few years of the death of the great and good man, their founder, in 1795, in which I trust to be able to throw some important and useful light on the dates of the introduction of many of Wedgwood's famous bodies, and on the productions of some of the artists employed by him.*

* To be continued.

CHRISTIAN ART.*

ACCORDING to the laws that regulate the College of Heralds in marshalling a state pageant, Mrs. Jameson has, in her writings on Christian Art, complied with the ordinary custom, by placing the volumes which may be considered most important last in the order of the series. Taking them chronologically, and with reference to the subjects treated of respectively, the "History of our Lord" should have precedence of the "Legends of the Saints and Martyrs," the "Legends of the Monastic Orders," and even of the "Legends of the Madonna;" though a question might be raised as to the last, in the order of nature, inasmuch as the mother must claim seniority of the child; but then, Mary was only known as the wife of Joseph, the Hebrew carpenter, till the angel said to her—"Hail, thou that art highly favoured; . . . blessed art thou among women." Doubtless, however, Mrs. Jameson intended that, in the arrangement adopted, this portion of her great work, the noblest of her subjects, should form the topstone of the literary fabric she desired to build; and it is so: but it was decreed that the hand of another should raise to its elevation, and fix there, what she had only in part dug from the quarry, and then, unhappily, left unmeasured and unshaped. We have used the word "unhappily," not because her successor has, in the least degree even, failed in the satisfactory performance of her task, but simply because we should have been pleased to know that Mrs. Jameson had lived to complete what she had so well begun and almost carried through, and to enjoy all the honour that associates her name with the history of Christian Art.

"Christian painting and sculpture," writes M. Rio, "may be traced to the same origin; the gloom of the Catacombs shrouds the infancy of both. It was there, amid the most solemn inspirations the world has ever known, that the first Christian artists traced on the walls of their subterranean chapels and on the tombs of their brethren in Christ, those rude sketches which, if the connoisseur pass them by with disdain, will always be objects of reverence to him who has remained faithful in heart and mind to that ancient faith of which these primitive paintings are the expression or the symbol." In the dreary caverns, hidden even now beneath the dwellings of the modern Roman and Neapolitan, were laid the seeds of that Art which, springing up and fructifying, covered the whole of Christian Europe with its rich productions, England alone excepted; for it is a remarkable fact, that here, almost the only country where the pure creed of Christianity is taught, Sacred Art, strictly so-called, has never been naturalised, as if Protestantism had no sort of fellowship with it.

The two volumes just published contain, as we have already intimated, comparatively little of Mrs. Jameson's writing; her labours were cut short at an early stage by her death, in the spring of 1860, and Lady Eastlake was requested to continue and complete the work. Let us at once remark that this has been done in a manner alike worthy of the exalted subject and of the gifted writer whose pen she has taken up: it could not have passed into hands more competent in every way of executing a task so delicate and important. The papers left by Mrs. Jameson consisted of "a programme—contained on one sheet of paper—of the titles and sequence of the different parts of the subject; also a portion of the manuscript in a completed state, though without the indication of a single illustration. For what was still unwritten, no materials whatever were left." By Mrs. Jameson's sisters—the Misses Murphy—who have shown all desire to assist Lady Eastlake, the latter was furnished with many note-books and journals. "These, however, threw no light on Mrs. Jameson's intentions as regards the treatment of the large portion still unexecuted; it was evident that she was accustomed to trust to the stores of her rich mind, and to her clear memory for an

index to them." Under these circumstances, her successor was left to do the work in her own way.

Whatever order Mrs. Jameson might eventually have adopted in the arrangement of her subjects, had she lived to complete her work, appears uncertain, though, as we have said, she left a short programme. Lady Eastlake has not followed this, but has placed the various subjects chronologically; that is, as they are narrated in the Scriptures, commencing with the Fall of Lucifer and the Creation, down through the Types and Prophets of the Old Testament, the history of the Baptist and of our Lord, with the different subjects branching out of these materials, and terminating with the Last Judgment.

It must not be forgotten that Art, whether Christian or Pagan, has, till within the last three or four centuries, been almost invariably employed far more for purposes of teaching than for ornament; by the Christian Church it was invariably used for this object; and, inasmuch as the earliest disciples of the new faith were forbidden to practise what may legitimately be called painting and sculpture, because they partook of the character of idolatry, and, moreover, were often compelled to conceal from general observation the principles they had adopted, such Art as was employed took the shape of symbols, intelligible enough "to a race accustomed to decipher ideas under the most abstract forms." For example, a fish symbolised the ordinance of baptism; a ship, indicating Noah's ark, was a type of the Church; a dove, as it still is, was the emblem of innocence; and Christ himself was made to appear in the character of a shepherd. Even the deities of the heathen were sometimes pressed into the service of the Christian Church, for Orpheus and his lyre were intended to present the idea of praise and thanksgiving to the true God.

As Christianity grew, and its followers became gradually emancipated from the civil bondage that had long kept them as a proscribed people, Art stood forth boldly as the handmaid of the Faith, and its steadfast and true ally. When churches were built, wall-paintings and pictures in mosaic work were introduced into them; but it is a singular fact that then, and even at an earlier period—on the walls of the catacombs of Rome and Naples—stories from the Old Testament, as types of Christ, were displayed in far greater number than direct representations of scenes from the New Testament. Thus we pass on from what may be termed "abstract" symbolism to those subjects of the Old Testament which are supposed to have a reference to the life and acts of our Lord, prefaced, however, by the Fall of Lucifer and the rebel angels, and the varied incidents of the Creation, to the Fall of Man. In examining the large number of illustrations—taken from works of every kind, and ranging from the earliest dates to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—which are profusely scattered through these volumes, there is one striking peculiarity forced upon the observation; it is this, that as Art advanced in technical excellence, it lost in spirituality. The elder artists worked up to the letter of their subjects, and sought for nothing beyond, chiefly because they desired to accomplish no more than this, and partly, no doubt, because they were ignorant of any other manner than that they followed. On the other hand, their followers, at a greater or less distance, aimed more or less at picturesque beauty, at symmetry of form, and grandeur of composition; the eye was addressed more than the heart and feelings; and thus pictures became ornamental and more purely ideal rather than expressive of the sublime truths of Scripture. Another fact is also made apparent by examining and comparing these engravings: it is evident that the earliest of the Christian artists, those who lived within reach of the best existing monuments of Greece and Rome, imbibed much of the spirit of those works; they were, as Lady Eastlake remarks, "inspired by the lingering feeling for classic forms." This is seen in the magnificent sarcophagus of the pro-consul Junius Bassus, who died in 359, taken out of the Roman catacombs; in "Moses striking the Rock," in "David with the Sling," both copied from ceilings in the catacombs; and in "Moses receiving the Law," from an ancient sarcophagus. In all of these the drawing of the figure and the arrange-

* THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD AS EXEMPLIFIED IN WORKS OF ART: with that of His Types; St. John the Baptist; and other Persons of the Old and New Testament. Commenced by the late Mrs. JAMESON. Continued and completed by Lady EASTLAKE. 2 Vols. Published by Longman and Co. London.

ment of the drapery is in veritable classic manner, as much so as if designed by some great pagan artist. Coming down a little later, we find erudition of ideas and comparative rudeness of form, as in the ivory book-cover of the sixth century, now in Milan cathedral. During the next four or five centuries, Art seems almost, if not altogether, to have died out. When it started into life again, it took a form more apparently antique and more barbaric, so to speak, than at any former period of its known history in the western world. We have only to look at the pictures in our National Gallery by the earliest Italian masters in proof of this.

Lady Eastlake thus refers to the two points we have just alluded to with respect to the spiritualism of the older painters—those who appeared at, or soon after, the revival—and the poetic ideal treatment by those who were the upholders of Art at later periods: she is speaking of the designs by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and says:—

“Grandeur of form and broadness of intention here take the place of those quaint literal renderings which are so inexplicable without the words of Scripture, but so fertile with them. In the proud majority of Art, a point had been reached where the two were utterly incompatible. Whether Michael Angelo has been most right or most wrong in his conceptions, will probably never be decided. A child, with the Bible in its hand, can read those early forms. Rhapsodists have so widely differed as to the great Florentine’s intention, as to bequeath to us the unsettled question whether one of the most remarkable figures in the acts of Creation is intended for the figure of the Deity or for that of Chaos.

“Raphael, in his Vatican Laggie, has followed the same taste, vitiated, whatever the art, as regards religious truth. An old man, with flowing beard and scarf, flying above the upper portion of a globe, on which great trees are growing, or holding a conventional sun and moon in each hand, suggests neither fact nor type, nor any other idea.

“Yet the greatest of painters is vindicated in one of these series—the Creation of Light—where the powers of imagination and the ripe resources of Art leave the lispings realities of early limners far behind. Here the Almighty is seen rending like a thunderbolt the thick shroud of fiery clouds, letting in that light under which His works were to spring into life. Not that this really approaches a whit the nearer to the revealed fact. To the unassisted reading of the eye, it tells no especial tale; it may just as well be interpreted as the Almighty amid clouds and fire and thick darkness on the top of Sinai, or as an episode in the Battle of the Giants. It leaves, however, a grand image, in the sense of Art, in the eye, and criticism on other points is silenced.”

We must, but with all deference, dissent from the conclusion at which the author here arrives. Criticism should take hold of Art, and especially of Sacred Art, that has not truth, or what may legitimately stand in its stead, plainly stamped on its forehead. We can enter into no compromise on this point: truth is the fundamental principle of real Art.

The examples of Christian Art to which reference is made throughout these volumes, show an intimate acquaintance with the subject, as well as a wide and deep research into whatever has come down to us from the earliest period. And we must not forbear to notice the reverential spirit in which Lady Eastlake has approached and carried through her task. Such a theme must only be touched by gentle, loving, and hallowed fingers; it was under the influence of these feelings the old artists worked in their studios and scriptoria; and it is not less apparent in the manner in which the labours of these artists are here spoken of.

The fascination of the subject and the exceedingly interesting way in which it is brought before us, are beguiling us into a lengthened notice of these volumes, and yet not so long as they deserve; but our remarks must be brought to a close. Lady Eastlake’s labours, jointly with those of her whose name is here associated with them, have added another most valuable instalment to the Art-literature of the age. It should be mentioned that Mrs. Jameson’s contributions are distinguished throughout the books by the insertion of her initials, *M. J.*, at the top of every page, and at the beginning of any interpolated passage.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE NATIONAL COLLECTION.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

J. Dyckmans, Painter. D. Desvachez, Engraver.

DYCKMANS, Chevalier of the Order of Leopold, holds a prominent position in the Belgian school of painting: he is a native of Antwerp, and entered the studio of Baron Wappers, who somewhat recently resigned the position he so honourably and effectively filled of Director of the Academy of Arts in that city. Dyckmans’ first exhibited picture was shown at Brussels in 1836; the subject was only a group of female figures, but the work attracted considerable attention from the extreme care bestowed on its execution, and the agreeable character of the heads. To the *Exposition Universelle*, of Paris, in 1855, he sent two pictures, one entitled ‘The Marchioness,’ the other ‘The Embroideress,’ two subjects strongly opposed to each other—types respectively of riches and poverty, happiness and misery, ease and toil. In personal appearance, if labour and heart-weariness had not done their sad work on the face of the poor seamstress, and if both females had been alike dressed in silken gown, and decorated with jewelled ornaments, both would have been esteemed equally beautiful: fortune, not nature, made them to differ.

Mr. Dyckmans was almost unknown in England till his ‘Blind Beggar’ became national property, in 1859. We do not remember ever to have seen any of his works at the annual exhibitions of French and Flemish pictures at the gallery in Pall Mall, but, in 1860, stimulated no doubt by the universal commendation bestowed on ‘The Blind Beggar,’ he sent to the Royal Academy a painting entitled ‘La Madeleine,’ so far as exceeding delicacy and finish in execution constitute excellence, the picture deserves all praise, but the figure itself is not agreeable; it is coarse in form, and has little expression—qualities the very opposite to those in the work which now hangs in our National Gallery.

The history of this picture, which was painted in 1853, affords another instance of the truth of an old adage, that out of evil comes forth good—sometimes. It belonged to the notorious railway defaulter, Redpath; how or when he became possessed of it, we know not, but this man had acquired with his ill-gotten wealth a collection of paintings, which were sold, after his conviction in 1857, for several thousand pounds. ‘The Blind Beggar’ was among them, and it realised upwards of nine hundred guineas. It then passed into the hands of Miss Jane Clark, of Regent Street, who, dying soon after, bequeathed it to the country; and we may congratulate ourselves on having a work so exquisitely beautiful, so refined and touching in sentiment.

At the door of a continental church stands the beggar, soliciting alms from the congregation leaving the sacred edifice. He is a man past the prime of life; his hair is white, and a long silvery beard falls over the breast. The face is fine and expressive, though no ray of light pours forth from the lustreless eyeballs; the lids have been judiciously drawn down by the artist, to avoid any ghastly appearance. It is

“Total eclipse
Amid the blaze of noon.”

By his side is a young girl, who clings closely to him; the disparity of their ages almost forbids the idea that she is his daughter. Still, she may be, and probably does stand in that relationship. Her countenance is very sweet, but void of all the cheerfulness of youth; it is grave, thoughtful, but not distressed. The combined attitude of the pair is as touching as the circumstances of their case are sad and appalling.

The picture is painted in a tone of colour exceedingly low, but the whole is worked to an extreme of finish: the heads, in fact, are elaborated with a care such as Denner’s pictures show. In these days of bright and glowing harmonies, the eye is at once struck with the abstinence from colour which the artist has made a cardinal principle in the execution of his work.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.*

IN the history of “Portrait Painting in England,” it is curious to observe the good fortune some painters have had over others in transmitting to posterity the features of successive kings and queens. Thus it was Holbein’s lot to have his pencil restricted to King Henry VIII.; Sir Antonio More was limited to Queen Mary I.; Hilliard was obliged to be content with exquisite repetitions of Queen Elizabeth; Vansomer was confined to King James; Vandyck to King Charles I.; Lely to King Charles I. and King Charles II.; Reynolds to King George III.; and Lawrence to King George IV.; but to KNELLER the good fortune was given to paint King Charles II., King James II., King William III., and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and King George I. Had Kneller lived four years longer, another sovereign, King George II., might have been added to the list. Kneller drew Peter the Great and Louis XIV. But when we come to the painted heads of foreign emperors and kings, here *Sir Thomas Lawrence* takes the lead, with his Emperor of Austria, his Emperor of Russia, and his King of Prussia. In the long catalogue, however, of illustrious sitters, no painter has been more fortunate than Sir Godfrey Kneller. The *only picture* for which King George I. sat in England was the whole-length, over the chimney once in the library at Houghton (Sir Robert Walpole’s), and now, I believe, at St. Petersburg. Our knight and baronet, Sir Godfrey, was ever fortunate; he drew the “Old Pretender” the day after his birth, and always discountenanced the story of the warming-pan. “Doctor,” he exclaimed to his mathematical sitter, the famous Dr. Wallis (*see the picture*—and it is a fine one—in the Bodleian), “*you may be out in your letters, but, be Got, I cannot be out in my lines!*”—a pleasant story, which recalls one still pleasanter of the same painter. Secretary Craggs brought Dick Estcourt, the actor and wit, to Sir Godfrey’s house in Great Queen Street, where he mimicked several of Sir Godfrey’s sitters—Lords Godolphin, Somers, Halifax, &c. Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, took joke after joke, and laughed heartily; then they gave Estcourt the *wink*, and he mimicked Sir Godfrey himself, who cried, “Nay, now you are out, man, by Got!—that is not me,” and thus *proved* it was he. Estcourt “produced the cap,” as Richardson who tells the story has well remarked, but it was Kneller himself who “put it on.”

“Sir Godfrey,” said the poet Pope to his neighbour at Whitton, “I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect.” The reply of the painter is indeed characteristic: “Fore Got, I believe so!” Gay alludes to this in one of his happiest poems, “Mr. Pope’s Welcome from Greece:”—

“Kneller, amid the triumph, bears his part,
Who could, were mankind lost, anew create;
What can th’ extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!”

I have said that Kneller painted more kings than any other painter before or after him has ever painted in England. I will now show that he painted more great men. Shall we begin with “warriors?” Surely William III., of the Boyne (*read my Lord Macaulay*), was a more illustrious sovereign, in spite of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, than Holbein’s Henry VIII., or, in spite of Naseby, than Charles I. Kneller’s Peter Alexiowitz of Russia—“the Great” of all readers—was a greater sovereign (Czar, or

* Continued from page 100.



J. DYCKMANS, PINX.

D. DESVACHEZ, SCULPT

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

Cæsar, if you like) than Sir Thomas Lawrence's Emperor Alexander. Marlborough and Peterborough may be fully matched with Wellington and Hill; Kneller's sitter, Sir Isaac Newton, may be pitted in genius with Sir Joshua's John Hunter, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's sitter, Sir Humphrey Davy. I think I may "run" (in sporting language) Kneller's Dryden and Pope, Kneller's Addison and Steele, Kneller's Wren and Vanburgh, against Sir Joshua's Johnson and Goldsmith, or his Sir W. Chambers.

Ben Jonson's English verses under the Droeshout engraving of Shakespeare, carry a sarcastic meaning; Milton's own Greek verses under the engraving from his so-called portrait, prefixed to his minor poems, are a sneer at the engraver—faithfully copied (in to-be-envied ignorance) by another engraver, Vandergucht by name. I have before me, while I write, a woodcut portrait of the ploughman poet, Robert Burns, with "Napoleon Buonaparte" beneath, printed at "Bel-fast," in large unmistakable letters.

I like inscriptions under portraits. Dr. Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's, and something more, had placed under his own "pen-sive" portrait,

"With itch of picture in the front,
And bays and wicked rhymes upon 't,"

"De Tristitia ista libera me, Domine." Sir Philip Sydney gave his own portrait to some "Stella" of his fancy, with this couplet—

"Take this, thou who mak'st all the Virtues live,
Who gives himself, may well his picture give."

Dryden's epistle in repayment, in imperishable verse, for a copy of Shakespeare's portrait, to Kneller (now at Lord Fitzwilliam's, in Yorkshire), is well known: less so Cowper's fine sonnet to Romney on his own portrait—as fine in every respect as those he wrote on the receipt of his mother's portrait. Hark to Cowper! Sir Joshua had no compliment of equal value in verse:—

"Romney! expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face,
With strokes that Time ought never to erase—
Thou hast so pencil'd mine; and though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace.
But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
In thy incomparable work appear:
Well, I am satisfied, it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear:
For in my looks what sorrow could'st thou see
While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?"

Southey has a thought exquisitely expressed—a little akin to this—in his epistle in verse to my father, where he alludes to his sitting to Chantrey for that noble marble bust which my father in vain induced the minister, Sir Robert Peel, to buy. Yet Peel's excuse was a good one—he had Lawrence's portrait of the same great master of English prose.

In this mood of verse in my head I remember pleasantly, and shall be thanked, I have no doubt, for recalling, Dr. Donne's lines on a lady's portrait:—

"Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,—
Only in this, that you both painted be."

And I trust I shall not look in vain for the approbation of my readers by recalling the lines—exquisitely rhythmical—which Lord Byron wrote on Lawrence's portrait of Lady Blessington, one of his very finest works:—

"Were I now as I was, I had sung
What Lawrence has painted so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell."

"I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead:
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head."

"Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing what I gaze on in vain,
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain."

Lady Blessington, it is said, preferred the poetry to the portrait, exquisite as it is; nor was she wrong. PETER CUNNINGHAM.

ON THE INTERVENTION OF ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THIS is the subject of a brochure by M. Blanquart-Evrard, translated by Mr. Alfred Harrah, with an introduction by Mr. Sutton, B.A., describing a simple method of increasing or reducing the intensity of a negative, or portions of it, in such a manner as to enable the operator to force to various degrees of light or shade any parts of his plate; or, at least, so we understand the discovery, which may be described in a few words. According to the ordinary methods of intensifying, every portion of the plate is acted on equally by the silver: no preference, therefore, as to degree of light or shade, can be given to any particular part of the plate. The discovery of M. Blanquart-Evrard consists in exposing the back of the plate to the sunlight before fixing, having, of course, washed off entirely the developing solution. When sufficiently exposed, the film is wetted and the plate is fixed. As in the case of many other useful discoveries, the simplicity of the principle occasions surprise that it has never before been practised; but during the treatment of their plates, photographers are so jealous of the most minute admission of white light, that all kinds of yellow and orange fabrics have been proposed as a security against it, although we see continually instances of perfect development in plates that have been laid carelessly by for days, even in half light. If it be desired, on the other hand, to lighten the tone of a plate, or any part of one, it is to be exposed to the vapour of iodine, whence results iodide of silver, which can be dissolved out by hyposulphite of soda. Such are the rationalia of the propositions, the artistic value of which only we are called on to consider, dismissing entirely the chemical theses. It is impossible to arrive at the results here described by any process of ordinary development and intensification. Disderi, in his work, speaks of modelling out and forcing different parts of the plate by means of a judicious application of silver; but we have never seen anything satisfactory effected by such means. By the process recommended by M. Blanquart-Evrard, supposing always the results described to be easily attainable, much may undoubtedly be accomplished; but even in a larger plate it must be difficult to secure the extent of the scale of tone necessary even to an ordinary picture. By simply shading the plate, as we understand the description, the possibility of bringing out a sharp line, say of a piece of drapery or furniture, is very problematical, and it is certainly impossible by any such means to deepen the field of relief round a head, assuming the pith of the proposition to be to force the deepened tone up to the wondrously subtle outline of a cheek or a nose. And supposing the converse, that a head is to be brought forward by the fumes of iodine: in order to the preservation of lines so infinitely delicate, other parts of the plate must be covered by some protecting substance to the very probable destruction of the film; and should this difficulty be obviated, where is the artist that can work in anywise up to such outlines, and yet maintain the indispensable condition, the appearance and character of a photograph? The little book proposes its subject as an Art-question. We therefore take it up as such. The discovery is regarded as a triumph, leaving nothing to be desired; but it is inconceivable that we can obtain, as in a picture, the discretionary depth procurable by a glaze, or the various degrees by wiping off portions of the glaze; or in a figure drawing, the lights at once brought up by a pellet of bread. We cannot, however, part from M. Blanquart-Evrard without congratulating him on a discovery which, even practised as he proposes, must greatly assist the chiar-oscuro of photographs, and may, by the judicious application of chemistry, be made to give to photography much of artistic effect.

These observations are made, not after experiments made specially according to the prescriptions given above, but after a long series of trials carried on with the hope of success in giving pictorial chiar-oscuro to photographs; and the difficulties therein encountered must, we think, beset any similar experiments.

THE EXHIBITION OF STAINED GLASS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

A PERIODICAL competitive exhibition of stained glass is one among the things greatly needed for this branch of our decorative Art. It was not until the Exhibition of 1851 that we had any opportunity of seeing what was being done, and further, what was promised, in this direction; though it was well understood that we were much behind the continental schools, which have been fostered and have grown up under government protection. The arrangements for showing stained glass are not only necessarily costly, but works of any importance demand a greater space than can be given to them in any public building that we have possessed antecedent to the erections at Kensington, where there are now to be seen examples of glass painting which show a great advance upon the essays of even a few years ago. It will surprise many who may see these works that there should exist among them such a diversity of feeling, but this is a consequence of the antagonism that has arisen between modern Art and archaeology, whereby glass painting in this country has been greatly retarded. Much of the work hitherto done has been carried out under the influence of country clergymen, who, without any knowledge of painting, and with eyes filled with the rude forms of the monastic period, have pronounced for what they consider a safe consistency in advocating imitations of the productions of a period when men who worked in glass knew nothing of Art, and who would have been heartily glad to have done better. Productions of that order are now known among artists on glass as "bogie" work, being such as any common workman can execute.

This state of things, however, is passing away, according to the evidence of the present exhibition, where, in the composition and designs of the majority of the windows, there is much study and knowledge. In descending the stairs from the English School of Painting, the visitor is confronted by a large window, by O'Connor, said to be for Christ Church, Oxford. It contains, altogether, eight principal compartments, and others below them; and many of these compositions, with but little change, would paint well in oil. The objects and draperies are truly drawn, but the markings in some of the faces want decision. It is, however, a fine work, though upwards it is extremely heavy, with black opaque glass, for what purpose we cannot see in its present position. There is an admirable window by Hughes, the subject of which is the Saviour enthroned as Judge and King, with wings, of which the subjects are—the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. This is a brilliant performance in the best feeling of the advancing school, everywhere correctly drawn and most elaborately worked: it is by H. Hughes, "Aliis adjuventibus," according to the inscription at the bottom. For the German Hospital at Dalston, is a window commemorative of the late Prince Consort, the subject being very appropriate—the Good Samaritan; and for Worcester College, Oxford, is a window designed by Mr. Millais, the subject of which is the Adoration of the Infant Saviour by the Wise Men. In this case we have an opportunity of seeing what Mr. Millais intended from a small sketch placed at the side. The work on the glass is by Messrs. Lavers and Barraud, who are seen to more advantage in another window fitted up apparently of designs in a variety of tastes. By Messrs. Pilkington is a version of the Angel and the Holy Women at the Tomb of the Saviour, which in itself has much merit, but is overpowered by ornament. There are a few others, but they do not evince the same earnestness observable in those mentioned.

It is by no means necessary that such exhibitions should be held yearly; but if they were opened from time to time, such a proceeding would be productive of two good effects—that of setting aside the miserable repliche of monkish reliques, and of rendering foreign competition of non-effect. There is scarcely any subject connected with Art that has lately received more attention than stained glass: such an exhibition as this will do much to aid its progress.

ON THE ARTS EMPLOYED
IN PRODUCING
THE ESSENTIAL MATERIALS OF
CLOTHING.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHER.

PART III.

VEGETABLE fibres are not less important as means for man's protection and comfort than are those which he derives from the animal kingdom. Indeed it is doubtful which were first used. Leaving aside the fig-leaf costume, we should be led to believe that skins formed the earliest means of clothing man; but whether the woolly or hairy covering of

the skins was spun and woven before vegetable fibres were employed, is a question which can never be solved. In the literature of the European races, flax holds the highest position of antiquity, and was evidently an important crop in Egypt long before the Israelites were enslaved by the Egyptians; for it is spoken of as a great misfortune in Exodus that the "flax and the barley was smitten; for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was bolted;" thus showing at this early period of the history of Egypt that this plant was an important part of the agriculture of the Egyptians. But we are not dependent upon written testimony alone for proof of the very early use of its fibre for textile purposes, for the very cloths made of flax by that people

are still in existence, and they have left on the walls of their edifices pictorial representations of its culture so remarkably complete as to leave nothing wanting for our information. Thus Fig. 1 represents a flax field in which a number of persons are employed. Five are pulling up handfuls of the plant, which is *bolled*, or has its seed-vessels perfect; another is tying it up in large bundles, which are being carried to be *rippled*. The rippler takes a handful and draws the seed end through some spikes set in the end of a piece of wood, making a rude comb, which is placed on a support so as to be conveniently reached by the operator, who thus combs—or *ripples*, as it is called—off the bolls or seed pods. This operation is still carried on in all flax-growing

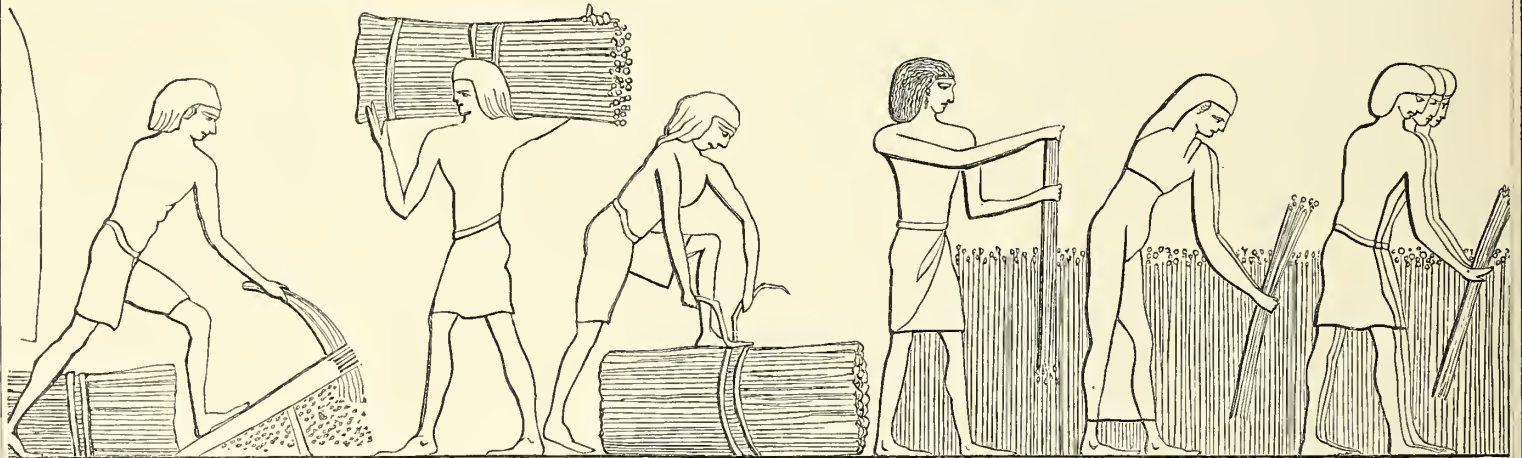


Fig. 1.

countries at the present time. The drawing is from a portion of the mural paintings in the grotto of Elkab, and furnishes the most complete evidence that not only was flax grown by the Egyptians, but that it was skillfully cultivated and prepared.

Although we find the first mention of flax in the Bible, there are many reasons for believing that it was not a native of Egypt, but was probably brought there from Northern India. The flax plant is singularly adapted for man's use, for it bears a most remarkable range of climatal variation. It thrives most luxuriantly on the warm slopes of the mountains and hills of India, and vast crops of it are raised in Northern Europe, even in Russia, and in North America. It is a slender, graceful little plant, about 18 inches to 2 feet in height, consisting of a thin stem about half the thickness of wheat-straw, without branches until near the top, when it separates into a number of fine branchlets bearing pretty light-blue flowers, the general appearance of which is indicated in Fig. 2.

Great variation is produced, however, by climate and culture. Thus in hot countries flax is of very little value for its fibre, but produces so abundantly of seed as to be highly profitable to the grower, because the seed furnishes one of the most important of the oils: none other is found to be of so much value for mixing the colours of the artist and the house painter. In cold countries, on the contrary, the seed is produced much more sparingly, and the fibre is strong and of great value. Much depends upon its cultivation, for if thinly sown it grows robust and the fibre is coarse, but if sown thickly it runs up and is delicate for want of a proper circulation of air through the plants, and the fibre becomes fine, soft, and silky, qualities which for some purposes are very highly prized. It is a fact that no plant which is cultivated yields such extraordinary results to the cultivator, for the price of flax varies from £40 to £180 per ton when in the first

stage of dressing, and as much as £100 sterling per *pound* of flax has been paid for some of the rare flax of Courtrai, in Flanders, raised and sorted by hand, for making the finest kinds of Brussels lace. This wonderful variation of price may perhaps be more forcibly expressed by saying that it ranges from 5*d.* per *pound* to £100 per *pound*, and this all depends upon the relative fineness of the fibre.

If we examine the stalk of this plant we



Fig. 2.

shall find that it consists of a central column of pith, around which there is a thin layer of fibres which run from the root to the top of the plant; and over these again is the skin or epidermis of the plant. It is therefore the business of the flax-dresser to remove from the fibre, which is the only useful part, the

other two portions, and this must be done so as to produce no injury to the essential part. Experience has shown that nature is the best assistant man can employ for the first process, and the flax straw is therefore submitted to the action of wetting and drying before any mechanical means are employed to remove the pith, which is technically called the boon, and the skin. Thus, one of two methods is employed: either the flax when gathered is laid out thinly on the ground in the fields, in order that it may be alternately wetted and dried by the dews of night and the sun, or else it is tied in bundles and immersed in ponds or slow-flowing rivers, when, after a slow kind of fermentation has acted upon the outer skin and a kind of gummy material which cements the fibrous parts together, it is taken out and laid in the sun to dry. Occasionally it has to be soaked and dried frequently. This process is called *retting*; and the one method is styled *dew-retting* and the other *water-retting*. In the East dew-retting appears to have been the method employed; for we read that Rahab concealed the two spies from the Israelites under "the stalks of flax which she had laid in order on the roof of the house." The flat roofs of Eastern houses were particularly well adapted for this purpose. When properly retted it is found that the outer skin is easily pulverised by merely rubbing with the hand, and so is the inner pith; whilst the fibres, which had been cemented as it were together, are separated with tolerable ease. It is then operated upon by *breaking*, which is accomplished by beating it with a mallet or heavy wooden implement, which breaks up and beats out both skin and pith almost entirely. It is next *scutched* or beaten with a peculiar instrument, which separates still more the fibrous parts, and removes the remaining dusty particles of the skin and pith. It next passes to the *heckler*, who combs it out by frequently drawing it through the heckling combs, which still further separates the fibres, and arranges them side by side smoothly. The operations of

breaking, scutching, and heckling are now done by machinery for the more common kinds of flax manufactures, but for the fine lawns and laces, hand-work is still found the best. The object of each of these processes is to reduce the flax very nearly to the ultimate fibrils of which its fibres are composed. These fibrils are long hollow tubes with nodes or joints at intervals, as in Figs. 3 and 4, which represent fibres of fine and of coarse flax; and it will be seen it is like a bamboo cane, excepting that the joints are contracted and do not project,

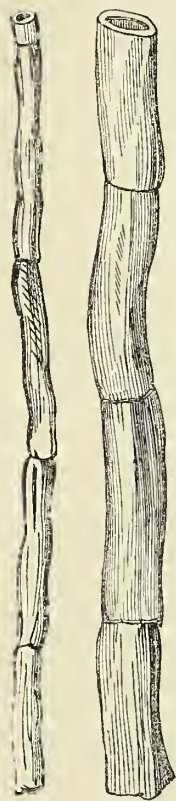


Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

a quality which doubtless has its value in helping the fibres to cling together when twisted into yarn. It is now ready for the spinner, who has to make it into yarn for the weaver. Formerly this was done by the hand for all purposes, as in the case of wool, but now the distaff is only employed for lace thread, which will be again mentioned when we treat upon that beautiful fabric. The machinery for spinning flax differs only to a small extent from that used for wool; but the fibres in their natural state are too long, being about 18 inches; they are therefore cut into lengths, generally three, called *stricks*, and care is taken that the cutting instrument shall jag the ends of the fibres in cutting, instead of cutting them through cleanly and evenly. This jagg of the ends is also of importance in enabling the fibres to hold together in spinning. The *stricks* are again heckled in order to ensure the straightness

and regularity of the fibres. They are then laid on a machine called a *drawing-machine*. The women who attend these machines, place the small bundles called *stricks* on the travelling apron, or table, in a continuous line, taking care that one *strick* shall overlap its predecessor. In this way they move on and are drawn between rollers, which press them into a thin ribbon about 2 inches broad. This ribbon, or *sliver*, as it is technically called, is then passed through similar machines in succession, which continue to press it and draw it until it becomes extremely slender. It is then passed through the *roving* machine, which gives it the form of a cord, but very slightly twisted, and still draws it as it goes on. Several of these machines receive it in succession, until it is drawn out as finely as can be done without breaking. It then passes through the *spinning* machines, which at first continue to draw, but also twist the thread, and bring it into the state of yarn, ready for the weaver. In the spinning machine the thread is made to pass through troughs of warm water before twisting. This overcomes the rigidity of the flax fibre, and also softens the gum, which still adheres to the fibres, and, as in the case of silk, helps to keep the thread in its twisted condition. In the processes of drawing and roving it is usual to combine several *slivers* together. Thus eight *slivers* from the spreading machine are combined into one at the first drawing frame, and eight of these are similarly treated at the next, and so on through the whole series of drawing and roving frames. The ultimate end of all these complicated operations is to give the manufacturer power to produce a thread of

any required fineness, and sufficiently strong to suit the purposes of the weaver.

The woven cloth of flax fibre is called *linen*; and we have the origin of it in the Greek word *Λινον*, and the Latin rendering of it, *Linum*; and the manufacture of this cloth was, at a very early period, not only a matter of great importance, but was very well conducted. This is proved by the ceremonies of the dead bodies found in Egyptian tombs, most of which were embalmed with balsamic gums and spices, and swathed in linen cloths, frequently of remarkable fineness. These swathings are often evidently made of linen which had been previously used; old linen, in fact, was used for the purpose, as a mixture of different qualities is often found on the same mummy; but the quantity used was so large, that it must have taken three times as much to clothe a dead body as was required for a living one. Linen was universally worn by the Egyptians when living also; and the finest qualities were regarded as symbolical of purity, and were worn by the priests, who, besides the linen tunic or shirt worn by all classes, wore a kind of shawl, also of linen, which enveloped the whole body. Not only did the Egyptians manufacture linen thus largely for themselves, but they supplied a large portion of the then known world. Solomon went to Egypt for his horses and linen yarn; and there was a large shipment of it from the Delta to the shores of the Mediterranean. Ancient as is the cultivation of the flax in Egypt, it is very probable that it was still earlier cultivated in Babylon, where its preparation and export were extensively carried on; and we learn from Herodotus and Strabo that the city Borsippa was the Manchester of Babylonia, and its inhabitants were chiefly employed in linen manufactures, especially a kind of long under garment, which reached to the feet. The Colchians also were dealers in flax, which they raised of fine quality, in sufficient quantities to support a large export trade, more than four centuries before the Christian era.

The Greeks were wearers of linen, which was made in some of the states, and imported ready-made into others. The plant was grown in Elis, in Achaia; and the flax prepared there, under the name of *Byssus*, was so highly valued, that, according to Pliny, it sold for its weight in gold; but the flax now grown in that neighbourhood is not remarkable for its fine quality. From Pliny we also learn that the various countries under the sway of Rome in his time nearly all cultivated flax, and made linen, not only of extreme fineness, to serve as clothing for the ladies, but coarse enough for sail-cloth, for which it was then the almost universal material. By mentioning also twenty-seven varieties of flax, he proves that it received a great amount of attention, and was of importance as an agricultural and commercial material. He mentions another circumstance, which is interesting when viewed in connection with a practice now followed by the Belgian spinners, which we shall describe when speaking of the lace manufacture—namely, that in various places then celebrated for the superiority of their linen fabrics, as, for instance, in Germany, and in that part of Italy between the Po and the Ticino, then called the *Alban* territory, the weavers worked in deep underground caves. This was in order, doubtless, to have that moist atmosphere which is now obtained by artificial means, especially by the diffusion of steam in our modern factories.

From the time of the Roman empire up to the present, Germany and parts of France have been famous for their linen manufactures; and there is reason to believe that the manufacture of damask, or figured linen, was

early understood, especially in Egypt and Italy. The Emperor Alexander Severus was fond of fine plain linen, but found great fault with those figured with flowers and with gold, or dyed with Tyrian purple. There is, however, no positive proof that the ornamentation was exactly the same as we now call damask; indeed, there is some grounds for supposing that embroidery was a more usual method of decorating linen and all other textile materials, even from the most ancient times of the Egyptians to the end of the Roman empire. The Egyptians also dyed their linen yarns, and with them wove cloths of different patterns.

Amongst the most curious of the ancient uses of linen is its application to protecting clothing or armour, as in the case of the celebrated corselet presented to the Rhodians by Amasis, King of Egypt, in which each thread was composed of 265 strands. This relic was long preserved at Rhodes in the Temple of Minerva, and was afterwards removed to Rome, where the few fragments which remained in Pliny's time were held in great estimation by the curious. This corselet was so ancient that it was mentioned by Herodotus more than four hundred years before Christ; and he also mentions another, which was given to the Lacedaemonians: both of them were embroidered with gold and cotton.

The celebrated Bayeux tapestry is an illustration of linen decorated by embroidery. It is a single piece, and is sixty-seven yards in length by only nineteen inches in width, and has worked upon it, in colours, the history of the Norman Conquest, beginning with the embassy of Harold, in A.D. 1065, and finishing with the battle of Hastings, in A.D. 1066. It is attributed to Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court. In this celebrated work the linen is so completely covered by the wool used to embroider it that it is not at all seen.

But we must not suppose that the manufacture of linen had attained anything like its present excellence, either in its plain state or in the more ornamental form of damask, until a comparatively late period. It was only during the 13th century, in the Dutch provinces of Friesland and Brabant, that high and artistic excellence was aimed at. About that time the wearing of fine linen underclothing was introduced, and the manufactures of Holland became very celebrated, but were so costly that a dozen linen chemises in the trousseau of Isabel of Bavaria, the wife of Charles VI. of France, excited a great sensation in the French court; and about a hundred years after, Anne of Brittany, the wife of Charles VIII., received what was considered a most costly addition to the royal wardrobe—four dozen and a half chemises, and six pairs of linen sheets, as a present from the Count de Cornouailles; they were made by the ladies of his household as a means of testifying their love and admiration for the queen.

Although body-linen was thus rare, table-linen, in the form of table-cloths and napkins, was in general use amongst the higher classes; and for this especial manufacture Holland became very famous, and sustained the highest reputation from the beginning of the 14th to the end of the 17th century, and remarkable excellence was obtained in the art of damask-weaving. The inhabitants of Brussels presented the Duke d'Alva with a table-service, consisting of three large table-cloths and two hundred and fifty napkins. On the table-cloths were enwoven pictures of the heroes of Greece and Rome, and each napkin was made to show a scene in the history of Spain. But this could not be considered as ornamentation of linen for clothing purposes, nor has it ever been generally sought to go beyond the qua-

lities of extreme fineness and whiteness for such an application.

The fibre of flax, however, has from a very early period been applied to produce one of the most delicately-beautiful and artistic fabrics ever used to adorn the human body—the various kinds of lace. It is not quite clear when the art of making lace was first discovered: it is not improbable that it was known to the ancients; and, from the peculiar arabesque character of the earliest Spanish point, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the natives of Christian Spain learned the art from the Moors, as it is known to have been in use in Spain at a very early date, namely in the 14th century. From Spain it passed to Italy, as an art belonging especially to the convents, where it formed the work of nuns, who often spent a whole life in producing one elaborate piece, either for a sacerdotal garment or an altar-covering. Lace could not be made until great excellence was attained in the art of spinning linen-yarn of extreme fineness, and there are difficulties in doing this which are not easily overcome. The fibre of flax is unlike the animal fibres before described: instead of the surface of the ultimate fibres being covered with scales having the useful qualities pointed out in the part in which sheep's wool is described, they are nearly smooth and cylindrical in flax, as in Figs. 3, 4, which represent coarse and fine flax fibres, and it will be seen that they are cylindrical cells joined end to end, with a slight contraction at each end, where they join one another. A string of these cylindrical cells may be regarded as the ultimate fibre of flax; but in no case does our machinery reduce it to that state—the finest workable fibres, if examined, will be found to be bundles in which several of the ultimate fibres are irregularly combined; they consequently look like the clustered shafts of a Gothic pillar. Moreover, it has to be understood that they are thus held together by an adhesive resinous gum, which coats the surface of the cells. It is to these two circumstances that flax fibre owes its power of being drawn out and spun into fine yarns, which, when properly prepared, retain the twist given to them in the process of spinning; for the prepared fibres, or aggregation of fibres, hold together when twisted by the irregularity of their surfaces, and as they are usually spun in a moist or wet state, the adhesive quality of the gum greatly assists in retaining them in the twisted condition. And these characters of the fibre enable us with ordinary machinery to draw out and twist a single pound of flax into yarn fit for weaving of the length of 50,000 yards, and the wonderfully fine yarns spun by hand for making lace have a far greater tenacity. At present Brussels, Valenciennes, and Alençon produce the finest laces on the Continent, and the art of flax-spinning for this work is carried on in Belgium with marvellous dexterity and wonderful patience, chiefly by women. The operation is usually carried on in dark, damp cellars, only a small orifice, admitting a ray of light, in which the thread is held, enables the operator to see her work, upon which the attention is thus fully concentrated. High wages are paid for this unhealthy labour, and the value of the produce is very great, yarn worth more than three times its weight in gold being often produced.

The ancient laces were not made with threads so wonderfully fine, nor were they of such a character as to require it—as before stated, they were arabesques, and the pattern was made and worked at the same time; in other words, they were artistic creations, the beauty of which was entirely due to the worker; whilst the modern productions, however beautiful, are mere manufactures, in which the designer or draughtsman has no

small share of the merit. In all kinds the constructive operations are the same—one or more

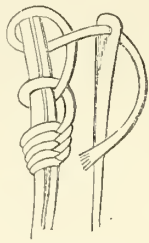


Fig. 5.

threads are taken as a base for each line, and these are coated by working around them another thread, as in Fig. 5, which shows the needle and the peculiar kind of stitch by which the ground thread is covered. In the old *Spanish point* and in the *point de Venise*, which are so charmingly depicted in some of the works of Velasquez and Paul Veronese, the ground, or base thread is thus covered, and it is formed and sewn into a pattern according to the skill and fancy of the worker, without any design being before her, hence the high appreciation in which such fabrics are held, for many specimens are most admirable as works of Art. But the enormous labour and the time required, independently of the taste, to produce any really fine work of that kind, prevented it ever becoming a means of industrial employment, except in nunneries, where such occupations were the recreations rather than the employment of the inmates, and the art consequently declined with other branches of the Fine Arts, about the middle of the 16th century. At that time, in the town of St. Annaberg, in Saxony, a lady named Barbara Ulmann invented a means of working lace from a pattern, by which means she placed it within the power of any painstaking person to produce lace.

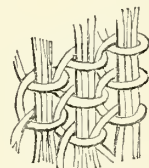


Fig. 6.

Her invention consisted in fixing an outline pattern upon a cushion, or pillow; a thread is then run along the outline, and covered over as before described, and the figured parts of the pattern are filled in by threads sewn or looped together as in Fig. 6, and the ground is filled in by a network formed by looping threads around pins stuck in the cushion, so as to present the appearance in Fig. 7 or Fig. 8. This invention of the Saxon matron has been a source of much profitable employment to the women of many countries; it remained, however, for a long time in the hands of her own countrywomen. From them the manufacture of pillow-lace spread to the Netherlands and France, and to Great Britain, where it has been ever since in use. The Guipure, or hand-made lace, has, however, of late years been revived, and is most successfully carried on in Belgium, where the *Brussels point* and *Rose point* are famous for their beauty; and in France, which is justly proud of its *Point d'Alençon* and *Valenciennes*; and in Britain, where the laces of Honiton have reached a point of excellence hardly second to any. Those of Brussels and of Honiton are often worked on fine lawn or on bobbin-net; but the *Point d'Alençon* consists of needle-worked patterns produced by a stitch similar to Fig. 9. The figures thus made are afterwards connected together by delicate threads, which, web-like, run across the interspaces, and unite the whole.

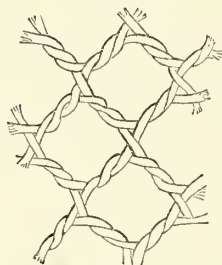


Fig. 7.

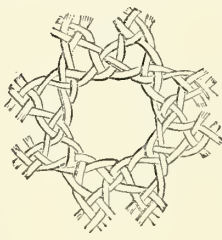


Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

figures thus made are afterwards connected together by delicate threads, which, web-like, run across the interspaces, and unite the whole.

Of late years the French laces have greatly improved, and they bid fair to take the lead. Sweden and Holland produce good laces, but they are deficient in the nice taste of those before mentioned. Cotton has been lately introduced, but that is chiefly used in the machine-made laces. The object of these remarks on flax fibre has been to show that this, above all other fibres derived from the stems of plants, is most adapted to the purposes of man's clothing; and that although the plant producing it is very insignificant in size, the remarkable tenacity and flexibility of its fibres admirably fit it for a variety of beautiful structures. Its most peculiar and valuable quality is told in the motto of our veteran Premier—"Fleece non frangi."

One other important material of clothing remains to be described, and although last, it is not least. Indeed COTTON, to which we refer, probably gives employment to more human beings, and assists more in clothing them, than any other material. It is remarkable, however, that although we can now trace its history as far back as that of most other textile materials, its use to any extent in Europe is of comparatively recent date. In England cotton cloth was not known until 1631, when it was imported from India by the East India Company under the name of *calico*, from Calicut, the town celebrated for its manufacture.

But although so recent an introduction to Europe, its use in India is known to have been very ancient, and it is believed to have been used at a very early date in South America, the discoverers of which continent found this material in use amongst the aborigines, and subsequent antiquarian discoveries have shown its use in very early times. It was used by the Babylonians and the Egyptians, and through them became known to, but not much used by, the Greeks and Romans. The earliest classical authority upon this subject was Herodotus, who, speaking of India, says the wild trees of that country bear fleeces as their fruit, which were used by the people of that country to make clothing; and he further mentions the remarkable linen cuirass sent by Amasis, king of Egypt, to Sparta, which was adorned with gold and with fleeces from trees. Nearly five hundred years after Pliny mentions this same cuirass, which, he says, "was preserved, at least so much of it as was left by the meddlesome fingers of the curious." Few non-botanical writers could have described an Indian cotton plantation better than did Theophrastus, who, when accompanying the expedition of Alexander, saw them with his own eyes. He also very admirably describes the cotton-plant, and mentions that it also grew in Arabia and the Island of Tylos. Pliny says in his time it was growing in great abundance under the name of *gossypinus* in the smaller island of Tylos. In this, however, he exactly quotes the words of Theophrastus, and seems to have known as little as we do of the locality of the island, which is supposed to have been in the Persian Gulf. Not only did the great natural philosopher who accompanied Alexander to India record with wonder what he saw respecting the fleece-bearing trees, but one of his generals, Aristobulus, and his admiral, Nearchus, also have left records of their observations upon the cotton of India. The name under which it went in India was *Carpas* or *Carbas*, and these authors spoke of it as *Carbasus*, and notwithstanding the many centuries which have elapsed since then, we have in the present day, and in our own country, the same word in use with very little modification. Thus, in the Lancashire cotton districts, cotton not separated from the seed is known as *Kupas*, or *Kurpas*. But by far the most ancient allusions to cotton are found in the "Sacred Institutes of Menu," one

of the sacred writings of the Brahmins, in which cotton is mentioned in such a manner as to show that it was held in very high esteem, its purity and whiteness being regarded as typical of virtue. The passage referred to is thus translated:—"The sacrificial thread of a Brahmin must be made of cotton, so as to be put over his head in three strings; that of a Chatriya, of *sana* [thread made of sunn hemp, or sunnee] thread only; that of a Vaisya, of woollen thread." These and other passages are sufficient to show that in India the use of cotton is extremely ancient. Its introduction into China was much more recent, as we have evidence in the interesting travels of two Arabians, published by Renaudot, who visited China in the ninth century, and made the remark that the Chinese dressed not in cotton, as they and their countrymen did, but in silk. The so-called Nankin coloured cotton cloths, for which China afterwards became so famous, were made of a peculiar variety of the common cotton-plant, in which the wool, instead of being white, is of a reddish-brown colour. For a long time it was thought in Europe that the Chinese possessed the art of dyeing this peculiar colour, and it was greatly in demand, but it became paler and paler, notwithstanding the instructions sent out to the Chinese merchants to dye a deeper colour. This led to inquiry, the result of which was, that we learned that the only way the Chinese had of meeting the increased demand was to add white cotton to it, which accounted for the weakened colour. European chemistry then stepped in and supplied a dye, which now enables us to supply the Chinese with this favourite colour. There are at least four well-defined species of the cotton plant, and there are several varieties in cultivation in different parts of the world. The best known and most extensively cultivated is *Gossypium herbaceum*, or *G. indicum*, which furnishes the Indian cotton; *G. arboreum*, or Tree cotton, also a native of the East Indies, and but little used; *G. Barbadosense*, Barbadoes cotton, which yields the cotton of the West Indies and the Southern States of America; and *G. peruvianum*, or the Peruvian cotton, cultivated generally in South America. It was from this kind that the cotton garments and cloths were made which were presented to Cortes, after the Conquest of Mexico, by the natives of Yucatan. Delicately beautiful cotton cloths rivalling those made from the silky hairs of the alpaca, were amongst the presents made by Montezuma to the conqueror, and which found their way as costly treasures to the court of Charles V. of Spain. In the International Exhibition of 1862 there was a cotton coverlid, or shroud, which had been found enveloping the body in a very ancient tomb in Peru. It was not woven, but was merely matted together by pressure, and resembled the *lap*, as it is called, which is formed as the first stage in carding cotton, previous to spinning it. The quality was remarkably fine, and indicated high cultivation; for cotton, like other useful plants, requires careful cultivation to secure superior produce.

Late as was the introduction of this material into European commerce, it has rapidly become of such importance, that it cannot be said to be second to any other in its value to the industrial classes of the world. It has been computed that in the cultivation, transport, trade, and manufacture of cotton, not fewer than thirty millions of people are employed in different parts of the world; and this is probably far short of the truth. Now this stupendous development, which has probably increased thirty times since the middle of the last century, when the little which was imported into Europe was, as in India, worked up by hand, could not have taken place but

for the invention of Hargreave's spinning-jenny in 1767, and Arkwright's spinning-frame in 1775, and Compton's mule in 1779, which gave such a stimulus to this manufacture as no imagination could have conceived. Indeed it has been asserted, and with every reason for belief, that the inventions of those three men have produced for this country since they came into operation not less than a thousand millions sterling. But it is time to show why this fibre has such wonderful powers of development. Only the microscope could reveal to us the exact cause; and until that instrument was brought to bear upon it, much was the surprise and disappointment that the frequently tried silk-cottons or downs of several other species of plants, many of which looked more promising than the cotton, always failed whenever attempts were made to spin them. An examination of the highly magnified drawing of cotton shown in Fig. 10,



Fig. 10.

will show that its flattened body, with rubbed edges crossing occasionally, gives a surface admirably adapted for holding or clinging to a similar one, with which it may be twisted. This is the great secret, and like the sheep's wool, &c., if it were not for this minute peculiarity, which requires a high magnifying power to make visible, cotton would be of no more value than the other vegetable downs, which, if similarly tested by the microscope, will be seen to be perfectly smooth cylinders, offering no points of resistance to the tendency to untwist caused by their natural elasticity.

But no other fibre possesses exactly the same qualities as the cotton. Its flatness enables one fibre to slide over another until a crossing rib checks it, and then it holds; so that we have a facility for drawing out, as well as an adaptation to prevent untwisting, and these two qualities combined enable the

spinner to produce yarns of such marvellous fineness, that the finest from any other fibre is coarse compared with them. Indeed, a yarn was said to have been made by Messrs. Houldsworth, of Manchester, for the purpose of showing to how great an extent these qualities of drawing out and spinning could be carried, and the result was a thread so wondrously fine, that a pound weight was 4,770 miles in length. Practically this was useless. It was, according to the method of numbering yarns, No. 8,000, whereas No. 700 is the thinnest which has ever been woven into cloth, which, like a spider's web, was too delicate to be touched when woven. The fine Dacca muslins which come from India, and which, until lately, were the envy of European manufacturers, were not finer than No. 400, a point beyond which our improved machinery enables us now to go with great ease and certainty. The whole subject of cotton is one of great interest, but as its ornamental applications are very few and of little importance, its commercial and manufacturing uses are hardly adapted for this Journal. We must, therefore, take leave of our readers; but before doing so, it is but right to acknowledge the great assistance to these articles which has been afforded by the admirable work of James Yates, Esq., M.A., on the dress materials of the ancients, entitled "*Texturum Antiquorum*."

THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE name of "Gurney" has long been honoured and revered; during the greater part of a century it has been prominent wherever a good work was doing or done; the members of that family have been "famous" where the best and truest fame was to be achieved—promoting the welfare and augmenting the happiness of mankind, advocating and aiding social progress, and contributing largely, as a special duty, to the advancement of the humbler classes in the path that leads, not alone to temporal prosperity, but to that joy which never ceases or fails. It is a privilege for any writer to record the public homage that is one of their rewards.

For the latest of our social boons we are mainly indebted to Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P. A few years ago, a proposal to erect "drinking fountains" in a hundred parts of the metropolis would have been treated as a wild dream; the poor that "we have always with us" were seldom thought of with a view to their comforts; and even those who might have desired to see such a scheme made practical, persuaded themselves that an attempt to induce wayfarers and working men to "stop and drink" at places other than public houses would be inevitably abortive.

An answer to any such doubters, if there be any now, is furnished by the report of the "Metropolitan Free Drinking Fountain Association:"—"eight thousand persons have been known to drink at one fountain in a single day!"

It is impossible to overrate the value of these accessions to the comforts—nay, the necessities—of the "masses." The great curse of England is the public house: it is the insidious robber of the working man's home; the fiend that brings want, disease, and death over his threshold; the productive parent of crime and its penalties; the never-weary caterer for the lunatic asylum and the jail; in a word, it is the prompter and the aid to Vice in all its multifarious shapes. Yet hundreds of thousands have been allured into the public house because when heat was oppressive and thirst imperative, there was no

other place where to obtain "drink;" many who could not afford and did not desire to spend money, to relieve a natural want have been compelled to do so. It would be an appalling list, that which told us of all who, beginning by a necessity for "refreshment," ended by an accursed habit that brought misery and desolation to a household, without food, fire, or clothes.

Temperance has had no ally so efficacious as these drinking fountains. It would be safe to calculate by millions those who have turned their backs on the public house to drink at the fountain, freely, without cost, and without danger.

Regarded in this light alone, the boon of the "Association" is immense. It would be difficult to overrate its value. But that is not the only way in which we are to estimate its importance. There are thousands who walk our streets and highways who avoid the public house, or who are without the means to buy a welcome there; to them the power to obtain refreshment is a great power.

There are few of us, very few, we trust, who have not occasionally stood by the side of one of those fountains to watch the people who are there to drink. Surely among the lookers-on there has been some artist who thus obtained materials for a picture that may delight and teach. He saw the white-headed wayfarer and the playful child; the artisan trudging to his daily toil, and the flower-girl to vend the produce of spring; the laden porter, the Covent Garden "basket," the newspaper boy, the urchin let loose from school—in a word, every variety of character in the humbler classes (yet not entirely confined to them)—such as supply rich subjects for the pencil; not forgetting "the faithful dog," who pushes among them to sup the droppings underneath. It is surprising that this fertile theme has not yet found its fitting representation in Art.

Though of far less moment, it is something that odd, out-of-the-way and useless corners, and also prominent stations in our streets, have had attractive, and, occasionally, beautiful, adornments, by the introduction of these fountains into the highways and byways of the metropolis, while similar gifts have been largely given to leading provincial cities and towns.

It is to increase the number of these true blessings to the poor—and therefore boons to the rich—that the Association has issued an appeal to the public. In this country it is far too generally left to private benevolence to do the work of charity; "supported by voluntary contributions" is the motto of nine-tenths of our public institutions, other than workhouses and jails. But private benevolence seldom fails to achieve a purpose when the need becomes obvious. We cannot believe that Mr. Gurney, and the many excellent gentlemen who are associated with him, will ask in vain for the aid they want. The experiment has been tried, and is eminently successful. These fountains are not idle or neglected mercies; they are doing all they were expected to do. Help is not required for a scheme that may end in nothing. Doubt on the subject has given way before conclusive proofs. The eighty-four fountains that adorn and "glorify" the British metropolis are used every hour in the day by thousands to whom they are boons of incalculable magnitude; and it cannot be that there is no adequate response to the appeal of the Committee:

"THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO CONTINUE AND TO EXTEND A WORK, THE BENEFICENT EFFECTS OF WHICH ARE EXPERIENCED BY SO MANY MILLIONS DURING THE YEAR, AND THEY URGENTLY SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS PURPOSE."

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

COLLECTORS of paintings are generally so jealous of their acquisitions as to render them very unwilling to part with even two or three examples, though it be only for a short period. But for the owner of a choice gallery to strip his walls of the large majority of his treasures, that the public may have the enjoyment of them during several months, is an act of self-denial and liberality as rare as it is commendable. And yet this is what has been done by Mr. D. Price, of York Terrace, Regent's Park, who has lent to the Crystal Palace Company, for exhibition this season, no fewer than one hundred pictures, which now occupy the apartment left vacant by the removal of Mr. Desanges' "Victoria Cross Gallery." Mr. Price, to whom we are indebted for permission to engrave some of the works in his possession, has formed a collection of English pictures with a few high-class foreign paintings, all chiefly of cabinet size, which may take rank with any similar gallery in the country. There are few British artists of any note who are not well represented here, for the catalogue contains the names of Landseer, J. Philip, T. Faed, D. Roberts, C. Stanfield, Frith, Millais, Elmore, J. Linnell, J. T. Linnell, Creswick, Frost, Hook, F. R. Pickersgill, E. M. Ward, H. O'Neil, P. Nasmyth, E. W. Cooke, F. Goodall, Webster, Dobson, Le Jeune, F. Danby, T. S. Cooper, Mrs. E. M. Ward, Ansdell, Baxter, Hemsley, W. J. Grant, Bridell, Hulme, W. H. Knight, G. Stanfield, Gale, W. M. Hay, Cobbett, Gill, O'Connor, J. P. Pettitt, J. E. Collins, A. Johnston, M. Stone, and others. Some of these painters are represented by more than one specimen. Of the foreign schools are works by Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur, one a very beautiful specimen called "Crossing the Lake," a Scotch ferry-boat filled with sheep, never, we believe, exhibited in this country; De Keyser, Girardot, Dyckmans, Gallait, E. Frère, Duverger, Verboeckhoven, Plassan, Meissonnier, Lambinet, Roelofs, and Chavet. The picture by the last-named artist is "The Ball at Versailles," given in honour of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, when visiting the Emperor and Empress of France. The sketch from which it was painted is in the possession of the Queen. Mr. Price's picture is the result of a commission given by him to the artist, and a clever picture it is of a subject that puts to a severe test the skill and ingenuity of any painter.

The collection which has found a temporary home at Sydenham will assuredly prove one of the great attractions of the Crystal Palace this season; for it is rarely the public is allowed the opportunity of examining such a series of works, except in our annual exhibition galleries. Whenever these pictures are removed, it is to be hoped the example so liberally set by their owner will be followed by other collectors. It must require, we know, considerable personal sacrifice to imitate it; the only reward—and it is not a small one—being the self-consciousness of giving pleasure to others.

Passing from this apartment into the extensive galleries where are displayed the works sent for sale, it struck us very forcibly that these are, as a whole, the best collection we have ever seen there. Among so large a number as upwards of 1600 paintings and drawings of home and foreign growth, one must expect to find various degrees of merit, and some also of a very secondary character. Such, therefore, is the case; still it would not be difficult to pick out a very considerable number worthy of finding a place in any gallery of good repute. In the list of pictures of the English school may be pointed out as especially worthy of notice—"The Scriptorium of a Dominican Monastery," by Miss C. Walker, a well-arranged composition judiciously treated, and very carefully painted, especially the heads of the monks, which show both power and expression; "Preparing for Christmas," a very small picture by W. Gale, of a young girl stringing holly-berries; "The Measure for the Wedding Ring" M. F. Halliday, a work, if we remember rightly, in the Royal Academy last year; "Fountains Abbey," G. Stanfield; "The Old Bridge

near Guildford," J. B. Smith; several landscapes by B. W. Leader, especially "Lyn Helsy, North Wales," and "On the Hills near Capel Curig;" "Private and Confidential," and two or three others by Miss Osborn, who in these latter works has attained everything but colour and finish; "Saying Grace," Miss Kate Swift, the interior of a cottage with an old woman and child about to partake of a mess of porridge, excellently painted; "The War Summons, 1685," G. D. Leslie, exhibited at the Academy last year; "An Incident from Mr. Pepys' Diary," J. Noble; "Reading the Bible," G. Harvey, R.S.A., a large finished study for the well-known engraved picture; "Dunkirk, from the Lower Harbour," S. Bough, A.R.S.A., not unlike Constable in manner; "Burnham Beeches," M. Anthony, previously exhibited; "Mountain Scenery, North Wales," an early picture by F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; "Crossing the Ford," W. G. Williams; "The Castle Rock, Linton," J. G. Naish, a true transcript of nature; "Mussel Gatherers, Coast of Boulogne," J. Hayllar; "Bianca," a sweet head and bust, by L. Desanges; "The Life Boat," Marshall Claxton, and "The Nun's Escape," by the same artist. There are also pictures by other painters favourably known to the public, as H. Moore, H. Bright, J. F. Herring, J. Webb, W. Melby, Niemann, Elen, A. Cooper, R.A., J. Mogford, F. Underhill, J. W. Glass, E. Hayes, R.H.A., T. Heaphy, E. B. Morris, J. Callow, A. Perigal, A.R.S.A., Cobbett, H. Barraud, Wingfield, Knell, G. Chambers, A. Vickers, S. R. Percy, and many others whom we have no space to indicate.

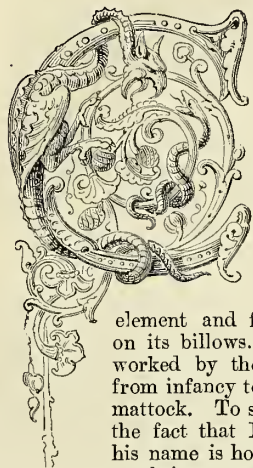
The foreign schools are well supported by Verboeckhoven's large painting of "Leaving the Farm," the important picture exhibited two or three years ago in Hanover Square; Schlesinger, of Brussels, is seen to advantage in "Survivors from Shipwreck on the road to return Thanks," and Henry Schlesinger, of Paris, in "A Mother's Grief," and "May I come in?" the latter a young girl waiting at the door of a bed-chamber with the early breakfast. The "Slide," by Dargelas, is characterised by care and truthfulness; Le Poittevin contributes a nice "bit" entitled "The Little Cowkeeper;" De Meester's "La Lector" is painted with great decision of touch and transparency of colour; Von Wille's "Dog Kennel" bears undoubted evidence of being copied, and well too, from nature. "A View in Guelderland, with a Flock of Sheep," by Roslofs, of Amsterdam, is a work of great merit; "Preparing Breakfast," by E. Frère, is an early picture, we suspect, yet it is a good one. "The Pretty Soubrette," by Lefèvre, and "At Dessert," by Fichel, must be singled out as worthy of especial notice; as should be Weiser's "Spagnoletto and His Two Daughters," and Kupper's "Ready for the Ball." "A Lion Hunt by Arabs," a large picture by Coessin de la Fosse, appeared to be the centre of groups of spectators when we visited the gallery, and it well deserves the attention given to it. Among other works we have marked on our catalogue, are "Flowers," by De Nater; "Garibaldi at Capri," Fay; "The Watchful Mother," De Block; "Signature of the Protest of the Nobles of the Netherlands against the Inquisition," an important picture by De Bieffe; "The Offer Accepted," Verhoevin Ball; "Hugo de Groot escaping from the Castle of Lovestein," Waldorp; "Galling to mind Old Times," a group of gossips round a tea-table, by De Bruycker; "Gréty presenting Bouilly to Marie Antoinette," Houzé; "The Peasant's Wedding in Schwargwald," Geertz. But unquestionably the greatest picture of these foreign productions is Van Schendel's "Anna Van Bergh," illustrating an episode in the history of the Dutch Republic. It is, like nearly all the works of this painter, a candle-light scene; but the two figures, Anna and her father, are placed on the canvas with wonderful power and expression; the life thrown into their eyes is a marvel of Art; it is almost impossible to dissociate them from reality. This picture would prove an ornament to any collection.

We have said enough to give a general idea of the contents of the Crystal Palace Picture Gallery this season; and need only repeat the conviction that it is the best exhibition ever displayed on the walls.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No LXXIII.—EYRE CROWE.



CIRCUMSTANCES that surround the life of a boy most frequently determine the course of his manhood. It is not only that sons very often follow the profession or the trade of their fathers, but there is also an impulsive power derived from other associations which acts on the minds of the young, and predisposes to a certain line of action and conduct. Our navies are not manned chiefly by men who have been brought up in the agricultural or manufacturing districts, but by those to whom the sea has been familiar from childhood, who have played with the mighty element and found their greatest delight in being rocked on its billows. Thus, too, our factories and our mines are worked by those whose ears have been accustomed almost from infancy to the clicking of the shuttle or the sound of the mattock. To some such influences as these must be attributed the fact that Mr. Crowe adopted the profession with which his name is honourably allied, for being in early life brought much into contact with literary men and painters, he resolved upon becoming an artist. His father, Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, who is still living, is the author of several works holding no inconsiderable place in literature, especially his "History of France," "To-day in Ireland," &c. &c. He was also a frequent contributor to many of the periodicals published many years ago.

Eyre Crowe was born in Sloane Street, Chelsea, in October, 1824. He

acknowledges his obligations to the late William Darley, who first taught him the rudiments of drawing, and directed his attention to the works of the old painters in a manner that led to an early appreciation of them. Instead of adopting the practice very commonly pursued by young men in this country, of studying in the British Museum, the National Gallery, and among other picture collections in this country, Mr. Crowe went over to Paris and entered the atelier of Paul Delaroche, thus going at once to the fountain-head of practical knowledge. And, by the way, it has often occurred to us—and as a matter of surprise—that our leading painters, or at least some of them, do not, as those on the Continent are generally found to do, open their studios for the reception of those who would choose to benefit by their instruction. This was the plan followed by Raffaele, the Carracci, Rubens, and many more great artists of the old schools. But the fact is that we are too exclusive in England, too far removed from socialism in Art as in some other matters; our painters, moreover, rarely require assistance in their undertakings, and care not to be "troubled" with pupils, as we have sometimes heard them say. Art, however, suffers by this pre-emptive feeling. Delaroche's studio, at the time when Mr. Crowe entered it, was frequented by upwards of a hundred young artists; he thus had the double advantage of the great painter's instructions, and at the same time of consorting and competing with numerous clever rising men, whom he always found most ready to assist each other in the pursuit of their common object. The master was then engaged on his great work, the 'Hemicycle,' in the amphitheatre of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and many of his pupils aided him in his task. Mr. Crowe, however, entered the studio too late to have the opportunity of sharing their pleasant labours. In 1844, Delaroche went to Rome, taking with him several of his favourite pupils, Mr. Crowe among them. The time was passed here pleasantly and profitably enough, Delaroche spending many an afternoon with his young friends in rambles through the Roman villas, and pouring forth his artistic knowledge to each listener in turn. After making a pilgrimage to the well-known pictorial shrines of Florence and Pisa, Mr. Crowe returned to England, not, however, to establish himself publicly as a painter, for he still considered himself a student, and entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he laboured diligently and successfully among his companions.



Engraved by]

SIR RICHARD STEELE WRITING TO HIS WIFE.

[J. Cooper.

His first appearance as an exhibitor was in 1846, when he sent to the Academy a picture entitled 'Master Prynne searching the Pockets of Archbishop Laud in the Tower, 1643.' Though placed over the door of the western room, where its merits could not fairly be seen, it attracted the notice of a prizewinner in the Art-Union, and was purchased by him. Mr. Crowe entered into the Westminster Hall competition in 1847, where he exhibited a large canvas, 'The Battle of Agincourt,' crowded with

figures, on which much care and knowledge of costume, &c., had evidently been expended. The principal group in the picture is Henry V. attacking sword in hand, the Constable of France; the composition has many points of merit. In 1848, he contributed to the Academy two reminiscences of his continental travels, a 'Boulogne Girl Knitting,' and a 'Scene in the Carnival of Rome,' the latter showing a street of the city thronged with groups of gay maskers, to whom the artist has done all the honours which

are due to such "motley." In 1849, the subject of his single exhibited picture was, 'Holbein drawing the infant son of Henry VIII. and his nurse, Mother Jack.' From this time we lose sight of Mr. Crowe for four or five years.

But he was not idle during this period. In 1852 an opportunity was offered him of benefiting by change of scene, with the probability of finding some novel, or, at least, unbacknied subjects for his pencil, and he went to America. There, whether in the northern or southern states, was, and still is to be found, one grand element of unfailing interest—the negro race. Strangers of different views must, of course, regard them from different points of sight, so to speak. Whatever opinions Mr. Crowe may have formed of their character and condition, he studied them pictorially, and filled his portfolio with numberless sketches of negro men, women, and children, in their uncouth yet not unpicturesque garb, which he hoped to turn to some good account hereafter. The result of the journey will be referred to presently, in the case, at least, of one or two paintings.

Returning to England, Mr. Crowe exhibited, in 1854, at the Academy, 'Cardinal Richelieu and the Père Joseph,' an incident related in De

Vigny's "Cinq Mars." The monk is seated at a writing-table, while the Cardinal reclines on a canopied couch; two or three other figures appear in the composition, which, in treatment, shows a strong tendency towards the French school. About this time he sent to the Suffolk Street Gallery the first of the pictures resulting from his American expedition, 'Slaves going South after being sold: Richmond, Virginia.' In this, the newly-acquired "property," or at least the female portion of it, is seated in a low-built country cart, surrounded by groups of negroes, and dealers "squaring their accounts." The scene is full of life and bustle, but not of the kind that is pleasant to look upon. The background is a faithful representation of Richmond, a city to which the eyes of half Europe have lately been directed with intense interest.

Between 1854 and 1857, there is another gap in the labour of this artist; in the latter year he sent to the Academy, 'A Scene at the Mitre—Dr. Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith,' a small but valuable picture if regarded only as a portrait-group of this celebrated literary triumvirate. It was purchased by Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, for the purpose of engraving, and through the print has become widely known. It was followed in the next year by another similar subject, 'POPE'S INTRODUCTION TO DRYDEN,'



Engraved by]

VISIT OF MILTON TO GALILEO IN THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION.

[J. Cooper.

it forms one of the illustrations on our pages. In a letter from Sir C. Wogan to Swift, the writer says:—"I had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope up to London, from our retreat in the forest of Windsor, to dress *à-la-mode*, and introduce at Will's Coffee Room," a noted rendezvous of the literary wits of the time. Pope, then quite a youngster, had already been talked about as a poet; he is resting against the knee of Dryden, president of the club, who holds the boy by one hand and places the other kindly over his shoulder. Sir William Congreve stands close by, directing Dryden's attention to something Pope had written. In the room are also Tonson, the publisher, Sir John Vanbrugh, architect and dramatist, Sir Richard Steele, Addison, Dennis, Southerne, and Sir C. Wogan. This work has an historical interest, irrespective of its artistic merits, for the portraits are copied from well-authenticated existing pictures, and it gives an insight into the prevalent manners and customs of the *litterati* of the period. The only part of the composition to which objection can be taken is the chair on which Steele, we believe, rests his foot; it suggests the idea of having been thrown down in a tavern brawl, an occurrence rare indeed at the gatherings of such worthies as these. Mr. Crowe also exhibited at the same time, 'Benjamin Franklin at Watts's, in Lincoln's-

Inn-Fields, A.D. 1725.' "Watts's" is the printing-office in which Franklin was employed; the picture represents one of the press-rooms, where the young American is seated at dinner from a bowl of porridge, grasping a tumbler of water in one hand, which his companions urge him to exchange for some genuine "home-brewed" beer. The subject, which is very ably treated, was suggested to the artist by seeing at Washington the identical press used by Franklin. It is preserved in the museum of that city.

In 1859 appeared the painting which forms the subject of another of our engravings, 'MILTON VISITING GALILEO IN THE PRISON OF THE INQUISITION.' The brave old astronomer, who would not compromise his convictions by any renunciation, lies stretched out on a bed of dry rushes; he is tended by his two daughters, nuns in a convent close by, and appears as if explaining to his visitor his theory of planetary motion. Milton, who holds a globe in his hand, appears as an attentive listener. There is much careful and excellent work in this picture, and a novelty in the arrangement of the figures that is highly to be commended. 'The Roundhead,' also exhibited at the Academy in 1859, is a strikingly humorous work, suggested by a passage in the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson:"—"Few of the Puritans, what degree soever they were of, wore their haire long enough

to cover their cares. . . . From this custome of wearing their haire, that name of Roundhead became the scornfull terme given to the whole parliamentary army." One of Cromwell's "Ironsides" is seated in a barber's shop, having his head cropped to the recognised pattern; his wife and child accompany him to witness the important operation. The subject may not be what is called "High Art," but the treatment must be admitted as "good Art."

To the Academy exhibition in 1860 Mr. Crowe contributed 'Dean Swift at St. James's Coffee House, 1710,' where the witty divine occupies a box, while a dandy of the time, in a sky-blue brocaded coat, occupies the attentions of a pretty waitress. This was the best picture of its class the artist had hitherto exhibited; it evidenced originality and thought, with very considerable elaborateness in the manipulation. The same year he sent to the Winter Exhibition, in Pall Mall, 'SIR RICHARD STEELE WRITING TO HIS WIFE,' one of our engraved examples. In one of his letters Steele describes his little daughters standing, one on each side of him, and how in their play they had torn their best clothes and "wanted looking after." The merits of the picture may be estimated by the fact that it was purchased by that eminent collector, the late Mr. Plint, of Leeds, and after his death

passed into the hands of Mr. Leathart, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who now possesses it.

In the early part of 1861 he contributed to the British Institution a small and humorous picture of 'A Barber's Shop at Richmond, Virginia.' But a work of far greater pretensions was sent to the Academy, 'Slaves waiting for Sale: Richmond, Virginia.' In the notice of this picture which appeared at that time in this Journal, it was spoken of as "certainly the most promising work of the season. . . . The appalling guilt of the accursed system of slave-dealing was never more successfully depicted, and all the more successfully, that its most hideous horrors, even those of the auction mart, have been indicated rather than portrayed. . . . The look of settled sadness on the face of the mother, as she nurses her baby; the low, unintellectual type of the boy, who sits beyond; the expression of the elder girl, attempting to keep the temper of the younger child from becoming fretful, and the look of suffused indignant scorn, mingled with defiance, shown in the expression and bearing of the father, are powerful examples of a rare power in Art—that of successfully and discriminately representing the inward actuality and outward expression of mental thought and human passion," &c. &c. However skilfully painted such pictures may be, the



Engraved by]

POPE INTRODUCED TO DRYDEN.

[J. Cooper.

subjects do not commend themselves either to the eye or the mind. Neither the colour nor the features of the negro race can be associated with European notions of æsthetic beauty; and the system of slavery is too abhorrent to Englishmen to render a representation of it, especially in its most objectionable forms, acceptable. Whether or not the artist found customers for these paintings, we do not know, but he certainly turned his thoughts again into their wonted channels, for he has since contributed to the Winter Exhibition, 'Boswell's Introduction to the Literary Club,' a rather large picture, well engraved, in mezzo-tinto, by Mr. W. H. Simmons. The scene is laid in a house in Gerrard Street, now used as a dispensary, where the club then met. Among the portraits on the canvas are those of Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Lord Charlemont, Sir William Jones, and other celebrities.

Mr. Crowe's 'Defoe in the Pillory' was placed "on the line" in the Academy exhibition of 1862, a tolerably sure proof of the opinion formed of it by the "hangers," and undoubtedly it deserved the honour awarded. The story is told with great point and truth; the characters are living, and have a *purpose* in the event that causes the assembling, and the manipulation is throughout most careful, solid, and artistically honest. His 'Brick

Court, Middle Temple, April, 1774,' representing the motley group of real mourners on the death of Goldsmith, exhibited at the Academy last year, is a most attractive work, both in subject and on account of the truly excellent manner in which it is treated. But, undoubtedly, his greatest essay in painting is the 'Luther' of the present year. It was referred to in the notice last month of the Academy. All we now need to say is, that his work shows the artist to be on the high road to distinction, and that he stands in the front ranks of those who are seeking for, and ought to have, early admission among the members of our chief Art-institution.

A painter's popularity depends much on the class of subjects he puts on the canvas; his real merits on the character of his work. By selecting, as a rule, such themes as are more or less familiar to every tolerably-educated person, Mr. Crowe long since secured the former: during the last four or five years, those who are best able to form an opinion of the latter, have recognised the claim it puts forth to no ordinary commendation.

In 1859, Mr. Crowe was appointed "Occasional Inspector" of the Government Schools of Art, a post he still holds, and for which he is eminently qualified. It would be well if all the offices connected with these institutions were as suitably filled.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



JULY.

1	F.	Archæological Institute. Meeting.
2	S.	[0h. 23m. A.M.]
3	S.	Sixth Sunday after Trinity.—New Moon.
4	M.	
5	Tu.	
6	W.	Old Midsummer Day.
7	Th.	
8	F.	
9	S.	Oxford Term ends.
10	S.	Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
11	M.	
12	Tu.	Moon's First Quarter. 3h. 51m. A.M.
13	W.	
14	Th.	



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	F.	St. Swithin.
16	S.	
17	S.	Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
18	M.	
19	Tu.	Full Moon. 6h. 35m. A.M.
20	W.	
21	Th.	
22	F.	
23	S.	Royal Academy Exhibition closes.
24	S.	Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
25	M.	Moon's Last Quarter. 8h. 45m. P.M.
26	Tu.	
27	W.	
28	Th.	[lished, 1834.
29	F.	Institute of Water-Colour Painters estab-
30	S.	
31	S.	Tenth Sunday after Trinity.



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN JULY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

IF April is the month of showers, July is the month of storms, such storms as are seldom seen at any other part of the year. A dull, enervating, oppressive atmosphere hangs about; the breath never seems to satisfy the lungs; the sun glows hotly through a veil of mist; the temper becomes uncertain, and irritable persons would fly into a passion ten times a day if they only had the energy to do so.

Presently the sky changes its aspect; a distant sound is heard in the air, the sound as of a mighty wind; a dark belt rises out of the horizon; the wind blows in one direction and the clouds move in another; the beasts slink under cover, and the birds fly hastily to their homes. Suddenly a vivid flash darts across the black clouds, followed by a crash of thunder that seems able to overthrow the house, and down comes the rain in broad sheets of water, as if an aerial ocean had been poured upon the earth. With the rain comes the wind, sweeping everything before it, beating down the corn as if it had been trampled by horses, mixing neat haystacks into an indistinguishable mass of wetness, and bowing all the trees under its mighty force.

Sometimes a hail-storm follows the thunderclap, and for the time being hides the landscape from sight. Now and then, when the storm passes away—for these storms are generally as brief as they are fierce—a sad change is visible. I have seen the trees stripped of their foliage in a few minutes by one of these storms, the leaves flying among the hail like snow-flakes, and lying in heavy masses of white and green on the ground, window after window of houses giving way under the pitiless discharge from the skies, and the very doors blocked up by the fallen heaps. The gradual disleafment of the trees is an astonishing sight, looking just like the scene of a dissolving view, as the heavy foliage gradually thinned, showing the light in increasing patches, until at last scarcely a few solitary sprays retained their verdure, having been saved by the shelter of the bough above them.

Sometimes the hail assumes a more terrible form, and instead of discharging volleys as it were of small shot, takes to grape and heavy artillery. I have been in a storm where the hailstones were on the average as large as crab-apples, though very irregular in shape, and some were larger than pigeons' eggs. Fortunately they were comparatively few in number, but they fell fast enough to make a sojourn in the open a matter of danger, and, warned by the fall of branches which were cut away at my side, I lost no time in getting under cover. I may add that as this remarkable storm chose to interrupt a picnic, the least that could be done was to make the largest hailstones useful in the manufacture of sherry cobbler.

July may also be called the Picnic Month; and whether the rural festival be conducted by land or by water, it is always picturesque, provided that it be held on the strict principles implied by its name, and not ruined by footmen and other useless appendages, making the rustic banquet look like a dinner party turned out of doors. The great charm of a picnic is its want of ceremony, and until toilettes have become disarranged and formalities dismissed, it is not worthy of its name.

There are some charming water views to be taken during this month. Aquatic plants are now in flower, and the various trees and herb-

age that crowd together on the banks are in the full luxuriance of their verdure. Seated under the shelter of some thick bush, hidden as much by the shadows as the leaves, the observer can spend many a charming hour in watching the ever-varying beauties around.

The umbelliferous flowers are mostly in blossom, spreading their white flower masses widely open, and surmounted by crowds of insects that hover above them, crawl about their tiny flowerets, or dart suddenly on rapid wing, pause, settle for a moment, shake their dappled wings, and then career away to another resting place. The artist who wishes to study the by-play of insect life will do well to place himself within easy view of the umbellifere, and to watch the wonderful variety that will pass within a single hour. Some of our most brilliant beetles are generally to be found upon these flowers, and many of the solitary bees come to supply themselves with honey, or to carry off some unfortunate insect or spider, which is destined to become food for the young. If the observer can manage to secure a spot which is also within easy view of a sandbank, he will see some amusing and instructive sights, provided the bank has a southern aspect, and that a cold wind does not sweep its surface. The following, by the way, is an useful point to remember. If the sun and wind be on the same side of the hedge, few insects will be seen; whereas, upon a sheltered and sunny spot, insects of all kinds will congregate.

The large and splendid butterflies still flutter about, although their wings are apt to be rather ragged at the edges and denuded of plumage. In this month the beautiful swallow-tailed butterfly may be seen in certain favoured spots, and caught by those who are swift enough of limb and ready enough of hand. Many of the great moths now make their appearance, though they are seldom seen by daylight; chief among which is the weird-looking Death's Head moth, with the ominous marks upon the thorax, and the startling sound which it produces when handled. This great insect may be found in any potato field, or discovered upon the jessamine, clinging to the branches with its stray wings closed, and its hook-tipped antennæ pressed against the sides of the head. The beautiful Puss moth, with its soft plumage, is now to be seen; and the sharp-winged Privet moth, with its rose-striped body, and the quaint-looking Eyed Hawk moth, may be found in their appropriate situations. Their caterpillars, with all the variety of horned tail, striped sides, and shagreened skins, can now be taken, their strange eccentricity of form culminating in two larvæ, one of the Puss moth caterpillar with St. Andrew's cross traced along its back, and the scarlet double-thonged whip on its tail; and the other of the Lobster moth, looking as if it had been visited with several hump backs and a dislocated spine.

In July the ants attain their wings, and clouds of the curious little insects may be seen in the air, making use of those pearly wings which they will soon lose; and destined for the most part to be snapped up by birds, to fall into the river and be eaten by fish, or to get caught in cobwebs and sucked dry by spiders. Towards the end of this month the hive bees commit their annual massacre of the drones, an institution which looks as if it would be beneficial to other communities; and in this month the artist who would like a racy subject may depict a parcel of boys engaged in taking a wasp-nest. Only, if he does so, I hope that he will allow the sketches to be inspected by experienced wasp-hunters, as technical errors may easily creep in, and will ruin the whole truth of the picture. Boy nature comes out very strongly in the storm of a wasp-nest.

There is the rash boy, who dislikes waiting, and wants to attack at once without any precautions. There is the cautious boy, who has a bottle of hartshorn in readiness for stings, and does nothing, but looks as though he will not run away. There is the cowardly boy, who would not have gone at all but for fear of ridicule, who keeps at a respectful distance, who has tied his trousers round his ankles, his jacket sleeves round his wrists, who has guarded his neck with a great comforter, and his hands with thick gloves, and who is evidently ready to scamper off at the first sound of a wasp's hum. There is the wag, who has stolen up behind the last-mentioned boy, and is about to drive him into paroxysms of terror by tickling him behind the ear with a straw, and deluding him into the notion that a wasp has settled in his hair. And, lastly, there is the practical boy, who is preparing his squib with perfect tranquillity, and has mixed his mud, and got his turf ready, and has a leafy branch by his side, wherewith incensed wasps are to be beaten off, and intends to go through with the business in hand.

As to the birds, the cuckoo generally leaves us before the close of July; the swallows and martins congregate together in flocks, and the young partridges are now on the wing. In the evening the goatsucker still plays round the branches, and the owl flits along in the dusk. The quaint, broken chirping of young birds is now heard in every direction; and in some cases the parents have turned their first brood out of the nest, and begun to hatch a second. The hedgehog steals along the skirts of woods, stirring the leaves with a faint rustling, much like that of the common snake; the stoat and weasel may be seen in the early morning, plying their destructive tasks; and the squirrel gallops up the tree trunks, and plays about on the grass with its pretty air of impertinent curiosity. By the river-side, the kingfisher darts meteor-like along the banks; the water-rat flops into the water with a bold splash, and then goes bravely along, leaving an ever-widening wake behind; and the moorhen flies heavily to her nest, trailing her legs in the water, and dashing up the white spray before her.

In July the face of nature begins to alter, and to put on that look of perfect fulness which tells us that summer is near its completion, and that autumn is at hand. The wheat has changed from green to white, on its way to the autumnal yellow; a golden light plays over the rye, and the graceful oats glitter with silver radiance as they dance and quiver in the breeze. At the beginning of July the white clustering flowers of the elder pour out their perfume, suggestive of hot wine and sugar in many a humble household, and the privet also puts out its neat, compact blossoms. The clover fields now assume their loveliest hue—that peculiar glowing purple which milliners are pleased to call "magenta"—surely as inappropriate a name as ever was attached to a colour. Why should not those who add new names to our chromatic nomenclature take the advice of Alphonse Karr, and name the colours, not after individuals, or nations, or places, but after the flower which is its nearest representative? "There is a crowd of colours whose denomination is absolutely worth nothing because it is chosen from objects which we have seldom before our eyes, or which are conventional, without any existing type, such as Prussian blue, Royal blue, French blue; and Naples yellow, chrome yellow, &c. In addition to these words, which convey nothing fixed or clear to the mind, there are between the shades of yellow and blue they designate, more than fifty intermediate shades which there are no means of expressing. It is very plain that blue sig-

nifies almost nothing, since an object may have at least fifty different manners of being blue. . . . Certain hyacinths will first give you a white, scarcely tinged with blue; the Parma violet is of an extremely pale lapis blue; then comes the blue mallow of the meadows; then the Chinese wistaria; then the blossom of the flax; then comes, in order of shades, the forget-me-not, the borage, bugloss, sage, the cornflower, the nemophila, the anagallis mollis, the plumbago carpenter, the long-leaved single larkspur, and then the double larkspur, which is of a metallic blue; and lastly, as the deepest shade of blue, almost black, the berries of the laurustinus. If these designations were in use, they would give immutable ideas of colours, by means of a language for which no word has to be imagined or a barbarism created; at a thousand leagues' distance, after a thousand years' time, we could speak of these colours with rigid precision, because every one would have his gamut-type before his eyes."

Many of the plants which are here mentioned are in full perfection during July, and, in addition, may be named the deep purple blue of the bilberry, and the deep red of the cranberry, and the soft pink of the centauray and wood betony, the yellow of the golden rod, the delicate purple of the teasel and vetch, and the shining purity of the white lily.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

WITH respect to the number of the works this exhibition is by no means so full as others that have preceded it. This arises from resolutions passed by the Council that nothing but pure photography should be admitted,—that is to say, that all painted photographs, and those that were touched upon in any way, should be rejected; and moreover, that all—such, we believe, was the determination—should be subjected to the test of washing; and it must be said that these resolutions are highly commendable, as in former exhibitions it was most difficult to determine the merits of personal photographs; and with respect to those that were painted, a great show was made by the employment of a skilful artist. We look, therefore, upon the selection as a concentration of rare excellence. Mr. Robinson, of Leamington, sends a composition of figures and landscape, which he calls 'Autumn,' excelling beyond all description his former photographs of this kind. Besides this, Mr. Robinson has sent 'Interior of a Study, from Nature,' and also a 'Portrait,' both of which are veritable pictures. Many of the small and larger vignette heads are very beautiful, being a great improvement on everything that has hitherto appeared in this way; they are extremely delicate, so much so that in some a little more force in the markings would be desirable. Those that most strike the visitor are (4) 'Six Portraits,' T. R. Williams; (5) 'Twenty-five Portraits, &c.,' F. Joubert; (3) 'Ten Vignette Portraits,' no name; 'Portraits of Children' (13), Claudet; and others by Lucas Brothers, Debenham, Rolf, and D. F. Winsor. By the Viscountess Hawarden there is a study (187) of which the pictorial effect and arrangement are excellent. But the strength of the exhibition lies in its landscapes, and in these there is observable even a greater advance than in portraiture. Those noted are a few that are remarkably prominent: T. Annan (207), 'Willows by the Watercourses'; (203) 'Studies from Nature,' Lt.-Col. Verschoyle; (197) 'Banyan Tree, Barrackpore,' D. K. Macfarlane; (193) 'The Path through the Woods,' Brownrigg; (188) 'Mill at Ambleside,' J. Spode; (179) nine plates by the Hon. W. W. Vernon; (212) 'Old Bridge of Saulve Terre,' T. Gilles; (53) 'Water Lily Tank, Barrackpore,' T. Macfarlane; (96) 'Old Cedar,' and many others, by F. Bedford; (110) 'Path cut out of the Rock,' Major Gresley, &c. The exhibition is held in the Gallery of the Society of Female Artists, 48, Pall Mall.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER PANHELLENIUS.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

WHEN Turner painted this magnificent landscape, in 1816, he was still under the influences the study of Claude had left on his mind. But Claude never produced a composition so rich and beautiful, so grand in its combinations, and yet so unartificial in its varied elements, as this. Though little else than a painter's dream—for the resemblance to the existing locality is scarcely, if at all, recognisable—there is not a passage of the whole picture which might consistently be regarded as pure invention. The classic lands of Greece and Italy, where man for ages has left such glorious traces of his handiwork, could not have furnished in the prime of their life a more attractive subject for the artist's pencil than the genius of Turner has here placed on his canvas.

The picture, which was engraved many years ago on a large scale by Mr. Pye, is commonly known by amateurs under the title of 'The Temple of Jupiter in the Island of Ægina.' It was painted, says Mr. Wornum, from a sketch taken by the late Mr. Gally Knight in 1810; but, as just intimated, the artist has taken such liberty with the subject, that very little indeed must be accepted as truth. Ægina is a small island in the Ægean Sea; it is now known by the name Eghina. On the north-east side stand the remains, a cluster of columns only, of an ancient temple dedicated to Jupiter Panhellenius, one of the numerous titles given to the great deity. When, and by whom, it was erected, is quite uncertain. The style of the architecture, Greek Doric, it has been observed, would, of itself, indicate an earlier date than that of the Athenian temples of the age of Pericles, but it would hardly lead us so far back as the early part of the sixth century before Christ, though it is not at all inconsistent with that period. Some antiquaries have referred the execution of the sculptures which occupied the *tympana* of the pediment to the latter part of the same century, but there is nothing in the reasoning that leads to this conclusion which will not admit of their being the work of a remoter period. These sculptures were discovered, in 1811, by a party of travellers, among whom was the late Mr. C. J. Cockerell, R.A., then pursuing his studies as an architect in the East. They were found buried under the ruins of the edifice and accumulations of rubbish, nearly as they had fallen from their places, especially those of the western front, the whole of which were recovered, but unfortunately not more than half of those of the eastern front could be determined. They are at present in the Glyptotheca at Munich, having been allowed by the English government to fall into the hands of the late King of Bavaria, then Prince Royal, who caused them to be transported to the capital. Thorwaldsen was engaged to restore these sculptures, which are supposed to represent the combat of the Greeks and Trojans over the dead body of Patroclus.

Placed almost in the middle of the gulf of Ægina, this celebrated temple occupied a very striking position, for it afforded a panoramic view of the whole bay. Mr. Knight's sketch furnished Turner with the idea of the immediate locality on which it stood, and also of the surrounding scenery. On the former he has placed the temple, restored, not according to its presumed original design, but after that of the Athenian Acropolis, which stood about eighteen miles distant, and is dimly seen in the picture through the opening between the tall stone-pines and the wooded rocks on the left. The masses of architecture at the foot of the principal building are finely composed. In the foreground is a festive procession, on its way, it may be presumed, to the temple. Some of those taking part in it are mounted on bulls, some play instruments of music, and others are dancing the old national dance of the Romaika. The picture is in the gallery of Mr. Wynn Ellis.

In Dr. Wordsworth's "Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical," is a very picturesque view of the existing remains of the temple, from a drawing by Copley Fielding.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—A meeting of the acting committee for promoting the Scottish National Memorial of the Prince Consort took place a short time since under the presidency of the Duke of Buccleuch. His grace reported that her Majesty had been pleased to name a small committee of advice to assist her with their counsel in the matter, and had already decided that Edinburgh, as the metropolis of Scotland, was the most appropriate place for a Scottish national memorial. The committee consisted of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Sir W. Gibson-Craig, the Right Hon. Sir John McNeil, the late Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and himself. It was resolved to wait the further expression of her Majesty's wishes as to the site and nature of the memorial. The fund amounts to £13,000.—Her Majesty has been pleased, in accordance with a memorial signed by a number of influential Scottish gentlemen, to send to Holyrood a number of the Stuart portraits from Hampton Court gallery. These portraits were asked for Holyrood Palace on the ground that they belonged peculiarly, if not exclusively, to Scottish history, or that, if equally connected with England, they could be spared from the large gallery of Hampton Court. The pictures sent down embrace the period from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the seventeenth century, and nearly all the subjects of them are connected by birth or other ties with Scotland. Among the pictures are those of Anne of Denmark, consort of James I., by Jaul Van Somer; smaller pictures, by the same painter, of James I., and of his son Henry, Prince of Wales; portraits of Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of his brother Charles, father of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart; of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, mother of Darnley, a fine picture by Holbein; of the "Admirable" Crichton, the Count Palatine and Princess Elizabeth (King and Queen of Bohemia), both by Jansen; with copies from Van Dyck's portraits of the children of Charles I., of Kneller's Charles II., and of Sir Peter Lely's James II. The pictures have been hung in the room known as Lord Darnley's audience-chamber. It is stated they are intended as the nucleus of a gallery illustrative of Scottish history as a separate kingdom.—The exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy has, we understand, been more than usually successful in the sales effected, though the number of visitors was below the average.

CLONMEL.—Mr. Moodie, of the Science and Art Department, recently examined the pupils of the School of Art in this town. He expressed his surprise at the small number of students, and especially of those of the artisan class, who attended the school, and also remarked on the general indifference to Art-education exhibited by others. Alderman Hackett told the inspector that the success of the Clonmel Institution was greatly hindered by the absence of manufactories, and of the consequent demand for such aid as designers and draughtsmen could furnish to employers. Moreover, at present the artisan classes found comparatively little employment, on which account many were leaving the country.

BATH.—The venerable Abbey Church in this city is to be restored under the judicious directions of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A. A meeting, presided over by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, has been held for the purpose of furthering this object.

BOSTON.—Under the new regulations at Kensington respecting the award of medals and the selection of works for national competition, two out of the five drawings sent by the pupils of the Boston School of Art to the headquarters of the Department have gained medals; one of these has been selected for national competition.

CHESTER.—At a somewhat recent meeting of the Chester Architectural Society, Mr. S. Huggins exhibited his ingenious "Chart of the Progress of Painting and Sculpture," a notice of which appeared in our columns not very long since. Mr. Huggins gave, at considerable length, a clear and well-digested analysis of the rise and growth of the various schools of Art, as represented on his chart.—The equestrian statue of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere, which Baron Marochetti is to execute, will be placed on the plot of ground in front of Chester Castle.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Twenty drawings were sent to London by the pupils of the School of Art here, last March, for examination by the Department of Art, according to the new regulations. To eight of these medals have been awarded, and three received "honourable mention." Four of the former have been retained for the general competition.



J.M.W. TURNER R.A. PINX.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER PANHELLENION

THE COLLECTION OF WYNDHAM LEIGH

1800-1801

THE EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN, 1864.

THE opening of the Exhibition took place so near the end of May that we were unable to notice the event in our June number. We shall content ourselves now with briefly stating that the ceremony of its inauguration, though deprived of the presence of the Lord Lieutenant by temporary indisposition, was very brilliant and effective. The most attractive portion of the proceedings was the performance of the Inauguration Ode, written for the occasion by John Francis Waller, LL.D. and composed by Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Dublin. The Ode, in the classic model of Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, describes the triumphs of labour, the curse turned to a blessing, the wondrous power of machinery, and concludes with a strain of thanksgiving to God. The music was admirably suited to the varied sentiments of the words. The gem of the composition was the fine chorus descriptive of the Machinery Court:—

"See, with his hundred hands,
Great Briareus, the vapour-giant, toils,
Submissively to man's commands:
See how he winds and coils
Over the wheels the pliant bands;
Moving the vast machinery around.
Now, with a booming sound,
The hammer falls, and breaks asunder
Strong bars of iron with a crash like thunder:
Now the shuttle flies along
Smoothly through the flaxen threads,
With a gentle sound that spreads
Like the sweet music of a song.
When some young maid the cottage door beside,
Sings to her spinning wheel at eventide."

It was not till the close of the month that the Exhibition could be pronounced complete, or all the articles in their places, so that a visitor could fully enjoy and appreciate the various objects presented to his notice. We propose on the present occasion to conduct our readers through the building, somewhat in the manner a visitor would traverse it for the first time, gaining an idea of its general effect, and stopping now and then to note whatever most strongly solicited his attention. Passing into the Central Hall by the western entrance, we are soon brought to a stand-still by the Messrs. Edmondson's massive cast-iron lighthouse, 32 feet high, and 15 feet wide, and wish, for its own sake and ours, it was in the open air. Let us make a circuit round it, and look at the fine collection of bijouterie in Mr. Simonton's case—clocks, bronzes, charming groups in China, Dresden, Sèvres, and Bisque. Mr. Scriber exhibits near him a good collection of time-pieces, as well as gold and silver ornaments; while Mr. Brunker seems to court comparison in his display of high Art, clocks, candelabras, statuettes, and jewellery. A very magnificent display of Irish poplins and tabinets, manufactured by Mr. Dunne, challenges our admiration. The Pims exhibit the product of their factory of similar articles; and Mr. Forrester displays exquisite specimens of Limerick lace. And so we are at the end of the hall. Its southern side is devoted to the exhibition of linens, amongst which it is difficult to select for notice; one compartment, however, demands a word, that of Girwood and Co., which contains beautiful samples of printed linen and cotton from their factory, the only printing-works in Ireland. The northern side contains the woollen fabrics of Ireland, some of which may bear comparison with those of the sister country. In the southern aisle the show of furniture is very good. In particular, we commend heartily a fine sideboard, in Riga oak, the work of provincial tradesmen, and the design of Mr. Graham, of Clonmel. It is a piece of very high Art. The carving is

massive, sharp, and in high relief. The central mirror is surmounted by a stag's head, while groups of game and dogs form the ornamentation of the pillars and other parts of the work.

Let us pass into the Machinery Court. This forms the great distinctive character of this exhibition—an instructive lesson to the people, teaching them what is to be achieved by the application of the best mechanical agencies to native products and home manufacture. That which first claims attention is the motive power of the whole series of machines—the new patent anti-explosive steam generator (Elson's patent). The talents of engineers have long been directed to devising some form of boiler less perishable and less dangerous than that generally in use. This boiler seems to accomplish those objects in a high degree. It consists of a large number of cast-iron cylinders, about 12 inches in diameter and 6 feet long, set in an oven, those over the fire being horizontal and those beyond it vertical; all are connected to a common pipe, through which the steam, generated in each cylinder, passes to the engine. The explosion of a cylinder would, from its smallness, be attended with comparatively little danger. The shafting is set in motion by a pair of direct acting, non-condensing engines, having cylinders 13 inches diameter, with 2 feet 4 inch stroke, and capable of developing 120 horse-power. The grooved fly-wheel, 9 feet in diameter, receives six of Coombs's patent round leather bands—these transmit the entire power throughout the court. It would require a more detailed consideration than is compatible with the objects of our Journal to do adequate justice to this most interesting department.

We wish briefly to call attention to the wood-working machinery of Robinson and Son, and that of Gallon, Lamb, and Co.; to the highly ingenious invention of Mr. T. S. Martin, North Wall, Dublin—a self-acting ornamental wood-turning lathe; to Mr. Waller's (of Dublin) patent filtering and solidifying apparatus; and to the power loom of the Greenmount Spinning Company, Dublin; of Smith Brothers; and of Dobson and Barlow. Let us, too, notice the very admirable specimens of pottery from the works of Messrs. McBirnie and Co., Belleek, near Enniskillen. In beauty of design, brilliancy of colour, and fineness of texture, they are little, if at all, inferior to what the English factories turn out. Before leaving this court we would call attention to what is especially interesting to the lovers of fine Art—the chromo-lithographic exhibition of Mr. W. M. Morison, of Dublin. His press is in full work in the production of a chromo-lithograph of very great merit—'First come first served.' The original picture is by Gray, a Scotch artist, well known in Ireland as a portrait and animal painter. It represents a jackdaw seizing a biscuit and pecking at a sober, good-natured-looking dog, who is modestly laying claim to it. It will require sixteen separate stones to complete the picture, which promises to be a charming one.

And now we pass to the Picture Gallery. In this we expected and we wished to find Irish genius and Irish Art occupying a large space; we confess to some disappointment on this head. For though Ireland has sent forth many great artists, from the days of Barry to the present, it must be admitted that the gallery derives its principal attractions from the works of other countries. This deficiency with regard to the works of men now resident in Ireland can be largely accounted for by the fact that they are members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, whose exhibition, open at the same time, demands

from them the works painted within the year, or which have not before been exhibited, and they naturally hesitate to exhibit works with which the Dublin public were already familiar. There was a very obvious way of supplying this defect of Irish Art. The committee, we are told, applied for those in the Government collection; but we look for them in vain. Do the fourteen pictures sent from the Kensington collection give any adequate idea of the treasures of Irish Art which might have been contributed? Certainly not. In our judgment it would have been better to refuse altogether than to allow Government aid to be thus represented. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the collection is upon the whole an admirable one, from which some really good pictures may be selected for illustration. Beginning with the catalogue, for the convenience of reference (though it does not follow the order in which the pictures are hung), we may first notice a very pleasing landscape by J. Jansen, 'The Wildhorn and the Wetterhorn,' No. 5. Any one who has seen those noble mountains will appreciate the fidelity and truth of the picture. The foreground, with its lichen-stained rocks, is particularly good, and a charming bit of middle distance in the right corner of the picture, where the stream, fed by the glacier, rushes through the valley, strikes us as remarkably true to nature. 'The Captive,' by Joseph Correns, has considerable merit. It is vigorous but wants finish. A gem by De Bracklaer, No. 11, though exhibited here in 1853, is worthy of note, as showing that the modern Belgian and Dutch school is bidding fair to equal the manner and tone of their great predecessors, to whom Sir Joshua Reynolds observed that "painters should go to learn the art of painting as they would go to a grammar-school to learn languages." Notterman's 'Lace-maker,' No. 12 (exhibited before), is also a favourable specimen of the same school, the subdued tone of colour harmonising with the air of placid resignation on the drawn and delicate features of the old woman. Rothwell's 'Very Picture of Idleness,' No. 18, the only picture by an Irish artist sent from South Kensington Museum, though fine in colouring, is by no means a representative picture. Could not one or two Mulready's have been spared? Were the authorities too enamoured of their Maclises to permit their absence for a few months? The best picture they have lent is Sir Edward Landseer's 'There is no place like home,' No. 25. The Skye terrier which illustrates the sentiment, is an instructive specimen of dexterity, more easily admired than imitated. 'A Study from Life,' No. 40, by George Sharp, of Dublin, is an admirable work. It has all the force and truth for which his heads are remarkable. We cannot pass A. Kamm's 'Harvest Field,' No. 44, without commendation of its breadth of treatment and the character given to the groups; the whole effect being bright and sunny. 'Brick Court, Temple,' No. 52, by Eyre Crowe, is an old acquaintance whom we are happy to meet again. At 53 we have another Irish artist—'A Landscape near Dublin,' by J. R. Marquis. We cannot speak as highly of this work as of others by the same master. It is, however, carefully painted, but it is deficient in colour and effect; and we willingly turn—though, somewhat out of our order—to a piece by him, No. 158, 'A Storm at Ostend.' There is much poetry and power in the conception and execution of this picture, and the remorseless rush of the overwhelming waves is admirably portrayed.

Much remains for us still to notice, but we defer our remarks to our next number, after we have paid another visit to the building.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Early political caricature in England. —The satirical writings and pictures of the Commonwealth period. —Satires against the bishops; Bishop Williams. —Caricatures on the Cavaliers; Sir John Suckling. —The Roaring Boys; violence of the Royalist soldiers. —Contest between the Presbyterians and Independents. —Grinding the king's nose. —Playing-cards used as the medium for caricature; Haselrigge and Lambert. —Shrovetide.

DURING the sixteenth century caricature can hardly be said to have existed in England, and it did not come into much vogue until the approach of the great struggle which convulsed our country in the century following. The popular reformers have always been the first to appreciate the value of pictorial satire as an offensive weapon. Such was the case with the German reformers in the age of Luther; as it was again with the English reformers in the days of Charles I., a period which we may justly consider as that of the birth of English political caricature. From 1640 to 1661 the press launched forth an absolute deluge of political pamphlets, many of which were of a satirical character, scurrilous in form and language, and, on whatever side they were written, very unscrupulous in regard to the truth of their statements. Among them appeared a not unfrequent engraving, seldom well executed, whether on copper or wood, but displaying a coarse and pungent wit that must have told with great effect on those for whom it was intended. The first objects of attack in these caricatures were the Episcopalian party in the Church and the profaneness and insolence of the cavaliers. The Puritans or Presbyterians who took the lead in, and at first directed, the great political movement, looked upon Episcopalianism as differing in little from Popery, and, at all events, as leading direct to it. Arminianism was with them only another name for the same thing, and was equally detested. In a caricature published in 1641, Arminius is represented supported on one side by Heresy, wearing the triple crown, while on the other side Truth is turning away from him, and carrying with her the Bible. It was the indiscreet zeal of Archbishop Laud which led to the triumph of the Puritan party, and the downfall of the Episcopal church government, and Laud became the butt for attacks of all descriptions, in pamphlets, songs, and satirical prints, the latter usually figuring in the titles of the pamphlets. Laud was especially obnoxious to the Puritans for the bitterness with which he had persecuted them.

In 1640 Laud was committed to the Tower, an event that was hailed as the first grand step towards the overthrow of the bishops. As an example of the feeling of exultation displayed on this occasion by his enemies, we may quote a few lines from a satirical song, published in 1641, and entitled "The Organs Echo. To the Tune of the Cathedrall Service." It is a general attack on the prelacy, and opens with a cry of triumph over the fall of William Laud, of whom the song says—

"As he was in his braverie,
And thought to bring us all in slaverie,
The Parliament found out his knaverie;
And so fell William.
Alas! poore William!

His pope-like domineering,
And some other tricks appearing,
Provok'd Sir Edward Deering
To blame the old prelate.
Alas! poore prelate!

Some say he was in hope
To bring England againe to th' Pope;
But now he is in danger of an axe or a rope.
Farewell, old Canterbury.
Alas! poore Canterbury!"

Wren, Bishop of Ely, was another of the more obnoxious of the prelates, and there was hardly less joy among the popular party when he was committed to the Tower in the course of the year 1641. Another song, in verse similar to the last, contains a general review of the demerits of the members of the prelacy, under the title of "The Bishops Last Good-night." At the head of the broadside on which it is printed stand two satirical woodcuts, but it must be confessed that the words of the song are better than the en-

graving. The Bishop of Ely, we are told, had just gone to join his friend Laud in the Tower.—

"Ely, thou hast alway to thy power
Left the church naked in a storme and showre,
And now for't thou must to thy old friend i' th' Tower.
To the Tower must Ely;
Come away, Ely."

A third obnoxious prelate was Bishop Williams. Williams was a Welshman who had been high in favour with James I., but he had given offence to the government of Charles I., and been imprisoned in the Tower during the earlier part of that king's reign. He was released by the parliament in 1640, and so far regained the favour of King



Fig. 1.—THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Charles, that he was raised to the archbishopric of York in the year following. When the civil war began, he retired into Wales, and garrisoned

Conway for the king. Williams's warlike behaviour was the source of much mirth among the Roundheads. In 1642 was published a large caricature on the three classes to whom the parliamentarians were especially hostile—the royalist judges, the prelates, and the ruffling cavaliers; represented here, as we are told in writing in the copy among the king's pamphlets, by Judge Mallet, Bishop Williams, and Colonel Lunsford. These three figures are placed in as many compartments with doggerel verses under each. That of Bishop Williams is copied in our cut No. 1. The bishop is armed cap-a-pie, and in the distance behind him are seen on one side his cathedral church, and on the other his war-horse. The verses beneath it contain an allusion to this prelate's Welsh extraction in the orthography of some of the words:

"Oh, sir, I'me ready, did you never heere
How forward I have byn t'is many a yeaere,
T'oppose the practice dat is now on foote,
Which plucks my brethren up both pranch and roote?
My posture and my hart toth well agree
To fight; now plud is up: come, follow mee."

The country had now begun to experience the miseries of war, and to smart under them; and the cavaliers were especially reproached for the cruelty with which they plundered and ill-treated people whenever they gained the mastery. Colonel Lunsford was especially notorious for the barbarities committed by himself and his men—to such a degree that he was popularly accused of eating children, a charge which is frequently alluded to in the popular songs of the time. Thus one of these songs couples him with two other obnoxious royalists:—

"From Fielding, and from Vavasour,
Both ill-affected men;
From Lunsford eke deliver us,
Who eateth up children."

In the third compartment of the caricature just mentioned, we see in the background of the picture, behind Colonel Lunsford, his soldiers occupied in burning towns, and massacring women and children. The model of the gay cavalier of the earlier period of this great revolution, before the war had broken out in its intensity, was the courtly Sir John Suckling, the poet of the drawing room and tavern, the admired of "roaring boys," and the hated of rigid Puritans. Sir John outdid his companions in extravagance in everything which was fashionable, and the display of his zeal in the cause of royalty was not calculated



Fig. 2.—THE SUCKLINGTON FACTION.

to conciliate the reformers. When the king led an army against the Scottish Covenanters in 1639, Suckling raised a troop of a hundred horse at his own expense; but they gained more reputation

by their extraordinary dress than by their courage, and the whole affair was made a subject of ridicule. From this time the name of Suckling became identified with that gay and profligate class who, disgusted by the outward show of sanctity which the Puritans affected, rushed into the other extreme, and became notorious for their profaneness, their libertinism, and their indulgence in vice, which threw a certain degree of discredit upon the royalist party. There is a large broadside among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, entitled "The Sucklington Faction; or (Sucklings) Roaring Boys." It consists of one of those satirical compositions which were then fashionable under the title of "Characters," and is illustrated by an engraving, from which our cut No. 2 is copied. This engraving, which from its superior style is perhaps the work of a foreign artist, represents the interior of a chamber, in which two of the Roaring Boys are engaged in drinking and smoking, and forms a curious picture of contemporary manners. Underneath the engraving we read the following lines:—

"Much meate doth gluttony produce,
And makes a man a swine;
But hee's a temperate man indeed
That with a leafe can dine.
Hee needes no napkin for his handes,
His fingers for to wipe;
He hath his kitchin in a box,
His roast meate in a pipe."

When the war spread itself over the country, many of these Roaring Boys became soldiers, and disgraced the profession by rapacity and cruelty. The pamphlets of the parliamentarians abound with complaints of the outrages perpetrated by the cavaliers, and the evil appears to have been increased by the ill-conduct of the auxiliaries brought over from Ireland to serve the king, who were especially objects of hatred to the Puritans. A broadside among the king's pamphlets is adorned by a satirical picture of "The English Irish Souldier, with his new discipline, new armes, old stomacke, and new taken pillage; who had rather eat than fight." It was published in 1642. The English Irish soldier is, as may be supposed, heavily laden with plunder. In 1646 appeared another caricature, which is copied in our cut No. 3. It represents "England's Wolfe with Eagles



Fig. 3.—"ENGLAND'S WOLF."

clawes: the cruell impieties of blood-thirsty royalists and blasphemous anti-parliamentarians, under the command of that inhumane prince Rupert, Digby, and the rest, wherein the barbarous crueltie of our civil warres is briefly discovered." England's wolf, as will be seen, is dressed in the high fashion of the gay courtiers of the time.

A few large caricatures, embodying satire of a more comprehensive description, appeared from time to time, during this troubled age. Such

is a large emblematical picture, published on the 9th of November, 1642, and entitled, "Heraclitus' Dream," for the scene is supposed to be manifested to the philosopher in a vision. In the middle of the picture the sheep are seen shearing their shepherd; while one cuts his hair, another treats his beard in the same manner. Under the picture we read the couplet—

"The flocke that was wont to be shorne by the herd,
Now polleth the shepherd in spite of his beard."

On the 19th of January, 1647, a caricature appeared under the title "An Embleme of the Times." On one side War, represented as a giant in armour, is seen standing upon a heap of dead and mutilated bodies, while Hypocrisy, in the form of a woman with two faces, is flying towards



Fig. 4.—FOLLY UPPERMOST.

nished a subject for frequent satire, and the Presbyterians were not slow in returning the blow. In the collection in the British Museum we find a caricature which must have come from the Presbyterian party, entitled "Reall Persecution, or the Foundation of a general Toleration, displayed and portrayed by a proper emblem, and adorned with the same flowers wherewith the scoffers of this last age have strowed their libellous pamphlets." The group which occupies the middle part of this broadside, is copied in our cut No. 4. It has its separate title, "The Picture of an English Persecutor, or a foole-riden ante-Presbyterian sectary." (I give the spelling as in the original.) Folly is riding on the sectarian, whom he holds with a bridle, the sectarian having the

ears of an ass. The following homely rhymes are placed in the mouth of Folly,—

"Behould my habit, like my witt,
Equals his on whom I sitt."

Anti-Presbyterian, is, as will be seen, dressed in the height of the fashion, and says—

"My cursed speeches against Presbetry
Declares unto the world my foolery."

The mortification of the Presbyterians led in Scotland to the proclamation of Charles II. as king, and to the ill-fated expedition which ended in the battle of Worcester in 1651, when satirical pamphlets, ballads, and caricatures against the Scottish Presbyterians became for a while very popular. One of the best of the latter is repre-

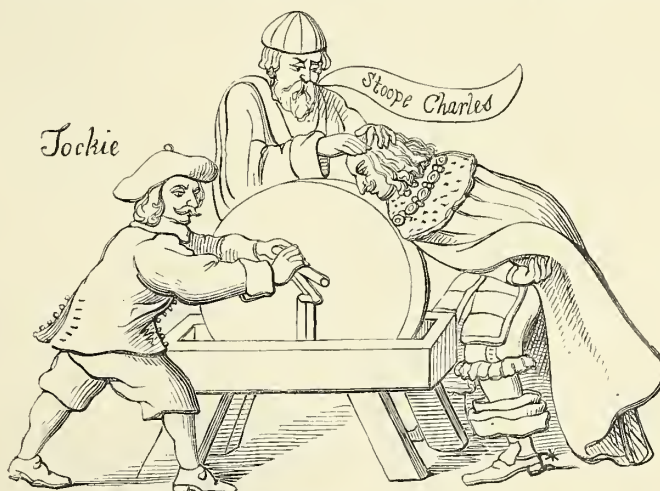


Fig. 5.—CONDITIONS OF ROYALTY.

sented in our cut No. 5. Its object is to ridicule the conditions which the Presbyterians exacted from the young prince, before they offered him the crown. It is printed in the middle of the broadside, in prose, published on the 14th of July, 1651, with the general title, "Old Sayings and Predictions verified and fulfilled, touching the young King of Scotland and his gude subjects." The picture has its separate title, "The Scots

holding their young kinges nose to ye grinstone," followed by the lines—

"Come to the grinstone, Charles, 'tis now to late
To recolect, 'tis presbyterian fate.
You covinant pretenders, must I bee
The subject of yourer tradgie-comedie?"

In fact, the picture represents Presbyterianism—Jack Presbyter—holding the young king's nose to the grindstone, which is turned by the Scots,

personified as Jocky. The following lines are put into the mouths of the three actors in this scene:—

Jockey.—I, Jockey, turne the stone of all your plots.
For none turnes faster than the turne-coat Scots.
Presbyter.—We for our ends did make thee king, be sure,
Not to rule us, we will not that endure.
King.—You deep dissemblers, I kow what you doe.
And, for revenges sake, I will dissemble too.

Charles's defeat and flight from Worcester furnished materials for a much more elaborate caricature than most of the similar productions of this period, and of a somewhat singular design. It was published on the 6th of November, 1651, and bears the title "A Mad Designe; or a Description of the King of Scots marching in his disguise, after the Rout at Worcester." A long, and not unnecessary, explanation of the several groups forming this picture, enables us to understand it. On the left Charles is seated on the globe "in a melancholy posture." A little to the right, and nearly in front, the Bishop of Clogher is performing mass, at which Lords Ormond and Inchquin, in the shapes of strange animals, hold torches, and the Lord Taaf, in the form of a monkey, holds up the bishop's train. The Scottish army is seen marching up, consisting, according to the description, of papists, prelatical malignants, Presbyterians, and old cavaliers; the latter of whom are represented by the "fooles head upon a pole in the rear." The next group consists of two monkeys, one with a fiddle, the other carrying a long staff with a torch at the end; concerning which we learn that "The two ridiculous anticks, one with a fiddle, and the other with a torch, set forth the ridiculousness of their condition when they marched into England, carried up with high thoughts, yet altogether in the darke, having onely a fooles bawble to be their light to walke by, mirth of their own whimsies to keep up their spirits, and a sheathed sword to truste in." Next came a troop of women, children, and papists, lamenting over their defeat. Two monkeys on foot, and one on horseback, follow, the latter riding with his face turned to the horse's tail, and carrying in his hand a spit with provisions on it. It is explained as "The Scots Kings flight from Worcester, represented by the foole on horseback, riding backward, turning his face every way in feares, ushered by Duke Hambleton and the Lord Wilmot." Lastly, a crowd of women with flags bring up the rear. It cannot be said that the wit displayed in this satire is of the very highest order.

After this period we meet with comparatively few caricatures until the death of Cromwell, and the eve of the Restoration, when there came a new and fierce struggle of political parties. The Dutch were the subject of some satirical prints and pamphlets in 1652; and we find a small number of caricatures on the social evils, such as drunkenness and gluttony, and on one or two subjects of minor agitation. With the close of the Commonwealth a new form of caricature came in. Playing cards had, during this seventeenth century, been employed for various purposes which were quite alien to their original character. In France they were made the means of conveying instruction to children. In England, at the time of which we are speaking, they were adopted as the medium for spreading political caricature. The earliest of these packs of cards known is one which appears to have been published at the very moment of the restoration of Charles II., and which was, perhaps, engraved in Holland. It contains a series of caricatures on the principal acts of the Commonwealth, and on the parliamentary leaders. Among other cards of a similar character which have been preserved, is a pack relating to the popish plot, another relating to the Rye House conspiracy, one on the Mississippi scheme, published in Holland, and one on the South Sea bubble.

The earliest of these packs of satirical cards, that on the Commonwealth, belonged a few years ago to a lady of the name of Prest, and is very fully described in a paper by Mr. Pettigrew, printed in the Journal of the British Archaeological Association. Each of the fifty-two cards presents a picture with a satirical title. Thus the ace of diamonds represents "The High Court of Justice, or Oliver's Slaughter House." The eight of diamonds is represented in our cut No. 6; its subject is "Don Haselrigg, Knight of the Codled

Braine." It is hardly necessary to say that Sir Arthur Haselrigg acted a very prominent and remarkable part during the whole of the Commonwealth period, and that his manners were im-



Fig. 6.—ARTHUR HASELRIGG.

petuous and authoritative, which was probably the meaning of the epithet here given to him. The card of the king of diamonds represents rather unequivocally the subject indicated by its title, "Sir H. Mildmay solicits a citizen's wife, for which his owne corrects him." It is an allusion to one of the petty scandals of the republican period. The eight of hearts is a satire on Major-General Lambert. This able and distinguished man was remarkably fond of flowers, took great pleasure in cultivating them, and was skilful in drawing them, which was one of his favourite

amusements. He withdrew to Amsterdam during the Protectorate, and there gave full indulgence to this love of flowers, and I need hardly say that it was the age of the great tulip mania in Holland.



Fig. 7.—GENERAL LAMBERT.

When, after the Restoration, he was involved in the fate of the regicides, but had his sentence commuted for thirty years of imprisonment, he alleviated the dullness of his long confinement in the isle of Guernsey by the same amusement. In the card we have engraved, Lambert is represented in his garden, holding a large tulip in his hand; and it is no doubt in allusion to this innocent taste that he is here entitled "Lambert, Knight of the Golden Tulip."

The Restoration furnished better songs than prints, and many years passed before any



Fig. 8.—SHROVETIDE.

caricatures worthy of notice appeared in England. Even burlesque subjects of any merit occur but rarely, and I hardly know of one which is worth describing here. Among the best of those I have met with is a pair of plates, published in 1660, representing Lent and Shrovetide, and these, I believe, are copied or imitated from foreign prints. Lent is come as a thin miserable-looking knight-errant, appropriately armed and mounted, ready to give battle to Shrovetide, whose good-living is pernicious to the whole community, and he abuses his opponent in good round terms. In the companion print, of which our cut No. 8 is a copy, Shrovetide appears as a jolly champion, quite ready to meet his enemy. He is best

described in the following lines, extracted from the verses which accompany the prints:—

"Fatt Shrovetide, mounted on a good fatt oxe,
Supposed that Lent was mad, or caught a foxe,*
Armd cap-a-pea from head unto the heel,
A spit his long sword, somewhat worse than steale,
(Sheath'd in a fatt pigge and a peece of porke).
His bottles filld with wine, well stopd with corke;
The two plump capons fluttering at his crupper;
And 's shoulders lac'd with sawsages for supper;
The gridir'n (like a well strung instrument)
Hung at his backe, and for the turnament
His helmet is a brasse pott, and his flagge
A cookes foule apron, which the wind doth wagg,
Fixd to a broome: thus bravely he did ride,
And boldly to his foe he thus replied."

* i.e., was drunk.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE annual show of ancient pictures was opened here, on the 6th of June, with a highly interesting selection, to which great force has been given in landscapes in preference to personal, or what is called historical, narrative. On ascending the stairs, the first painting the eye rests upon is that over the fireplace, which on this occasion is an equestrian portrait of 'Philip IV.,' by Velasquez; but before the visitor can reach it, he is arrested by Rembrandt's famous 'Mill,' from the Lansdowne Collection, which hung for the first time on these walls some time within the first decade of the present century, creating such a sensation among the artists of the time, that many wished to copy it. It was, we believe, Shee who said to James Ward—"Come, you know more of Rembrandt than all of us together; try what you can make of an imitation of 'The Mill,'" and there hangs in the middle room Mr. Ward's trial, an admirable imitation.

Near the fireplace is a 'Portrait of a young Man of the family of Archinto, of Milan,' by Da Vinci, very pale, as if the perhaps grey dead colour had absorbed the thin tint with which it was covered. Nos. 26, 27, and 28 are three precious Velasquez portraits of Philip IV., his queen, and Minister Olivarez. The queen is magnificent, but Philip looks as if slipping out of the canvas; Velasquez had not then learned how to foreshorten the feet. Below these is, 'Wentworth, Earl of Strafford,' by Vandyke, the head telling out as a glowing spot; and on the left below (24), is a portrait by Flink, equal in effect, but by no means in execution, to Rembrandt. 'Spanish Girls' (56) is by Murillo, with that cast of the Moorish which prevails in all his common life subjects. No. 17 is a fine Teniers, painted rapidly, but an admirable example. Above it hangs a bright Guido, being a portrait of the 'Cardinal Ubaldini.' The landscapes in this room are of the highest order: they are by Hobbema, Vander Neer, Ruysdael, Cuypp, Both, and Salvator Rosa; and in the middle room are other valuable and well-conditioned specimens of the same painters; and among other remarkable pictures in this room, is that by Vandyke,—the three portraits on one canvas of Charles I., one front face and two profiles,—given by Charles to Lord Strafford. The South Room contains, as usual, many valuable examples of our own school; and the eye is interested in two pictures by Callcott, which are placed opposite to each other in the centre of the room. These are, his best figure picture, 'Raffaella and the Fornarina,' and one of his grand classic landscapes. It must not be forgotten that the collection is so rich in pure Canalettos as to constitute them a striking feature. Then there is the 'Neave Family,' by Sir D. Wilkie, a very characteristic picture; 'The Dowager Countess of Essex,' then Miss Stevens, by Harlowe, but much like Lawrence; a couple of Nasmyths, valuable beyond all price as instances of home Art; a 'Cupid Sleeping,' by John Jackson, who was never half appreciated; 'Cupid taught by the Graces,' by Hilton, one of his best works; four by Crome, one especially fine: a 'Landscape' by Reynolds, from which, on turning to 'Mrs. Collyer,' a most elegant profile, also by Sir Joshua, we find nature in the ascendant. There are also several by Romney; 'A River Scene,' Stark; 'The China Mendlers,' by Wilkie; 'The Duchess of Gloucester,' and 'George IV. when Prince of Wales,' by Gainsborough; and many others, with a slight seasoning of foreign pictures by Teniers, Canaletto, and Cuypp; and, sooth to say, this room has always a peculiar charm to all interested in the progress of British Art.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, R.A., P.R.S.A.

ONE by one, and in rather rapid succession, death is taking away the older members of the Royal Academy, leaving their places to be filled up by younger aspirants of the honour of the institution. The last removal is that of Sir John Watson Gordon, who died, at his residence in Edinburgh, on June 1st, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

This distinguished portrait-painter was born in Edinburgh about 1790, and studied Art in the Academy of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufacture, a school in which many eminent Scottish artists received early instruction. It was at that time under the management of John Graham, the master of Wilkie, John Burnet, and his brother James. Sir John Gordon's desire was to become an historical painter, but he subsequently relinquished his ideas on this subject, and devoted himself exclusively, or nearly so, to portraiture, in which he attained an eminence second to none of his time; and it was not limited to this country only—foreigners saw and appreciated the vigour and power of his pencil, for his portraits were not mere faces on canvas, but realities, often reminding us of the works of Velasquez or Van Dyck. Such, for example, are those of Sir Walter Scott, Chalmers, Professor Munro, De Quincey, the Marquis of Dalhousie, the Earl of Aberdeen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, painted for the University of Oxford, Dr. Forbes of St. Andrew's, Francis Grant, R.A., Professor Simpson, Sir George Clerk, George Combe, and many others. No inconsiderable number of his pictures were painted for "presentation" purposes.

In 1827, Gordon first commenced to exhibit his works in London, at the Royal Academy, and continued to do so, almost without intermission, to the present time; five of his works are hung in the gallery this season. In 1841 he was elected Associate of the Academy; and, on the death of Sir William Allan, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, which occurred in 1850, Watson Gordon was chosen to fill the vacancy, and was also appointed "Limner" to her Majesty for Scotland, when he received the honour of knighthood. In the following year he was elected a Royal Academician.

True to the country in which he was born, this painter never quitted it to reside among us in the south; so far as we know, he never set up a studio in London. His talents as an artist were only equalled by his urbanity and kindly disposition. His loss will be deeply felt both by his professional brethren over whom he presided and by the large social circle in which he moved, both in Edinburgh and in London whenever he came "south."

JEAN HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

THE death of this distinguished French painter was briefly announced in our last number. He was born at Lyon in 1809, and with his younger brother, Jean Paul Flandrin, also an artist of eminence, went to Paris in 1829, and entered the School of *Beaux Arts*, where he obtained, during the three years of his studentship, a considerable number of prizes, and finally had unanimously awarded him the first grand prize, as it is termed, for his picture of 'Theseus recognised by his Father at a Banquet.' In the following year he became a student in the French School established in Rome, then under the direction of Horace Vernet, who was succeeded in 1835 by Ingres, who had admitted Flandrin into his atelier when he first went to Paris, and had ever since entertained a warm friendship for the young artist, whom he treated as a son. During his residence of five years in Rome, Flandrin painted several pictures which were sent to Paris and exhibited there; among them were a scene from Dante's *L'Inferno*; 'Euripides writing his Tragedies in a Cavern near Salamis,' for which the artist obtained the Roman gold medal of the second class; 'St. Clair, first Bishop of Nantes, healing the Blind'—this picture, now in the cathedral of Nantes, gained for its author the Roman gold medal of the first class; a study of a single figure, con-

sidered so meritorious that the French government purchased it to place in the Luxembourg for a model for students; it was sent over to this country, and exhibited at Kensington in 1862; and finally, in 1838, 'Christ blessing Little Children,' also bought by the government for a gift to the museum of Lisieux.

On his return to Paris, the government, who had already singled him out from the rising school of painters as one who would do honour to his country, employed him to decorate the chapel of St. John in the church of St. Severine. The success of his labours there, which were completed in 1841, procured him the order of the *Legion d'Honneur*. In the same year he painted for what was then the Chamber of Peers, now the Senate House, a picture of 'St. Louis dictating the Laws of the Constitution.' But the greatest and most comprehensive works executed by Flandrin is a series of twenty paintings in the church of St. Germain des Pres, the subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments; and a frieze in the church of St. Paul, at Nismes, containing upwards of two hundred figures, and which occupied the artist four years. The designs for the latter work have been lithographed by Hippolyte Flandrin in conjunction with his brother Paul, in fourteen plates, and were published in 1857.

In 1853 the emperor promoted Flandrin to the position of an officer of the *Legion d'Honneur*; and in the same year he was chosen a member of the French Academy in the room of M. Blondel, deceased. In 1857 his brother members elected him to fill the chair of Professor of Painting, vacant by the death of Paul Delaroche.

As a portrait-painter Flandrin stood deservedly high; three of his finest works of this class were in the International Exhibition of 1862—the portraits of the Emperor of the French, of Prince Jerome Napoleon, and of M^{me}. De Mackau, the last exhibited under the title of '*La Jeune Fille à l'Éillet*.'

JEAN ALAUX.

Another French artist of note, Jean Alaux, member of the Institute, must also be added to the list of those whom death has recently called away from the scene of their labours.

M. Alaux was born in 1786 at Bordeaux. Having acquired in his native city the rudiments of Art, for which he manifested peculiar aptitude, he was sent to Paris, where, in the school of M. Vincent, he had as fellow-students Heim, Picot, and Horace Vernet; and, subsequently, in the atelier of P. Guérin, his associates were Ary Scheffer, Géricault, Delacroix, and Coignet; all of whom rose to great eminence. In the works he produced at various times in competition for the *Grand Prix de Rome*, he displayed a brilliant imagination combined with much feeling and graceful expression. In 1815 he obtained what had been thus far the object of his ambition—the gold medal, which entitled its owner to study in Rome at the charge of the French government.

In 1824 Alaux exhibited two pictures, 'The Combat of the Centaurs and Lapithæ,' and 'Pandora,' which at once stamped his reputation as a painter. His most celebrated and best known works, however, are his battle-pieces and military portraits at Versailles, in the apartment called *La Salle des Etats Generaux*. The best of these latter pictures is a noble equestrian portrait of Marshal Rantzau. In the churches and other public edifices of Paris, as well as in the private galleries of the wealthy, are to be found examples of the talent and industry of this esteemed painter; to whom was also entrusted the restoration of the pictures by Primaticcio and Il Rosso in the galleries of Henry II. and Francis I. in the Palace of Fontainebleau. Within the last few years Alaux received a commission to decorate the dome of the *Salles des Fêtes* in the Senate House, a task which, notwithstanding his advanced years, enfeebled health, and the material difficulties involved in the execution of so vast a work, he executed with indubitable success.

To his merits as an artist, M. Alaux united many high and ennobling qualities of personal character, which endeared him not only to his pupils, but to all who knew him.

ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.*

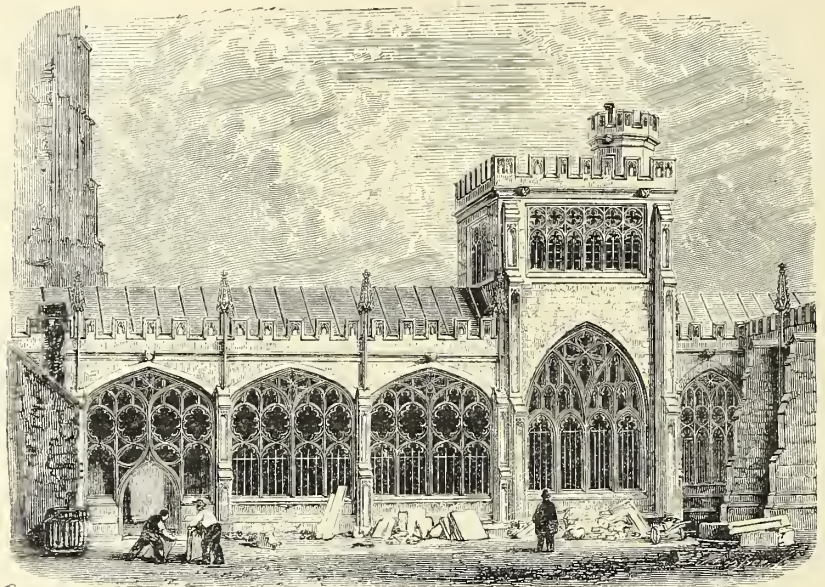
COLERIDGE has left on record a very characteristic expression of the effect produced on his mind when standing within the walls of one of our cathedrals:—"I am filled with devotion and with awe," he writes; "I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being swells into the infinite: earth and air, nature and art, mount up into eternity, and the only sensible impression is, *I am nothing*." Though there may be few who would confess to this elevation of feeling, or, indeed, are capable of receiving it, there must be still fewer who can contemplate a noble edifice of the kind referred to without deep emotion, allied with wonder, at the marvellous exhibition of man's skill, ingenuity, constructive power, and conception of the beautiful. Architecture in its highest manifestations is the most wondrous, and, consequently, the most impressive of the Arts; and the ecclesiastical edifices of our own and other countries are among the noblest examples, when viewed in all their diversified aspects, of the faculties with which man is endowed.

Two or three months ago we made some reference to the appearance of another of the series of "Handbooks" to the cathedrals of England, published by Mr. Murray. The opportunity of introducing a few of the numerous illustrations that enrich the volume calls for some further remarks, to which the book itself is justly entitled. It is an encouraging sign of the general interest felt in the maintenance of these magnificent memorials of the faith and liberality of our forefathers, that so much attention is now being paid to their perfect preservation. During a lengthened period of comparative, if not total, neglect, many of our cathedrals had fallen into a condition that, to every admirer of ecclesiastical architecture, as well as to all who venerate our national Church, was matter of very deep regret. But the last fifteen or twenty years have witnessed a spirit of revival which is gradually casting aside the accumulated dust of ages, and enduing with renewed life and beauty the faded glories of our great Christian temples. Each of the five cathedrals described in this "handbook" has passed or is still passing through the restoring process under the superintendence of architects competent, for the most part, to execute the important commission entrusted to them.

The order in which these fine edifices are referred to in the text differs from that which appears on the title-page. In speaking, therefore, of Gloucester first, we follow the arrangement of Mr. King, the author of the volume. Until the year 1539, this cathedral was the church of a mitred Benedictine abbey, which ranked among the wealthiest and most important in England. In 1539 the abbey was surrendered; and two years after its church became the cathedral of the newly-established bishopric of Gloucester. The church of the monastery, a portion of which is included in the present structure, was commenced by Abbot Serle, and completed and dedicated in 1100. From this date till 1498 additions have at various times been made; the whole constituting the building we now see. The body of Edward II. after his murder at Berkeley Castle, was removed to this abbey, and interred there, and it was owing to the great value of the offerings made at his tomb—a very magnificent one, by the way, the effigy of the king sculptured in alabaster—that a series of works was commenced which form one of the peculiar features of this cathedral. The Norman work throughout the building, and especially the great piers of the nave, is very interesting and important. But the great peculiarity of Gloucester Cathedral is the later work, ranging from 1329 to 1377. It affords, perhaps, the earliest example of English Perpendicular; hence it exhibits far more characteristics of this style than of even the later Decorated, which from the date of the work we should expect to find. The Perpendicular work thus begun is continued through a series of

magnificent examples, as the cloister, the great tower, and the Lady-chapel. The external appearance of the cathedral is most picturesque and noble, owing chiefly to the Lady-chapel with its projecting chantries, to the eastern chapels of the transepts and choir aisles, and the light and

graceful open tracery of the parapets and the pinnacles of the tower. "Against a clear mid-day sky, this open work is sufficiently striking; but when its tracery is projected against the red glow of sunset, an effect is produced which is altogether unrivalled."



THE CLOISTERS, WITH THE LADIES' ARBOUR, HEREFORD.

Hereford Cathedral stands next in the order of the book. It represents, according to Mr. King, an episcopal see, existing, it is possible, before the arrival of St. Augustine; but it has suffered much

from the hand of time, and more, perhaps, from so-called restoration, especially under the hand of James Wyatt, R.A., who was employed at the latter end of the last century to repair some



BISHOP STANBERY'S CHAPEL, HEREFORD.

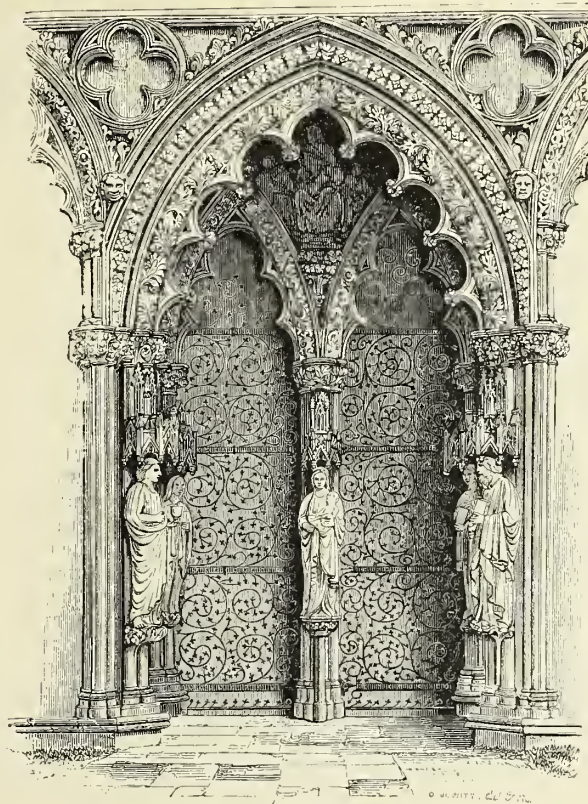
* HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND. Western Division:—Bristol, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Lichfield. With Illustrations. Published by J. Murray, London; J. H. and James Parker, Oxford.

injuries caused by the falling of the western tower. Wyatt shortened the nave by one entire bay, destroyed the Norman triforium and clerestory, which he replaced by others of his own device

and constructed the present west front, which, "it is hoped, will not be permitted to exist much longer." Between the years 1841 and 1852, the late Mr. L. W. Cottingham was engaged to super-

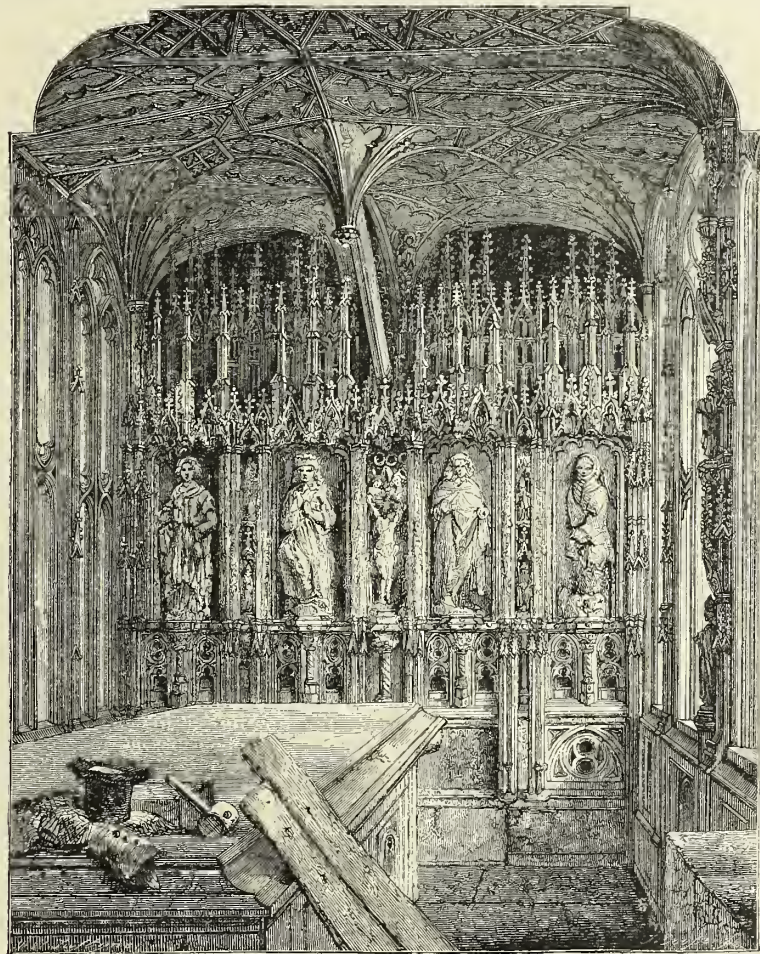
intend the restorations and repairs. This architect "was not so completely destructive as Wyatt had been, but he rebuilt rather than restored, and

allowed his masons to re-work ancient sculptures." Since the year 1858 the final restoration of the cathedral has been in the hands of Mr. G. G.



WEST DOOR, LICHFIELD.

Scott, R.A., who has brought to bear on the task assigned him, that perfect knowledge of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture which has given him the high professional reputation he enjoys. These



CHANTRY OF PRINCE ARTHUR, WORCESTER.

latest works, completed last year, when the cathedral was solemnly re-opened, effectually set forth the original beauty of the building, which ranks

among the most interesting edifices of the kind in England. It may, however, be remarked that the materials of which it is constructed, the red

sandstone found in the adjacent country, give to the exterior, especially in wet weather, a dull and heavy appearance compared with most other English cathedrals. The ruins of Tintern Abbey, which are also of similar material, leave the same impression on the mind, notwithstanding the beauty and delicacy of the architecture.

Robert de Losinga, the first Norman bishop who was appointed to Hereford, found the cathedral in ruins; it had been burnt, with the greater part of the city, about the year 1056, by the Welsh king, Gryffyth. Losinga, who held the see from 1079 to 1096, began to rebuild the edifice, taking for his model, says William of Malmesbury, the church of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, erected by Charlemagne, which has long since disappeared. The Norman portions of the existing cathedral, which include the piers of the nave, the choir as high as the clerestory, and the south transept, belong to the period of this bishop's episcopate. There are no records existing to determine when the other parts were built, and we are thus left to assign the various dates from the character of the architecture alone: this includes Early English, Transitional, Early Decorated, Later Decorated, and Perpendicular. Examples of the last are seen in Bishop Audley's chantry and the north porch, which give to the most recent part of the building the date of about the middle of the sixteenth century. Two of the engravings we are enabled to introduce here are taken from this cathedral; the first is a view of a portion of the cloisters, at the angle of which—they stand east and south—is a square turretted tower, called the "Ladies'" or "Ladye Arbour," the original purpose of which is not clear; it has probably some reference to the Virgin. The cloisters are of Perpendicular date, with window-openings of great elegance, and a richly groined ceiling. Bishop Stanbery's Chapel, the subject of the other engraving, is a small yet very beautiful chamber with two windows of stained glass; the west end is covered with tracery and shields in panels, and the east has shields with emblems above the place of the altar. The groining of the ceiling, it will be seen, is remarkably bold and rich. Few persons who visit this cathedral can fail to notice the fine *reredos*, designed by Mr. Cottingham, jun., as a memorial of the late Mr. Joseph Bailey, M.P. for the county, who died in 1850; also, at the back of the *reredos*, a pier supporting two pointed arches, the intervening spandril of which is covered with some elaborate modern sculpture. The magnificent screen of wrought iron work that separates the choir from the nave, executed by Messrs. Skidmore, of Coventry, must also call forth the visitor's admiration.

Much of the early history of Bristol Cathedral, so far as existing documents speak of it, is lost; for when the great riots occurred in the city, in 1831, the episcopal palace was destroyed, and the chapter-house containing the library burnt, with all the records of the cathedral. There is, therefore, no other way of determining the period or periods of erection, than by a careful study of the different parts, and to this Mr. E. W. Godwin has somewhat recently given great attention. Till the year 1542 the cathedral was the church of an Augustine monastery, founded by Robert Fitzhardinge in 1142. Henry VIII. at the former date made Bristol one of the new dioceses, and consequently the church of the brotherhood became the cathedral of the see. The edifice shows examples of the various styles of architecture from early Norman to Perpendicular, that is, from about 1140, to 1526. Notwithstanding its mutilation, Bristol Cathedral deserves the careful attention of the archaeologist and the lover of ecclesiastical architecture. The Norman and Decorated portions are of unusual interest. "The peculiar vaulting of the choir-aisles and the richly decorated monumental recesses in the work of Abbot Knowle, 1306—1332, may be regarded as specialities of this cathedral."

Worcester Cathedral is not placed by Mr. King in the first rank of English episcopal churches, though it will repay close examination. The early English portion, that is, the whole portion east of the central tower, is by far the most interesting, and affords some very good examples of design and sculpture. This edifice suffered much during the Civil War; the troops

of the Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general, being quartered there in 1642; while Cromwell's soldiers, after the battle of Worcester, treated the sacred structure with their usual disrespect; the "graven images," as they were accustomed to designate the sculptured figures and monumental effigies, everywhere throughout the land suffered sad mutilation. The existing building exhibits the styles prevailing from the end of the eleventh century till about the middle of the fourteenth. One of the most interesting features, at least to an unprofessional visitor, is the Chantry of Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., who died at Ludlow Castle. This chantry, which forms one of the illustrations introduced on this page, occupies the whole bay on the south side of the altar, and is a very rich example of late and elaborate Gothic. Internally it has a flat groined roof with curious flying supports; at the west end is a small seated figure of Henry VII. The east wall, seen in the engraving, is covered by a rich mass of tabernacle work, with niches. In the central niche is a small figure of our Saviour, on each side of which are two figures of saints. The whole has been much damaged, but the details deserve attention. The tomb stands in the centre.

The effect of the Civil War upon Worcester Cathedral was still more disastrous in the case of Lichfield; other great ecclesiastical edifices were spoiled and desecrated, but this became the stronghold of a fortress. The city itself was unwallled and open, but Bishop Langton, in the early part of the fourteenth century, surrounded the Cathedral Close with a strong wall, thereby enabling the latter to sustain a siege; and when, in the spring of 1642 or 1643, the parliamentary army under Lord Brooke advanced against Lichfield, the Close was manned and defended, the houses within its limits were pierced with loop-holes and embrasures, the battlements of the cathedral lined with musketeers, and cannon mounted on the great central spire. After sustaining a siege of three days, it surrendered to the Puritan forces. As might be expected, spoliation and desecration followed; fanatical preachers mounted the pulpit in the nave, and encouraged the soldiers in their work of destruction; the carved stalls in the choir were pulled down, the organ and stained glass windows demolished, the flooring of cancell coal and alabaster, laid in lozenge form, was broken up. A second siege of ten days followed about a month afterwards, when the Close was surrendered to the Royalists under Prince Rupert; but it again fell into the hands of the parliamentary army in 1646 after sustaining a third siege of still longer duration than any of the preceding.

Twelve months after Charles II. ascended the throne, Bishop Hacket commenced the restoration of the cathedral. On the morning after his arrival to take possession of the see to which he had just been consecrated, "with his own coach-horses and teams and hired labourers, he began to remove the rubbish, and laid the first hand to the pious work;" it was completed in eight years. In 1860 Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., was called upon to effect some important alterations and restorations, especially in the choir, where Wyatt, of whom mention has before been made, had taken some great liberties. Mr. Scott's labours have changed its entire aspect; "he has enriched the cathedral with a series of works in wood, metal, and encaustic tiles, unexceeded in beauty or in interest by any which have been produced in England during the present century."

We have no space to enlarge our notice of this truly noble edifice, except to point out the beauty of the west front, with its spires and arcades: in grace of outline and in the harmony of its general design, this front is, in Mr. King's opinion, scarcely excelled by that of any other English cathedral. Some idea of the richness of the architecture of this portion of the building may be formed from the engraving of the door, which we have introduced.

This series of "Handbooks"—there remains yet another to complete it—has an interest for others than the professional student. They are intended for the public, and are so compiled, and such phraseology is employed, as must commend them to very general reading. As safe and pleasant guides to visitors, and as books of reference, they may be depended on.

BARTOLOME ESTEVAN MURILLO.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF.

THE works of the old Spanish painters are certainly less known in this country than those of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch painters: examples of the former are to be found in our National Gallery, in the royal collections, and in many private galleries, especially in that of the Duke of Wellington: but in the aggregate they are few compared with others. Of the Spanish artists, we are here best acquainted with Murillo, a portrait of whom is introduced into this number of our Journal, engraved by Calamatta from a picture painted by himself. He was born in the small town of Pílas, about five leagues from Seville. A descendant from an ancient family, that at one time held large possessions in Andalusia, he was at an early age placed with his maternal uncle, Juan del Castillo, an artist of considerable repute in Seville, where he had established an academy of painting. He commenced his practice by executing *genre* pictures, fairs, rustic festivals, and beggars, and though, as Mrs. Jameson says, "he ascended afterwards by mere force of native power and feeling to the highest religious and historical subjects, there is a tincture—I will not call it a *taint*—of his early studies running all through them. Still I cannot regret with others that he never visited Italy; there Art was in its decline—the best master then living was Pietra da Cortona. In his own country he had Velasquez for his master, the most select and beautiful pictures for his models, nature for his inspirer—nature free, harmonious, picturesque—the fervid nature of his own sunny climate—the mingling of the classic, the Gothic, the Moorish in blood, aspect, and manners, which, if far removed from the ideal, was in the highest degree striking and expressive."

As it is proposed to introduce into future numbers of the *Art-Journal* engravings from some of the pictures of this great painter, future opportunities will occur for referring to him and his works. To show the estimate in which these are held both here and on the Continent, it may suffice to say that 4,000 gs. was paid for his 'Holy Family' in the National Gallery, and 2,000 gs. for his 'St. John and the Lamb,' in the same collection. The gallery of the late Marshal Soult was especially rich in the works of this master; when it was dispersed, in 1852, his 'Flight into Egypt' sold for £2,125; the 'Infants Jesus and John' for £2,625; the 'Miracle of St. Diego' for £3,542; the 'Birth of the Virgin' for £3,750; 'St. Peter in Prison' for £6,292; and the 'Miraculous Conception' for £23,440! the largest sum, we believe, ever paid for a single picture.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

COLOGNE.—Mr. S. Baruch, of this city, asks us to correct what he considers an error in our notice (*vide* page 55) of the picture in his possession, assumed to be by Lucas Cranach. It is a portrait of Catherina Von Bora, whom we designated *wife* of Luther instead of *bride*, as Mr. Baruch states is the right designation of the lady. In the English translation of the descriptive pamphlet sent us, the German word *Brant* was rendered "Bride," which we considered to have the same meaning as "wife;" it is, however, used to signify "betrothed." As the owner of the painting considers its historical value may be affected by our misapprehension, we readily set the matter right. Mr. Baruch, it may be added, possesses a small but valuable collection of ancient pictures and ivory sculptures, which he will be pleased to show to connoisseurs and collectors.

UTRECHT.—We have been requested to notify that the sale of the pictures belonging to the late Count Nahuys, will take place at Utrecht during the summer. The collection consists chiefly of German pictures of the fifteenth century, including some curious examples by Hemling, Albert Durer, Roger Vander Weyden, and, of a later date, by Joachim Uytendael, Rubens, and others. A painting by Sebastian del Piombo will also be found worth notice, and a curious altar-piece of the early part of the same century. These works may be seen at any time before the sale, the date of which has not reached us, at the residence of the Dowager Countess Nahuys, Utrecht.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART, AND ITS REPORTS.

WE print the following letter *in extenso* from a firm conviction of the importance of the subject to which it refers, and also because it appears to us most desirable that it should receive all the publicity which can be given to it. The writer, Mr. Walter Smith, is the efficient Head Master of the Leeds School of Art, and is one of the gentlemen recently deputed by the Department of Science and Art to visit Paris under the circumstances alluded to therein. The letter prefaces a Report, the non-publication of which by the Department is the ground-work of Mr. Smith's complaint; but it adverts to other matters that demand the serious attention of the legislature, and of all who are interested in the well-being of our Government Schools of Art. These matters have once and again been discussed in our columns; but the charges they involve come with increased force from one who knows experimentally the practical working of the system adopted at Kensington, and carried out in the various branches of the institution. Fortunately for the cause of truth and justice, the writer is sufficiently independent of the authorities to state his opinion, as he has done, boldly; though it is possible he may now be told to "set his house in order," for he has had the courage to print and publish his own Report. To this we shall draw attention hereafter. For the present we insert only the out-spoken introduction to it. The passages in italics marked with an *asterisk* have been so distinguished by ourselves to direct particular attention to them.

TO SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, BART, M.P., Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry into the Condition and Management of Schools of Art.

Leeds, May 30, 1864.

SIR,—In November last, 1863, I was summoned by the Assistant Secretary of the Science and Art Department to visit, in Paris, an exhibition of the works of pupils in the French Schools of Design, and directed by him to report on those works under several headings, one of which was—"Lastly, some comparison of these works in the aggregate with the works of our own schools, especially with reference to any suggestions they may offer for the improvement or modification of our own system."

Having at great personal inconvenience obeyed this summons, and returning to the discharge of my duties as a Master of an Art School, devoted all my leisure for several weeks to fulfil the injunction above quoted, I was somewhat surprised to discover, on forwarding my Report to the Science and Art Department, that no public use was to be made of a work which had cost me valuable time, and in the execution of which I had submitted to much that was disagreeable, so that I might do the work conscientiously.

For, although I was informed by the Secretary of the Department that extracts from my Report would be embodied in the Report of the Chief Inspector of Art Schools, I feel, under such circumstances, that much time has been given gratuitously by me, and some public money expended, for nothing; and that this ought not to be the result of my work at the country's expense. The House of Commons has heard something recently of the suppression of practical suggestions made by the Inspectors of Public Schools, by theorists in the offices of the Committee of Council on Education; and the vote of the House has determined that if competent men are employed to report on public schools, it is but just to them and the country that their reports should be presented intact, and their opinions be judged of by the public who pays for their opinions.

It seems to me that, in practically suppressing the reports of the Art Masters who visited Paris, the Science and Art Department is pursuing a course precisely parallel to the theorists in the Education office, and that the Department hopes to



W. J. H. H. H.

escape, by its comparative obscurity, the condemnation which the more important office has received from the House of Commons.

At a time when a Committee of the House is engaged in an inquiry into the condition and management of Schools of Art in Great Britain, the publication of the whole of the Reports of the Art Inspectors and Art Masters who visited Paris, and their comparison of the French and English systems of Art Education, would appear to be opportune and valuable. *This, however, the Department has refused,** and inasmuch as both the Masters and Inspectors, with the exception of the Head Master of the Manchester School of Art and myself, are in the direct payment of the Department, it is not probable that others besides Mr. Mückley and myself will be allowed to take independent action in the matter.

I have thought it, therefore, to be my duty as an independent practical man to publish my Report, not because of any special value which I attach to it, but because *I feel that those who have the task of re-modelling the Science and Art Department should have every means of information on the subject which can be given to them, by those practically connected with Art Education.**

The application of a Revised Code to Art Schools throughout England, and the exceedingly unfair nature of its regulations, has awakened an *universally indignant feeling* towards the Science and Art Department. The tendency of all the recent acts of the Department has been towards lowering the standard of Art Education, and the withdrawal of all public assistance from Provincial Schools of Art. The cause of this is the infinitesimal practical element among the officials of the Department who manage the Art Education of England from the South Kensington centre. I know but of one man, occupying anything like a prominent official position in the Department, who has had anything, practically, to do with a Provincial School of Art, and his position is such as would hardly give him much influence in general management. *As a consequence, the Department legislates for circumstances of which it is almost ignorant, and applies theories of Art Education, concocted without practical assistance, which are utterly unsuited to the wants of the country and the age.**

*As another consequence, gorgeous courts arise at South Kensington, Venetian glass and majolica plates are purchased at fancy prices, whilst Provincial Schools of Art, in important centres of manufactures, are crippled and curtailed; the Schools of Art and Schools of Design, throughout England, are to be made mere elementary drawing classes, in order that South Kensington may have a public curiosity shop.**

All this is very natural. Place any set of men in irresponsible authority, dealing with large sums of money for which they do not work, give them perfect control over it, or amenable only to others who know one degree less of its application than themselves, and the probable consequence will be that they will use their pecuniary power for their own aggrandisement, to increase the importance of their centre of authority, and to decrease to a minimum the funds which go entirely away from their own hands. Thus cabinets of expensive and luxurious curiosities multiply in the South Kensington Museum, its walls are covered with mosaics and frescoes, its decorations are resplendent with gilding; whilst, unhappily, many a poor country School of Art cannot get decent rooms for its pupils to work in, or afford to teach them at a working man's fee.

When we look at the enormous cost of management of the Department, and the sums lavished on the Museum (for which we in the provinces have the lion's part to pay), and then look to the insignificant amount distributed to nearly one hundred Provincial Schools of Art, we are tempted to exclaim, "Oh, monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!"

The remedy for these evils is a simple one. *The House of Commons should govern, and the Science and Art Department only administer.** Let Parliament fix the conditions upon which the Provinces and the Manufacturing Centres should receive assistance in developing taste and trade skill, and the officials of the Department distribute this assistance when the conditions

have been complied with, having no power to alter these conditions without the consent of Parliament. *And let the system of Nonnecesship, for important positions, be abandoned at head-quarters, and the same law hold good in the Art Department, as obtains in other Government departments, that of advancing men to high official positions from among the workers, so that official theories may be sometimes seasoned by an atom of practical experience.**

If this be done, reformation will take the place of these periodical small revolutions; Art life at the extremities will not exhibit so ugly a contrast with Art life at the centre; New Codes will no longer convulse, and confuse, and destroy the Schools of Art in our Provincial Cities; nor will Provincial Committees need to be threatened with being starved into abject submission.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,
WALTER SMITH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN PARLIAMENT.

THE Royal Academy has delivered its report to Parliament: Government has sought to obtain the sanction of the Commons to the erection of a New National Gallery, in order that the whole of the structure in Trafalgar Square may be given to the Royal Academy: and Government has been signally defeated by a very large majority. The complicated affair, therefore, stands where it has stood for the last twenty years; at all events, no change will take place until a new parliament, and probably a new government, have been consulted. Lord Palmerston and the Rt. Hon. William Cowper both did their best to "persuade" the House; both spoke and pressed their views; it was in reality a government measure, and the defeat is another of those shadows that herald coming events.

The motion was merely for a grant of £10,000 "towards the erection of a new National Gallery at Burlington House," the ultimate cost of which was estimated at £150,000. But the intention was avowed—to present to the Royal Academy the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square. Mr. Cowper went into a history of the various schemes by which former committees had sought to accommodate the national pictures worthily; and gave some details as to what would probably be done with the "about three and a half acres" in Piccadilly, in the event of parliament agreeing to his proposal, which he defended chiefly on the ground of "economy." Lord John Manners (the predecessor of Mr. William Cowper at the Board of Works) led the opposition; and it very soon became apparent that the real stumbling-block was the Royal Academy, to whose "report" we shall refer presently. The noble lord said that "throughout the speech of the right hon. gentleman he had not uttered a syllable in regard to the future relations of the government and the Royal Academy." Other members laid stress on this very startling fact; and although the *now* vigorous advocate of the Royal Academy, Lord Elcho, argued that "the House ought to discover the question of accommodation for the national pictures from the question of accommodation for the Royal Academy," the House was of a different opinion, and negatived Mr. Cowper's motion by a majority of 174 to 122.

The temper of the House may be guessed at, from the fact that when—the question having been disposed of—Lord Elcho sought to revive it by asking what course the government intended to take? an hon. member essayed to answer the speaker by affirming that what the committee wanted was to get rid of the Royal Academy—"that body, having plenty of money, being able to build for themselves." This was received with cheers, which cheers were repeated when another hon. member expressed a wish to know "whether the government would, in consequence of the vote come to that night, take any steps to make the whole of the National Gallery available for the purposes of the national pictures." There can be no doubt that this very emphatic decision of the House of Commons is mainly the result of the

unsatisfactory answer put forth by the Royal Academy to the report of the Committee of Inquiry. That reply concedes so little as to have led to an inevitable inference that the Royal Academy was willing to obtain an enormous property, and to give little or nothing for it. That in fact the country was to obtain in return for its "gift," so very small a modicum of benefit as to leave Art, and all that appertains to it, pretty much where it has been for the last ninety years—since, in fact, the Royal Academy was established.

Surely, justice and common policy alike demanded that before the country had placed itself in a position from which it could not recede, there should at least have been an "understanding" as to what the Royal Academy would give as well as get. Their report pledges them to changes so very trifling as to be really no reforms. There are hints that increased space would give the Academy power to improve its Schools; but there is no plan even shadowed forth; six members only were to be added to the body, while the class of Associates were to be so "transmogrified" as to be really swamped, and the whole profession outside was to be more than ever under the thumb of the Royal Academy.*

It was impossible that the House of Commons could have been content to receive so paltry a recompense for the magnificent boon they were asked to bestow on a body hitherto scornfully independent of parliament, and entirely irresponsible to the country.

It is, therefore, by no means matter of regret that the grant was refused. Time will thus be given to ascertain what better terms can be made with the Academy; and if none better will be conceded, then the proposal to give the Academy a site at Burlington House, where "they may build with their own money," will be resumed and carried out, the Academy existing as it has so long done, as a private body, to do much or little, according to its will and pleasure, for the benefit of artists and Art, with no other dictator than—public opinion!

It is clear that parliament is alive to this matter in all its bearings; no under-current will be suffered to sweep away its decision. It may be, probably is, now too late for the Royal Academy to promulgate such a scheme of reform as shall disarm opposition. A week ago to have done that would have been to obtain the fee simple of the structure in Trafalgar Square. The decision of the House has been so unequivocally pronounced that we must now consider the Academy as tenants with notice to quit. Those who read the lists of the "ayes" and "noes," will at once perceive that the government destined to succeed the government of Lord Palmerston will not be very likely to seek for that which Lord Palmerston sought, but could not obtain. The majority is so large as to preclude all chance of its being broken down.

We may, therefore, take for granted that the Royal Academy will leave Trafalgar Square—but when?

Look at the matter which way we will, there are serious impediments to Art-progress. Three or four years, at all events, must pass before any change can be effected. Meanwhile, the national pictures must remain scattered among half-a-dozen houses; and the annual exhibition of modern pictures must be so reduced, "for want of space," as to exclude altogether the works of many excellent, of some first-class, artists; and "the schools" must continue to be what they have long been, merely schools in name.

For more than twenty years we have been urging on the Royal Academy the absolute necessity of doing what even now its members have not done, although they have had the lure of a tempting bribe on the one hand, and a solemn warning on the other. The natural consequences have ensued; the Royal Academy instead of getting much will get little: the members must prepare for a removal.

* The "outsiders" have held a meeting to canvass and consider the proposals of the Royal Academy, in reference to its new class of Associates, a scheme which they receive with very great alarm, as prejudicial to the interests, and hostile to the honour, of the profession. Their views were communicated to several leading members of the House of Commons, and no doubt contributed much to the result of the debate.

PICTURE SALES.

Our record of these "doings" has fallen greatly into arrears lately owing to more pressing demands on our space; we now supply a portion of what has hitherto been wanting, but are still compelled to leave over till next month some notices already in type.

At the sale by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., on March 15th, of a small collection of drawings and paintings, the property of Mr. J. Palmer, the following realised the highest prices:—"The Gipsies' Haunt," and "Moonrise on the Thames," J. Linnell, 162 gs. (Earl); "Landscape," and "River Scene," both by J. Constable, 100 gs. (Marshall); "Winter," Müller, £100 (Barker); "The Triumph of Ariadne," D. Maclise, R.A., 200 gs. (Barker); "Entrance to the Cathedral at Florence," A. W. Callcott, R.A., £130 (Cox); "The Artist's Portrait," "The Dinner Hour," and "The Gamekeeper at Home," three drawings by W. Hunt, 176 gs. (Powell).

The late Mr. J. Watkins Brett, of Hanover Square, was long known as an eminent connoisseur, and a liberal collector of pictures, coins, medals, and works of Art of all kinds and periods. The sale of his collection, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., occupied several days in the early part of April. It is, however, only necessary for us to advert to the paintings, of which the principal examples were:—"Portrait of Mrs. Thrale," Sir J. Reynolds, 105 gs. (Roberts); "The Virgin, seated in a Portico, caressing a Child," W. Dyce, R.A., 265 gs. (Goldsmid); "View on the Avon, from Clifton Downs," J. B. Pyne, 150 gs. (Edwards); "A Young Girl examining a Miniature," Greuze, 255 gs. (Pearce); "Threading the Needle," Greuze, 100 gs. (Pearce); a group of Female Portraits, Gainsborough, from Sir T. Baring's collection, 112 gs. (Myers); "Battle-piece," Wouvermans, 130 gs. (Bentley); "The Virgin enthroned, with Saints," a fine work, by F. Lippi, 890 gs. (Colnaghi); "Santa Maria della Salute, Venice," and "View on the Grand Canal, Venice," Canaletti, 175 gs. (Smart); "Charles Brandon, Lord Great Chamberlain to Henry VIII.," from Lord Northwick's collection, Sir A. Moore, 130 gs. (Attenborough); "Portrait of a Spanish Princess in a Green and Red Dress, holding a Feather Fan," formerly in the King of Holland's collection, Velasquez, 180 gs. (Smart); "The Adoration of the Magi," Hemmerlinck, 430 gs. (Normandy); this picture was formerly in the gallery of Lord Northwick, and was then attributed to Van Eyck; "Christ bearing his Cross," from the collection of Cardinal Rossi, Raffaele, £670 (Edwards); "The Dead Christ, attended by the Virgin, and several other Figures," Titian, 610 gs. (Chaffers); this picture was painted by order of the Emperor Charles V., and has always been reckoned among the finest examples of the artist's pictures. Mr. Brett's pictures realised very nearly £6,200.

In the collection of the late Bishop of Ely, sold on the 16th of April, by Messrs. Christie & Co., were, among others, the following paintings:—"View in Venice, with the Church of St. Paul," Canaletti, £62 (Waters); "The Virgin and Infant Christ," Fra Bartolomeo, 84 gs. (Colnaghi); "The Yarmouth Regatta," a fine specimen of "old" Crome, 280 gs. (Selwyn); "River Scene," J. Constable, R.A., 71 gs. (Anonymous); "Landscape, with Cattle," Morland, 60 gs. (Richards); "Landscape, with a Cottage and River in the distance," Crome, 74 gs. (Anonymous); "Landscape and Cottages," P. Nasmyth, £60 (Waters); "Portrait of a young Lady in a White Dress," Sir J. Reynolds, 165 gs. (Herring); "River Scene," Claude, 65 gs. (Herring). The pictures and miniatures—the latter were rather numerous—sold for upwards of £4,400.

The gallery of paintings and drawings formed by the late Mr. W. H. Herbert, of Clapham Common, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co., on the 23rd of April. It included "Lance and his Dog" (Lord Kilmorey), and "Anne Page" (Flatow), both by T. F. Dicksee—the pair sold for £120; "The Opera" (Poynder), and "Flowers" (Morby), both by Miss Muir, £112 10s.; "A Leafy Shade"

(Vokins), "The Moorland Stream" (Ripple), by H. Jutsum, 135 gs.; "Girls at a Fountain," F. Verheyden, 125 gs. (Hull); "Market Place, Antwerp," P. Van Schendel, 200 gs. (Hopgood); "Leaving Home," R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 130 gs. (Cubitt); "The Deserted," C. Branwhite, 170 gs. (Hull); "The Roman Forum," D. Roberts, R.A., 305 gs. (Morby); "The Canterbury Pilgrims," T. Stothard, R.A., a replica, painted for Mr. J. Benson, of Doncaster, 155 gs. (Graves); a marble statue, "The Bather," by A. Tantarina, of Milan, 210 gs. (Turner). The collection sold for about £4,000.

The collection of old pictures, the property of Viscount Harberton, and removed from his lordship's mansion, Rathangan House, in the county of Kildare, was sold, on the 19th of April, by Mr. Phillips, at his gallery in New Bond Street. These works were but little known to connoisseurs, and, consequently, the sale attracted much curiosity as well as attention, though the prices realised were not, except in a few instances, large. The principal were:—"A Village Cabaret," D. Teniers, small, 116 gs. (Eckford); "An Interior," D. Teniers, the companion work of the preceding, 155 gs. (Mulvaney, for the Dublin National Gallery); "Landscape with Figures," the former by Jan Wynants, the latter by Lingelbach, 130 gs. (Cox); "The Death of the Stag," P. Wouvermans, 105 gs. (Lessor); "Portrait of the Borghese Family," Titian, a composition of three figures, and formerly in the collection of Charles I., 180 gs. (Colnaghi); "An Italian Seaport," Claude, a small but very brilliant picture, 300 gs. (Colnaghi); "Interior," with a group of five figures assembled round a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet; and its companion, also an "Interior," with a lady and gentleman seated, a youth, and a young child with her lap full of flowers; the last has just entered the room from a garden, followed by a young lady: both these pictures are by Peter de Hoogh; they were sold for 278 gs., the former to Mr. Eckford, the latter to Mr. Smith, of Bond Street; "Diana and her Nymphs Hunting," Titian, 150 gs. (Eckford).

The sale of the drawings, sketches in oil, chalks, and pen and ink, left by the late W. Mulready, R.A., took place at the rooms of Messrs. Christie & Co., on the 28th of April and the following days. We may point out among the principal lots:—Thirty-six sheets of armour and costumes from the year 1100 to 1829, sketches in pen and ink, with MS. notes, 230 gs. (Chaffers); various studies of animals and birds, studies of waves and landscapes, with cattle and figures, 76 gs. (Agnew and O'Neil); thirteen sketches of trees and clouds, in chalk, and pen and ink, with notes; a female, nude from the waist upwards, and six studies of heads, dated and signed, 76 gs. (Agnew); a man's head, signed and dated June 24, 1857; a lady, full length, and twenty-one studies of hands and heads, 48 gs. (Agnew); a study of foliage, on four sheets, done at Capheaton, signed and dated September 26, 1860, 40 gs. (Stone); "Sketch from Nature at Capheaton," study for a picture, 65 gs. (Agnew); "View of Blackheath Park," a study for the picture in the Sheepshanks Gallery, 25 gs. (Agnew); "The Tired Huntsman," signed and dated May, 1858, and the design for the medal of the Royal Humane Society, &c., 21 gs. (Mylor); nine original designs from the "Lizard," with variations, and fifteen illustrations to Tennyson, 51 gs. (Agnew); a man seated, back view, signed March, 1849; a female head, signed "R.A., June 13, 1862;" "Dying in Harness," signed, and boys fighting, partly coloured, 65 gs. (Agnew and others). Various sketches—six of beech and linden leaves, 27 gs. (Agnew); sunflowers, signed and dated September and October, 1861, and seventeen sketches of leaves, branches, &c., beech and maple, 88½ gs. (Chaffers); ten studies of trees and two female figures, 60 gs. (Agnew); a design for the title-page to Moore's "Irish Melodies," in pencil, the design for the postage envelope, pencil outlines and impressions of the plate, 40 gs. (Jaffray). Water-colours—"The Flight into Egypt," 42 gs. (O'Neil); Ariel, Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, from the *Tempest*, 61 gs. (Agnew); a female head, study in red chalk, for the "Young Mother," in the Sheepshanks collection, 65 gs. (Agnew); "Crossing the Brook," study in red

chalk, for the picture in the Vernon collection, 105 gs. (Agnew); "The Last In," a finished drawing in red chalk, for the picture in the same collection, 300 gs. (Agnew); "The Lizard," a group of females bathing, a commencement in chalks, on panel, for a picture never executed, 340 gs. (Farrer); "The Nymph," a study in chalks, for the picture in Mr. Baring's gallery, 110 gs. (Agnew); a nude figure, resting on his arm 81 gs. (Agnew); a female figure, standing, 78 gs. (Chaffers); a female figure, seated, 151 gs. (Agnew); a female figure, seated, looking down, 88 gs. (Agnew); a female figure, standing, braiding her hair, 140 gs. (Bale). Illustrations of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—"Choosing the Wedding Gown," 170 gs. (Agnew); "Burchell and Sophia," 105 gs. (Agnew); "Measuring Heights," 110 gs. (Grundy); "The Elopement," 50 gs. (Burton): these are finished sketches in oil. The large painting in oils, "The Toy-Seller," one of Mulready's latest works, was bought by Mr. Agnew for about £1,200, we believe.

A "miscellaneous" collection was disposed of in the same rooms on the 30th of April. The most important examples were:—"Coming of Age," a drawing in chalk, by W. P. Frith, R.A., for the well-known picture, 90 gs. (Vokins); "A Woody Landscape," with a cottage, children, and poultry, P. Nasmyth, 151 gs. (Flatow); "A Woody Landscape," with a peasant and donkey on a sandy road, sheep in the background, P. Nasmyth, 205 gs. (Flatow); "A Welsh Glen," T. Creswick, R.A., 125 gs. (White); "The Jester's Text," H. S. Marks, 200 gs. (Parkes); "The Youth of our Saviour," J. R. Herbert, R.A., £870 (Agnew); "English River Scene," W. Mulready, R.A., 270 gs. (Flatow); "Hogarth's Studio, 1793: Holiday Visit of the Foundlings to view the Portrait of Captain Coram," the picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., exhibited at the Academy last year, 650 gs. (George). The following specimens of sculpture were included in the sale:—"The Wounded Amazon," J. Gibson, R.A., 535 gs. (Foster); "Cupid," Canova, 200 gs. (Agnew).

In consequence of a dissolution of partnership, a collection of pictures and drawings, belonging to Messrs. Fores, print-publishers in Piccadilly, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co., on the 5th of May. Among the more important water-colour drawings were—"The Past and the Present," Miss Margaret Gillies, exhibited at the Water-Colour Society in 1855, and engraved by Holl, 225 gs. (Bourne); "The Heavens are telling the Glory of God," painted and engraved by the same, and exhibited at the Water-Colour Society in 1856, 135 gs. (Bourne); "The Death of the False Herald," from "Quentin Durward," described in the catalogue as "a most elaborate and unique miniature example in water-colours, painted thirty years ago," Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 250 gs. (Agnew); "The Critical Moment," Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 185 gs. (Bowman). Oil-pictures—"Dead Game," W. Duffield, 110 gs. (Jenkins); "Buy a Dog, Ma'am?" R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 270 gs. (Jenkins); a series of sixteen sporting pictures, painted by J. F. Herring for Messrs. Fores, for the purpose of engraving—the late owners being desirous that these series should remain unbroken, had the whole disposed of in one lot—they were knocked down for the sum of 1,450 gs., but the name of the purchaser did not transpire; "Warrior Poets of the South contending in Song," F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., exhibited at the Academy in 1859, 240 gs. (Richards); "A Mediæval Baron liberating Prisoners on the young Heir's Birthday," P. H. Calderon, in the Academy exhibition of 1861, 490 gs. (Richards); "The Gipsy," A. Rankley, exhibited at the Academy in 1862, 165 gs. (Bourne); "The Convalescent," C. W. Cope, R.A., in the Academy in 1861, 165 gs. (Martin); "Harmony" and "The Betrothal Ring," J. P. Green, 241 gs. (Martin). The sale produced £5,475.

The collection of pictures formed by the late Mr. Edward Wright Anderson, together with some belonging to other owners, was disposed of by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 7th of May. These works are almost entirely by old masters, and included—"A View in Wales," with four figures hauling in a net in the foreground, a fine

specimen of J. Wilson, 165 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Woody Landscape,' Wynants, formerly in the collection of Sir George Murray, 132 gs. (Ensom); 'Landscape,' ruins of a fort and moat in the foreground, storm effect, Ruysdael, 110 gs. (Rutley); 'The Dutch Fleet off the Texel,' W. Vander Velde, from the collection of Viscountess Palmerston, exhibited in 1848 at the British Institution, 650 gs. (Graham); 'Landscape, with Cattle,' N. Berghem, also from the collection of Viscountess Palmerston, and exhibited at the British Institution, 680 gs. (Rutley); 'The Lake,' P. Wouvermans, 140 gs. (F. Nieuwenhuys, Paris); 'Cattle Fording a River,' Karel du Jardin, 205 gs. (Vokins); 'Winter Scene,' Isaac Van Ostade, formerly in the Boursault Gallery, 280 gs. (Neal); 'View in Italy,' with cattle and figures, N. Berghem, also in the Boursault collection, and described in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*, under the title of 'The Stubborn Ass,' 280 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Halt of a Hawking Party before the door of a Cabaret,' P. Wouvermans, 135 gs. (Cooper); 'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' Teniers, formerly in the collection of M. Lockhorst, Rotterdam, 130 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Garden Scene near a Chateau,' Hondikoeter, or Hondicoeter, 140 gs. (Anthony); 'Landscape,' Both, formerly in the collection of the Earl of Shaftesbury, 305 gs. (Graves); 'Mme de Pompadour,' F. Boucher, 175 gs. (Arnoot); 'Dutch Village on the banks of a River,' A. Vander Neer, 250 gs. (Cox); 'Interior of a Cottage,' Wilkie, never engraved, and dated 1805, 195 gs. (Agnew); 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' Canaletti, 290 gs. (Mr. Jones Loyd).

The sale, by Messrs. Christie & Co., of the sketches and finished pictures in oils and water-colours left by the late Mr. J. D. Harding, took place about the middle of May, and occupied two days. It is impossible, from the number of "lots" (about 480) into which the works were divided, that we can specify them at all in detail. It must suffice to say that the desire to possess what was offered manifested itself by the competition that ensued. The amount realised was upwards of £4,000. We may, however, remark that a very fine chalk drawing, 'The Forest,' was purchased by Messrs. Colnaghi for 150 gs. A very few examples of the works of his brother-artists, collected by Mr. Harding, were included in the sale.

A number of pictures, gathered from various sources, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 21st of May. Among them were:—'Don't Say Nay,' E. Nichol, R.S.A., 120 gs. (Agnew); 'The Fleur-de-Lys,' J. Sant, A.R.A., 105 gs. (Agnew); 'The Siesta,' F. Stone, A.R.A., 120 gs. (Agnew). The following are water-colour pictures:—'Devotion,' and 'The Angel's Whisper,' both by F. W. Topham, 110 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage at Hastings,' W. Hunt, 230 gs. (Agnew); 'The Golden Tower, Seville,' and 'The Entrance to a Town in Spain,' D. Roberts, R.A., two small drawings, 136 gs. (Wallis); 'Brighton Downs,' and 'Landscape,' also small drawings, by Copley Fielding, £104 (Wallis); 'The Moon rising over Snowdon,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., painted about 1806, 430 gs. (Holloway); 'Easby Abbey,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., painted about 1803, and in the International Exhibition in 1862, 490 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Abbey Pool,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., painted about 1806, 340 gs. (Holloway); 'The Lake of Como,' S. Prout, 140 gs. (J. C. Grundy); 'The City of Wirttemberg,' S. Prout, and one of his finest specimens, 385 gs. (Vokins); 'Coast Scene—Sunset,' Copley Fielding, 200 gs. (Vokins). The following are oil-pictures:—'Irish Courtship,' F. Goodall, R.A., 450 gs. (Kelk); 'Cattle at Pasture,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150 gs. (G. Earl); 'Imogen and Pisanio,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 200 gs. (T. Earl); 'Autumn,' a fine fruit piece, G. Lance, 96 gs. (Coster); 'The Old Receiving Houses on the Serpentine,' W. Mulready, R.A., cabinet size, and painted in 1809, 390 gs. (Wallis); 'The Cathedral and Old Castle of Limburg,' G. C. Stanfield, £100 (Curtis); 'Landscape,' with cattle and peasants on a road, P. Nasmyth, £106 (G. Earl).

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

SOUTH KENSINGTON FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—"Rebellion" has broken out in the female classes attending the Art School at Kensington. "My lords" have

"Fluttered the doves in Corioli,"

and the aviary is almost deserted. The origin of the outbreak we believe to have been this:—For a long time past two ladies have filled the office of "matrons" in the school; the duties of which they have always discharged to the entire satisfaction of the pupils, by whom they were much respected. But somewhat recently another lady was appointed—why or wherefore nobody seems to know—"superintendent" over their heads; and it seems, she has entirely failed in securing the good opinion and the allegiance given to her predecessors. The rule of this lady is reported to have been severe and arbitrary, such as those under her charge could not submit to with any self-respect, and it resulted in sundry manifestations of feeling and conduct which gave great, and perhaps just, offence to those in power. With the object of crushing the spirit of disaffection that had arisen, a solemn assembly of the council was held, with Earl Granville, President of the Board of Education, at its head, when two of the young ladies, assumed to be more insubordinate than the rest, were called upon either to apologise to the superintendent, or to retire from the school. Having refused to do either, which would have been an acknowledgment of the charges laid against them, their names were struck off the roll. When this became known to their fellow-pupils, nearly one hundred, out of about two hundred and sixty, the entire number in the school, marked their sense of the judgment passed, by voluntarily withdrawing themselves from the institution. The whole affair forms another, and no unimportant, link in the long chain of evidence against the "management" at South Kensington. Everything that is done seems only to have the effect of bringing the place into disrepute; as a member of the House of Commons said in his place a short time ago, with more emphasis than delicacy in ears presumed to be "polite," "The very name of South Kensington stank in his nostrils!" The "break up" will probably be brought before the notice of the House, as the case has been taken up warmly by the students, their friends, and others. A Report, dated May 14, has been printed. From this document it appears that Earl Granville and Mr. Bruce were "present;" the name of Mr. Henry Cole is not given. The "superintendent" placed over the superintendents and the masters, a Miss Trulock, has suffered the penalty incident to a position in which she was not needed; the appointment was quite unnecessary, but Mr. Cole did not think so, and Lord Granville has again to bear the responsibility of his subordinate, who is "viceroy over him." There can be no doubt that some of the young ladies were greatly to blame; the following passage from the Report of May 14 is their case:—"My lords read a memorial, stated to be signed on behalf of seventy-two female students of the school, and signed by — and eleven other students, stating that since Miss Trulock's appointment, and in consequence of her infirmities of temper, the school has been the centre not only of some confusion and disorder, but of absolute inconvenience and pain to the female students attending the same, appealing to their lordships for assistance and support, and suggesting the removal of the lady superintendent."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURES.—Two pictures by Mr. Hunt are now being exhibited at 16, Hanover Street, Regent Street, one called 'The Afterglow in Egypt,' the subject of the other being London Bridge on the night of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By these two pictures of Mr. Hunt, any visitor viewing them with a fresh remembrance of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' will be deeply impressed. Admitting all the merits of the last-named work, it is surpassed by these in question. The London Bridge subject is certainly one of the most unmanageable themes that could be propounded to a painter, but Mr. Hunt

seems to have multiplied the difficulties simply in order to show how he could overcome them. But 'The Afterglow,' which means the mellow evening light of Egypt, is yet a more remarkable departure from antecedents; a picture, brilliant and natural, of an Egyptian girl on the banks of the Nile, carrying her gleanings on her head, her path all but obstructed by the Barbary pigeons that are busy picking the grain shaken from the ears. This admirable study is, we believe, faithful in everything. These pictures are accompanied by a third, by Mr. Martineau, called the 'Last Day in the Old Home,' the execution and patient labour of which are highly exemplary. The story, by no means uncommon, is that of the ruin of an ancient family by its present representative, a gambler and spendthrift. We are introduced into an old oak-panelled room, hung and fitted with the gatherings of centuries in pictures, tapestries, and carvings. The furniture is all labelled, and of course catalogued, and the family, consisting of the worthless inheritor of an ancient and honourable name, his wife, children, and mother, are on the eve of departure; and the first of these, by way of bravado, is drinking his farewell to his ancestor, Sir Ralph Pulleyne, the founder of the house, as represented in a picture by Holbein. Nothing, we say, in the way of patient finish, can surpass this work; and looking well into the details, the sad narrative is clear and circumstantial.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, held at No. 9, Conduit Street, fills the rooms to repletion with an extensive assemblage of all the varied material, fittings, and finishings, which go to the construction of modern dwellings; together with a most interesting display of what we may call highly-finished drawings, rather than architectural designs, many of which are for buildings of importance. To the finish, colour, and pictorial effect with which these drawings have been brought forward, professional objections have been strongly urged, inasmuch as it is felt that the work of the painter supersedes that of the architect, to an extent that might impose upon judgments not qualified to discriminate between the artistic and the architectural, or liable to be seduced by colour and effect. For ourselves, we cannot help siding with the taste that invites the eye to the contemplation of a picture, rather than a dry pen drawing. It must, however, be said, that colour and effect sometimes give false importance to designs of little merit. The competition for the Liverpool Exchange has brought forward some designs of much excellence: as an elevation and news-room by Thomas Allom; a news-room and perspective view by John Johnston; the same by E. Salomons; the designs for the same by T. H. Wyatt; those by W. Parnell; and those by Cunningham and Audsley. The first, second, and third premiums were awarded to the three last named. Mr. Digby Wyatt has sent designs for the Albert Memorial in various styles, and for the same a design is exhibited by Mr. Hardwick. The ceramic decorations of the Wedgwood Institute is an instance in which colour could not be dispensed with, but it must be observed that in some of these drawings there is a want of harmony as to colour, with unnecessary oppositions in tone. For the great Holborn Valley scheme there are designs, some carried out as extensive street views, by F. Marzable, F. Wallen, James Thomson, and John W. Papworth, besides a long catalogue of others which we cannot even name. Among the building materials, ornamental fittings, patents, inventions, and manufactures, are many things very attractive, as the variety and beauty of the decorative designs in parquetry, tiles, and every kind of domestic fitting. The imitations of woods by means of burning the surface into granulation are very beautiful; and among the inventions is a factitious stone exhibited by Mr. Ransome.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—Nearly twelve years have elapsed since the mortal remains of the great military captain of the age were laid by the side of those of Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and as yet the public know little, and have seen less, of the monument to be erected to his honour, and for which the sum of £20,000, if we remember rightly, was voted by parliament. In 1857 competitors for the execution of the work exhibited their models in Westminster Hall.

After much discussion both in parliament and out of it, the *monument* was assigned to Mr. Stevens, for execution; and certain bas-reliefs for the walls of the chapel were entrusted to Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., and Mr. Woodington. These latter works have long, we believe, been in their places, but the former is still where it was in 1859, when we thus referred to it:—"Mr. Stevens is busy preparing the work committed to his charge; and we understand it will ere long be shown to 'a select few.'" What progress has been made with it during the five years that have since elapsed, we do not know, nor, so far as our inquiries have elicited any information, does any one else—not even Mr. Penrose, the architect to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. Rumour, however, affirms that Mr. Stevens will be ready soon to exhibit the *model*—to another "select few," it may be presumed. But, indeed, this monument is a mystery, and the public must wait patiently to have it unfolded, as we are waiting for the appearance of the Nelson lions. A succeeding generation may possibly see both works accomplished.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The annual distribution of medals to the students of this school took place on the 31st of May, at Burlington House, Piccadilly, when Lord Houghton presided. After the annual report had been read,—by Professor Donaldson, one of the committee,—in which allusions were made to the recent minute of the Department of Science and Art, as affecting the general management of the school, the prizes awarded at the last examination were presented to the successful candidates. Of the one hundred and twenty-seven pupils on the books during the past educational year, thirty-five were found entitled to local medals, and seven—or rather six pupils, for one young lady gained two—medallions had been won in the national competition. The names of those ladies who had so distinguished themselves are—Catherine Emsliey, Alice Manley, Mary Julian, Ann Coster, Charlotte Tills, and Sarah McGregor, to whom two were awarded. A few of the best works of the students were submitted to the private inspection of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who commanded a letter to be written to Miss Gann, the zealous and indefatigable superintendent of the Queen Square institution, expressing the pleasure the examination had afforded her, and the deep interest she took in the welfare of the school. We sincerely hope the fancy bazaar held last month in aid of the building fund will enable the committee to carry out the long-desired object.

JOSEPH DURIAN'S STATUETTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF ENGLISH SPORTS.—This very beautiful series, part of which is in the Royal Academy, is exhibiting at 179, Piccadilly. The exhibition was opened too late in the month to enable us to do it justice; our notice must therefore be postponed.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has undergone alterations since we last noticed it; indeed much labour and expense seem to be continually sacrificed to effect constant changes; the contents are never long in a single place, only being set up to be pulled down again, thus affording the heads of departments considerable amusement, while it also gives a popular notion of "plenty to do" to outsiders. A large sum has been lavished on wall and ceiling painting, sometimes in dark corners over gas-burners that will soon ruin all. The series of artists are added to; Hogarth, Mantegna, Della Robbia, Palissy, and Durer appear; they are all good except Hogarth, whose crossed legs give the idea of an opera-dancer preparing to execute a pirouette. The great hall, destined for sculpture, has a fernery at its extremity, "to enable students in training as Art-teachers to copy plants in all seasons," says the printed bill near it; but surely with the Horticultural Gardens across the way, this was scarcely needed. A long corridor to the left of this hall is now hung with tapestry, and filled with old furniture and dresses; the windows with specimens of modern stained glass. The collections on loan fill a large space, and are of much interest and value; but why exhibit such works as the "oil-painting of Elizabethan date, supposed to be a portrait of Shakspeare?" It is not of Elizabethan date, and has no more resemblance to the poet "than he to Hercules." It is no Englishman, nor of English Art; it may be Italian or

Spanish. It is to be regretted, if the rulers here know no better, that they will not seek some aid from any ordinary picture-dealer, who could instruct them.

MR. P. G. HAMERTON exhibits at 196, Piccadilly, two large pictures of Highland scenery, the subjects, 'Ben Cruachan, with clouds rising—Morning,' and 'A Gamekeeper's Cottage—Lochawside.' The labour and study which these two works have cost the artist are at once seen; and we can appreciate the difficulties with which, in his exact manner of working, he has had to contend. He professes himself to be *severely* topographical; hence, it will be understood, that his works are in feeling what is known as pre-Raffaellite, but this is more developed in two other pictures—French subjects. He thinks it necessary to explain why his lake water is so blue, which is really unnecessary, because Highland lakes under a cloudless sky are always so. These two pictures, we doubt not, are very accurate representations of the localities proposed for representation.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—At the distribution of prizes made recently at South Kensington, thirty medals were awarded to the pupils of this school, and six received "honourable mention." Fourteen of these medals were for drawings in the "figure" stages, and five for design. The establishment of classes at Lambeth for studying from the life has the best effect on the whole school by raising the standard of all the works executed in it.

THE SCANDINAVIAN GALLERY.—Since the establishment of this exhibition, more than a year ago, it has improved very much as to quality and extent. There are a few French pictures which give variety; but these are exceptions; the works are principally by artists of the north of Europe. There is a large battle picture, by M. Armand-Dumaresq, setting forth the charge of Desvaux's Division at Solferino; with several works by Gudin; one by Madame H. Browne; two charming pictures by Grönland; 'A Wrestling Match,' by Herzog; 'Winter Landscape,' by Libert; many views in Norway and Sweden by Larson, and others of much merit by Melby, Simonsen, Saal, Vermehren, Mdlle. Jacquemart, Kiorboe, &c.; one by the last-named artist, 'The Inundation,' was, if we remember rightly, exhibited some time ago at the Royal Academy; it is well known through an engraving.

THE GRAPHIC.—The last meeting of the season was held on Wednesday, the 11th of May, when a selection of drawings by the late W. Hunt was exhibited, containing a variety of examples of the different classes of subjects in which he excelled. There were, for instance, studies of heads and figures, inimitable in their vitality, colour, and expression, and drawings of fruit and flowers of extraordinary tenderness and beauty; being in the whole an epitome of the artist's life. We saw, also, some sketches and pictures by the late Mr. Egg, especially his 'Life and Death of Buckingham,' 'Peter the Great's first sight of Katherine,' 'The Raising of the Royal Standard at Nottingham;' Mr. Tidey's large drawing, 'Christ blessing Little Children;' a fine rocky landscape by Dillon; and other works by Holland, John Lewis, Gastineau, Stark, and other artists.

A GERMAN ARTIST, Herr Muhr, who has long been resident in Italy, has brought to this country a few pictures of much merit painted by himself. The principal of these works is 'A Festa held on the Shores of the Bay of Naples,' the costume marking the period as of the fourteenth century. The composition is ingenious, and the general tone of the company is that of good society. Other works are 'Job and his Three Friends,' a subject from the Convent at Capri, and 'Othello relating his Adventures.'

THE COMPANY OF PAINTERS, OTHERWISE PAINTER STAINERS, held their fourth exhibition of Works of Decorative Art at their Hall in Little Trinity Lane, in the City. This ancient association, which dates its existence from the year 1581, desires in the establishment of these exhibitions to renew its utility in a manner suitable to the times and serviceable to the decorative arts. It is the proper province of the members to foster and advance industrial ornamentation, and they have published very extensively their proposals for the promotion of decorative painting, and their invi-

tations to exhibitors; it is much to be regretted that their efforts receive such meagre support. The exhibitors are only twenty-nine in number, but among the works are some exquisite imitations of woods and marbles. The examples sent by the following painters are remarkable for their delicate imitation of the originals; prizes have been awarded to them:—Maple and oak, by F. Stuart (silver medal); inlaid marbling, W. J. Cloake (bronze medal); maple and walnut, G. Winnifrith; maple and oak, James Smith; renaissance panels, S. Burnby (bronze medal); marbling, W. J. Hoodless (silver medal); marbling, A. Coggan; decorative cabinet, J. Rodgers (silver medal); decorative panel, Homann, £5 prize; wall and ceiling decoration, J. J. Lovegrove, highly meritorious, but deficient in harmony. It is to be hoped that these exhibitions will be sustained, as they are certainly productive of much good.

ONE of the most signal triumphs of Meissonnier is exhibited for a short time at 214, Piccadilly; it is the 'Partie Perdue,' some soldiers of the seventeenth century playing cards: this is all; but the picture would be a transcendent gem even among gems. There are some charming pictures by Merle, and others by Cabanel, Zamacois, Melin, Bouguereau, and Thom, the pupil of Frère; indeed, with one or two exceptions, they are all choice examples.

MR. C. BUTTERY, the "restorer" of pictures to the Department of Science and Art (to whose well-known skill, judgment, and ability, we bear willing testimony), has written to us on the subject of our remarks concerning the "injuries" and "repairs" at South Kensington, on which we lately made some comments. We cannot well comprehend his notions of repairs and restoration, which differ from ours; he seems to consider that if the artist's work is not gone over, the picture is not "repaired," although it may be full of "cracks," and even although bits of colour may have fallen away. We have no doubt that Mr. Buttery has done whatever was requisite in the way of restoration, and that what he had to do was well done; we believe, moreover, that no picture-restorer in the kingdom could have done it better—for Mr. Buttery is an artist. Further than this we cannot say.

MADAME JERICHAU, the accomplished Danish artist, has painted a portrait of the youngest hope of England, the boy-child of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is a work of great merit, very simple in treatment, and admirably finished. The infant bears a striking resemblance to the long-known type of the Royal Family of England, and will therefore be none the less welcome to those over whom, at some far-off period, he is, we trust, destined to reign. It is the portrait of a fine, healthy, and somewhat sturdy boy, well developed in form.

MESSRS. MAULL AND POLYBLANK have issued cartes of several of the leading artists; they are, of course, perfect as "likenesses," and, as will be supposed, they are "artistically" and very skilfully posed and arranged. There are no more successful professors of photography than these gentlemen; their larger photographs are of rare excellence, as also are their "cartes." Their published list contains the names of a very large number of the foremost men of the age—the men of science and letters, as well as Art.

ALBUMEN FOR "FIXING" DRAWINGS.—An eminent chemist at Bath, Mr. Tylee, has prepared a fluid under this title, for "effectually fixing and preparing engravings and coloured crayon drawings." It fully answers the purpose; the drawing is certainly fixed; the fluid leaves no varnish or "glaze;" in fact, its effect is in no way apparent except that no rubbing can at all remove the drawing.

MR. G. M. GREIG, a Scottish artist, has submitted to us a series of admirably painted and very interesting drawings, consisting exclusively of Interiors; a class of Art to which his attention has been principally directed, and in which he has arrived at rare excellence. This series represents various places in Scotland visited by her Majesty and the good Prince during several of their tours; thus rooms are shown to us at Fettercairn, Dalwhinnie, and Alt-na-Guithasach. They are sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, and bed-rooms, for the most part scantily furnished.

The artist had no important accessories to aid him, yet he has made "pictures" of the brown and grey walls and the simple furniture—triumphing by artistic skill, and, we may add, intellectual power, over very insignificant materials. The interest of the scenes arises from the one fact, that they are the rooms in which the Queen and Prince occasionally dwelt, when grandeur and state were for a time laid aside, and they were content with humble homes. We shall be glad to see what so good an artist as Mr. Greig will do with the more sumptuous apartments that will no doubt be copied by his masterly pencil.

THE DROESHOUT SHAKSPEARE.—An impression of this portrait of the bard, done under the eye of his own friends for the first collected edition of his works, has recently been discovered in an earlier and more unfinished state than hitherto known. It has qualities infinitely superior to the best of the ordinary impressions; the engraving is very delicate, and the features rendered with more softness and beauty than could be imagined from seeing the general state of the plate. It has indeed been retouched and spoiled; heavy shadows have been introduced, the beard and moustaches enlarged, and the whole portrait vulgarised. It may be curious to note that this engraving has passed into the hands of Mr. Halliwell, at the price of £100.

THE NEW "CARLISLE BRIDGE," DUBLIN.—Seventy-six competitive designs were sent in by sixty-one architects, in answer to the requirement of the corporation of Dublin as to the character of the erection. After due consideration, the selection fell upon the design furnished by Mr. George Gordon Page, the son of Mr. Thomas Page, the eminent engineer. The bridge will consist of a single segmental span of 140 feet, having a rise above the springing line of 10 feet 6 inches. The distance from face to face of the embankment wall on each side the river is 157 feet 6 inches. The abutments will stand beyond the embankment wall 8 feet 9 inches, forming a noble base for the pedestals. The structure of the arches is to be of cast iron from the abutments to within 25 feet of the crown of the arch, the centre piece, forming the key of the arch 50 feet in length, being of wrought iron. In the spandrels are introduced the city of Dublin arms, with the Irish harp and scrolls of shamrock to fill up the space, all carried out in open-work casting. The ballustrading consists of rings, and shamrock leaves intertwining them. On the centre of the bridge will be the arms of the Earl of Carlisle. The abutments and pedestals will be of granite; it is also proposed to pave the footways with granite or Valentinia slabs. Judging from the design now exhibiting in the Royal Academy, the structure presents artistic merits of a very high character, and we consider the corporation of Dublin exceedingly fortunate in having secured so admirable a work. We may also congratulate Mr. George Gordon Page upon his success amongst so numerous and able a body of competitors.

SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS.—Whatever position sculpture holds at the present time in England, it is quite evident that the exhibition in the gallery of the Architectural Society does not show a favourable condition of the art. It must, however, be said that the Society of Sculptors consists almost exclusively of the younger members of the profession, who have associated themselves to have an exhibition of their own, but open to all living artists. The works contributed this year are of various kinds and qualities, busts predominating; among them we see little to call for especial notice, though there are several that may be placed under the head of "meritorious." We fear the success of the scheme is equivocal; sculpture, as the room in the Royal Academy evidences, has, as yet, but little hold on popular feeling—unfortunately.

PICTURES IN HOSPITALS.—We draw attention to a statement that some generous persons—foremost of whom is the eminent artist-patron, Gilbert Moss, of Liverpool—have been framing and hanging prints and pictures on the walls of public hospitals. This is not a new thing; several years ago we suggested the idea, and in a measure carried it out. The walls of more than one of our hospitals is hung with prints from the Vernon gallery. The principle cannot be too generally

adopted; prints judiciously placed in corridors and convalescent wards act as restoratives, efficacious in promoting health as breezes of fresh air, and acting as constitutional tonics. They should be, of course, selected for their cheerful and cheering character, eschewing all that are either mournful or stimulating. We hope this suggestion will be considered by the committees of all our charitable institutions, nay, that it will be acted on in our prisons. There are no places in which Art may be so thoroughly made a teacher.

MR. McLEAN, of the Haymarket, has recently published a small, but very good, photograph of Mr. Marshall Wood's bust of the Princess of Wales. It is a profile view, and comes out sharply in all the details.

IMITATING the example set a short time ago on the southern side of the Thames, it has been resolved by the inhabitants of a portion of the northern side to hold an Industrial Exhibition in their locality. It will be as much as possible a workmen's exhibition, and will be held in the Amwell Street school-rooms, Clerkenwell, during the first fortnight in August.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—The principal pictures selected by prizeholders this season are:—"The Regatta at Henley-on-Thames," by A. Clint, £150, from the Suffolk Street Gallery; "The Pastor's Visit," £150, W. Crosby, from the same gallery; "In the Pass of St. Gothard," A. W. Williams, £100, from the British Institution; "The Time of Roses," F. Smallfield, £100, from the Water-Colour Society; "Scene on the Coast of Scotland," J. Henzell, £75, and "On the Quay at Ambleteuse," J. J. Wilson, £75, both from the Suffolk Street Gallery; "Cockermouth," D. H. McKewan, £65, from the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.

MR. KENNY MEADOWS.—We are gratified to know that the government has conferred, out of the "privy purse," a pension of £80 per annum on this clever and once very popular artist, whose illustrations of Shakspeare, and numerous other designs—many of a humorous character—are held in high estimation. Mr. Meadows has now reached an advanced age.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The members and supporters of this institution held their annual festival, at Freemasons' Hall, on the 4th of June, Lord Fermoy, M.P., occupying the chair. Few of our leading artists were present, though Sir C. L. Eastlake and Mr. David Roberts were, as usual, in their places, and spoke during the evening. The society, which was established in 1810, consists of two separate and distinct branches—the Artists' Annuity Fund, and the Artists' Benevolent Fund. The former is raised and wholly supported by the contributions of its members for their own relief in sickness or superannuation. The latter, for the relief of the widows and orphans of the members of the Annuity Fund, is supported by the donations and subscriptions of the patrons of the Fine Arts and artists, and the subscriptions of the members of the Annuity Fund. During the past year the society has paid to fifty widows the sum of £750, and sixteen orphans have received the sum of £45. The income of the society during the year was nearly £1,400, and the expenditure £1,000, leaving a balance of over £250 in the banker's hands after investing £100 in the Three per Cents. Since the foundation of the fund the sum of £25,516 has been distributed in relieving the widows and orphans of British artists. This institution is remarkable for one feature, namely, the economy with which its funds are administered.

NEW WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.—A project has been started by several artists who have given much attention to painting in water-colours, to open, in the early part of next year, an exhibition which shall be limited to works of this class, or of what may be deemed analogous to it; in other words, the plan admits works painted in any medium but oils. The promoters argue that the two Water-Colour Societies, long established, exhibit only the works of those who are members of each respectively; that in other institutions—such as the Royal Academy, the Suffolk Street Gallery, the British Institution, and the Winter Exhibition—water-colour pictures are either entirely excluded, or are not advantageously placed. Hence, it is alleged, there is sufficient reason for the adoption of the proposed scheme,

which is not intended to result in the formation of a new society, but only to open a place of exhibition. There is no doubt room for the project, of which we shall probably hear more before long.

PRIZES FOR ART-WORKMEN.—The programme issued by the Society of Arts of the prizes offered for Art-workmanship, is on a more extensive and liberal scale than that of last year, so much so as to prevent our giving even an outline of the plan. This is the less necessary, inasmuch as it may be procured by applying at the society's rooms in the Adelphi.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The sum required of parliament for the current year's expenses of this establishment is £92,100, which, with about £4,200 funds still in hand, makes the total amount, in round numbers, nearly £96,400, the estimated cost of the museum. The officials of the Print and Drawing Department have arranged in three volumes the valuable collection of engravings by Agostino Veneziano and Marco da Ravenna, pupils of Marc Antonio Rainoldi. A large number of Flemish engravings have also been arranged, more than 1,000 English portraits classified, and as many portraits of eminent persons of the present century have been placed alphabetically preparatory to classification. A new and enlarged alphabetical index—containing the names of all the artists by or after whom there are specimens in the several collections—has recently been compiled.

At the annual *conversazione* of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held on the 31st of May, Messrs. Howell and James exhibited a large number of their artistic productions. Among them was a splendid flower-vase or centre-piece in ormolu, with engraved crystal cornets for bouquets, of Pompeian design, with pierced masks and figures modelled from antique originals in Musée de Campana. A black marble clock attracted much attention; it is ornamented with a bronze bust of Shakspeare, supported by statuettes of Tragedy and Comedy, most artistically treated in bronze *vert d'antique*, on pedestals of Russian *griotte*; and a boudoir writing-table set, composed of Stratford oak, from a tree that grew near Anne Hathaway's cottage, was greatly admired.

THE NATIONAL ALBERT MEMORIAL.—The group of five figures to represent "Europe" in the monument about to be erected to the memory of his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, was, by command of the Queen, offered to Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, but Mr. Gibson having signified his reluctance, from advancing years, to undertake a work of such magnitude, her Majesty has signified her wish that it should be executed by Mr. Macdowell, R.A., who has accepted the commission. Among other sculptors who are to be employed on this work are, it is said, Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A., Baron Marochetti, A.R.A., and Mr. John Bell; the last is to execute one of the large groups, emblematic of "America."

PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSION ON GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.—This commission has brought its labours to a close, and the Report will, probably, be published before our Journal makes its appearance. From what has transpired concerning the evidence taken by the Select Committee, there is a very general feeling that the "recommendation" will include some important and salutary changes in the management of the Department of Science and Art at Kensington. Among those who have been examined are—Messrs. H. Cole, C.B., R. Redgrave, R.A., and H. A. Bowler, chief inspector of the Art Department; Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., and Mr. D. Maclise, R.A.; the Hon. B. F. Primrose, Secretary of the Board of Manufactures, Edinburgh; together with many gentlemen, masters of, or connected with, the metropolitan and provincial schools, as the Rev. R. Gregory and Mr. J. Sparkes, Lambeth; Mr. Davidson, Chester; Mr. J. P. Bacon, Newcastle-under-Lyme; Mr. E. Brewtnall, Warrington; Mr. E. Potter, Carlisle; Mr. C. H. Wilson, Glasgow; Mr. D. Murray, Paisley; Mr. J. Brenan, Cork; Mr. E. Ackroyd, Halifax; also Mr. E. Parker, of the firm of Messrs. Rodgers, Sheffield; Mr. D. Hollins, of the firm of Messrs. Minton & Co., Stoke, with others.

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK OF SCULPTURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.
By RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A., F.R.S., Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Arts. Published by A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The title-page of Professor Westmacott's volume states that the work is "adapted from the essay contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*;" hence it may be inferred that much which it contains is not new to some portion, at least, of the reading public. This portion, however, is one very limited as to numbers, and, therefore, it seems most desirable that the subject treated of should take a more popular form than in the valuable and costly publication to which the author contributed his essay.

Sculpture, as we have frequently had occasion to remark, is far less appreciated in this country than painting; and that, because it is far less understood. The former art does not commend itself to the eye, and, through this, to the feelings, like the latter; to which, as a consequence, it stands forth in cold and colourless contrast. A bust, for example, rarely attracts the notice of the multitude as a portrait on canvas does; and a group of figures in marble, however distinguished by beauty of form and grace of action, and even by dramatic effect, fails to awaken the attention in comparison with the same scene presented in a picture. And this will ever be the case till the true character and mission of the sculptor's work are recognised and felt by us as it was by the Greeks of old. Much of the prevailing indifference and ignorance arises, unquestionably, from the absence of such information on the subject as books can afford. Learned, technical treatises are to be met with in various foreign languages, and some few descriptive works in English; but what is required for general usefulness, is a book of an elementary character, one that may serve the purposes of the student of the art whether professional or as an amateur: it seems to have been Mr. Westmacott's principal object, when he wrote this volume, to supply the want. He modestly calls his treatise a "sketch;" it is certainly a comprehensive one.

In order to make it practically useful, he has gone at considerable length into the characteristics of the various schools, to assist students in estimating the monuments left by the great masters of sculpture, and to show them, on one hand, the source of the excellence of the Greeks, and on the other, the causes of the decline and decay of sculpture, when the true principles upon which the art should be practised were ignored and neglected.

In tracing the history of sculpture from the earliest known period down to the present time, a large portion of the volume is necessarily occupied by the works of the Greeks and Romans. It then discusses the gradual revival of Art in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries up to Michel Angelo, his contemporaries, and his immediate followers, down to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, when the art as sensibly declined, losing by degrees whatever purity of style and grandeur of expression it possessed, and substituting for these a love of display in the executive parts of the art. The object of the sculptors of this period "was not to improve the public taste, or to elevate the minds of the people, but simply, it would seem, to astonish the spectator by their bold and skillful ingenuity."

There are many passages and "thoughts" in the Professor's book which we would gladly transfer to our pages, if we could find room for them: such, for example, as his apology, if we may use the term, for the practice of modern sculptors, who are debarred, in a great measure, by the moral habits and tendencies of our age, from attempting to emulate the excellence of the ancient artists in representing the human form in all its unclothed beauty and majesty. His remarks, too, on Polychromy, to which he is strongly opposed, deserve to be quoted: the question is argued at some length, both for and against the practice, but the conclusion arrived at is, that:—"Recognising the moral influence Art is capable of exercising, he cannot but feel that if so meretricious an accompaniment to sculpture as flesh tints should become popular, it must inevitably lead to a preference of a class of subjects that would tend to lower the character of this art; easily rendering it an instrument of corruption, rather than the means of refining and elevating the taste of a people." This we believe to be a practical and truthful view of the subject, with which we fully agree: colour in sculpture is neither more nor less than an appeal to the sense. A figure in pure marble is still a statue, though it may possess life, and action, and expression; but it ceases to be this when an attempt is made to convert the marble into flesh.

We welcome Mr. Westmacott's "Handbook" as a comprehensive and acceptable publication.

A HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN SICILY. With Map and Plans. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

A more than ordinary interest in all which appertains to Sicily has undoubtedly been kindled in the minds of Englishmen by the short-lived visit recently paid to our shores by one whose high fame is so intimately associated with the latest history of that beautiful island of Italy. Garibaldi's name must ever be linked with its brightest annals, for his heroism gave political freedom to the Sicilians, and, it is to be hoped, laid the foundation of a liberty which will never be wrested from them.

Notwithstanding all that Sicily has to show of picturesque character, and of archaeological remains, the island is comparatively unknown to those who make the "grand tour" of Europe. The reason is, perhaps, to be found in what Mr. George Dennis, the able compiler of this "Handbook," says of the discomforts awaiting the traveller:—"The hotels in the chief cities will well bear comparison with those of cities of corresponding size on the mainland of Italy. The second-rate towns, however, afford but poor accommodation for the traveller; whilst the inns in the towns of the interior are, with few exceptions, filthy in the extreme, and destitute of everything which an Englishman regards as comfort. Brick floors unswept and covered with filth; walls foul with tobacco-juice, vermin, &c.; sheets rarely clean, and often swarming with hungry occupants; towels that may have served a generation of muleteers; table-cloths with the stains of a thousand meals; water scarce, and soap never to be seen; all the appliances of the table of suspicious cleanliness; and cookery only to be stomachied by those whose confidence equals their appetite. Such are some of the features of Sicilian wayside *locande*. To these may often be added a roof which fails to keep out the rain, windows that will not close, a door without a fastening, and, to crown the whole, a landlord without a conscience."

Certainly there is need of some mighty counterbalancing power to set against this array of "little" miseries; and so if the traveller suffers the wretchedness of comfortless nights, he will—provided only that want of sleep has not rendered him too weary, and he has contrived to satiate his hunger with the unsavoury early meal placed before him—enjoy glorious days, forgetting all the annoyances of the night. "The grand or wild outlines of the scenery, enhanced to sublimity whenever Etna's giant crest of snow rises on the view; the balmy, fragrant atmosphere; the gorgeous sunshine; the tints of the landscape, ever varied by the rich carpet of wild flowers, or the shifting effects of light and shade; the sapphire vault overhead—

"Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro;"

the amethyst sea flecked with snow-white sails—such nature alone is enough to fill his soul with admiration, and to quicken his pulse with joyous excitement."

Here, then, are the bane and the antidote; not all of either, perhaps, but a sample of each to test the quality of what is left unsaid. There are few of us who do not know and appreciate the care bestowed by Mr. Murray in the production of his voluminous series of "Handbooks." In committing this work to the charge of Mr. Dennis, he could not have placed it in more competent hands. The author is an old and observant traveller, who has brought to bear on his task considerable scientific and classical attainments, and he possesses much artistic and antiquarian knowledge. Moreover, he is favourably known in the literary world by his admirable book on ancient Etruria.

BLYTHE HOUSE. By R. F. W. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

We believe that at no period of our literary history has there been so much overwrought, false, and unhealthy literature in England as there is at present. Unhealthy, without being broadly vicious, some of the sensational writers evidently have the inclination, but not the strength, to portray the bold and brazen vices they appear secretly to worship, yet fear to flash in the public gaze. They dally with evil as a pleasant pastime; they cover its deformities with rose leaves, and throw perfume over revolting grossnesses. In some instances, where very questionable "sensations" are aimed at by female authors, we can only hope they are in the position of the sinners of old, and "know not what they say." The pestilence, if it do not corrupt, enervates. We welcome an untainted book, fresh from the pen of a pure woman, as we do the flowers of spring, a strain of sweet music, or a high Art picture; nay, it is more than any of these to our homes and hearts, for it grows into our friendship, and takes its place in our domestic sanctuary. "Blythe House" is obviously a

woman's book. The story interests from the first line, by its simplicity and earnestness, gaining strength as it progresses, and developing more power than we were led to anticipate from the earlier chapters. "Blythe House" has been carefully planned and well considered; the characters are life-like and vigorous, and a guardful mother need not cut and peruse its pages before she ventures to place it on her drawing-room table.

This is no light praise at a time when fiction is so often not the aid to virtue, but the stimulant to its opposite. We imagine the writer to be young in pen-craft. There are indications that this is a first book; it is a good beginning, and will no doubt have successors.

OCCASIONAL ODES. By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, L.L.D., V.P.R.I.A. Published by HODGES, SMITH & Co., Dublin.

Though holding no official appointment, Dr. Waller is entitled to claim the honour of being Poet-Laureate of Ireland, for it is he who has been called upon to celebrate in verse several great ceremonies in the sister-island. Such, for example, as the opening of the Irish national exhibition at Cork, in 1852; the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Campanile, at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1852; the installation of the Earl of Rosse as Chancellor of Dublin University, last year; and the opening of the present industrial exhibition at Dublin, on the 25th of May. The odes written and performed on these respective occasions here make their appearance in the form of a pamphlet of some twenty pages; they are composed in pure classical taste, with considerable poetical feeling, and are pertinent to the events that called them forth. If we were asked to select one that might claim precedence of the others, it would be the ode on the installation of Lord Rosse; a short poem of high merit in thought and versification; the allusions to the chancellor's astronomical tastes are especially to the point and most illustrative.

CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH ART. A Series of Pen and Ink Pictures, drawn from the Exhibition of 1864. By EUPHRANOR. Published by W. PATTERSON, Edinburgh.

A criticism of the current year's Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, written by one who evidently knows what he is looking at when he examines a picture, and how to convey to other minds his own impressions of the work. A dry, pedantic commentator Euphranor certainly is not: he has much to say on every picture which he considered worth speaking about—perhaps a little too much on some—but all is said in a pleasant manner that is very readable, and brings vividly before the eye the work pointed out. He contrives to find a story in every canvas, and works it out appreciatively and in a kindly spirit. To the southerner, who knows comparatively little of what the artists of Scotland are capable of achieving—and some of them may be placed quite on a par with the best of our own school; in fact, Sir J. W. Gordon was, and Messrs. J. Phillip, F. Grant, T. Faed, and other members of the Royal Academy of London are, Scotchmen—these "pen and ink sketches" will convey some agreeable instruction. They originally appeared in a local journal, but are quite worth collecting and publishing in a more durable form than a newspaper.

CAVENDISH ON WHIST. Published by BANCKS BROTHERS, London.

Many artists and amateurs are whist players: it is the only game of cards that men of intellect enjoy, for it is less a game of chance than of skill, and is ever a sure exercise of the thinking and reasoning faculties. There are several "authorities;" the latest, and, therefore, the best, is the little volume we bring under notice: it embraces every topic of value, from the most important "rule" to the smallest item of information; settles all matters that may be in "dispute;" and disposes of all the questions that can possibly arise during a game. It does more than that, however, for it is the result of long practice, and thorough acquaintance with all the modes of making the most of a good hand and the best of a bad one. In such cases it is difficult to learn from a teacher; but in this little book, the language is so simple, clear, and comprehensive, by some peculiar "knack," so to speak, "instructions" are made really instructive, that beyond all question to study the volume must be to become a good player.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



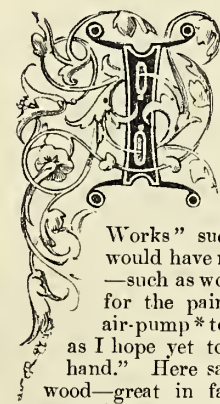
LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1864

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.

A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART V.



IN 1769 the works at Etruria were opened, and on the 13th of June in that year the first productions of the manufactory were thrown. On that day might have been seen gathered together in one of the rooms of the "Black Works" such a group of persons as would have made a painter's heart glad—such as would have been a fit subject for the painter of the orrery and the air-pump* to have revelled in, and such as I hope yet to see treated by a "master hand." Here sat the great Josiah Wedgwood—great in fame, great in reputation, great in worldly goods, but greater far in mind and intellect, and in nobleness of character—at the potter's bench, his bare arms encircling the ball of pliant clay, while his busy fingers and practised eye formed it into classic

shape; and there stood his partner, Thomas Bentley, at the potter's wheel, which he turned with a care suited to the auspicious occasion and to the requirements of his great chief. Standing by, no doubt, and watching with pleasurable anxiety the progress of the work, were Mrs. Wedgwood and many friends; while on the board in front of the "father of potters" would be ranged the urns as he produced them. The vases thus formed, of Etruscan shape, went through all the subsequent processes of baking, &c., and were ultimately painted in the purest Etruscan style, with figures, and each piece bore this appropriate inscription:—

JUNE XIII. MDCCCLXIX.

ONE OF THE FIRST DAY'S PRODUCTIONS
AT
ETRURIA, IN STAFFORDSHIRE.
BY
WEDGWOOD AND BENTLEY.
ARTES ETRURIE RENASCENTER.

Three of these vases—the historical interest attaching to which it is impossible to overrate—are in the possession of Mr. Francis Wedgwood, of Barlaston, through whose courtesy I am enabled to engrave two of them for my readers. They are seen in the accompanying engraving, from sketches made by myself during the present summer, and I have so arranged them as to show the inscription on one vase and the group of figures on the other. The body, "Basalt," is hard, of a slightly blueish tinge, with the surface, of course, like the original Etruscan, black. On this the figures and inscriptions are painted in red. The vases are respectively ten inches, and ten and a half inches, in height. Each one bears a group—differing from the others—of Hercules and his companions in the gardens of the Hesperides, on its front; and beneath, the appropriate inscription of

ARTES ETRURIE RENASCENTER.

On the opposite side of each is the inscription given above, and around the lid and upper portion are characteristic and elegant borders. Each vase is labelled, in Josiah Wedgwood's own handwriting, "Part of Plate 129, vol. i. of Hamilton's Antiq. Hercules and his Companions in the Garden of the Hesperides."

Similar vases to these, it is recorded, were de-

and influential classes, and produced a taste for the antique which before did not exist. When they thus became called for in large quantities by the public, it was judged best to have them painted in the neighbourhood of London, where a number of ingenious artists, such as would be required, might more easily be assembled together, and where this species of classical decoration, so entirely in consonance with his taste, might be carried on under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Bentley, whose residence had been fixed in London for the purpose of managing the business there. Accordingly works were established at Chelsea—the locality, doubtless, being fixed upon as being near the then famous Chelsea China Works, where painters would be more easily procured; and I am fortunate in being able, from a document in my possession, to show the names of a portion, at all events, of what artists were employed there in the month of October, 1770. The document is very fragmentary and imperfect, but, so far as remains, is as follows. The year 1770, it must be borne in mind, was the very year when the Chelsea China Works passed by purchase into the hands of Duesbury, the owner of the Derby China Works, and where, of course, the now much-sought-for "Derby-Chelsea" porcelain was produced.*

Cash paid at Chelsea for Wages.		On J. W.'s Acct.	On W. & B.'s Acct.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1770.			
Oct. 6.	John Lawrence, 6 days...	0 5 3	0 5 3
	Timothy Roberts, 6 days		0 12 0
" 5.	James Bakewell, 6 days .	0 16 0	
	Thos. Blomeley's Bill ...	1 0 5	1 6 0
	Thos. Hutchings, 6 days		
	William Roberts, 4 days.	0 4 4	
	Nathl. Cooper, 6 days ...	0 16 0	
	William Shuter's Bill ...		0 8 0
	Thomas Simcock, 6 days	0 16 0	
	Ralph Willcocks, 6 days.		
	Mrs. ditto 6 days .		
	John Winstanley, 6 days	0 13 0	
" 6.	Thomas Barrett,† 5 days	0 7 0	
	Thomas Green, 6 days.		
	Miss Edwards, 6 days.		
	Miss Parkes,‡ 6 days.		
	Mr. Rhodes.		
	Ditto for Joe.		
	Ditto for Will.		
	Ditto for Unwin.		

I have before explained that the partnership of Wedgwood and Bentley had reference only to the *ornamented*, not to the *useful* ware; and it will be seen in the above account, that although the workmen at Chelsea were employed on both branches, the amounts paid them in wages were distinguished as on "Josiah Wedgwood's account," and as on "Wedgwood and Bentley's account." Thus, for instance, John Lawrence, for the week ending October 6th, is paid for six days' work, at 1s. 9d. a-day, of which 5s. 3d. is charged to "J. W.," and the other 5s. 3d. to "W. & B."

An immense number of these Etruscan vases, paterae, &c., were sold both at home and on the Continent, "where there is scarcely any museum without specimens of them. As this material is undoubtedly as durable as that of the original vases, we may reasonably predict that these too will find their way to very remote posterity, and illustrate the history of our era. Some few of them (and only a few, on account of the expense) were finished with all the Art that the age was capable of, and will convey no unfavourable idea of the state of the Arts at this time." It may with truth be said that the body is *far more* durable than the antique. It is basaltic, and has this great advantage over the antiques, that whereas they are of a tender, brittle body, this is the hardest body made. It is as durable as mortar material, which is the most durable that any product of clay can be made to arrive at.

At Etruria is preserved a small teapot, of red ware, of what is usually called the "crab-stock pattern," which bears a written label, stating that it is "the first teapot at Josiah Wedgwood's, made by Josiah Wedgwood himself." This piece

* For an account of these works see *Art-Journal* for January, 1862, and February and April, 1863.
† Or Barnett.
‡ Or Parker.



posited under the foundation of one of the wings of Etruria Hall.

Like every other production of the inimitable

* Wright, of Derby.

Wedgwood, these Etruscan vases—the "peculiar species of encaustic painting in various colours, in imitation of the ancient Etruscan and Roman earthenware" which is spoken of in his specification—soon "took" amazingly with the wealthy

I show on the accompanying engraving, not because I place implicit credence in the statement, but because it is interesting to note that an example with such a memorandum attached to it



is preserved at the works. I ought to mention that the original spout has been replaced by one of metal.

Mr. Bentley seems to have busied himself, as did also Wedgwood, in seeking out all the talent which could be rendered available for the purposes of the manufactory, and in getting together, by loan or purchase, impressions of intaglios, bas-reliefs, and other specimens of ancient Art. And in all this the partners were well and liberally seconded by people of every rank, who appear to have been only too glad to place at their disposal the treasures of their cabinets.

In 1769, on the 4th of November, Bentley thus writes in one of his interesting letters from London:—

"We have been so much taken up of late with fine articles and fine things that I have not had a moment to spare, and am in debt to everybody. We are every day finding out some ingenious man or curious piece of workmanship, all which we endeavour to make subservient to the improvement of our taste or the perfection of our manufacture. I have not time to name the things that we have seen; but one great curiosity I cannot omit, with which we have been highly entertained—I mean a Chinese portrait modeller, lately arrived from Canton; one of those artists who make the mandarin figures that are brought to England, a pair of which you may remember to have seen at Mr. Walley's shop. He intends to stay here some years, is in the Chinese dress, makes portraits (small busts in clay, which he colours), and produces very striking likenesses, with great expedition. I have paid him three visits, and had a good deal of conversation with him, for he speaks some English, and is a good-natured, sensible man, very mild in his temper and gentle in his motions. His dresses are chiefly of satin. I have seen him in crimson and in black. The India figures upon the fans are very just resemblances of the originals. His complexion is very swarthy, but the eyelashes almost always in motion. His arms are very slender, like those of a delicate woman, and his fingers very long; all his limbs extremely supple; his hair is cut off before, and he has a long plaited tail hanging down to the bottom of his back. He has been with the King and Queen, who were much pleased with him, and he is to take the portraits of the royal infantry. I have not time to be more particular now, but he is far the greatest curiosity I have seen. He has ten guineas a-piece for his portraits which are very small."

The patronage of the King and Queen continued to be accorded to Wedgwood in all his new inventions; and this fostering care of his arts was of endless and incalculable benefit to him. On the 15th of December, 1770, dating from *Chelsea*, where their branch works then were, as I have shown, Bentley wrote:—

"Last Monday Mr. Wedgwood and I had the honour of a long audience of their Majesties at the Queen's palace, to present some bas-reliefs her Majesty had ordered, and to show some new improvements, with which they were well pleased. They expressed in the most obliging and condescending manner their attention to our manufacture, and entered very freely into conversation on the further improvement of it, and on many other subjects. The King is well acquainted with business, and with the characters of the principal manufacturers, mer-

chants, and artists; and seems to have the success of all our manufactures much at heart, and to understand the importance of them. The Queen has more sensibility, true politeness, engaging affability, and sweetness of temper, than any great lady I ever had the honour of speaking to."

Wedgwood was about this time honoured by receiving from the Empress Catherine of Russia a commission of extraordinary magnitude. He was directed to make a very large service of Queen's ware for her Majesty's use, and to "paint in black enamel upon each piece a different view of the palaces, seats of the nobility, and other remarkable places in this kingdom. Upon every piece there was also to be painted the image of a green toad or frog, as is elsewhere stated. He was very unwilling to disfigure the service with this reptile, but was told it was not to be dispensed with, because the ware was intended for the use of a palace that bore its name. The idea of such a service was well worthy the mind of a sovereign, but the undertaking seemed a great one for the powers of an individual manufacturer. The number of views necessary, to avoid a repetition of the same subjects, was about twelve hundred, and a great proportion of them were original sketches. He spent three years in making the collection and painting the views upon the pieces of this service, with all the correctness of design and drawing that is necessary to a good picture. The Empress, we have been told, was entirely satisfied with the execution of this work; and no doubt it conveyed to her mind a pretty just sentiment of our national splendour, ingenuity, and character."

A number of very ingenious artists having been got together for completing this service, Mr. Wedgwood was very unwilling to part with them, and "determined to try whether works of such expense would succeed upon his wares, and with this view he continued to employ them some time afterwards. It is believed, however, that their productions of this kind, though unexceptionable in point of merit, have never found a purchaser, even when offered at the exact price that the artists were paid for the painting. The matter was still *earthenware*, and was neglected when its modest simple garb was changed for the plumes which seemed more properly to belong to its superior—*porcelain*. This was not the only occasion that brought so mortifying a reflection to the mind of our potter, and induced him to defer many designs till, by improving the quality of his Queen's ware, he should make it less inferior to its rival."

When the Russian service was completed, in 1714, it was exhibited in London, and caused quite a "sensation" among people of taste. Thus Mrs. Delaney, in a letter to Mrs. Port, 1774, says:—

"I am just returned from viewing the Wedgwood ware that is to be sent to the Empress of Russia. It consists, I believe, of as many pieces as there are days in the year, if not hours. They are displayed at a house in Greek Street, Soho, called Portland House. There are three rooms below, and two above, filled with it, laid out on tables; everything that can be wanted to serve a dinner. The ground, the common ware, pale brimstone, the drawings in purple, the borders a wreath of leaves, the middle of each piece a particular view of all the remarkable places in the King's dominions, neatly executed. I suppose it will come to a princely price: it is well for the manufacturer, which I am glad of, as his ingenuity and industry deserve encouragement."

This magnificent service the Empress showed with pride to Lord Malmesbury when he visited the Grenouillière Palace, in 1795.*

In 1772 Thomas Bentley married for his second wife Mary Stamford, of Derby, a lady in every way suited to his taste, and with whom he lived a most happy, though short life. The marriage of Mr. Bentley took place at All Saints Church, Derby, on the 22nd of June, as will be seen from the following extract from the register of that parish. It will be noticed that in this register he is again described as "of Chelsea," the place where the branch works had been established:—

"Thomas Bentley, of Chelsea, in Middlesex, gentleman and widower, and Mary Stamford, of

* A cup and saucer of this "Empress's pattern" is preserved in the splendid museum of Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool.

parish, spinster, were married in this church by Licence, the Twenty-second day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-two, by me, JOSH. WINTER, Minr.

This marriage was solemnised between us in the presence of
THOMAS BENTLEY.
MARY STAMFORD.
THOMAS STAMFORD.
MARTHA STAMFORD."

The Stamfords were a family of considerable standing in Derby, and the half-brother of Mrs. Bentley, Thomas Stamford the younger, was mayor of that borough in 1769. Thomas Stamford, the father of Mrs. Bentley, was twice married, she being the issue of the second marriage. His son Thomas was also twice married; by his first wife he had no children, but by his second—who was Sarah, the eldest daughter of John Crompton, of Chorley Hall, of the wide-spread and prosperous family of Crompton, to which Samuel Crompton, "the inventor," Sir Charles Crompton, the present respected judge, and the families still resident in Derby, in Lancashire, and in Yorkshire, belong—he had two daughters, one of whom was married to James Cauldwell, Esq., of Linley Wood, Staffordshire, and was the mother of the gifted and popular authoress of "*Emilia Wyndham*," and many other works—Mrs. Marsh Caldwell.

In 1773 Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley, whose London warehouse was in Great Newport Street, issued their first catalogue of goods; and as this edition is of excessive rarity, I transcribe its title-page in full for the purpose of comparing it later on with succeeding editions. It is called—

"A Catalogue of Cameos, Intaglios, Medals, and Bas-reliefs, with a general account of Vases and other ornaments after the antique; made by Wedgwood and Bentley, and sold at their rooms in Great Newport Street, London.

"Quoniam et sic gentes nobilitantur."
PLIN. lib. xxxv., *De vasis fictilibus*.

"London: printed in the year MDCCCLXXIII., and sold by Cadell, in the Strand; Robson, New Bond Street; and Parker, printseller, Cornhill."

This catalogue, which is of much smaller size than the later editions, contains sixty pages, inclusive of introduction, &c., and is so curious as to be well worth reprinting entire. From the introductory portion I make the following important quotation, for the purpose of enabling collectors to arrive at a correct idea of the dates of the production of the various wares for which he became so celebrated:—

"The proprietors of this manufactory have been encouraged by the generous attention of the nobility and connoisseurs to their first essays to give it all the extent and improvement they were able, and with constant application and great expense they have now produced a considerable variety of ornaments in different kinds, the merit of which they humbly submit to the judgment of those who are best skilled in these subjects.

"The variety of new articles which many of their respectable friends have not seen, and multitudes of persons of curiosity and taste in the works of Art have never heard of, render some account or catalogue of them desirable, and even necessary; but many of the articles, and especially the vases, being of such a nature as not to admit of satisfactory and clear descriptions, several parts of this catalogue can only give a slight and general enumeration of the classes, without descending to particulars.

"We shall, however, hope to make the general enumeration sufficiently intelligible, and descend to particulars where the nature of the subjects admits of it.

"To give an idea of the *nature* and *variety* of the productions of our ornamental works, it will be necessary to point out and describe the various *compositions* of which the forms, &c., are made, and to distinguish and arrange the several productions in suitable *classes*.

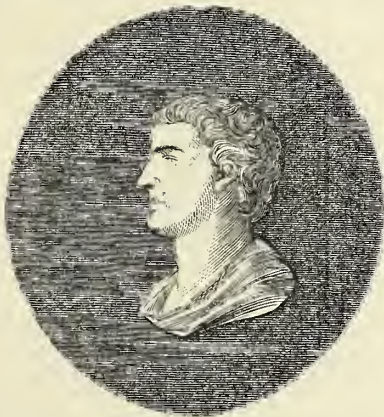
"The *compositions*, or bodies, of which the ornamental pieces are made, may be divided into the following branches:—

"I. A composition of *terra-cotta*, resembling porphyry, lapis lazuli, jasper, and other beautiful stones, of the vitrescent or crystalline class.

"II. A fine *black porcelain*, having nearly the same properties as the *basalt*, resisting the attacks of acids, being a touchstone to copper, silver, and gold, and equal in hardness to agate or porphyry.

"III. A fine white biscuit ware, or *terra-cotta*, polished and unpolished."

"By this it will be seen that the only three varieties of ware introduced up to 1773 were the "terra-cotta resembling porphyry, lapis lazuli, jasper, and other beautiful stones, of the vitrescent or crystalline class," such as the imitation porphyry, marble, and other vases, were composed of; the "fine black porcelain, or *basaltes*," so largely used for vases, figures, medallions, and other ornamental purposes, as well as for tea-pots, &c.; and the "white biscuit ware, or terra-cotta," used both in combination with other materials in the production of vases, medallions, and other decorative pieces, and separately for the manufacture of stands and other ornamental goods. The combination of these two latter bodies will be called to mind by collectors, perhaps, more easily with regard to medallions than otherwise. In these the oval of the plaque was frequently made of the black "*basaltes*," and the bust of the white jasper, or terra-cotta. The effect of this, which is most striking and pleasing, is shown in the accompanying illustration.



Another pleasing combination is seen on a small but beautifully engine-turned cup, also in my own collection, where the cup itself is of black and the stand of white. This piece is marked on its under side—

WEDGWOOD
& BENTLEY.

In 1773-4 the *fourth* description of ware which I have enumerated in my last chapter was invented and introduced by Wedgwood, and for the first time makes its appearance in the "Catalogue," in the second edition, published in 1774, where it is thus described:—

"IV. A fine white *terra-cotta*, of great beauty and delicacy, proper for cameos, portraits, and bas-reliefs."

This was the first appearance of what afterwards, as I shall show, became, by constant attention and improvement, the most beautiful of all Wedgwood's productions—the "*Jasper ware*." It will be perceived that at this date (1774) it was simply spoken of as a "fine white terra-cotta," and that it remained for later years to produce it with its splendid blue and other coloured grounds, with raised white figures and ornaments.

The entry in this catalogue, it will thus be seen, fixes the introduction of this splendid body to 1773-4. In the latest catalogue (1787) this variety, which then had attained its highest perfection, is described at greater length as—

"IV. JASPER—a white porcelain *lissé* of exquisite beauty and delicacy, possessing the general properties of the *basaltes*, together with that of receiving colours through its whole substance, in a manner which no other *body*, ancient or modern, has been known to do. This renders it peculiarly fit for cameos, portraits, and all subjects in bas-relief, as the ground may be made of any colour throughout, without paint or enamel, and the raised figures of a pure white."

Of the productions in this ware Wedgwood thus wrote:—"As these are my latest, I hope they will be found to be my most approved, works. Verbal descriptions could give but an imperfect idea of the delicacy of the materials, the execution of the artist, or the general effect, and I must therefore beg leave to refer those who wish

for information in these respects to a view of the articles themselves."

Acting upon Wedgwood's excellent advice, although not in strict chronological order, I "refer those" of my readers "who wish for information in these respects, to a view of the articles themselves," in the following engraving of a group of jasper ware, selected from the magnificent collection of Mr. S. C. Hall, to which I have before referred. The group exhibits a few of the many highly characteristic and exquisite examples which have been got together at great cost, and with much judgment and skill, by Mr. Hall.

A further notice of this jasper ware will follow in its proper place, later on in this memoir, when I shall enumerate some of the principal varieties of goods which were produced in it.

In 1774, I have stated, a second edition of their catalogue was issued by Wedgwood and Bentley; and in the same year a third edition of the catalogue translated into the French language, was also issued. In the succeeding year (1775) a re-issue (still called the second edition) of the English catalogue made its appearance, consequent on the change of the London warehouse from Great Newport Street* to Greek Street, Soho. The re-issue of this second edition is peculiarly interesting, as fixing the introduction of one or two objects for which Wedgwood became famous. At the end of the pamphlet is an addition of six pages, containing an engraving (W. Darling, sc., Newport Street) and an explanation of his newly-invented ink-stands and eye-cups; and with a "conclusion" which, from its manly and noble principle, deserves to be perpetuated, and which, therefore, I here give:—

"The proprietors of this manufactory hope it will appear to all those who may have been pleased to attend to its progress, that ever since its establishment it has been continually *improving* both in the variety and in the perfection of its productions.

"A competition for *cheapness*, and not for *excel-*

lence of workmanship, is the most frequent and certain cause of the rapid decay and entire destruction of arts and manufactures.

"The desire of selling much in a little time, without respect to the *taste* or *quality* of the goods, leads manufacturers and merchants to ruin the reputation of the articles which they manufacture and deal in; and whilst those who buy for the sake of a fallacious saving prefer mediocrity to excellence, it will be impossible for manufacturers either to improve or keep up the quality of their works.

"This observation is equally applicable to manufacturers and to the productions of the Fine Arts; but the degradation is more fatal to the latter than the former, for tho' an ordinary piece of goods, for common use, is always dearer than the best of the kind, yet an ordinary and tasteless piece of ornament is not only *dear* at any price, but absolutely *useless* and *ridiculous*.

"All works of Art must bear a price in proportion to the skill, the taste, the time, the expence, and the risque attending the invention and execution of them. Those pieces that for these reasons bear the highest price, and which those who are not accustomed to consider the real difficulty and expence of making *fine things* are apt to call *dear*, are, when justly estimated, the *cheapest* articles that can be purchased; and such as are generally attended with much less profit to the artist than those that everybody calls *cheap*.

"There is another mistake that gentlemen who are not acquainted with the particular difficulties of an art are apt to fall into. They frequently observe that a handsome thing may be made as cheap as an ugly one. A moment's reflection would rectify this opinion.

"The most successful artists know that they can turn out ten ugly and defective things for one that is beautiful and perfect in its kind. Even suppose the artist has the true idea of the kind of beauty at which he aims; how many lame and unsuccessful efforts does he make in his design, and every part of it, before he can please himself? And suppose one piece is well composed and tolerably finished, as in vases and encaustic paintings, for instance, where every succeeding vase, and every picture, is made not in a Mould or by a Stamp, but separately by the



Hand, with the same attention and diligence as the first, how difficult must it be to preserve the beauty of the first model?

"It is so difficult that without the constant attention of the master's eye, such variations are frequently made in the form and taste of the work, even while the model is before the workman, as totally change and degrade the character of the piece.

"*Beautiful forms and compositions* are not to be made by chance; and they never were made nor can be made in any kind at a small expence; but the proprietors of this manufactory have the satisfaction of knowing, by a careful comparison, that the prices of many of their ornaments are *much lower*, and of all of them as *low* as those of any other ornamental works in Europe, of equal quality and risque, notwithstanding the high price of labour in England,

and they are determined rather to give up the making of any article than to degrade it. They do not manufacture for those who estimate works of ornament by their *magnitude*, and who would buy pictures at *so much a foot*. They have been happy in the encouragement and support of many illustrious persons who judge of the works of Art by better principles; and so long as they have the honour of being thus patronised, they will endeavour to support and improve the quality and taste of their manufactures."

This admirable and noble principle it was which actuated Wedgwood throughout his career, and which enabled him to produce so many, and such exquisite, specimens of Art; and this principle it was which made him so scrupulously careful that none but the most perfect examples should leave his manufactory.

The Inkstand to which I have alluded—to which Mr. Gladstone has, for simplicity of con-

* The warehouse was at the corner of Great Newport Street, facing Long Acre.

struction and efficiency in use, paid so well-merited a tribute—was, then, invented by Wedgwood in 1775, and it is pleasant to know that besides being cared for in the “cabinets of the curious,” it is still to be found in use in many places, and is constantly used in the very room, and at the same desk, at which the great Josiah sat at Etruria.

The “Eye Cups,” made of the composition imitating various pebbles, and “sold at one shilling a-piece,” were also introduced in the same year.

At this time, 1755, Richard Champion, of Bristol, having in the previous year become possessed of the patent of William Cookworthy, of Plymouth, for the making of china, applied on the 22nd of February, by petition to parliament, for an extension of the term of patent right in the use of the raw materials—the Cornish stone and clay, and the manufacture of porcelain. To this application Wedgwood, on behalf of himself and the potters of Staffordshire, made an energetic and determined opposition, with, however, but partial success. The Act was passed, extending the patent for an additional fourteen years, but leaving potters at liberty to use the raw materials discovered by Cookworthy, in the production of any ware other than that of porcelain, and in any proportions other than those described in Champion’s specification, which he enrolled in September, 1755.

Having in my “History of the Pottery and Porcelain Works at Bristol” * and my “History of the New Hall Porcelain Works at Shelton,” † already detailed the proceedings connected with this extension of patent right, and given copies of the papers issued by Wedgwood in opposition to Champion’s application, it will be sufficient for my present purpose to say, that so soon as the use of the raw materials was, by the Act of Parliament on the concession of Champion, thrown open to the manufactures of earthenware, Wedgwood availed himself of the fruit of his opposition by immediately entering into partnership with Mr. Carthew, of St. Austell, in Cornwall, for the working of the mines of Cornish stone, and for the supply of the materials to other manufactories besides his own.

These mines were worked by Wedgwood to the time of his death, and after his decease were continued, for at all events some years, by his successors. I have in my own possession a letter dated “Etruria, May 27, 1795”—a few months after the death of the great Josiah—and signed “Josiah Wedgwood and Byerley,” which, as it gives the price of Cornish clay and stone at that period, is particularly interesting. The following is an extract:—

“We beg leave to acquaint you that we now possess and are working the Cornish clay and stone mines, that for twenty years have been known under the name of Wedgwood and Carthew’s.

“We can speak very decidedly from our own experience of the quality of these materials, which are certainly equal to any of the kind. If you should be in want of any we shall be very glad to serve you.

“The clay will be four guineas per ton in London, Bristol, or Liverpool, the casks included. Wt. 112 lbs. to the cwt. in 4 casks of 5 cwt. each.

“The stone 30s. per ton at the same places—120 lbs. to the cwt.”

Having thus obtained the use of the Cornish stone and clay for himself and brother potters, Wedgwood introduced them into his manufactory with marked success, as is particularly evident in his glazes, and in the body of his earthenware.

In 1776 Thomas Bentley visited Paris, being away from his London duties for seven weeks. His journey was “professedly a journey of expense and amusement, without much attention to business,” but he nevertheless contrived to mix up business conveniently with it, and to return richer in decorative ideas, and in impressions of gems, &c., from different cabinets. And here it may not be out of place to say that in this same year,—the year in which he writes, “We have Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wedgwood, with their servants, with Miss Oates (I presume sister to his first wife, Hannah Oates) and Miss Stamford (sister to the then Mrs. Bentley), in the house, besides five clerks and our own servants;

so that I have constant fears lest my good government should be laid up, though I take the best care I can of her.”—Mr. Bentley, jointly with his friend the Rev. David Williams, one of the founders of a congregation on principles consonant with Mr. Bentley’s feelings, at Chelsea, published a “Liturgy on the Universal Principles of Morality and Religion.” This establishment at Chelsea would appear, probably, to have been formed on somewhat similar principles to that of the “Octagonians” at Liverpool.

In 1777 Wedgwood and Bentley issued a fourth edition of their catalogue; and in the succeeding year they again published it translated into the Dutch language. A copy of this remarkably scarce publication, issued at Amsterdam in this year, 1778, is in my own possession, and is particularly interesting in many respects. By its title-page it appears that the agent was Lambert Van Veldhuysen. The goods being to be sold by “Wedgwood en Bentley, en verkogt in hun Magazyn, in de Groote Nieuwpoort-Straat te Londen, en by Lambertus Van Veldhuysen, Alleen in de Zeven Provincien, in’s Konigs Waapen, te Amsterdam.” In the following year, 1779, a sixth edition of the French catalogue, and a fifth of the English one, were published. This latter is interesting as being the last edition issued by Wedgwood and Bentley. In it only the four varieties of bodies are named, showing clearly that the “Bamboo” and the “Mortar” bodies were of later invention. The “Jasper” was then, too, apparently still in its infancy, and is not described as in the later catalogue, to which I shall have occasion yet to refer.

Somewhat before this period—but I cannot speak with certainty to the year—Wedgwood and Bentley engaged the services of John Flaxman, then a young and unknown man, and to his fostering care, to no inconsiderable extent, did the great sculptor owe his name and his imperishable fame. It was the employment he received from Wedgwood which for years “kept the wolf from his door,” and enabled him to live while he worked his way up in Art. It was this employment which enabled him to earn money to take a home for himself, and to plant in it that blessing and joy of his life, his wife, Ann Denman, and which also helped him on to lay by money to visit Rome, and study the works of the great masters. It would be highly interesting to compile a list of all the groups, and medallions, and bas-reliefs of one kind or other which Flaxman produced for Wedgwood. A complete list of this kind, however, there is little hope of getting together. So far as may be done I purpose doing at a future time. For the present I shall content myself with the pleasure of giving my readers, a little later on in the present chapter, copies of some of Flaxman’s original bills for models and drawings, which will be of no inconsiderable service to collectors of Wedgwood ware.

In 1780, on the 26th of November, Thomas Bentley, the friend and partner of Josiah Wedgwood, died at his residence at Turnham Green, near London, and his burial is thus recorded in the parish register of Chiswick, where he was interred on the 2nd of December—

“Burials, 1780.

“Thomas Bentley. December 2nd, in the Church.”

In the *St. James’s Chronicle* the following brief but telling notice of his death appeared—

“Died, on Sunday, at his house on Turnham

Green, Mr. Bentley, in partnership with Mr. Wedgwood. For his uncommon ingenuity, for his fine taste in the Arts, his amiable character in private life, and his ardent zeal for the prosperity of his country, he was justly admired, and will long be most seriously regretted by all who had the pleasure of knowing so excellent a character.”

Mr. Bentley was buried, as I have already stated, at Chiswick, where a tablet was erected to his memory. This monument, “the joint production of Stuart, who published the well-known splendid work on Athens, and Scheemakers, the artist who executed the monument to Shakespeare, in Westminster Abbey,” exhibiting a sarcophagus, with medallion of Bentley, and boys holding inverted torches, bears the following touching and admirable inscription:—

THOMAS BENTLEY,

Born at Scrapton, in Derbyshire, Jan. 1st, 1730.

He married Hannah Oates, of Sheffield, in the Year 1754:

Mary Stamford, of Derby, in the Year 1772, who survived to mourn her loss.

He Died Nov. 26th, 1780.

Blessed with an elevated and comprehensive understanding, Informed in variety of science;

He possessed

A warm and brilliant imagination,

A pure and elegant taste;

His extensive abilities,

Guided by the most expansive philanthropy,

were employed

In forming and executing plans for the public good:

He thought

With the freedom of a philosopher.

He acted

With the integrity of a virtuous citizen.

The monument bears the names “Stuart Inv’t. Scheemaker Sculpt.”

Mr. Bentley died childless. By his first wife I believe he had one infant, which died in its first year; by his second marriage he had none. And thus his name, as well as his pure and refined taste, his brilliant intellect, and his blameless and philanthropic life, died with him. Mrs. Bentley, who survived her husband many years, after a time it appears removed to Gower Street, where she died.

In 1781, consequent on the death of Thomas Bentley, the London stock, so far as related to the partnership of Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley, was sold at Christie’s, the sale occupying twelve days.

I have spoken just now of Flaxman’s connection with Wedgwood, and I am fortunately enabled here to introduce, in their chronological place, some original bills—never before made public—of Flaxman’s, which are extremely important and valuable as showing the prices then paid to that afterwards great artist, and as enabling, so far as they go, collectors to know which pieces were really the productions of his master mind. And here let me say that it is a fixed belief—a belief in which I fully share—that Flaxman for a time modelled at Etruria, in one of the rooms shown in the view just given of the Black Works. The prices paid to him as a young man, it will be seen, were really handsome and liberal when the time and other matters are considered.

I have thought it well to illustrate, to some extent, these important and highly interesting bills, so as to enable my readers to authenticate such examples as may be in their collections. The first bill, now before me, is as follows:—

M^r Wedgwood & Flaxman

		£	s.	d.
1782.				
April 28.	Moulding a Turin.....	0	18	0
83.	Moulding a Bust of Mr. & Mrs. Siddons	1	11	6
Sept. 6.	A Cast of a Fragment by Phidias	0	10	6
		3 0 0		

*Received in full
by John Flaxman*

* *Art-Journal* for November and December, 1863, pp. 213—17 and 236—40.

† *Art-Journal* for January, 1864.

Succeeding this in point of date is the following interesting letter, written in October, 1782, from Wardour Street, where he had only a short time before removed from his father's house, and to which he had only then taken home his young and loving bride—written, too, it will be remembered, soon after the time when the bachelor president of the Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had said to him—"So, Flaxman, I am told you are married. If so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist."

"Oct. 28th, 1782, Wardour Street,

"SIR,

"According to the desire you expressed in the last letter you favoured me with, I have designed some groups of children proper for bas-reliefs to decorate the sides of tea-pots. No. 1 & 2 are intended to go intirely round a tea-pot of a flat shape, except where the handle and spout interrupt them. I have therefore made separate stories for each side; the first is 'Blind Man's Buff,' the second is the 'Game of Marbles,' 3 & 4 are the 'Triumph of Cupid,' to be disposed in a similar manner on the sides of round & upright tea-pots. When you return the sketches to be modelled from, be pleased to give instructions concerning the size and other necessary particulars. Mrs. Flaxman presents her respects to Mrs. & Miss Wedgwood and yourself.

"And I have the honour to remain, Sir,

"Your obliged Servant,

"JOHN FLAXMAN."

The designs for groups for the teapots here spoken of by Flaxman were modelled, and no doubt will be familiar to some collectors. The same groups were also introduced into other pieces, of various sizes. And here let me say a word or two on a matter of great interest to collectors, but on which, unfortunately, not having the practical knowledge, they possess but very scanty information.

I have often heard it remarked what an enormous cost it must have been to produce models of the same group in so many different sizes, from seven or eight, or even more, inches in height, down to the most minute and exquisite little gem of three quarters or half an inch in height; and I have heard the remark, from those who had carefully examined them, repeatedly made, of how marvellous it was that in producing so many separate models of the same subject, such strict and unerring fidelity should have been preserved in all their details. This reduction, my readers will be glad to learn, is produced by the action of fire, and this—one of the wonderful properties of heat, with all of which in their effect on the form, size, colour, &c., the successful potter must be thoroughly acquainted—is one of the nicest and most careful operations which the master eye of the producer has to accomplish. The properties of different clays in their shrinking, no less than in their combinations for the production of different bodies and varieties of colours, have to be understood thoroughly by the manufacturer, who has to proportion the degrees of heat to which his wares must be subjected to produce the desired result. For instance, if a piece—no matter what—is required to be of a certain size when finished, the model for it has to be made of a larger size, to allow for shrinking, proportionate to the body and to the degree of heat to which it has to be subjected. When the model, I will suppose of a bas-relief, has been made, a mould is taken from it, and into this matrix, when dried, the prepared clay is pressed. If the original model was, say eight inches in height, its counterpart in soft clay, thus produced, would be precisely the same. This, in passing through the oven, would in some instances, according to the composition of the body, and the heat to which it was subjected, shrink as much as one eighth. So that what went into the kiln in a soft state of eight inches, would come out hardened only seven inches in height, and being shrunk bodily, its entire proportions and its minutest details would be reduced alike. Another mould being taken from this, and a clay squeeze from the matrix of seven inches being again subjected to the same heat, the second perfect piece would come out of the kiln measuring only six inches and an eighth—and so on; each time a reduction is made, the proportion of loss of one eighth of its then size being preserved. It will thus be seen that with care and experience reductions to almost any size may be procured.

The next bill of Flaxman's, which I have the good fortune to produce through the kind courtesy of Messrs. Wedgwood, is one of great importance, being a statement of accounts from July 11th, 1783, the year after his marriage, down to August 10th, 1787, the time when he and his true helpmate set off to Rome to study the great masters, and to prove to Reynolds and the world "that wedlock is for a man's good rather than for his harm."

MR. WEDGWOOD,

To J. FLAXMAN, JUN.

		£	s.	d.
1783.				
July 11	Two Drawings of Crests, an Owl & a Griffin's Head	0	3	0
	A portrait of Mr Herschel	2	2	0
	A ——— Dr Buchan	2	2	0
Oct. 12.	A ——— an officer from a print, for a ring	2	12	6
	A drawing of a Crest, Cap of Liberty & a flame	0	1	0
" 30.	A figure of a Fool for Chess ...	1	5	0
Dec. 13.	A drawing of the Shield, Crest, and Arms of Sir N. Nugent	0	2	6
" 18.	Grinding the edges of six snuff boxes for the Spanish Ambassador	0	15	0
1784.				
Jan. 24.	A model in wax of Captain Cook	2	2	0
Feb. 3.	A ——— of Dr Johnson	2	2	0
	A print of the Dr for assistance in the model	0	2	6
Mar. 21.	A bas relief of boys in wax ...	11	0	6
	A portrait of C. Jenkinson Esq.	2	2	0
	Two drawings for the Manufacturer's Arms	0	15	0
	A third for the Manufacturer's Arms	0	5	0
Dec. 31.	Three days employed in drawing bas-relief vases, Chess Men, &c.	3	3	0
" 12.	A bas relief in Wax of Veturia & Volumnia entreating Coriolanus	9	9	0
Jan. 14.	A portrait of Govr. Hastings... ..	3	3	0
Mar. 8.	A drawing of Chess Men	6	6	0
	An Outline for a Lamp & Stand	0	10	6
	Cutting the curved sides of two ornamental friezes parallel 3 days & half	0	9	7½
April 29.	A drawing of a Chimney piece	0	10	6
July 23.	A ditto from that in Mr Wedgwood's show-room, & several mouldings drawn at large... ..	1	1	0
Aug. 8th.	A mason's time taking down a Chimney piece	0	2	0
	A labourer at do., do.	0	1	3

	A drawing of an Arm & Olive branch	0	2	0
Novr. 23.	A model of the King of Sweden	2	2	0
Decr. 18.	Mr & Mrs Meermans portraits	5	5	0
Decr. 18.	Four patterns for Steel frogs... ..	0	10	0
1787.				
Jany. 16.	A model of Peace preventing Mars from bursting the door of Janus's Temple	15	15	0
	A packing case	0	1	0
	Drawing of an Oak branch for the border of a plate	0	3	0
March 26.	A model of Mercury uniting the hands of England & France	13	13	0
	A packing case	0	1	6
	A drawing of a Cypher R. H. and Bloody Hand	0	2	0
June 1.	A model of the Queen of Portugal	3	3	0
June 11.	A marble Chimney piece containing 5 ft. 11 in. at £1 18 0 per foot	11	4	0
	Masonry & polishing	18	0	0
	Carving	6	0	0
	A marble Chimney piece containing 5 ft. 3 in.	9	19	6
	Masonry and polishing	21	4	0
	Twenty four Tinned Cramps... ..	0	12	0
	Seven packing cases, 7s. 6d., 7s. 11d., 7s. 2d., 6s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 1d.	2	8	5
	Nails	0	2	10
	Packing three days	0	10	6
	Cart to the Inn	0	6	0
	Toll, porter, & booking	0	1	9

£163 11 4½

Taking down a Chimney piece

Cutting Tiles

Cases for the chimney piece ...

Augst. 10. A bas-relief of Hercules in the Hesperian Garden

23 0 0

£188 4 2

Cr 116 11 9

£71 14 5

Received on account of this Bill

1785. March 22.

Augt. 10.

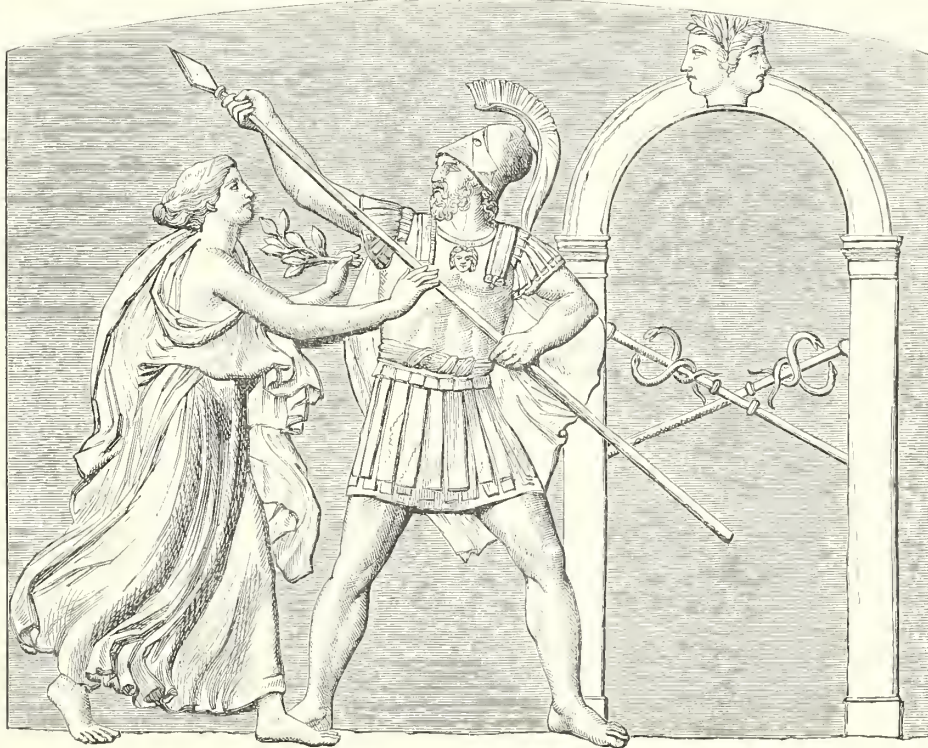
1787. July 10.

Aug. 10.

By Amount of Goods

6 11 9

£116 11 9



It would appear from this account that the famous group of 'Hercules in the Garden of the Hesperides' was the last production of Flaxman for Wedgwood, it having been delivered on

the 10th of August, 1787—I presume immediately previous to his departure for Rome, down to which period this bill was a general statement of accounts, and more than probably the last which passed between them. It appears that in July

and August in that year, Flaxman had received two sums of £50 and £10 on account, and that there was still due to him a balance of £71 14s. 5d., making altogether a sum of £113 14s. 5d. received by him in that autumn—a nice little amount to

help the frugal couple in the arrangements for, and the expenses of, their journey to Italy.

In illustration of this bill I have thought it well to give engravings of some of Flaxman's productions contained in its items, and for that



MRS. MEERMAN.



MRS. SIDDONS.



MR. MEERMAN.



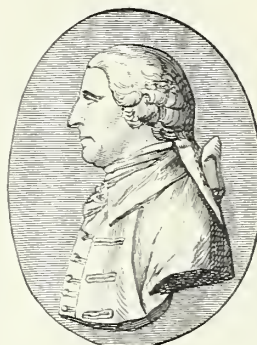
HERSCHELL.



KING OF SWEDEN.



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



DR. BUCHAN.



C. JENKINSON.

purpose have selected the above. Of the medallions therein charged I give those of Herschell, Buchan, Jenkinson, the King of Sweden, the Queen of Portugal, Mr. and Mrs. Meerman, and Mrs. Siddons. These form a remarkably characteristic and interesting series of the works of this great artist. Of bas-reliefs, for use in various ways, I give an engraving on the preceding page of 'Peace preventing Mars from bursting the Door of Janus's Temple,' for which Flaxman was paid fifteen guineas. In my next chapter I shall give an engraving, 'Mercury uniting the Hands of England and France,' for which he received thirteen guineas; and also a fac-simile of his exquisite drawing of the chessmen, preserved at Etruria, for which drawing he charged six guineas in the bill just given. Of these chessmen I shall have more to say presently.

In the possession of Mr. Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, M.P., who is the fortunate owner of a splendid and valuable collection of Wedgwood ware, are thirty-two of the original models in wax, on slate, of bas-reliefs by Flaxman and other artists, Italian and French, made for Wedgwood. This series of models passed into the hands of Mr. Marjoribanks a few years ago by purchase, from one branch of the Wedgwood family. Amongst these are the 'Death of Adonis,' the 'Departure of Achilles,' and a number of other similar classical subjects, besides bacchanalian and other groups. Portions of one of these models for a plaque (19 inches long by 10 inches in height) of cupids, with masks and ivy above, are shown on the following engravings. They are exquisitely, but at the same time powerfully, modelled in red wax on a slab of slate. In Mr. Marjoribanks' possession are also a pair of beautifully-designed crocus jardinières, of a delicate and lovely pink and white, on which these very figures are introduced.

At Etruria some of Flaxman's original models in wax, on slabs of slate, are also still preserved. One of these is the 'Mercury uniting the Hands of England and France,' of which I have just spoken. The original wax models of some of Flaxman's chessmen are also still in being, though, unfortunately, in a very fragmentary and

dilapidated condition. At Etruria also are original wax models by Lady Temple and others, and innumerable models, moulds, and impressions of gems, intaglios, seals, medals, and every conceivable variety of ornament that could assist the great mind of the master in the arrangement of his designs, and in extending the advantages of his manufacture.

While speaking of Mr. Marjoribanks and his collection of the original models, it may be well to take the opportunity of saying a word or two on his collection of Wedgwood ware in general. At his seat at Guisachan, Inverness-shire, that gentleman has devoted two rooms to the works of the great potter, in which the walls, bookcases, and other pieces of furniture are decorated with



plaques, medallions, &c., inlaid with great taste. His collection contains many choice examples of the different wares produced by Wedgwood, including, among the jaspers, the celebrated 'Dancing Nymphs,' the 'Head of Medusa,' from Sir William Hamilton's original, the 'Muses with Apollo,' the 'Fall of Phaeton,' 'The Infant Academy,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds,

'The Graces erecting the Statue of Cupid,' 'Diana visiting Endymion,' from the Capitol at Rome, and many fine vases, including a rare pegasus vase in peach-green, 18½ inches high, and a pair of magnificent black and white vases, with signs of the zodiac, and triumphal pagan procession, 21 inches high, including pedestals, &c.

In 1782 (May 9th and 16th) Josiah Wedgwood communicated to the Royal Society an account of "an attempt to make a Thermometer for measuring the higher degrees of Heat, from a red-heat up to the strongest that vessels made of clay can support," and this learned paper was afterwards translated, not only into the French, but into the Dutch language. In the same month

(May 30, 1782) he was proposed as a Fellow of the Royal Society. His election took place on the 16th of January, 1783, and he was admitted on the 13th of February.

In this year Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the well-known portrait of Wedgwood, and also one of Mrs. Wedgwood. The sittings, as appears by Sir Joshua's own pocket memorandum book,



were in May of that year. This portrait of Josiah Wedgwood has been engraved, first by W. Holman in 1787, and secondly by John Taylor Wedgwood in 1841. It has also been repeatedly copied in wood for illustration of fugitive notices. The portrait of Mrs. Wedgwood has not, I believe, been engraved.

Wedgwood, besides being a good judge of painting, was a cordial and liberal friend of Art. Wright, of Derby, received commissions from him for several paintings, among which were the following:—'A Moonlight Scene with the Lady in Comus,' the 'Maid of Corinth,' 'Penelope unravelling the Web—Moonlight,*' and a fine



portrait of Sir Richard Arkwright,* with, I believe, others. It is sad to know that, after the death of the "great Josiah," these pictures, being

* This portrait now hangs in the Royal Exchange at Manchester, where I saw it during the present summer. It bears the following inscription:—"This portrait, painted for the late Josiah Wedgwood, Esquire, by 'Wright of Derby,' was presented to the Committee of the Manchester Royal Exchange by Edmund Buckley, Esquire, to be placed in the Publick Room, as a memorial to his fellow-citizens of one who, by his important discoveries and persevering energy, mainly contributed to the great extension and success of Cotton Spinning. June, 1853."

consigned to the care of some one, were lost to the family.

In 1783 Mr. Wedgwood communicated to the Royal Society "Some Experiments on the Ochra Friabilis Nigro Fusca of Da Costa (Hist. Fos., p. 102), and called by the miners in Derbyshire

* The subject of this picture, as a companion to the 'Maid of Corinth,' was, evidently, from the following extract from a letter from Wright to his friend Hoyley, the poet, chosen by the latter. Wright says:—"Mr. Wedgwood approves of your subject of Penelope as a companion to the Maid of Corinth."

Black Wadd," which, like the former, was printed in the "Philosophical Transactions." At the same time Wedgwood exhibited to the Society several specimens of the products of these experiments.

Continuing, in midst of all his manufacturing operations, and his experiments in other branches of philosophy, his researches into heat, Wedgwood, in 1784, communicated to the Royal Society (printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*), "An attempt to compare and connect the Thermometer for strong fire with common mercurial ones;" and this he supplemented two years later by "additional observations on a Thermometer for measuring the higher degrees of heat." His observations on thermometers were also published respectively as pamphlets, in the French and in the Dutch languages.

In 1785, a "Chamber of Manufacturers" (or Chamber of Commerce) was established in London, "to watch over their interests at large, as one aggregate." The meeting at which this "Chamber of Manufacturers" was established was presided over by Sir Herbert Mackworth. The first point of importance which this chamber had to consider—and which it considered immediately on its formation—was the then all-engrossing subject of the commercial negotiations with Ireland as to the admittance of Irish linens into Great Britain duty free, without a corresponding admittance of British goods on the same terms into that country. A Committee of the Chamber was formed, of which it would appear Josiah Wedgwood was chairman. At all events, the minutes, now lying before me, of the special committee, are signed by him on its behalf.

In this year, 1785, Wedgwood, ever inventing and ever improving, introduced a "jasper dip," in which the clay vessels were "dipped," and so received a coating of jasper instead of being formed of that body throughout. This improvement being made, was adopted for the whole, with but occasional exceptions, of the jasper goods, and has continued to be used to the present time. Its adoption rendered an increase in the price of the finished goods necessary, and the amount of that increase is seen by the following extract from correspondence of 1785:—"The new jasper, white within, will be the only sort made in future; but as the workmanship is nearly double, the price must be raised. I think it must be about 20 per cent. Nov. 21, 1785."

Collectors will, from this fact, be able to know that, as a general rule, vases made of jasper body throughout, were made before 1785, while those white inside were of subsequent production, down to the year 1858, when "solid jasper" body again began to be used, and is still made.

Having now brought down my history to an important period—the introduction of the "jasper dip"—I close my chapter, to resume the narrative in my next with the circumstances attending the death of Wedgwood's relation and partner, Thomas Wedgwood.*

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SINCE our last remarks on this subject were in type, the question has engaged the attention of both Houses of Parliament, but nothing definite has been determined on; and, in all probability, with the attention of the Government—we are writing now early in July, and, of course, totally ignorant of what may transpire between this period and the end of the month—fully occupied by matters of deep political moment, the session will pass over without any action being taken. A few evenings after the House of Commons had somewhat unceremoniously rejected the proposition of the Government for a grant of £10,000 towards the erection of a National Gallery at Burlington House—reference to which was made in our last number—Mr. Cowper, in reply to questions put to him, said there would be no difficulty in the removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House; that the Academy was in possession of competent means, and was prepared

* To be continued.

to spend a portion of its wealth in providing a permanent gallery on the site, if there should be an entrance from Piccadilly. The cost of a building suited to the purpose would be about £80,000. If the Academy, to whom it seemed to be quite immaterial whether it remained where it is or removed to Burlington House, had been permitted to occupy the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square, the members would have contributed, so said the hon. gentleman, the £80,000 in any way they pleased, either by giving it towards the new gallery, or in expending the money in embellishing the façades of the edifice they at present hold. Therefore, as regarded the Academy there was no difficulty, but with respect to the interests of the public, there were certain considerations requiring much attention. The edifice in Trafalgar Square would, altogether, be inadequate to accommodate suitably the whole of the national pictures, including, of course, those at Kensington, for the rooms in which these hang, and where they are now inconveniently crowded, have a smaller superficial area of floor than the rooms occupied by the Academy; and to provide space for all the country now possesses, and for what it may have hereafter, Mr. Coxper stated that it would be necessary to acquire a large part, if not the whole, of the area in the rear of the National Gallery. The expense of the site, he said, could not be estimated at less than £300,000; whether this sum is intended to include the necessary alterations and the extension of the present gallery was not stated; but we presume it must, for it cannot be conceived that the ground alone, which, if we are not mistaken, is principally the property of Government, would be valued at so large an amount. And so the matter has been allowed to rest, for the present, in the House of Commons.

On the 25th of June, Earl Stanhope, in the House of Lords, called attention to the present position of the Royal Academy, and inquired what was the intention of the Government with respect to the recommendations of the recent commission, of which he was chairman. His lordship, in stating the case, recapitulated to the House the principal points embodied in the report of the Royal Commissioners, and was followed by Lord St. Leonard's, who remarked upon the able paper the Academy had put forth in answer to that of the Commissioners, and alluded especially to the suggestion of a lay element in the Academic body, a proposition which, in his opinion, would be a great source of dissension. Lord Taunton deprecated ministerial interference in the affairs of the Academy, and trusted that the Government would not frame any regulations which it should be compulsory on the Academy to adopt. He thought the Commissioners had made some very valuable suggestions, and that they had been met in a fair and candid spirit by the Academy. His Lordship advocated the introduction of non-professionals as an advantage, because it would provide a sort of communication between the artistic body and the public, and would counteract the narrow spirit inseparable from all close professions. He trusted that while the Government suggested to the Academy such improvement as might be thought desirable, it would deal with the institution in a large and liberal spirit, and not attempt to force upon it any conditions which would interfere with its independence. If the latter course were attempted, the Academy would act wisely in declining to accept such aid, and in falling back upon its own resources. Lord Houghton considered the Academy ought to be approached in a manner consistent with its dignity and independence, and not with any tone of patronage; he was in favour of the introduction of the lay element into its constitution, and that the members had treated this question in a spirit showing they were forgetful of the origin of the institution, which sprang from a body of gentlemen known by the name of the Society of Dilettanti. He instanced the case of the British Museum, which, whatever its defects, was, on the whole, well conducted by a number of gentlemen who were not professional men of letters, but *dilettanti*; in the interests of the Academy itself, he would urge upon the members the reconsideration of their opinion on this matter. His Lordship deprecated the idea of giving to the Associates the same authority as

the Academicians themselves, as there ought to be a distinction of power between the two classes; at present the governing body was too large, and he did not wish to see its numbers increased. The Duke of Rutland highly approved of the recommendation that the Academy exhibition should be open gratuitously to the public on Saturdays, for, though artists themselves, and even many others, might choose to visit or study in the National Gallery, the people could better understand and appreciate the works contained in the Academy, because the subjects, generally, were more familiar to their minds. Lord Hardinge hoped that the President of the Council would be able to state that negotiations were taking place with the Royal Academy to remove from Trafalgar Square to Burlington House, and he remarked upon the inconveniences, arising out of limited space, that now existed both in the National Gallery and the Schools of the Academy. As a member of the Commission appointed to investigate this matter, he was of opinion that the preponderance of evidence by the Academicians was in favour of introducing the lay element. His Lordship approved of the recommendation which would give the new Associates a status in the senate of the Academy, as a means to remove from it the stigma of being a close corporation, which its enemies had for a long time insisted upon. *It would be impossible, he said, to separate the Academy from the Government of the day, unless it was agreed upon that though the Government gave it a lodging at the public expense, it was to have no control over it at all.* Lord Overstone regretted that the vote for Burlington House had been rejected by the Commons, and thought that the less the Government interfered with the Academy the better.

The President of the Council, Earl Granville, in concluding the discussion, said the report of the Commissioners had been referred to the Royal Academy, which had, in reply, presented an address to her Majesty, who had left the question to the consideration of the Government. The House of Commons had rejected the proposal to leave the Academy in Trafalgar Square, with enlarged space, and to that decision the Government bowed. Nothing would be more unwise than for the Government to take upon itself the regulation of the Fine Arts; but without doing that it might usefully insist upon certain regulations calculated to popularise the Academy, and make it more efficient for public purposes, in return for the facilities which it received. Government had not had time to consider these details, and he could not give a pledge as to any particular course they might take.

It is quite evident, from the almost unanimous tone of the debate, that the House of Peers, like the House of Commons, adheres to the opinion expressed by the latter assembly, with respect to the retention of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and the removal of the Academy elsewhere. But Government, alarmed at the expenditure involved by such a change, shrinks from enforcing it; and it may be presumed the Academy will not move unless compelled, and thus the matter has come to a dead lock. Why does not the latter take the initiative, and thus assert its independence? The site of Burlington House would, it is presumed, be readily granted, the only equivalent for the gift being that the Government should have some control over its proceedings, some voice in the management of its schools, especially, so as to render them what they ought to be but never have been, a School of Art suited to the requirements of a great wealthy, and enlightened nation. But what is wanted as much as, if not more, than anything else in this country, is some one at the head of all our great educational departments—a Minister of Instruction, if you choose to give him the name, not a political minister, removable with every change of Government, but a man of station, of great intelligence and administrative ability, whose counsels, advice, and judgment would carry weight, and who would be invested with authority to control and direct our public educational institutions.

Unfortunately the "noble lords" and "honourable gentlemen" who discuss these questions in parliament know little or nothing of the actual working of our Art-schools; while they who could "tell all about them," are generally silent.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE SHEEPSHANKS GALLERY.

THE TEMPTATION OF ANDREW MARVELL.

C. Landseer, R.A., Painter. J. Stancliffe, Engraver.

Looking at this picture simply as a work of Art, and without reference, therefore, to the historical truth of the narrative, as the artist has thought fit to illustrate the story, there is much to commend in it. Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of good education and family, but possessed of little or no property, was elected member of parliament for Hull in the reign of Charles II.; and it has been said he was maintained in London by his constituents "for the service of the public." His opposition to the profligacy and corruption of the court and administration was so strong and determined, that an attempt was made by the Government to bring him over, by means of bribery, to its side. The story has been told in various ways by historians and biographers; Mr. Landseer's version, whose authority, however, is not stated, appeared as follows in the catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1841, when the picture was exhibited:—

"Andrew Marvell represented Kingston-upon-Hull in the parliament of Charles II.'s time, with whose lively conversation the Merry Monarch was much delighted; and the next morning, after passing an evening in Marvell's society, the King sent the Lord Treasurer Danby with a particular message from himself, and to request his acceptance of a thousand guineas. Marvell lodged on the second floor in a court near the Strand. His lordship found him writing, and delivered his errand. 'Pray what had I for dinner yesterday?' said Marvell, appealing to his servant. 'A shoulder of mutton, sir.' 'And what have I to-day?' 'The remainder hashed.' 'And to-morrow, my lord, I shall have a sweet blade-bone broiled; and I am sure, my lord, his Majesty will be too tender in future to bribe a man with golden apples who lives so well on the viands of his native country.' The Lord Treasurer withdrew with smiles, and Mr. Marvell sent to his bookseller for the loan of a guinea."

The incident, as thus related, has the air of improbability on its very surface, though based on truth. First of all, it is not likely that the king, eccentric as he was, would seek the company, and find pleasure in the society, of a man who constantly opposed both him and his measures. But Mr. Landseer has even gone beyond the narrator, by making the courtier offer the bribe—a bag of gold lies on the table—in the presence of his two attendants and of Marvell's own servant. The Treasurer, it may be assured, was too shrewd a politician to perpetrate so open an attempt upon the independence of one whose incorruptibility was notorious: had the "honourable member" felt the least desire to accept the money, the offer, under such circumstances, must at once have ensured its refusal. Danby had been a fellow-collegian with Marvell at Cambridge, and visited him under the pretence of renewing his acquaintance; at parting, he slipped into his hand an order on the Treasury for the sum named. When Marvell saw what it was, he called in the boy who waited on him, and then followed some such conversation as that related: this is the generally accepted version.

Artists and poets are permitted certain licenses, and Mr. Landseer must be allowed what he has been pleased to take here. The merit of the work consists chiefly in the individuality of each figure, its agreeable expression, and in the extremely careful manner in which both they and all the accessories are painted; in colour, too, it is good. There is a quiet dignity in the manner of the incorruptible senator very suitable to the occasion, and also strongly opposed to the almost obsequious address of the courtier, who, by the way, appears suitably attended by some of his royal master's favourite spaniels, the celebrated "King Charles" dogs. On the opposite side of the table to that where Danby is seated stands one of the clerks of the Treasury, with another bag of gold in his hand, an additional bribe probably, in case of the first failing.



BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXIV.—WILLIAM JAMES GRANT.



OTH curious and instructive it is to watch the first buddings of genius, whatever direction it takes, in the youthful mind—to notice their gradual unfolding, and the means resorted to for development. The sight of a noble work of Art will sometimes call forth the latent feeling of the mind and urge it to action: it did so in the case of Mr. Grant, who was born at Hackney, in the year 1829. When at school he manifested more than ordinary talent for drawing, so much so that the master in attendance availed himself of his assistance to teach his schoolfellows. At ten years of age he walked from his father's house to the British Museum on purpose to see the Elgin marbles, of which something had been told him. Of course a mind so young and untutored could not comprehend the true value of these grand compositions, but the majestic beauty of the forms made a deep and lasting impression on the juvenile visitor, who returned home with very different thoughts from those he had when leaving it. The sight of the marbles determined his future career. For a considerable time he felt undecided whether sculpture or painting should be adopted, but some of his drawings having been shown to Mr. Tite, M.P., the well-known architect, he advised him, before ultimately determining, to place himself under some eminent drawing-master to

perfect his elementary knowledge, though he had already gained two prizes at the Society of Arts. The gentleman under whom Mr. Grant now studied was a painter, and he turned the balance in favour of the palette and easel over the clay and the modelling tools. This decision was strengthened by attending several courses of lectures delivered by Haydon, from which he derived great benefit.

In 1844 Mr. Grant was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, and worked diligently in the schools during three or four years. Though, as already intimated, his earliest sympathies were with historic Art, he first "felt his way" as an exhibitor, by sending to the Academy, in 1847, while he was yet a student, a picture of 'Boys with Rabbits.' In the following year he struck out more boldly by exhibiting 'The Black Prince entertaining the King of France after the Battle of Poitiers,' a clever work for a young artist. The next year he contributed a passage from the early history of the Christian Church, representing Ulfred, an English missionary to the Germans, attacked by a mob for overturning one of their pagan idols. About this time, or probably a little earlier, he sent to the British Institution the first of his pictures of sacred history, 'David taking the Cruse of Water from Saul's Tent:' it was purchased by Mr. Delafosse, and is still in that gentleman's collection. His next work of this character was 'Christ casting out the Devils at Gadara,' exhibited at the Academy in 1850: the subject in every way is difficult of treatment, but Mr. Grant's version of it possesses considerable merit. Referring to our notes of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1851, we find a few commendatory words on this artist's only picture, 'The Accusation of Haman,' Queen Esther standing before Ahasuerus; a composition of greater power, certainly, than any he had before produced, and showing in its details and accessories much research into the manners and costumes of the period. In 1852 he sent to the Academy the largest number of works he had hitherto exhibited, namely, 'Samson and Delilah,' 'The Rescue,' and a frame containing three subjects from the poem called "The Blind Girl of Castel Arille," by Jasmin, of Gascon; the last were by far the most striking of his contributions; they are drawings in chalk, executed with the greatest delicacy,



Engraved by

THE MORNING OF THE DUEL.

[R. S. Marriott.]

finish, and force of expression. While speaking of them, it may be remarked that Mr. Grant has at various times made a considerable number of drawings in red and black chalk, a style of work which he delights in. We may instance a series of large subjects, in the possession of Mr. Windus, from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs;" and three from the sacred narrative of the Shunnamite mother, executed for Mr. Vokins. He follows the practice

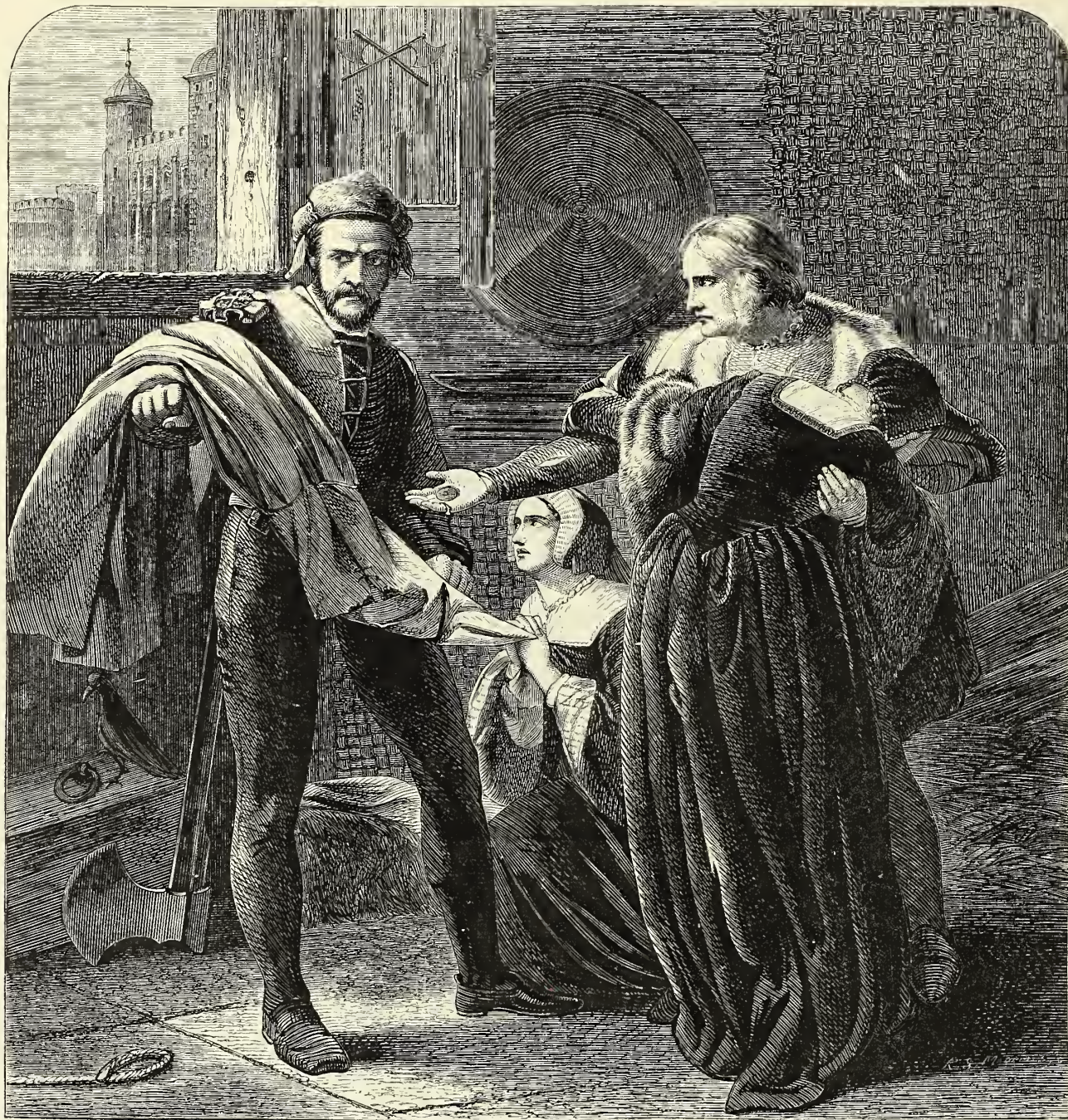
adopted by many of the old painters, as well as by a few of the modern schools, of always making large studies in charcoal of the pictures he intends to paint.

Whether or not Mr. Grant found sacred Art was not that from which he might expect popularity, it is clear from this time it forms no item in the catalogue of his works. In 1853 he exhibited 'Queen Catherine first

discovers Henry's Love for Anne Boleyn,'—the incident which primarily led to the Reformation in England,—and 'Juliet and the Friar,' in 1854, 'A Legend of the First Efforts of Printing,' 'The Requiem,' Mozart composing on his death-bed, a composition of much thought and genuine feeling, and a 'Study for a Picture,' a chalk drawing of great merit. 'Dr. Johnson carries Home the Poor Girl he found deserted in the Streets,' one of his Academy pictures of 1855, represents, with great earnestness of purpose and pathetic interest, a touching incident in the life of this rough but true-hearted man; the painting attracted marked notice from the visitors to the gallery. With it the artist sent 'Hotspur dreaming,' from the text of Shakespeare; the chieftain lies on a couch asleep and accoutred in his armour; Lady Percy watches by his side, listening to the utterances of his dreams; their young child and a dog complete a composition admirably put together and brilliant in colour. 'The Red Rose' and 'The Apothecary'

were also in the Academy that year. His next contributions were, 'A Visit to the Old Soldier,'—"Then would he strip his sleeve and show his scars,"—skilfully and appropriately treated; and 'The Lesson of Mercy.'

Four pictures from the easel of this artist were hung in the Academy in 1857:—'A Scene from the early Life of Queen Elizabeth,' history says that during her imprisonment the only kindnesses she received were the acts of a young boy, who brought her each morning a nosegay of fresh flowers; this is the subject of the painting—the princess caresses the little fellow as he hands her the bouquet; the figures are beautifully placed on the canvas, and stand out in bold relief against a dark background; 'Peep-bo!' a young mother removing a kerchief from the face of her child when waking from sleep, a rich piece of colouring, and treated with the feeling of the early Italian schools; 'Lesbia,' simply a head and bust of masterly execution; and 'May Gilzean,' a graceful study.



Engraved by]

THE LAST RELICS OF LADY JANE GREY.

[R. S. Marriott.

Whatever excellence Mr. Grant had hitherto reached was undoubtedly surpassed by his two pictures in the Academy in 1858: the one represented 'Eugene Beauharnais refusing to give up the Sword of his Father' to the officers of the Convention, in 1795. The boy, about ten years of age, holds tightly the weapon, which the official tries to withdraw from his grasp; his mother, afterwards the Empress Josephine, kneels supplicatingly to the unwelcome visitors. The narrative is told throughout with great power of expression and discriminating judgment in general treatment and arrangement. This painting led to Mr. Grant's introduction to the late Marquis of Lansdowne. The other, 'The Last Trial of Madame Palissy,' her husband, the famous potter of the fifteenth century, requires a piece of gold to complete an experiment, and having no means of procuring it in any other way, persuades his wife to sacrifice her wedding-ring to the exigencies of the case. The enthusiastic son of genius has cast it in the

crucible, while his partner looks on, mournfully contemplating the act: a good and original subject admirably worked out. English history supplied Mr. Grant with another capital subject in 'The Eve of Monmouth's Rebellion,' exhibited at the Academy in 1859, with 'A Legend of the White Rose.' The former shows the unfortunate duke seated on the trunk of a tree, his face thoughtful and sad, and evidently impressed with evil forebodings as to the future. Lady Wentworth, who has been his chief instigator to rebellion, is placing on his brow a garland of flowers, emblem of the crown he is doomed not to wear. The heads of the figures especially are finely painted. The "White Rose" legend is Peter Warbeck, the insignificant and weak rebel against Henry VII., sitting in the stocks, to read his public recantation of his rightful claim to the throne.

In 1860 appeared, at the Academy, 'THE MORNING OF THE DUEL;' our engraving of this work renders any description unnecessary. The scene,

looking at the possible issue of the encounter, is painful enough; we only marvel how it happens that the wife has become cognisant of the event. The disposition of the two principal figures is artistically elegant, while the painting of the draperies is of the right order. With this Mr. Grant sent 'A Page from the History of the Civil War.' Henrietta Maria and a number of the ladies of her court concealing themselves from an attack by the troops of the Parliament. A very pleasant picture of its kind, true to nature, and sweetly painted, is 'First Steps in Life,' in the Academy in 1861; a mother teaching an infant the use of its feet by climbing to her

neck. 'THE LAST RELICS OF LADY JANE GREY,' exhibited at the same time, is another of our illustrations, and, therefore, needs no explanation. 'Prince Arthur tending his Keeper,' Mr. Grant's only exhibited work of 1862, is a subject of deep interest and pathos, appropriately treated. His 'Token of Flight to the Bruce' of last year, and those of the present season, 'Katherine Parr' and 'Secret Intelligence' must be fresh in the memory of the reader, and we have no space to add to the commendatory remarks already recorded of them in the pages of our journal.

There is yet another picture, engraved here, concerning which nothing has



Engraved by]

THE MIRACULOUS RAISING OF THE OIL IN THE WIDOW'S CRUSE.

[R. S. Marriott.

been said. 'THE MIRACULOUS RAISING OF THE OIL IN THE WIDOW'S CRUSE,' was exhibited last year in Liverpool, and was painted for Francis Fuller, Esq., of London, as one of a numerous series of biblical illustrations which we understand this gentleman purposed to have engraved and published.

In thus briefly reviewing the works of one of the most promising young painters of our school, it may be remarked that he has given good earnest of abundant success hereafter: he is evidently a thoughtful artist, and studies his subjects well. These subjects are, generally, far from common-place, but the tendency of his mind is too much towards what

is sad and painful rather than the reverse; this, as a rule, is a mistake in every way, and certainly is often a barrier to popularity. The works of the great Venetian colourists, Titian and Giorgione, have been his favourite models, and he could not adopt better; but, in endeavouring to attain to the richness and force of these, Mr. Grant seems not to make sufficient allowance for the effects produced by time on the transparency of colours; and, consequently, his pictures show occasionally a degree of heaviness, especially in the background. A little care will soon remedy this fault.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



AUGUST.

1	M.	<i>Lammas Day.</i> —Art-Union Exhibition opens.
2	Tu.	New Moon. 2h. 23m. P.M.
3	W.	
4	Th.	
5	F.	
6	S.	
7	S.	<i>Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.</i>
8	M.	
9	Tu.	
10	W.	Moon's First Quarter. 5h. 57m. P.M.
11	Th.	
12	F.	
13	S.	
14	S.	<i>Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.</i>



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	M.	
16	Tu.	
17	W.	Full Moon. 1h. 33m. P.M.
18	Th.	
19	F.	
20	S.	
21	S.	<i>Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
22	M.	
23	Tu.	
24	W.	Moon's Last Quarter. 6h. 4m. A.M.
25	Th.	
26	F.	
27	S.	Art-Union Exhibition closes.
28	S.	<i>Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
29	M.	
30	Tu.	
31	W.	



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN AUGUST.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

THIS is the month to which the whole country looks forward with solicitude, for it is the Harvest Month, bearing in its hands prosperity or anxiety for the coming year. The artist also looks forward to August for many a rustic scene, and may as well make use of his opportunities while he can, for every year brings fresh improvements, which will drive out the old-fashioned, clumsy, and picturesque husbandry, as surely as the printing machine has banished the spinning-wheel, and will be itself put aside by some new creation of the human brain.

Not long will the reapers ply their arduous task, and bend their backs and wield their curved sickles under the blazing noon-day sun. Not long will the sun-burnt faces of wandering labourers traverse the country, with their weapons carefully swathed with straw, and hung over their shoulders, their coat (if they have one) hung over the arm, and asking whether "your honour knows of a job of reaping hereabouts." Nine-tenths of them speak with the richest of brogues, and it is needless to say that the same nine-tenths wear black hats in every stage of decomposition.

The stationary reapers, who seldom move out of their own parish, imbibe a kind of flavour of their native district, and an indescribable something about them always betrays their birthplace. In some parts of the country the fashionable attire is corduroy, and in another fustian, while the embroidery of the smock-frock is always characteristic of the place where it was made.

In one parish of the New Forest, colours are fashionable, even during working hours; while on Sundays, and after work is over, the gorgeousness of apparel is really startling. One young fellow in particular, the Adonis of the parish, always reminded me of a stickleback which has just defeated a rival, so manifold were the hues of his garments. I never saw him in his coat, but his waistcoat was red, and so was his hair, and so was his face, a bright green neck-tie being loosely knotted round his throat, in order to bring out the complementary colours to the best advantage. His shirt was striped with scarlet, and his nether garments were of warm dun, like the puma's hide, and carefully tied up under the knee, so as to show the bright blue stockings. There was also a patch of yellow somewhere about him, I think it was his cap, but am not quite certain.

He was *facile princeps* among his fellows, good-humoured generally, tetchy if beaten in a game, a first-rate reaper and mower, a dead hand at skittles, rather given to swagger, but with much rough natural courtesy. He was also a great traveller, having been out of the Forest and seen Southampton, and was in consequence much respected by his comrades. Such specimens are not to be found within ten miles of a railway, and if the true English rustic is to be drawn, he must be sought in those few spots where steam has not yet penetrated.

There are even now some places where the reaping machine has displaced the labourers, passing steadily over the yellow field, clearing a wide path as it goes, laying the corn smoothly for the binders, and doing in a few hours the day's work of a large gang of labourers. It is right that it should be so, and that human beings should not be required to do the work which a machine can do better, and at a less cost; but at the same time it is impossible to avoid a feeling

of regret that the old familiar scenes are about to pass away. Yet, even the reaping-machine itself, stiff and ungraceful as it looks at rest or in a mechanical drawing, is not without its modicum of beauty when at work, just as the haymaking-machine attains a sort of misty grace when whirling its iron teeth, and enveloping itself in a cloud of grass.

August is the appropriate month for the familiar song—

"All among the barley
Who would not be blithe?
When the free and happy barley
Is smiling on the scythe."

But why the barley, under such circumstances, should be either free or happy, is a problem which only the poet is likely to solve. Oats, too, are mown in this month, and the labourer may be seen swinging the weighty "cradle," carrying at every sweep of his blade a heavy swathe of the fallen crop, and dropping it at the end of each sway of the body with a peculiar action that cannot be described in words.

Indeed, the whole action of the mower ought to be carefully noted, for it is surprising to see the mistakes that are made by artists when representing this simple and familiar occupation. Some time ago, when requested to give an opinion on a beautiful drawing of grass, meadow, and mowers, I found that the positions of the mowers were so faulty that they had to be abolished and others inserted, taken from sketches of real mowers at work. The difference which this alteration made in the drawing was wonderful, and well repaid the trouble taken about it. Even the conventional attitudes of the skater and the sower, which have elsewhere been mentioned, are not more erroneous than those of the conventional mower, with his bent knees, his feet wide apart, his stooping body, and his spread arms. Moreover, it should be remembered that mowers always follow each other *en echelon*, or otherwise they would make sad havoc with their companions' legs.

Still, however the corn may be cut, long will it be before we lose—

"The large, o'erloaded, wealthy-looking wains,
Quietly swaggering home through leafy lanes,
Leaving in all low branches as they come,
Straws for the birds, ears of the harvest home."

Pestus. P. J. BAILEY.

And long may it be before they become things of the past.

Gleaning, too, is not likely to be abolished as long as the poor remain in the land; and many a rustic female, ungainly enough under ordinary circumstances, becomes invested with a peculiar dignity, as she walks homewards with her hardly-earned sheaf on her head, the ripe ears drooping to her shoulders, and shadowing her brown face from the sun. Perhaps her very occupation, sanctified by the memory of Ruth the gleaner, throws around her a halo of romance; but whatever be the reason, to our eyes the gleaner is ever welcome.

And, lastly, the Harvest Home will, we trust, never lose its significance as an acknowledgment of benefits received, and thanks to the Giver. How inspiring is the scene when the Last Load, the "Horkey-load," as it is sometimes called, comes in sight, gaily bedecked with flowers and ribbons, and the horses themselves tossing their heads, gay with the unwonted adornments! And, on the foremost horse, or on the waggon itself, is seated the Harvest Queen, a rôle generally taken by the farmer's daughter, in order to avoid jealousy in the village; and the procession is heralded by all the labourers, shouting with all their lungs, and accompanied by the bassoon, fiddle, and clarionet, which are accustomed to make doleful sounds in the church on Sundays, while the performers think they are producing music.

Then in the afternoon comes the harvest supper, at which whole rounds of beef vanish like mists before the sun; and vast spheres of pudding, together with great bowls of vegetables, and quarter loaves of bread, are counted as naught. The post of carver is no sinecure, for I, myself, have cut and administered to one individual no less than seven relays of beef, and then seen the insatiable rustic do ample justice to the plum pudding. One farewell mug of beer to drink the health of the farmer, the harvest queen, and the next harvest, and then the women go home, and the men make the great room hazy with tobacco smoke, their free and open manners contrasting absurdly with the sheepish bashfulness which they displayed when taking their seats, and during the interval before dinner.

In this month the glorious harvest moon shines out of the sky, rising from the horizon all blazing, as if radiating fire. She looks the sphere that she is, and as she slowly rises, balanced in space, she seems to be thrice her usual size. It is only in appearance, however, for if a very exact observer brings a sextant and takes her measure, she will be found to be exactly her usual dimensions. Perhaps the generality of readers may not be prepared to learn that the real size of the moon, as seen by the naked eye, is less than that of the capital letter O. In August, too, the earth enters that wonderful belt wherein the meteoric substances abound; and the shooting stars, as they are popularly called, become more and more numerous throughout the month, some passing along and leaving no trace of their passage, while others trail a lengthened stream of light behind them.

Dear to the sportsman is August. From the 12th begins grouse shooting, the very emperor of British field-sports, wherein the gun is required. Its advent is proclaimed for months by the ever increasing advertisements of moors and shootings to let, many of them evidently more calculated to afford exercise than sport. Not being myself a sportsman, I can say nothing from personal experience, but if an inference may be drawn from conversations with enthusiastic sportsmen, the first day of grouse shooting to a young gunner is like the first lap of blood to a young lion, and ever afterwards he cares nothing for any other kind of sport, provided he can only get to the moors. Here, again, provided the artist be a sportsman, but not otherwise, is an inexhaustible field of Art-work, and all the accessories add greatly to the effect.

In this month the oyster dredging boats are hard at work, and very hard work it is, as any one knows who has taken part in it, and got himself splashed and caked with black odoriferous mud, and has existed in perennial wet, and cut his fingers with the sharp shells. Oysters in a fishmonger's shop and in a dredge are very different objects, as different as a number of raw ploughboys and a company of disciplined soldiers. At times there is a perfect fleet of oyster-boats, most of them with their dredges down, and the thick ropes drawn tight as iron bars by the drag of the vessel, while others are engaged in emptying the dredge on the wet and slimy deck, or examining its contents while another haul is in progress. It is fortunate for many naturalists that they cannot see the creatures which the worthy fishermen fling overboard as useless, for they would never forgive a dredger or a trawler as long as they live.

Now the gulls have come back again to the sea, after passing so long at the mouths of rivers, employed in rearing their young. The swallows deliberate on the order of their going, congregate in numbers, and make a vast twittering; while the sharp-winged swift

makes little sign or preparation, but goes at once. The squirrel now thinks about his winter store, and may be seen pottering about on the ground, searching after nuts, and ever and anon scampering off to hide his booty in some nook where it will be safe. And so good a memory has he, that even when the snow has covered the earth with an uniform mantle, he will go right to his stores and appease his hunger. In August the young vipers are seen, odd little beings, looking something like earthworms, and not thicker than crowquills. Let them be drawn, but not murdered, for vipers are most useful reptiles, feeding mostly on mice, and thereby conferring no small benefit on the gardener.

The various fungi now make their appearance, and the delicate mushroom is in full luxuriance, its white round top peeping from under the grass, especially where a "fairy-ring" has been traced. If one of these rings should cut a patch of gorse, look under the gorse, and there will be the mushroom.

There is much yet to say of August, but our space is well-nigh filled, and we have only a few lines for the plants which flourish during this month. The curious flowering fern shows its brown bunches of sporanges, and so does the equally remarkable, though not equally conspicuous, adder's-tongue fern; most of the ferns indeed are in their full glory during August. Another curious plant, the sundew, is vigorous during August, the tiny dewdrops trembling at the tips of the hairs. The lovely harebells hang out their blossoms, and near the sea-shore the eringo spreads its pretty blue petals. Many of the thistle tribes are in full bloom, among which may be mentioned the carline-thistle, so well known for its hygrometrical properties, and preserved by rustics as a simple barometer. The purple flowers of the burdock now appear; and the blossoms of the yellow succory, the meadow saffron, and the Michaelmas daisy are in full bloom.

Provided the weather be warm, and that the August winds have been favourable, the hop harvest is ready, but as our space is exhausted, we must postpone this subject till next month.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

SIR,—As your Journal is the chief organ of Art-criticism in England, I trust you will permit me to make a few observations in its pages on a subject of general interest.

Everyone who cares for Art at all looks forward, year by year, to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in the expectation not only of finding a positive gratification for his sense of seeing, but of determining what is the standard of Art in England for the time being.

The number of pictures rejected by the Academy this year, has never, I believe, in proportion to the numbers sent in, been exceeded; and as confessedly there does not appear to be any advance in the quality of the works exhibited beyond that of former years, we seem almost compelled to ask how it comes to pass that so many are refused admission, and yet Art-progress, as shown on the Academy walls, is so slow as to be scarcely perceptible.

The principles, both fair and unfair, which govern the authorities of the Royal Academy in their choice of works for exhibition, are well known to most of your readers; it is therefore unnecessary to trouble you with any observations on them; I shall be satisfied to notice what I conceive to be the remedy for an issue which, year after year, leaves the Art of Painting in England in a state of stagnation. I assume that the object of the Royal Academy is, in the largest sense, to advance Art, and to do this, not only by presenting a work from the hand of each artist to

the public eye, but to take care that such work shall come up to the Royal Academy standard. That standard, I have no hesitation in saying, is at the present moment a low one, and the remedy I have to advise consists in raising it. Once let it be known among artists that *finished* pictures and not sketches will find favour with the committee and room on the Academy walls, and we shall soon have the actual truth in nature presented to us, and not the mere indications of what truth would be if the painter took more pains. Poetry and realism are both compatible in painting; the gentleman who criticises in the *Times* Mr. Brett's picture from the Bay of Naples, and says "that nature *cannot* be truthfully painted on his principle," seems hardly to know the value of the words he uses. Mr. Brett may not have succeeded in carrying out his principles fully—who does?—but they are the canons of Art that made Turner what he was. Probably no one ever understood the logic of Art more thoroughly than Turner. No one perhaps more truly recognised the fact that the minute and faithful representation of nature being the end to be attained by the art of painting, it is the office of the science of painting to limit and define the conditions under which the representation can be made. Nature is careful and finished in all her arts—care and finish therefore must be rules to be observed in the imitation of natural scenes. If the Academy think to defend its choice of sketchy drawings by telling us they fulfil certain laws prescribed by academic custom, the public will soon take the matter out of the hands of men that confess themselves the slaves of their own formulas.

I venture to suggest therefore that no pictures should in future be admitted to the more honourable positions in the rooms of the Academy, that do not possess that evidence of "work and labour, care and diligence," which painters know by the name of *finish*. If it be necessary to encourage works of less pretension, let a room be set aside for sketches, and let it be known that pictures hung in this room do not come up to the level of the current year in the estimation of the Academy.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
AN HONORARY EXHIBITOR.

RAPHAEL.

FREDERICK OVERBECK AND HIPPOLYTE FLANDRIN.

SIR,—Editor of a journal to which the public especially looks for information respecting matters of Art, you will, I trust, grant space for the accompanying brief document, valuable at once as a tribute to the memory of the eminent French historical painter, M. Hippolyte Flandrin, from one in the foremost rank of contemporary artists, and as establishing their perfect and fervid concurrence upon a subject of signal importance to Art, that has excited throughout Europe, and that still maintains, a keener interest than any other of its kind in our time.

As a guarantee of its fidelity, I forward with the translation a copy of the Italian text.

MORRIS MOORE.

Rome, 1864.

(TRANSLATION.)

Most esteemed Mr. Morris Moore,—In accordance with your desire that I would commemorate, under my own hand, the few words exchanged at my study, on the 6th of March, in your presence, between me and the eminent French painter, M. Hippolyte Flandrin, but now so sadly snatched from us, concerning the precious picture of 'Apollo and Marsyas,' by Raphael, of which you are the enviable possessor, I attest that on my asking this renowned artist if he had seen that masterpiece, and if he concurred in what I had written of it, he emphatically replied, that he did concur in it fully; and with gesture most expressive, placing his hand on his heart, he added, that the words traced by me had produced in him a lively emotion.

This is what, in homage to truth, I in duty certify, begging of you to kindly add it to the interesting collection of attestations which you are forming respecting a picture now acknowledged by all Europe to be by Raphael.

FREDERICK OVERBECK.

Rome, April 2nd, 1864.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

APPROACH TO VENICE.

Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1843, under the title of 'San Benedetto, looking towards Fusina,' but those who are well acquainted with the topography of Venice know that Turner committed an error in so naming it. Mr. Ruskin, in his "Notes on the Turner Collection," has pointed out the mistake. He says, there is "no church nor quarter belonging to that saint on either side of the Giudecca, or in any possible way included in this view. Turner might have remembered the less frequently occurring name of San Biagio, under whose protection the *fondamenta*, or block of houses, on the left of this picture, with some spacious barracks, are verily placed. San Biagio has no church, however, and the nearest one which, by any stretch of imagination, could be gathered into this view, is the little Sant' Eufemia. The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses; and yet, without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likeliest thing to what it is meant for—the looking out of the Giudecca landwards, at sunset—of all that I have ever seen. The buildings have, in reality, that proportion and character of mass, as one glides up the centre of the tide-stream; they float exactly in that strange, mirageful, wistful way in the sea-mist—rosy ghosts of houses without foundations; the blue line of poplars and cypresses about the Fusina marshes shows itself just in that way on the horizon; the flowing gold of the water, and the quiet gold of the air, face and reface each other just so; the boats rest so, with their black prows poised in the midst of the amber flame, or glide by so, the boatman stretched far aslope upon his deep-laid oar. Take it all in all, I think this the best Venetian picture of Turner's which is left us."

Who, when standing before this glorious example of the painter's genius, cares to inquire whether it be a reality or a "vision of the mind?" Were the line of palaces which actually fringe the banks of the Giudecca represented on the canvas with photographic exactitude, would the scene be more lovely than it appears now, or excite greater admiration at the marvellous power which produced it? What a soft, dreamy, atmosphere suffuses the whole, blending every tint and colour, however opposed, into beautiful harmony, softening all outlines whether near or far, and suggesting but one idea, that of a world at rest, not asleep. The sun is going down behind the Fusina marshes, and its golden rays have transformed into amber, or vermillion, or pearly gray, the feathery clouds which are scattered over the heavens, or that have collected in light, detached masses as in the zenith. To the right of the picture is a long line of market and other boats, moving lazily towards the city; to the left are several gondolas, the nearer two floating side by side, to enable the occupants to hold converse—perhaps sweet converse—together. In the centre is a line of gondolas, wending their way homewards, like birds to their nests ere night falls.

Mr. Wornum has made the following remarks on this picture:—"The sketch of it is one of a series made about 1839-40, now in the National Gallery, and Turner has adhered to his original work in the picture more than is usual with him. The only change of any consequence that he has made, is an injury to the composition. In the picture he has represented one gondola fouled by another immediately behind it; in the sketch the two gondolas are there, but some distance apart from each other, and nearer to the foreground. The effect is very much better in the sketch."

Turner is known to have had a most retentive memory, and to have trusted to it for much he placed on his canvases; the probability is that the 'Approach to Venice' is the result of a "recollection," and not of a sketch made on the spot; for although he would frequently depart from local accuracy to suit his own purpose, there is no reason why he should have done so in this instance.



L. C. ARMSTRONG, DEL.

L. M. W. PIERCE, J. A. B. 1853

APPROACH TO VENICE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE
ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy is now open; and although it contains a few contributions by English and Scottish painters, and some "loans," the collection is formed mainly by the works of Irish artists. If it cannot be described as of a high order, it is certainly creditable, and manifests considerable progress. The men who commenced the Academy are now either aged or "departed;" but the young in years and in Art are taking their places. And although the majority of those who give good promise of excellence are sure to find their way to London, a sufficiency remain to sustain a character for "home produce." Neither is the country by any means without "patrons." A few years ago it was idle to expect sales at any exhibition of native Art. It is not so now. Year after year the houses of Irish gentry receive their intellectual adornments from the walls in Abbey Street; and already the agreeable mark, "sold," is placed on several of the pictures in the present collection. We trust such beneficent examples will be extensively followed. Ireland is asserting in many ways her right to a due and proper position in Art. Those who have watched the advancement there during the last quarter of a century will readily admit its weight and value. The saying of the painter, Barry, that Ireland gave him breath but would never have given him bread, is gradually losing its force. A time may come when such Irishmen as Mulready, MacIse, Foley, MacDowell, and Burton, will not consider it a necessity of life that they become absentees from their country.

The "loans" are few, the only contributors being Lord Powerscourt, the Duke of Manchester, and Lord Charlemont. Lord Powerscourt has given liberal aid. There are large pictures of his by Achenbach, Verboeckhoven, and Sidney Cooper. Some English and Scottish painters have sent works, but none of note. The value of the collection arises chiefly, if not exclusively, from the efforts the native painters and sculptors have made to improve the character of their annual exhibition, and to show that the Hibernian Academy is something more than an academy in name.

Cork has long been foremost in Art among Irish cities. There was a "school" there when the capital did nothing. A "chance-gift," so far back as 1818, of a series of casts from famous statues, presented by the then Prince Regent, has been the source of that eminence to which many natives of "the beautiful city" have since risen. Perhaps, if that gift had never been made, Daniel Maclise would not now be glorifying the age and obtaining enduring fame for himself in the palace of the Imperial Parliament. There are two artists of Cork exhibitors at the Royal Hibernian Academy. Mr. C. H. Cook has two pictures—one of a rude Irish peasant, the other of a peasant girl; the former is distinguished by character, although it is not a pleasant rendering of fact; the latter is an ill-chosen subject—a coarse girl, ungainly in form, and not handsome in features. The choice is not to be pardoned. Mr. Cook must have seen daily in his walks, and certainly have found if he had sought, models far more worthy of his pencil, and much more deserving to be copied on canvas. He has great power, and gives good promise of a future. Let him learn that rustic grace and beauty are always ready everywhere to the hand of those who will seek for them; while they are, perhaps, more numerous in the "bohreens" and cabins of Ireland, than

they are in the green lanes and villages of any other country of the world. Another artist of Cork is Mr. EDWARD SHEIL. His one contribution is a work of singular merit—a production that may take its place beside the best paintings of modern times as evidence of high intelligence brought to bear on manipulative skill. The subject, entitled 'The Angel of Prayer-offering,' is taken from Revelations:—

"And another angel came, and stood before the altar, having a golden censer, and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer of the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God.

"And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel."

The selection of such a subject is highly creditable to the *mind* of the painter: in conception, arrangement, and execution, the picture is worthy of the lofty theme the artist has chosen. The altar is judiciously hidden: the angel, a figure of great and august beauty, swings the golden censer to and fro before the throne, looking upward in prayer. The novelty of treatment is this: above, before, and on both sides of the angel are sixteen small pictures of groups illustrating the varied scenes and incidents of human life, which it is assumed are themes of the angel's intercession. Each is a finely-painted "bit," which may be regarded as a finished picture, telling a touching and natural story. A suicide is struggling in the waves; a soldier is giving forth his last breath on the battlefield; a young girl is rushing from the grasp of a seducer. The whole are of that character, and the result is a work of surpassing merit; strong evidence of power and of that high intelligence which is too seldom seen in Art. Mr. M. ANGELO HAYES, the secretary, has a work of great ability; it represents St. Patrick's Day in the courtyard of Dublin Castle. "The court" looks down from a balcony on the staff of the Lord-Lieutenant, on a throng of by-standers, and soldiers relieving guard. It is a crowded picture, very real in character, and excellent in general effect. There are few living artists who paint men and horses better than Mr. Hayes. The President of the Academy, CATERSON SMITH, exhibits several portraits of great excellence, and certainly takes his position among the best portrait painters of Great Britain. Mr. T. W. JONES has a pleasant work representing some pretty peasant girls—"The Colleen's Toilet"—washing their feet at a clear stream, the preparation for a walk into the neighbouring town. A picture of very great ability is entitled, 'The Village Humourist,' by MISS ALLEN; it is full of life and pleasant character. A group of cottagers are enjoying the humour of a "raconteur;" the fun is obvious, but it can be by no means coarse; it is certainly such as the pretty maid may hear and her parents sanction. The work is conceived with matured thought, and executed with considerable power.

The landscapes in the exhibition are for the most part of great excellence. Mr. DUFFY has one large work of much merit, 'The Black Valley at Killarney,' and another, 'Solitude,' a lovely moonlit scene, the sole inhabitant of which is the heron. Mr. FAULKNER is a large exhibitor; of his several contributions, the least ambitious—'A Study on the Grand Canal'—is perhaps the best. He has found, however, in Scotland a worthy theme, 'Ben Nevis,' although in wild Connemara he might have obtained subjects that quite as strongly combine the sublime and the beautiful. There are some capital sunsets by J. R. MARQUIS; and by B. C. WATKINS several admirable works, the

best of which is a view of 'The Rock of Cashel, and the Golden Vale of Tipperary.'

The sculpture consists almost exclusively of busts, of which those of J. R. KIRK and THOMAS FARRELL take the lead. Both these artists, however, have produced many works of more ambitious character, and deservedly hold in Dublin a rank equal to that of their more famous countrymen in London.

Taken as a whole, therefore, the Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy is more than creditable to the country; it supplies indubitable evidence of progress; contains ample proof of study under the only true teacher—Nature; and deserves the patronage we trust and believe it will receive in the Irish capital and throughout the country.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE
PROVINCES.

CORK.—The result of the recent examination of drawings executed by the pupils of the Cork School of Art within the preceding five months is most satisfactory. Twelve of the works done in the Central School have had medals awarded to them, and six were selected for national competition. Of the pupils who presented themselves for examination in geometrical, free-hand, and model drawing, a large number passed successfully.

BATH.—A meeting has been held to consider what steps should be taken to revive the School of Art here, which seems to be threatened with early dissolution for want of support. Allusion was made to the fact in our April number. The attendance was very far from a numerous one, showing unmistakably how little comparative interest the inhabitants of Bath feel in the matter. Mr. Henry Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, who it appears is a native of the city, was present, and said in the course of his appeal on behalf of the school, "He should feel ashamed of having been born in Bath if the institution was allowed to go down." It did not, of course, occur to the mind of the speaker that the decadence of this School, as well as of others of the United Kingdom, might possibly be owing to the management of the department over which he presides. Such, however, is a very general opinion. A resolution to the effect that every effort should be made to place the institution upon a permanent and satisfactory footing, and to pay off the outstanding debt of £60 was passed unanimously.

BIRMINGHAM.—A local paper states the models for the statue to be erected in Birmingham, as a memorial of the late Prince Consort, have been submitted by the sculptor, Mr. J. Foley, R.A., to the committee entrusted with the duty of superintending the work. In both models the figure is habited in the costume of the Order of the Garter. The one least encumbered with drapery was approved, and Mr. Foley was requested to proceed with his commission. The statue is to be placed beneath a richly-decorated canopy, designed by Mr. Chamberlain, of Birmingham.

BOSTON.—At the annual meeting, held on the 17th of June, for distributing prizes to the pupils of the School of Art, it was stated that the institution was entirely self-supporting. It was stated, however, that the artisans, as a body, are slow in appreciating the benefits of the School.

CAMBRIDGE.—The *Building News* says "Mr. Holman Hunt has undertaken to paint, probably in water-glass, a series of subjects from the history of St. Michael the Archangel, in the church at Cambridge dedicated to that saint.

KIDDERMINSTER.—Mr. Kennedy, head-master of the School of Art here, opened an exhibition of pictures, executed by himself, at the Central School Music Hall. They included works in oils, water-colours, architectural and mechanical subjects, crayon drawings, &c.

MACCLESFIELD.—The past and present students of the School of Art in this town recently presented to Mr. Stewart, who for thirteen years has filled the position of head-master, a handsome testimonial as an expression of their obligations to him. The gift is a handsome silver dessert service. It was accompanied by a suitable address, beautifully engrossed and illuminated by one of the pupils, and set in a frame-work of oak, carved from a relic of the wreck of the *Royal Charter* by another of the pupils. Mr. Stewart is leaving Macclesfield for London.—The pupils of this school gained five medallions and two "honourable mentions" in the national competition in London.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIX.—Caricature in Holland.—Romain de Hooghe.—The English Revolution.—Caricatures on Louis XIV. and James II.—Dr. Sacheverell.—Caricature brought from Holland to England.—Origin of the word *Caricature*.—Mississippi and the South Sea; the year of Bubbles.

MODERN political caricature may be considered to have had its cradle in Holland. The position of that country, and its greater degree of freedom, made it, in the seventeenth century, the general place of refuge to the political discontents of other lands, and especially to the French who fled from the tyranny of Louis XIV. It possessed at that time some of the most skilful artists and the best engravers in Europe, and it became the central spot from which were launched a multitude of satirical prints against his policy, and against himself and his favourites and ministers. This was in a great measure the cause of the bitter hatred which Louis always displayed towards that country. That monarch feared the caricatures of the Dutch more than their arms, and the pencil and graver of Romain de Hooghe were among the most effective weapons employed by William of Nassau.

The marriage of William with Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, in 1677, naturally gave the Dutch a greater interest than they could have felt before in the domestic affairs of Great Britain, and a new stimulus to their zeal against Louis of France, or, which was the same thing, against arbitrary power and popery, both of which had been rendered odious under his name. The accession of James II. to the throne of England, and his attempt to re-establish popery, added religious as well as political fuel to these feelings, for everybody understood that James was acting under the protection of the king of France. The very year of King James's accession, in 1685, the caricature appeared which we have copied in our cut No. 1, and which, although the inscription is in English, appears to have been the work of a foreign artist. It was probably



Fig. 1.—A DANGEROUS CONFESSOR.

intended to represent Mary of Modena, the queen of James II., and her rather famous confessor, Father Petre, the latter under the character of the wolf among the sheep. Its aim is sufficiently evident to need no explanation. At the top, in the original, are the Latin words, *Converte Angliam*, "convert England," and beneath, in English, "It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf her confessor."

The period during which the Dutch school of caricature flourished, extended through the reign of Louis XIV., and into the regency in France, and two great events, the revolution of 1688 in

England, and the wild money speculations of the year 1720, exercised especially the pencils of its caricaturists. The first of these events belongs almost entirely to Romain de Hooghe. Very little is known of the personal history of this remarkable artist, but he is believed to have been born towards the middle of the seventeenth century, and to have died in the earlier years of the eighteenth. The older French writers on Art, who were prejudiced against Romain de Hooghe for his bitter hostility to Louis XIV., inform us that in his youth he employed his graver on obscene subjects and led a life so openly licentious, that he was banished from his native town of Amsterdam, and went to live at Haerlem. He gained celebrity by the series of plates, executed in 1672, which represented the horrible atrocities committed in Holland by the French troops, and which raised against Louis XIV. the indignation of all Europe. It is said that the Prince of Orange (William III. of England), appreciating the value of his satire as a political weapon,



Fig. 2.—A JESUIT WELL MOUNTED.

Two personages introduced in some ridiculous position or other in most of these caricatures, are Father Petre, the Jesuit, and the infant Prince of Wales, afterwards the old Pretender. It was pretended that this infant was in fact the child of a miller, secretly introduced into the queen's bed concealed in a warming-pan; and that this ingenious plot was contrived by Father Petre. Hence the boy was popularly called Peterkin, or Perkin, *i.e.* little Peter, which was the name given afterwards to the Pretender in songs and satires at the time of his rebellion; and in the prints a windmill was usually given to the child as a sign of its father's trade. In the group represented in our cut, Father Petre, with the child in his arms, is seated on a rather singular steed, a lobster. The young prince here carries the windmill on his head. On the lobster's back, behind the Jesuit, are carried the papal crown, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis, with a bundle of relics, indulgences, &c., and it has seized in one claw the English Church service book, and in the other the book of the laws of England. In the Dutch description of this print, the child is called "the new born Antichrist." Another of Romain de Hooghe's prints, entitled "*Panurge secondé par Arlequin Deodaat à la croisade d'Irlande, 1689*," is a satire on King James's expedition to Ireland, which led to the memorable battle of the Boyne. James and his friends are proceeding to the place of embarkation, and, as represented in our cut No. 3, Father Petre marches in front, carrying the infant prince in his arms.

The drawing of Romain de Hooghe is not always correct, especially in his larger subjects, which perhaps may be ascribed to his hasty and careless manner of working; but he displays great skill in grouping his figures, and great power in investing them with a large amount of satirical humour. Most of the other caricatures of the time are poor both in design and execution. Such is the case with a vulgar satirical print which was published in France in the autumn of 1690, on the arrival of a false rumour that King William had been killed in Ireland. In the field of the picture the corpse of the king is followed by a procession consisting of his queen and the principal supporters of his cause. The lower corner on the left hand is occupied by a

secured it in his own interests by liberally patronising the caricaturist; and we owe to Romain de Hooghe a succession of large prints in which the king of France, his protégé James II., and the adherents of the latter, are covered with ridicule. One, published in 1688, and entitled "*Les Monarches Tombants*," commemorates the flight of the royal family from England. Another, which appeared at the same date, is entitled, in French, "*Arlequin sur l'hypogryphe à la croisade Loioliste*," and in Dutch, "*Armeé van de Heylige League voor der Jesuiten Monarchie*" (*i.e.* "the army of the holy league for establishing the monarchy of the Jesuits"). Louis XIV. and James II. were represented under the characters of Arlequin and Panurge, who are seated on the animal here called a "hypogryphe," but which is really a wild ass. The two kings have their heads joined together under one Jesuit's cap. Other figures, forming part of this army of Jesuitism, are distributed over the field, the most grotesque of which is that given in our cut No. 2.

of the interior of the infernal regions, and King William occupying his place among the flames. In different parts of the picture there are several



Fig. 3.—OFF TO IRELAND.

inscriptions, all breathing a spirit of very insolent exultation. One of them is the—

"*Billet d'Enterrement.*"

"Vous estes priez d'assister au convoi, service, et enterrement du tres haut, tres grand, et tres infame Prince infernal, grand stadouter, des Armées diaboliques de la ligue d'Ausbourg, et insigne usurpateur des Royaumes d'Angleterre, d'Ecosse, et d'Irlande, decédé dans l'Irlande au mois d'Aoust 1690, qui se fera le dit mois, dans sa paroisse infernale, ou assisteront Dame Proserpine, Radamonte, et les ligueurs."

"Les Dames lui diront s'il leur plaist des injures."

The prints executed in England at this time were, if possible, worse than those published in France. Almost the only contemporary caricature on the downfall of the Stuarts that I know, is an ill-executed print, published immediately after the accession of William III., under the title, "England's Memorial of its wonderful deliverance from French Tyranny and Popish Oppression." The middle of the picture is occupied by "the royal orange tree," which flourishes in spite of all the attempts to destroy it. At the upper corner, on the left side, is a

representation of the French king's "council," consisting of an equal number of Jesuits and devils, seated at a round table.

The circumstance that the titles and inscriptions of nearly all these caricatures are in Dutch, seems to show that their influence was intended to be exercised in Holland rather than elsewhere. In two or three only of them these descriptions were accompanied with translations in English or French; and after a time, copies of them began to be made in England, accompanied with English descriptions. A curious example of this is given in the fourth volume of the "Poems on State



Fig. 4.—CLIPPING THE COCK'S WINGS.

Affairs," printed in 1707. In the preface to this volume, the editor takes occasion to inform the reader—"That having procur'd from beyond sea a Collection of Satyrical Prints done in Holland and elsewhere, by Rom. de Hoog, and other the best masters, relating to the French King and his Adherents, since he unjustly begun this war, I have persuaded the Bookseller to be at the expense of engraving several of them; to each of which I have given the Explanation in English verse, they being in Dutch, French, or Latin in the originals." Copies of seven of these caricatures are accord-



Fig. 5.—TRUMPET AND DRUM,

ingly given at the end of the volume, which are certainly inferior in every respect to those of the best period of Romain de Hooghe. One of them commemorates the eclipse of the sun on the 12th of May, 1706. The sun, as it might be conjectured, is Louis XIV., eclipsed by Queen Anne, whose face occupies the place of the moon. In the foreground of the picture, just under the eclipse, the queen is seated on her throne under a canopy, surrounded by her counsellors and generals. With her left arm she holds down the Gallic cock, while with the other hand she clips one of its wings (see our cut No. 4). In the upper

corner on the right, is inserted a picture of the battle of Ramillies, and in the lower corner on the left, a sea-fight under Admiral Leake, both victories gained in that year. Another of these copies of foreign prints is given in our cut No. 5. We are told that "these figures represent a French trumpet and drum, sent by Louis le Grand to enquire news of several cities lost by the Mighty Monarch last campaign." The trumpeter holds in his hand a list of lost towns, and another is pinned to the breast of the drummer; the former list is headed by the names of "Gaunt, Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges," the latter by "Barcelona."

The first remarkable outburst of caricatures in England was caused by the proceedings against the notorious Dr. Sacheverell in 1710. It is somewhat curious that Sacheverell's partisans speak of caricatures as things brought recently from Holland, and new in England, and ascribe the use of them as peculiar to the Whig party. The writer of a pamphlet, entitled "The Picture of Malice, or a true Account of Dr. Sacheverell's Enemies, and their behaviour with regard to him," informs us that "The chief means by which all the lower order of that sort of men call'd Whigs, shall ever be found to act for the ruin of a potent adversary, are the following three—by the Print, the Canto or Dogrell Poem, and by the Libell, grave, calm, and cool, as the author of the 'True Answer' describes it. These are not all employed at the same time, any more than the ban and arierban of a kingdom is raised, unless to make sure work, or in cases of great exigency

and imminent danger." "The Print," he goes on to say, "is originally a Dutch talisman (bequeathed to the ancient Batavians by a certain Chinese necromancer and painter), with a virtue far exceeding that of the Palladium, not only of guarding their cities and provinces, but also of annoying their enemies, and preserving a due balance amongst the neighbouring powers around." This writer warms up so much in his indignation against this new weapon of the Whigs, that he breaks out in blank verse to tell us how even the mysterious power of the magician did not destroy its victims—

"Swifter than heretofore the Print effac'd
The pomp of mightiest monarchs, and dethron'd
The dread idea of royal majesty;
Dwindling the prince below the pigmy size.
Witness the once Great Louis in youthful pride,
And Charles of happy days, who both confess'd
The magic power of mezzotinto shade,
And form grotesque, in manifest loud
Denouncing death to boor and burgomaster.
Witness, ye sacred popes with triple crown,
Who likewise victims fell to hideous Print.
Spurn'd by the populace who whilome lay
Prostrate, and ev'n adored before your thrones."

We are then told that "this, if not the first, has yet been the chief machine which his enemies have employ'd against the doctor; they have exposed him in the same piece with the pope and the devil, and who now could imagine that any simple priest should be able to stand before a power which had levell'd popes and monarchs?" At least one copy of the caricature here alluded to is preserved, although a great rarity, and it is represented in our cut No. 6. Two of the party



Fig. 6.—THE THREE FALSE BRETHREN.

remained long associated together in the popular outcry, and as the name of the third fell into contempt and oblivion, the doctor's place in this association was taken by a new cause of alarm, the Pretender, the child whom we have just seen so joyously brandishing his windmill. It is evident, however, that this caricature greatly exasperated Sacheverell and the party which supported him.

It will have been noticed that the writer just quoted, in using the term "print," ignores altogether that of caricature, which, however, was about this time beginning to come into use, although it is not found in the dictionaries, I believe, until the appearance of that of Dr. Johnson, in 1755. Caricature is, of course, an Italian word, derived from the verb *caricare*, to charge or load; and, therefore, it means a picture which is charged, or exaggerated (the old French dictionaries say, "*c'est la même chose que charge en peinture*"). The word appears not to have come into use in Italy until the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the earliest instance I know of its employment by an English writer is that quoted by Johnson from the "Christian Morals" of Sir Thomas Brown, who died in 1682, but it was one of his latest writings, and was not printed till long after his death:—"Expose not thyself by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts (*i.e.* drawings) and caricatura representations." This very quaint writer, who had passed some time in Italy, evidently uses it as an exotic word. We find it next employed by the writer of the Essay No. 537, of the "Spectator," who, speaking of the way in which different people were led by feelings of jealousy and pre-

judice to detract from the characters of others, goes on to say, "From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *caricaturas*, where the Art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster." The word was not fully established in our language in its English form of *caricature* until late in the last century.

The subject of agitation which produced a greater number of caricatures than any previous event, was the wild financial scheme introduced into France by the Scottish adventurer, Law, and imitated in England in the great South Sea Bubble. It would be impossible here, within our necessary limits, to attempt to trace the history of these bubbles, which all burst in the course of the year 1720; and, in fact, it is a history of which few are ignorant. On this, as on former occasions, the great mass of the caricatures, especially those against the Mississippi scheme, were executed in Holland, but they are much inferior to the works of Romain de Hooghe. In fact, so great was the demand for these caricatures, that the publishers, in their eagerness for gain, not only deluged the world with plates by artists of no talent, which were without point or interest, but they took old plates of any subject in which there was a multitude of figures, put new titles to them, and published them as satires on the Mississippi scheme; for people were ready to take anything which represented a crowd as a satire on the eagerness with which Frenchmen

rushed into the share-market. One or two curious instances of this deception might be pointed out. Thus, an old picture, evidently intended to represent the meeting of a king and a nobleman, in the court of a palace, surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, in the costume probably of the time of Henri IV., was republished as a picture of people crowding to the grand scene of stock-jobbing in Paris, the Rue Quinquempoix; and



Fig. 7.—ATLAS.

the old picture of the battle between Carnival and Lent came out again, a little retouched, under the Dutch title, "*Stryd tusssen de smullende Bubbels-Heeren en de aanstaande Armoede*," i.e., "The battle between the good-living bubble-lords and approaching poverty."

Besides being issued singly, a considerable number of these prints were collected and published in a volume, which is still met with not unfrequently, under the title, "*Het groote Taferel der Dwaasheid*," the "great picture of folly." One of them represents a multitude of persons, of all ages and sexes, acting the part of Atlas in supporting on their backs globes, which, though made only of paper, had become, through the agitation



Fig. 8.—THE DON QUIXOTE OF FINANCE.

of the stock exchange, heavier than gold. Law himself (see our cut No. 7) stands foremost, and requires the assistance of Hercules to support his enormous burthen. In the French verses accompanying this print, the writer says—

"Ami Atlas, on voit (sans conter vous et moi)
Faire l'Atlas partout des divers personnages,
Riche, pauvre, homme, femme, et sot et quasi-sage,
Valet, et paysan, le gueux s'élève en roi."

Another of these caricatures represents Law in the character of Don Quixote, riding upon Sancho's donkey. He is hastening to his Dulcinea, who waits for him in the *actie-huis* (action or share-house), towards which people are dragging the animal on which he is seated. The devil (see our cut No. 8) sits behind Law, and holds up the ass's tail, while a shower of paper, in the form of shares in companies, is scattered around, and scrambled for by the eager *actionnaires*. In front, the animal is loaded with the money into which this paper has been turned,—the box bears the inscription, "*Bombarioos Geldkist, 1720*," "*Bombario's (Law's) gold chest*;" and the flag bears the inscription, "*Ik koom, ik koom, Dulcinea*," "*I come, I come, Dulcinea*." The best, perhaps, of this lot of caricatures, is a large engraving by the well-known Picart, inserted among the Dutch collection with explanations in Dutch and French, and which was re-engraved in London, with English descriptions and applications. It is a general satire on the madness of the memorable year 1720. Folly appears as the charioteer of Fortune, whose car is drawn by the representatives of the numerous companies which had sprung up at this time, most of which appear to be more or less unsound. Many of these agents have the tails of foxes, "to show their policy and cunning," as the explanation informs us. The devil is seen in the clouds above, blowing bubbles of soap, which mix with the paper which Fortune is distributing to the crowd. The picture is crowded with figures, scattered in groups, which are employed in a variety of occupations connected with the great folly of the day, one of which, as an example, is given in our cut No. 9. It is a transfer of stock, made through the medium of a Jew broker.



Fig. 9.—TRANSFER OF STOCK.

It was in this bubble agitation that the English school of caricature began, and a few specimens are preserved, though others which are advertised in the newspapers of that day, seem to be entirely lost. In fact, a very considerable portion of the caricature literature of a period so comparatively recent as the first half of the last century, appears to have perished; for the interest of these prints was in general so entirely temporary that few people took any care to preserve them, and few of them were very attractive as pictures. As yet, indeed, these English prints are but poor imitations of the works of Picart and other continental artists. A pair of English prints, entitled '*The Bubbler's Mirror*,' represents, one a head joyful at the rise in the value of stock, the other, a similar head sorrowful at its fall, surrounded in each case with lists of companies and epigrams upon them. They are engraved in mezzotint, a style of Art supposed to have been invented in England—its invention was ascribed to Prince Rupert—and at this time very popular. In the imprint of these last-mentioned plates, we are informed that they were "Printed for Carington Bowles, next ye Chapter House, in St. Paul's Ch. Yard, London," a well-known name in former years, and even now one quite familiar to collectors of this class of prints, especially; of Carington Bowles we shall have more to say in the next chapter. With him begins the long list of celebrated English printsellers.

OBITUARY.

MR. GEORGE LANCE.

THE most painful task, perhaps, which a journalist is called upon to perform is that of recording the death of those with whom he has for a long succession of years been personally, and even intimately, acquainted. This has been our case with regard to Mr. Lance, who died on the 18th of June, at Sunnyside, near Birkenhead. He had for many months past been in a declining state of health, but his friends were not without hope that a sojourn on the banks of the Mersey, where his son resided, we believe, might re-establish his strength. The result has not fulfilled their loving expectations—he survived his favourite pupil, the late Mr. W. Duffield, little more than nine months; the death of the latter very considerably affected the mind of his master, who took the event much to heart. It is singular that we should have lost, within so short an interval, the two greatest painters of fruit and "still life" this country ever produced; one of whom, the elder, if not both, may certainly take rank with the best artists of the Dutch school in their special departments.

A biographical sketch of Mr. Lance, from some interesting notes with which he supplied the writer, appeared in the *Art-Journal* of the year 1857; it is, therefore, unnecessary to do more, at the present time, than briefly to refer to the leading points of his life and career. He was born at Little Easton, near Dunmow, Essex, in 1802. Evincing, at an early age, a love of drawing and an earnest desire to become an artist, he unceremoniously introduced himself one day to Haydon, who, after looking over some of the boy's sketches, at once took him into his studio, and gave him gratuitously, for a long period, all the instruction and aid in his power. Haydon would, of course, have persuaded his pupil to devote himself to historical painting, but Lance having, in the progress of his different studies, executed a group of fruit and vegetables, which attracted the notice of, and was purchased by, Sir George Beaumont, he was induced to undertake another, which was seen and bought by the late Earl of Shaftesbury. Then the late Duke of Bedford gave him an order for two large pictures of a similar kind, to adorn a summer-house at Woburn Abbey; and other commissions followed, all tending to confirm the artist in the path which, it appears, nature intended him to follow. And who that remembers the pictures hanging year by year, for more than a quarter of a century, at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, such as '*The Fighting Herons*,' '*The Seneschal*,' '*Redcap*,'—all of which have been engraved in our *Journal*—'*Preparations for a Banquet*,' '*From the Lake—Just Shot*,' '*Modern Fruit—Mediaeval Art*,' with a multitude of others, will not but admit that he did both wisely and well in pursuing his adopted course?

But though these works were Lance's "sheet-anchor,"—those on which he built up his reputation, and by which his name will be most favourably known hereafter, he occasionally sent forth pictures of a totally different kind. His '*Melancthon's First Misgiving of the Church of Rome*,' '*The Village Coquette*,' '*The Lady in Waiting*,' '*The Biron Conspiracy*,'—this last the most important of all—show that if he had confined his practice to historical and *genre* painting, he would have kept pace with many who make such subjects their speciality.

Lance's pictures, of which he painted considerably more than four hundred, are to be found in the best English galleries of modern Art. To those patrons whose names have been already mentioned, may be added those of Lord De Lisle, Sir J. Wigram, Sir S. M. Peto; Messrs. Vernon, Sheepshanks, T. Baring, Betts, W. J. Broderip, H. W. Eaton, Forbes, Rendel, J. Earle, and many others.

Why Mr. Lance was never admitted into the ranks of the Academy is a question much more easily put than answered. As an artist he long stood, as already intimated, without a rival in the line he adopted; in his private character he was a man of rare worth and integrity; but, like his master, Haydon, like Harding, and others who might be pointed out, he has passed away

unhonoured, save in his works, and in the heritage of a good name, which those who knew him will long cherish.

MR. JOHN WYKEHAM ARCHER

By a somewhat unusual coincidence, we have to follow the above brief memoir with the announcement of the decease of a relative of Mr. Lance, a gentleman known as an engraver, painter, draughtsman, and antiquary, Mr. J. W. Archer. He and Mr. Lance married two sisters; the former lost his wife about three months ago, and the sad event no doubt hastened his death.

We are indebted to the columns of the *Builder* for much of the information here given. Mr. Archer was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1808. As a boy he showed considerable skill with the pencil, copying in a vigorous manner the designs of Bewick and other artists. After receiving a good general education, his friends apprenticed him to a fellow-townsmen, John Scott, an animal engraver, who was then living in London. Before, however, the term of his articles expired, Scott's health gave way, and his pupil returned to Newcastle, where he became one of a social artistic community, which included the elder Richardson and his son George, Myles, Carmichael, Balmer, Dunbar the sculptor, and others. In conjunction with another local engraver, William Collard, Mr. Archer etched a series of large views of Fountains Abbey, from drawings by Mr. Carmichael; and, without the aid of his colleague, several plates for Mackenzie's "History of Durham." About the year 1830, he returned to London, and entered the studio of William and Edward Finden, who were then busily engaged on illustrations for the annuals and other works, as "Bible Illustrations," and "The Ports and Harbours of Great Britain." His first work there was a plate after a subject by Calcott, which was so satisfactory that his employers immediately raised his salary to double the amount originally agreed upon. But the change made within a few following years in the style of book illustrations, threw Mr. Archer and many other engravers out of their usual employ, and he found work, neither very lucrative nor constant, in engraving animals, &c., for the *New Sporting Magazine*.

During the intervals arising from the uncertain nature of their labours, he turned his attention to water-colour painting, choosing for subjects many of the places in the metropolis, which were remarkable for their antiquity. Of these he accumulated more than one hundred, which were offered to, and refused by, the authorities of the British Museum. They were purchased, however, by Mr. Twopenny, of the Temple, who commissioned Mr. Archer to execute for him twenty drawings each year of the relics of by-gone days, which were to be found scattered about in the highways and by-ways of London. Up to the close of the artist's life, this was regularly carried forward, and the result is that Mr. Twopenny is in possession of a large and valuable collection of drawings illustrative of the aspect of the metropolis.

When not otherwise engaged, Mr. Archer employed his time in drawing on wood for various publications, Mr. Charles Knight's "History of London," the *Illustrated London News*, Blackie's "Comprehensive History of England," &c. &c. Among his multifarious labours may also be mentioned a volume of etchings of subjects in Mr. Twopenny's collection, published by Bogue, a series of amusing illustrated papers, called "The Recreations of Mr. Zigzag the Elder;" several papers, also illustrated, referring to the old Roman wall in the north; and his literary contributions, chiefly antiquarian, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Illustrated London News*. He also executed, for the Duke of Northumberland, a number of admirable drawings of interesting localities in his Grace's extensive estates. During his numerous rambles on this and other occasions he accumulated a large mass of materials on the histories of Northumberland and London, which he hoped to work up as the "quiet labour of his age;" his almost sudden death, on the 25th of May, has placed a final barrier to every intention. Mr. Archer had long been an Associate Member of the Institute of Water-colour Painters, but his varied occupations prevented him from becoming

a prominent exhibitor, and his works, though worthy of examination, were almost lost among the large and more imposing number of those by which they were surrounded.

MR. HENRY J. PIDDING.

This artist, one of the oldest members of the Suffolk Street Society, died at his residence, in Greenwich, on the 13th of June, at the age of sixty-seven. His pictures are chiefly of the humorous kind, and many of his earlier works became popular through engravings. "Massa out, Sambo very dry," a negro helping himself to the contents of a wine-decanter; "The Fair Penitent," a negro seated in the stocks; "The Battle of the Nile," in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, two ancient Greenwich pensioners discussing this famous engagement, the position of the contending fleets being shown by pieces of tobacco-pipe placed in corresponding action—are among the best of Mr. Pidding's works: the two former he engraved himself. As a painter of fish this artist also acquired considerable reputation.

MR. STEPHEN POYNTZ DENNER.

The death of this gentleman occurred in the month of June. Mr. Denner was a skilful artist in water-colours, and an admirable copyist of the works of other painters. He held for many years the responsible post of curator of Dulwich Gallery.

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN.

We shall not require much space, in addition to that we have already given, to do justice to this exhibition. Certainly it supplies evidence of sound progress in many branches of manufacture and of Art-manufacture, but it is not to be treated as affording conclusive proofs of what Irish producers can do, or are doing, for many of the best manufacturers do not contribute, while others have withheld their principal works. The reason for this shortcoming will be found elsewhere—in the announcement we give of a Dublin International Exhibition in 1865.

The present exhibition is, however, by no means without interest; it contains abundant examples of Irish Art-produce and of manufactured articles, and manifests satisfactory progress in all.

To the very pretty building we have already made reference; it is abundantly filled, a portion of it being devoted to a collection of pictures, and another portion to machinery at work. We offer some remarks, first, on that part which contains the manufactured produce. We have noticed the three large cases of clocks, bronzes, jewellery, &c., the contributions of Messrs. Schriber and Sons, Messrs. Simonton, and Messrs. Brunner; they are by no means limited to Irish productions, a very large proportion being confessedly of foreign make: such as are Irish are good—good in design and in workmanship, and showing considerable neatness and skill in setting. To introduce foreign produce, however, is a departure from the original plan, and scarcely to be justified; it was not to be expected that Irish artificers could compete with the artisans of Germany, Switzerland, and France. The flagstone work of Mr. Erlich is of very great merit, at once delicate and strong: the hand of a very skilful artisan has produced it. There are silver cups manufactured by Mr. West and Mr. Donegan, of which little need be said. Ornaments in black wood—bogyew and bog-oak—now rank among the staple manufactures of Ireland. There are many producers of these personal decorations; perhaps Mr. Cornelius Goggin maintains his supremacy, although he has a strong competitor in Mr. James Tank, and is certainly surpassed in articles of larger and more important character by Mr. Johnson, who has used the material to valuable purposes in objects of drawing-room and boudoir furniture. There are several elaborately, and some admirably, carved chimney pieces of statuary marble, the produce of Mr. Morris Brooks, Mr. Sheppard, and Mr. Hebson; the best is that by Mr. Hebson—a bas-relief of very meritorious

character being introduced. They all, however, show a desire for quantity rather than an aim at quality in ornamentation. Loads of fruit and flowers have been thought more advisable than purity and grace, an error which these gentlemen will do well to avoid in future: cost is thus increased, and effect materially lessened. The manufacture of "IRISH LACE," of various kinds, has been for some years greatly encouraged by Mr. Forrest, whose "ease" at the late International Exhibition attracted much attention; but decidedly the most attractive collection of "Irish point" in the Dublin Exhibition is that of Mrs. Allen, who is distinguished as lace manufacturer "to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." The tunic and its accompaniments exhibited by Mrs. Allen are exquisite, both in design and execution, and were made in the south of Ireland under her immediate superintendence. A shawl of this beautiful lace was presented as a bridal gift, by a number of Irish ladies, to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. The "tunic," which excites especial admiration, occupied Mrs. Allen's best workers for six months; it is equal to any foreign "point," and we rejoice to see the revival of this old art so successful. Doubtless its origin in Ireland can be traced to the ladies of the religious houses, who, in the "long ago" time, brought all species of exquisite needle-work from foreign convents. The fact that it is but the "revival" of an old power, is proved by the exhibition of some wonderful point, worked by a member of Mrs. Wybrant's family in the year 1680. The book-bindings of Marcus Ward & Co. may be compared with the most perfect issues of the English binder; the designs are good, and the tooling is of rare excellence. In furniture the show is not good; the best, as we have said, is contributed by Graham, of Clonmel, so far, at least, as carving is concerned, although Mr. Jones sustains his old repute, and Messrs. Strahan maintain the reputation they obtained at the International Exhibition in 1862. Mr. Egan, of Killarny, exhibits several specimens of tables, reading-desks, &c., produced from the arbutus, and other woods of that district; and as examples of "country work," the inlaying is not without merit: the attempt to do too much has, however, led to the result of doing too little. A word or two may be demanded by Mrs. James Hopkins for her artificial flowers of paper; they are of great beauty, and wonderfully true to nature. Some embroidered robes, by Mr. Leman and Messrs. Clowes and Woodward, claim attention. A font of free-stone, with carved tablets and pillars of Irish marble, the work of Thomas Read, is entitled to special notice; and a carved deal reliquary, by Ronan, exhibits careful manipulative skill. We believe our review of the Art-manufacture of the exhibition may end here. Much has not been done; "the capabilities of Ireland" in this way are by no means adequately represented.

In pure manufacture results are more encouraging. The stoves, kitchen-ranges, street lamps, and especially the stable fittings of Messrs. Musgrave, of Belfast, are in the highest degree satisfactory; the hall stoves are indeed admirable examples of Art-manufacture, while the other, and more generally useful, productions are certainly among the very best of their class. We refer to the excellence of workmanship apparent to the eye in all the details; but we understand they have patented many important improvements in the kitchen ranges, and stable fittings that have received marked approval, and are extensively adopted. In harness and saddlery work Ireland has long been renowned; we imagine the best of the London makers might envy the skill manifest in the productions of Leman and of Box & Co. Irish linens are not well represented; of the value of the fabric we cannot judge, but there are few examples of the influence of Art in this material. Drogheda seems to be competing with Belfast and Lisburn in linen produce. A large case of gloves contains many specimens by no means inferior to those of France; a "neat handed Phyllis" sits at the counter at work, and finer sewing can be found nowhere. The stockings of Balbriggan maintain their supremacy, and beside a case of these delicate necessities a loom is at work. It is certainly the fault of the Irish ladies themselves if

they are not *bien chaussé* as well as *bien ganté*; we have never seen more perfect ladies' boots than those exhibited by Mr. Carleton. If we say a word concerning the fishing rods of Messrs. Wicks and Son, and the brushes of all kinds manufactured by Messrs. Barrett, we may close our remarks on this department of the exhibition.

We may not, however, do so without a compliment to the producers and exhibitors of long famous Irish tabbincts, although there are but two contributors, Messrs. Pim and Messrs. O'Reilly and Dunne. They are, as they always have been, and we trust always will be, of excellence unsurpassed. The fabric remains unrivalled.

Our readers will agree with us that this summary conveys but a poor idea of the contents of the National Exhibition of Ireland; limited in quantity, and only satisfactory in quality, they still afford evidence of progress. As we have intimated, many leading manufacturers have not contributed at all; they are husbanding their resources for a great effort in 1865; and we may safely assume that some, who in contributing have not been stimulated to do their best, are holding back also for a time when competition is more to be dreaded than it is in 1864.

The exhibition has, however, answered its purpose; there will be no monetary loss; the hall and galleries are attractive lounges to the fashion of Dublin; music lends its always powerful aid; the picture galleries are thronged when lighted up, and the evenings passed at the Exhibition are evenings agreeably and profitably spent.

The collection of pictures amounts in number to about five hundred; among them, as we have shown, there are some famous and many meritorious works, but there are few productions by Irish artists. There is not an example by either Maclise, Mulready, or Danby; and although a few were lent from the Kensington Museum, the lenders seem to have carefully withheld those that might have made the Irish justly proud of their countrymen.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S "ATALA." *

IN the number of the *Art-Journal* for the month of February there appeared some examples of M. Doré's extraordinary illustrations of Dante's "L'Inferno;" we now offer to the notice of our readers two, by the same artist, from the series illustrating Chateaubriand's "Atala," which M. Doré has only very recently completed. No two works could by any possibility show more forcibly the versatility of the artist's genius. In the former it was employed in producing a succession of dramatic pictures, full of the direst horrors and the most fearful situations; scenes requiring a perfect knowledge of drawing the human form, and a capacity to give to it all the terrible expression that agony of mind or body can impart. Imagination could suggest nothing more appalling than the sufferings which Dante describes, and which Doré has portrayed with a power even more intense and vivid. In the "Atala" all is changed; the genius whose fancies wandered through the regions of lost spirits has again revisited the earth, and luxuriates in the splendour of her most majestic scenery and the loveliness of her pathless forests. As Milton wrote with equal grandeur of thought and expression about the Pandemonium of Satan and the glories of Paradise, so Doré has shown that his pencil can delineate with equal power the anguish of the doomed and the beauty of our living world.

Chateaubriand's "Atala," popular as it is in France, is probably unknown to many of our readers; a brief notice of it, however, is necessary to comprehend rightly Doré's illustrations. Prior to the outbreak of the great French Revolution, to which so many of Chateaubriand's family fell victims, and which forced him into exile, he visited North America, chiefly with the view of exploring some portions of the country but little known to travellers, as well as others altogether unknown. About the year 1789 he set out and traversed vast tracts—some extensive soli-

tudes, others peopled only by wild tribes of natives—and returned to Europe with numerous notes and manuscripts, which doubtless would have been given to the public in some shape or other, had not the majority been destroyed during the revolution. Of the fragments rescued from destruction were the notes on which the story of "Atala" is founded. Speaking of it the author says:—"Atala" was written in the desert, and beneath the huts of savages. I know not whether the public will relish this history, which describes unknown routes, and presents nature and manners altogether strange to foreigners. There is nothing of a romantic character in 'Atala'; it is a kind of poem, half descriptive, half dramatic; it consists of a picture of two lovers who walk and talk in solitude, and of a *tableau* of the anxieties of love in the stillness of desert lands. I have endeavoured to give to the work the most ancient forms, dividing it into prologue, recitative, and epilogue. The principal characters introduced assume the characters of hunters, labourers, &c.: it was thus that in the early ages of Greece were sung, under different titles, fragments of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey.'"

Enough is said to convey an idea of the nature of the work which has produced this series of exquisite pictures. When Chateaubriand wrote, few persons beyond the dwellers in the land were acquainted with the vast and grand scenery of uncivilised America; now it has been rendered almost familiar to the millions residing in other countries.

To enter upon a detailed description of this extensive series of landscapes would necessarily be wearisome to the reader, and little more than so many repetitions of similar import. Here are prairies, and mountain passes, and forests bending under tempests, or sending upwards vast curling columns of black smoke as the fire advances through their length and breadth, driving before it in terrible dismay herds of wild animals which have made them their home. Then there are deep, quiet glens, rich with the luxuriance of the vegetation of the western world; and cataracts pouring down their waters in broad floods; and wide rivers rolling onwards to the sea amidst scenery of surpassing beauty and grandeur. And among all we find the two travellers, sometimes with a good missionary priest who joins them on their way, giving animation to the landscapes; while occasionally an incident of Indian savage life varies the character of the picture. In two or three examples towards the end of the book, where reference is made to the death of Atala, the illustrations assume the importance of figure-subjects.

Throughout the entire series there is ample evidence of the artist's poetical imagination, his inventive powers and skill in adapting both to the representation of the highest class of landscape. His 'Atala' is, in a word, "a thing of beauty," over which hours of examination may be passed without exhausting all it offers for unqualified delight. The two examples of the engravings, 'The Haunt of the Deer,' and 'Buffalo Herds,' we are able to place before our readers, will suffice to show whether or not we have overrated the magic charm of M. Doré's pencil.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Modern pictures are realising as large prices here as in London, judging from what was paid for some at a sale on the 25th of May. For example:—"A Female Woodgatherer in a Forest," Decamps, £400; 'The Arrest of President Duranti,' Paul Delaroche, £720; 'The Sluice-gate,' Jules Dupré, £328; 'A Turkish Butcher,' Gérôme, £240; 'The Shore of the Bosphorus—Sunset,' Marilhat, £206; 'A Meeting at Diderot's,' a composition of seven figures, Meissonnier, £1,520; 'Interior of a Guard House,' a composition of eleven figures, Meissonnier, £1,148; another 'Interior of a Guard House,' Meissonnier, £1,200; 'The Officer,' Meissonnier, £780; 'The Musician,' Meissonnier, £480; 'The Cavalier,' Meissonnier, £206; 'The Courtier,' Meissonnier, £246; 'Landscape,' Th. Rousseau, £128; 'Leonora,' Ary Scheffer, £160; 'Combat between Brigands and the Pope's Dragoons,' Horace Vernet, the engraved picture, £1,160. These fifteen pictures, the majority of which are very small, sold for the sum of £8,916.

A DECORATED CHURCH IN IRELAND.

MR. HENRY DOYLE, one of several accomplished sons of a renowned father, has been some time engaged in decorating a Roman Catholic church in the vicinity of Dublin. That is a work of no ordinary importance, more especially in Ireland, where temples for worship—after those of a very remote age—have been usually built as if to show how meanly and miserably they could be constructed. Not long ago, the churches of Roman Catholics, and also those of Dissenters, were miserable examples of combined deformities—exteriors and interiors. A far better order of things now prevails. As yet, however, the true artist has found little or no employment in sacred edifices in Ireland. The work of Mr. Doyle may show what can be done and ought to be done; it will, we trust, be a model for a future. The church in question is attached to a convent of the Order of St. Dominick, at Cabra, a secluded village about two miles from Dublin. Circumstances have enabled us to see and examine it, recently. It is of the very highest order of Art in conception, in arrangement, in execution, and in minute and elaborate finish. The treatment is broad—the leading subjects are all to be seen from distances; yet they stand the test of close examination as to minor details. There has been no lack of labour—the work is the result of continuous toil; but the great merit of the production consists mainly in the intelligence and thought which have been brought to bear upon it. It is as a *whole* this very admirable work is to be estimated—as a rare combination of harmonious parts to accomplish one purpose, every part having its meaning, and being subordinate aids to one grand design.

The church at Cabra is built in the Italian style, and is well suited for mural decoration, especially the apse behind the high altar, which affords space for ten distinct pictures, in compartments of various forms, separated by rich arabesque work. In the central and largest space is painted a group of the Holy Family, in which our Lord, as a child, is represented as a model of obedience and submission to His parents, illustrating the words of Scripture, "Et erat subditus illis;" and as the church is almost entirely devoted, on ordinary occasions, to the use of children of various ages, this picture forms a most appropriate and suggestive lesson for them. Our Lord looks down into the church with an expression of love and pity, whilst His Virgin Mother points to Him with a look of pathetic forecast of His future sufferings. On either side, in separate compartments, are figures of some of the chief saints of the Dominican Order, as St. Dominick, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Thomas Aquinas; and above, in circular spaces, are angels singing the praises of God, and holding crowns over the heads of the saints. All the figures are somewhat over life size. The ceiling, which is arched, is divided into four principal compartments, each of which contains, amongst other decorations full of emblematical meaning, two medallion pictures, representing some of the chief characters in the Old Testament, who are chosen as types of particular virtues or attributes in our Lord and in the Virgin; such, for instance, as Justice, Mercy, Humility, Sorrow. The chief subjects are Rachel, Solomon, Ruth, David, Esther, Judith, &c. Each forms a complete picture in itself. These are triumphs of Art, true in expression of the "typical" character designed to be conveyed.

The pictures are painted on the dry plaster; they are not, therefore, strictly speaking, frescoes, though they have somewhat of the general effect of such works; they have, perhaps, greater richness and a greater range of colour than is possible with that method.

The church at Cabra is so near Dublin—so easily reached, and admission being readily accorded at all convenient hours—that we trust our report may lead to its being visited by all persons who are interested in the fitting decoration of edifices for worship. Great good cannot fail to arise from accepting this church as an example of what may be and ought to be done.

* ATALA. Par le Vte. CHATEAUBRIAND. Avec les Dessins de Gustave Doré. Published by L. Hachette and Co., London and Paris.



Designed and Drawn by Gustave Doré.

THE HAUNT OF THE DEER.

[Engraved by H. Pisan.]



Designed and Drawn by G. Stuart D. & Co.

BUFFALO HERDS.

[Engraved by H. & C. Hurl.]

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND:

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.*

AT Newnham Paddox, the highly interesting seat of the Feildings, Earls of Denbigh, is a well-painted head—artist unknown—of the famous Infanta of Spain, to ask whose hand in marriage Charles Prince of Wales made his romantic journey into Spain. It is the only portrait we possess of the Infanta, and its authenticity is not to be questioned. The Prince, it will be remembered, was accompanied into Spain by the first Duke of Buckingham, of the Villiers family—the Duke who fell by Felton's knife; and remembered it will be by many, though of course in a lesser degree, that the Earl of Denbigh, of the reign of Charles the First, was married to a sister of the Duke of Buckingham. That a portrait of the Infanta should be preserved among the pictures at Newnham Paddox—rich in historical portraits as the house is—was indeed to be expected; but its being there, and in good condition, was the realisation of a day-dream.

When I first saw this portrait at Newnham Paddox, I was in search of pictures for the famous Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, and I made it my request, through the committee of management, that Lord Denbigh should be asked to entrust the committee with the picture. His Lordship liberally complied with our request, and No. 97, 'The Infanta of Spain,' of the British Portrait Gallery of the Manchester Exhibition, was seen for the first time by three of our most eminent Spanish scholars—by Lord Stanhope, the late Mr. Richard Ford, of Handbook fame, and by William Stirling, Esq., of Keir, M.P.—and something more, who is happily still among us.

Any one accustomed to the examination of the works of painters resident in England in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., would see at once, on looking at this portrait of the Infanta, that it was not the work of any known artist—any artist catalogued in Walpole—and yet the execution is good. I mention this picture in particular, inasmuch as I have had the good fortune to discover the name of the painter, a name unknown to Walpole and his editors. In the accounts of the Treasurer of the King's Chamber, formerly preserved in the office of the commissioners for auditing the public accounts, I found the following entry:†—

To George Cuddington, picture-drawer upon the Council's Warrant dated primo Julij, 1623, for drawing the picture of the Infanta of Spayne, which was delivred into his majestie's bed-chamber. xxxli.

The discovery of a new name in Art among us is important, as it tells us—and should teach particularly the trustees and secretary of the National Portrait Gallery—that every life-size portrait of the reign of King James I., may be the work of some other hand than the hands of Paul Vansomer, Cornelius Jansen, or Daniel Mytens.

Portrait painters have had many compliments from poets, though the English verses by Ben Jonson under Shakespeare's portrait, and the Greek verses by Milton under his own portrait, are in one case equivocal, and in the other sarcastic. Cowley's verses on *Vandyck's death*, are in Cowley's best manner. Waller's verses to the same great painter are not less fine:—

"From thy Shop of Beauty, we
Slaves return that entered free."

Waller has twice celebrated *Sir Peter Lely*, and Lovelace and Charles Cotton (Waller's associate) have berhymed him as well. Kneller was "fed" with verse and buried with verse, for Dryden addressed to him a magnificent epistle; Prior complimented him on the Duchess of Ormond's portrait; Gay introduced him into one of the best of his poems, "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece"; Tickell wrote a poem to him at his country seat; * and Pope, at the dying desire of the painter, wrote his epitaph in verse,—poetic incense enough in all conscience for a portrait painter.

Sir Joshua received incense in verse from Mason and Tom Warton, and more enduring praise in prose from Goldsmith in the dedication to "The Deserted Village."

A satisfied sitter is not a common occurrence. Cowper, however, was satisfied with Romney, and expressed his satisfaction in imperishable lines:—

"ROMNEY! expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
The mind's impression too on every face,
With strokes that Time ought never to erase—
Thou hast so pencill'd mine; and though I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace:
But this I mark, that symptoms none of woe
In thine incomparable work appear:
Well, I am satisfied, it should be so;
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear;
For in my looks what sorrow could'st thou see,
While I was Hayley's guest and—sat to thee."

The same delightful poet, but sorrowful man, on seeing his portrait by Abbot in Mrs. Bodham's parlour, clasped his hands in a paroxysm of distress, wishing that he could now be what he was when that likeness was taken.

Mat Prior too was satisfied. "Richardson has made," the Poet-Ambassador writes to Dean Swift, "an excellent picture of me, from whence Lord Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue." I suspect the engravers of the present day will not be pleased with the poet's name for their labours!

Sitters are occasionally troublesome. When Bernard Lens was drawing a lady's picture in the dress of Mary Queen of Scots, the fastidious sitter observed, "But, Mr. Lens, you have not made me like Mary Queen of Scots!" "No, madam," was the reply, "if God Almighty had made your ladyship like her—I would." Neat!—but did it not produce a reply from the lady?

One day—or in nursery language, "once upon a time"—when Elizabeth Churchill, Countess of Bridgewater—

"An angel's sweetness or Bridgewater's eyes" (POPE)—was sitting to Charles Jervas, the painter, who dared to be in love with his sitter, ventured on a remark:—"I cannot help telling your ladyship," said the painter to the sitter, "that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" replied the astonished daughter of John Churchill and Sarah Jennings, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough—and Blenheim; "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" The painter turned his cap and showed her his own. This would tell on canvas or on panel in the hands of Mr. Frith or Mr. Ward—action, costume, the furniture of a fashionable portrait painter's room in the reign of Queen Anne, all combine in supplying ample essentials for an epigrammatic picture; in other words, for what an Irish critic called, happily enough, a *spaking* picture.

The management of mouth, the expression of the lips as in life, are among the difficulties which a portrait-painter has to contend with and overcome. I will give an instance where restless lips, thin, and continually on the

quiver, have been admirably rendered upon canvas. The lips, I am proud to remember, of my friend, the illustrious poet of "Hope," and "Hohenlinden," were thin and restless. Sir Thomas Lawrence caught their character upon canvas. John Burnet, in translating the Lawrence into black and white, worked with the same happy spirit, and having the great advantage as well of knowing the poet personally, gave a similitude to his engraving—a "something more exquisite still," which the canvas of Lawrence still fails to convey. And this difficulty in the management of thin lips on canvas—and still greater difficulty (shall I say impossibility?) in transferring thin lips to marble—without injury to the requirements of *high Art*—was the sole cause why our great Chantrey (I have heard my father say) would not ask two little Toms (no tom-tits in song)—and they were his friends, Tom Campbell and Tom Moore—to sit to him for their busts.

There is a story told of Opie. He was painting an old dean, who, whenever he thought that Opie was at work upon his mouth, screwed it up into a smile of satisfaction and complacency. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quietly to his sitter (it is Haydon who tells the story), "Sir, if you want your mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."

"It's a humbling sight," said the old Scotch lady, who saw her own portrait for the first time after a sixth and final sitting; "it's indeed a sair sight!" The would-be Sir Joshua was, of course, fearfully affronted.

When the sister of Sir David Wilkie was shown a proof engraving from the portrait of her brother, after Phillips (the picture now in the National Gallery), she is said to have expressed the fault she had to find with it in a few words. "I do not like it; David has something on his mind." The late John Murray, of Albemarle Street, the king of publishers, to whom the observation was addressed, replied laughingly, half heard and half aside, "I think he has got something—on his stomach!"—which is, by the way, rather a true description of the portrait.

The minister, Mr. Fox (The Right Hon. C. J. Fox), made a suggestion to Sir Joshua Reynolds touching his own portrait. "If it is not too late," he writes to Sir Joshua, "I should like to have one of the papers upon the table in my picture docketed 'A Bill for better regulating the affairs of the East India Company,' a measure which will always be the pride of my life; and if another paper could be docketed 'Representations of the Commons to the King, March 15, 1784,' it would be so much the better." How unlike Dr. Donne, the poet and divine, who gave his portrait to Lord Ancrum, drawn in a melancholy posture, with these words about it, "De Tristitia ista libera me Domine." Wycherley, the wit, had, in his old age, inscribed under Smith's fine mezzotint of him, after Kneller, painted when he was young, and very handsome, "Quantum mutatus ab illo."

Dr. Busby, the famous schoolmaster, would never permit his picture to be drawn. A brother of Lord-Keeper North hated any similitude of himself so much, that he carefully shook out every morning the impression of his person from the bed on which he lay.

Lord Bacon says of King Henry VII., that "his face was to the disadvantage of the portrait painter, for it was best when he spoke." "Were I to look like this picture," said Luther, before the portrait of Erasmus, "I should be the greatest knave in the world."

Thornhill painted Sir Isaac Newton in his own hair. Lord Portsmouth has the picture. Tillotson was the first archbishop or bishop

* Continued from page 199.

† The Treasurer's accounts have since been removed to the custody of the Master of the Rolls.

* Walpole, by a slip of the pen, attributes the poem to Steele (Ed. Wornum, p. 595). Mr. Wornum has not pointed out his author's error.

who wore a wig. In Tillotson's time (he died in 1694), the wig was worn occasionally not unlike the natural hair, and without powder.

Accessories introduced into portraits merit enumeration when appropriate. Sir John Suckling, "a professed admirer" of Shakespeare above Ben Jonson, and in Ben Jonson's lifetime, is drawn at full length, holding a copy of the famous folio of Shakespeare. Evelyn, with an air of proud satisfaction, carries a copy of his "Sylva." Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, grasps his cheapest acquisition, a copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he had the good fortune to acquire the copyright when the great poet was no more. Wren carries a pair of compasses—not his mathematical walking-cane, preserved in the Soane Museum. Vanbrugh is represented as Clarendieux Herald, not, as he should have been, as the author of "The Relapse" and the "Architect of Blenheim." Ben Jonson and D'Avenant wore the laurel of their office—"Laurel, mead of mighty conquerors and poets sage."

The portraits of half a dozen sculptors hanging on the wall before me have either compasses in their hands, or their right hands resting on busts. Roubiliac is represented modelling. Physicians and surgeons in all old pictures are accompanied either by skulls or urinals. Soldiers hold truncheons (Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, &c.) Lord Heathfield, in Sir Joshua's grand portrait of him, grasps the keys of the fortress of Gibraltar. The Duke of Wellington, in Lawrence's fine picture, painted for Sir Robert Peel, carries a telescope; almost unnecessary, it would seem, for the eagle eyes of that fine head reach and reconnoitre far enough, and command all within their ken.

Dogs are among the commonest living accompaniments of portraits. Queen Mary (Philip and Mary on a shilling) is represented in her Woburn portrait with a couple of toy dogs submissive at her feet, exquisitely small, and characteristic enough to carry off a prize at the last or at the next Agricultural Dog Show. The champion of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Henry Lee, of Dytchley, K.G., is drawn with his dog by his side, and the appropriate motto "More faithful than favoured." The noble portrait of Dudley, Earl of Leicester (one of the treasures of Apethorpe) has an attendant dog, of, as I believe, an extinct species. In the Lay-of-the-Last-Minstrel-period portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Raeburn, Sir Walter's favourite dog "Camp" is introduced, and the introduction of the dog adds a value to the picture, both personal and pecuniary. Nor, when on the subject of dogs in portraits, should the reply of the Rev. Sydney Smith to Sir Edwin Landseer be overlooked. The Snyders of England asked Canon Sydney, the wit, to sit for his portrait. The reply was both scriptural and flattering,—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" "Some people," said Northcote, sarcastically, "are never completely pleased with their portraits until their house-dogs have barked a howl of recognition at the painter's skill in taking their master."

In the treatment and disposal of a pair of hands in a portrait—in suiting the action to the sentiment—Sir Joshua is a consummate master. Reynolds' hands are seldom out of work or appropriate employment. I will give a few instances from his works. In the "Blinking Sam" portrait of Samuel Johnson, the hands are employed like those of a soothsayer. They are in mysterious union with the mind that controls them. In the full-faced portrait of Garrick (so admirably engraved by one of the Watson family), the great actor sits with a half-

written prologue and pen and ink before him, and tweedles his fingers and thumbs, while his eyes glisten with the thought that he is about to address "pit, box, and gallery," an admiring audience within the crowded walls of old Drury. So in another remarkable portrait by our great Sir Joshua—the portrait of Gibraltar Elliot (Lord Heathfield). The gallant defender stands firm, resolute, undismayed, triumphant, while his hands grasp the keys of the fortress, as St. Peter is drawn by the great Italian masters holding the keys of heaven. So again in the Grosvenor Bedford portrait (now at Bowood) of Horace Walpole,—the delightful talker and airy letter writer is drawn with the forefinger of his right hand to his ear, as if half listening to the wit of Selwyn, or half-conceiving, half-reviving, and half colouring, a piece of scandal he has heard at White's or at Marble Hill.

And now that I am on the subject of hands in portraits, I will call attention to the admirable manner in which Sir Thomas Lawrence has drawn and given character to the hands of Pope Pius the Seventh, in his full-length picture in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor. Sir Walter Scott has caught a characteristic of this picture with his accustomed power of observing and bringing before his readers whatever he felt and understood. "There was a picture of the Pope," he writes to Wilkie, "which struck me very much. I fancied if I had seen only the hand, I could have guessed it not only to be the hand of a gentleman and a person of high rank, but of a man who had never been employed in war, or in the sports by which the better classes generally harden and roughen their hands in youth. It was and could be only the hand of an old priest, which had no ruder employment than—bestowing benedictions."

We read of men who never changed their principles or wig, and of one lady of rank and fortune who through a long life never changed her dress according to the fashion, but retained that which had been in vogue when she was a young beauty; this was the famous Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensbury, Prior's "Kitty," and the patroness of Gay; the duchess to whom Pope has paid rather an undressed compliment:—

"Since Queensbury to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen."

This duchess—Gay's "blooming Hyde with eyes so rare," of the year 1714—walked and "looked well" in her milk-white locks at the coronation (1761) of George III. And very winningly she looks at Cassiobury, as painted by Jervas, in blue, with her attendant attribute, a lamb, the last lamb that was ever given to a living St. Agnes.*

The true translation or transfer of the human eye from the human head to stretched canvas or seasoned panel is no easy matter. "Eyes of dewy light" too often elude the painter's skill. Lely and Lawrence were consummate masters in painting the human eye.

"Lely on animated canvast stole
The sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul."—POPE.

Queen Elizabeth would be painted without shadows. "Mr. Lely," said Oliver Cromwell to the future Sir Peter, "I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

In an article on Portrait Painting something

* Prior's Kitty was revived by the muse of Horace Walpole—

"To many a Kitty Love his ear
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Retains it for an age."

† Hence the "animated bust" of Gray.

should be said of the treatment of the human nose. When Locke sat to Kneller, their conversation turned on the human understanding. That the painter pestered the philosopher we may fairly believe from the single specimen that has been preserved of their conversation. "Why, I have ideas too," said Sir Godfrey; "I have just now—an idea of your nose, Mr. Locke!"

My next communication on "Portrait Painting in England" will treat of "Prices and Owners"—painters' prices, auction and dealers' prices; original owners and present possessors.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

A SPANISH BOY.

Murillo, Painter. A. Blanchard, Engraver.

THE seventeenth century was remarkable for the number of great artists it produced, especially in the schools of Spain and the Low Countries. That of Italy had comparatively declined, and those others appear to have arisen to take its place in the vanguard of Art. But the greatness of the later painters differed essentially from that of their predecessors; it consisted more of the character which technical excellencies give to Art than of that derived from subtle, deep-rooted mental expression: powerful, often violent, colouring, picturesque grouping and arrangement, and dexterous execution usurped the place of the grandeur, simplicity, and spiritual rendering of the majority of the older men: the Naturalists succeeded to the Idealists. Of the former, the most celebrated names belonging to the period referred to, were Murillo and Velasquez, of Spain; Carlo Dolce, more refined than his contemporaries, and Giordano, of Italy; Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and Jordaens, of the Low Countries; Le Sueur and Le Brun, of France.

The Flemish school undoubtedly exercised considerable influence on the early artists of Spain. Among the latter were several who greatly distinguished themselves, but their works are held in little esteem compared with those of Murillo and Velasquez—the one chiefly celebrated for his portraits, the other for his historical pictures. Murillo was born at Seville in 1618, and died in the same city in 1685. After studying painting under his uncle, Juan del Castillo, he went to Madrid, where Velasquez was then engaged, and entered his studio, improving himself at the same time by copying the works of Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck, and others, in the royal galleries. In 1645 he returned to Seville, and received a commission to paint some pictures for the Convent of St. Francis, which gained for him both fame and numerous other engagements, especially some historical subjects for the king of Spain. The churches and convents in Madrid, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Grenada, and other Spanish cities, were adorned with his works, as altar-pieces, the most important, as a series, being eight large pictures representing the Works of Mercy, painted for the chapel dedicated to St. George in the hospital "De la Caridad," at Seville.

But the work in which Murillo took most delight, was that of painting the portraits of beggar-boys and the children of the Spanish peasantry; these are generally life-size, and engaged in some pastime or taking their meals in a primitive, out-of-door fashion. We have one of these "portraits from nature" in the "Spanish Boy," engraved here, a bare-legged, half-clad urchin seated on the ground, with a water-jar and some melons by his side, and a plateful of some incongruous medley of edibles—strongly flavoured with garlic, doubtless—in his lap. Probably, as the scene is rustic, the boy is the bearer of the mid-day meal to his father at work in the fields, and he appears on the look-out for somebody. There is a large amount of truth in the figure, combined with an easy, natural disposition. It comes out with a strong force of light against the mass of rock-work with its mingled colours of rich browns and greens. The picture is in Paris; the engraver, M. Blanchard, is one of the most eminent of the modern French school.



THE OIL WELLS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHER.

ART creates pleasure, but Science develops and enlarges the means of enjoying it. In nothing is this more thoroughly demonstrated than in the vast increase to our powers of illumination which has taken place during the present century. Previous to the introduction of gas, our time for enjoying the beauties of Art was limited to little more than half of its present boundaries. Pictures, sculpture, and internal decorations could not be seen by the gloomy light of smoky candles and oil lamps; but gas, judiciously managed, soon taught us to feel the absence of the sun in a much less degree, and in towns it has become an indispensable luxury. But gas requires for its production extensive arrangements, which in poor or isolated districts, and in country places, cannot be secured, and the contrast between the gas-lighted towns and the candle-lighted villages, &c., became unpleasantly striking in the latter.

But Science rarely refuses to aid her votaries when in their need they earnestly seek her assistance; and most remarkably has this modern want been supplied. A material has been discovered which may be called liquid gas, so manageable and so effective that, with the exception of two or three slight drawbacks, it is scarcely inferior to gas, and is so cheap that the humblest cottager can now have brilliant light during the dark hours of our long evenings, and can read his cheap papers and books, and amuse his little ones with their well-cut illustrations. The introduction of paraffin and petroleum oils, by which this remarkable change has been effected, has come so suddenly upon us, and has produced such marvellous changes, that we venture to say its effects are second only to such gigantic marvels as those of the steam engine and electric telegraph. And yet they are not new substances; the latter has been known for thousands of years, and the former was being hourly wasted in all the stoves and grates of our forefathers, and also by ourselves, but an improved knowledge of the principles of combustion has enabled us to utilise most of it. The discovery of the illuminating powers of paraffin oil, and the way to make it from coal, is due to Mr. James Young, of Bathgate, in Scotland, who is hardly more known by the benefits he has conferred upon society, than by the courageous defence of his rights as patentee from a host of eager and not over-scrupulous imitators and infringers. The very great success which attended his discovery acted as an immense stimulus to others, and all the sources of bituminous matters were examined with eagerness, although many had been tried before, and had led to loss and disappointment. Our war with the Burmese, in 1853, opened up the commerce of that country to our merchants, and the rock-oil or petroleum springs, situated in the village of Re-nan-gyaong, on the banks of the Irrawaddy, which had for centuries supplied the means of illumination to the Burmese, soon attracted the attention of European speculators, and although only one small shipment of it had been received in this country before 1851, yet since 1853 many thousands of tons have been imported, notwithstanding the distance. This rock-oil, which is of a dark olive green or brownish green colour, was found to yield to our chemists a fine clear oil, admirable for burning or lubricating, and a large proportion of pure paraffin, or mineral wax it might be called, suitable for making candles of a superior quality; and in the hands of the enterprising firm of Price & Co., this material and its products assumed great commercial importance.

The rock-oil of Burmah is obtained from a very limited locality, in which it is drawn up from wells sunk for the purpose. These are dug with square sides, and lined with wood. They are, most of them, about 220 feet deep; but two or three are as deep as 300 feet, and so abundant are the oil springs at the bottom, that it may be raised as fast as buckets can be lowered to receive it. Probably it is yielded by the immense deposits of coal which are generally believed to exist below the surface of the district of Rangoon.

But even before this rich mine of wealth became known to us, we had sought for a similar return from the shales of Dorsetshire and other parts of our own country, but from want of efficient methods of preparing it, the experiments were not very successful; now, however, in all directions, the formerly worthless shale of our collieries, &c., is becoming of such value as to be scarcely secondary to the coal itself. Such are the mutations which are produced by scientific investigations and discoveries! The curious material which in our childhood we wonderingly read of as existing so abundantly in the soil of Persia, that on digging a hole, and applying a light, fire was instantly obtained, and which we were also, too often erroneously taught, had some important connection with the religion of the Fire-worshippers, now burns brightly in tens of thousands of lamps in all parts of Europe, and is becoming so familiar to us all as to banish every feeling of surprise, and all the visions of Iran and the Ghebers with which we were wont to associate it. Persia, notwithstanding its ancient reputation as a source of petroleum, or mineral naphtha, has not yet contributed to our supply, although some kinds of it are said to possess remarkable purity, and others an agreeable odour, so much so, indeed, as to be retained by the Shah for his own use, and to give as presents. If, however, we go from the present limits of Persia into the districts on the Caspian Sea, which formed part of the empire under Darius Hystaspes, we shall find its present Russian masters are fully alive to the value of the immense beds of almost solid paraffin which extend for miles at Baku, on the shores of the Caspian.

We learn an interesting lesson of political economy when we look back to the ancient history of this material, which has from the earliest time been of use to many nations. It was valued by those whom the Romans conquered, but they learned very little if anything of its uses, although to them it would have been of great service. Conquest, for the sake of conquest, and not for the purpose of advancing civilisation, was their lust, and they consequently only derived small real benefit from it. Of petroleum and its practical applications they knew scarcely anything, or they might have obtained it and used it as easily as they did the oysters of Britain, the anchovies of Gorgona, the lions of Libya, or the elephants of India; had they done so, it is impossible to say what would have been the consequences of its introduction to the awakened intelligence of Europe.

Pliny, who collected all the facts and fallacies of his day, gives, in all probability, the whole of the information his countrymen possessed upon the subject, and his mode of telling it is both quaint and curious. Thus he says, quoting Polyclitus, &c., "that the water of the river Liparis, near Soli, in Cilicia, is used as a substitute for oil; and Theophrastus mentions a spring of that name in Æthiopia, which is possessed of similar properties. Lycus says, that at Tasitia there is a fountain of it, the water of which emits light. The same is asserted too of a spring in Ecbatana." In another place he says: "In Samosata, a city of Commagene, there

is a pool which discharges an inflammable mud called *Maltha*. It adheres to every solid body which it touches, and moreover, when touched, it follows you if you attempt to escape from it. By means of it, the people defended their walls against Lucullus, and the soldiers were burned in their armour. It is even set on fire in water." In another chapter: "Naphtha is a substance of a similar nature (it is so called near Babylon, and in the territory of the Astaceni, in Parthia), flowing like liquid bitumen. It has a great affinity for fire, which instantly darts upon it whenever it is seen. It is said that in this way it was that Medea burned Jason's mistress, her crown having taken fire when she approached the altar for the purpose of sacrificing."

Interesting as are these particulars concerning the past and present history of Petroleum in Europe and Asia, they sink into insignificance before the extraordinary history of its recent discovery and enormous development in North America. In that country of fresh and vigorous enterprise, this material, although so generally diffused over the Old World has become a source of vast wealth, and has originated a new branch of export which employs a large tonnage of shipping. Moreover, the peculiar nature of the material, its volatility and bad odour, have called into existence a new class of ships for its transport. These are of iron, and are built in compartments, forming, in fact, a congeries of tanks, which can be effectually closed, so that no casks are needed, the petroleum being poured in through pipes until the compartments are full, when the openings are screwed down tightly and the inflammable material is safe from fire and other accidents; on arriving at its destination the material is removed by pumping. The value of petroleum oil and similar products was, as is already stated, first developed in Europe; this took place in 1851 and 1852, but in the following year public attention was drawn to it in the United States and Canada, where springs had been long known, the waters of which were considered anything but tempting, from the circumstance of their being always covered with a filthy scum of petroleum. No use was made of them except that the oil was sometimes collected by spreading a blanket on the surface, and when soaked with the material, squeezing it out. When thus obtained its only use was a medical one, it having a local reputation as an external application in some diseases. In 1854 a scientific gentleman, Dr. Brewer, of Pennsylvania, originated a joint-stock company for the purpose of collecting the oil for more practical purposes, but the yield was too small and too uncertain, and the enterprise was unsuccessful until it was suggested that wells should be sunk in hope that it would reveal something of the sources of the petroleum oil. The first well dug in Pennsylvania, under the direction of Messrs. Bowditch and Drake, was a great success, and soon yielded a thousand gallons per day; this was in 1850. In 1860 another well yielded more than twice that quantity. They are from 70 to 300 feet deep, and are situated in a valley which has since received the name of Oil Creek Valley, the surface of which has become like a honey-comb from having been perforated with thousands of wells, a large proportion of which have been failures. Notwithstanding this, however, the entire yield of those which were productive in 1863 was in round numbers about forty millions of gallons, of which upwards of twenty-seven millions were exported. But from its nature and uses petroleum must necessarily be either cheap or comparatively useless; therefore it was of the first necessity that the region of the oil springs should be connected with the

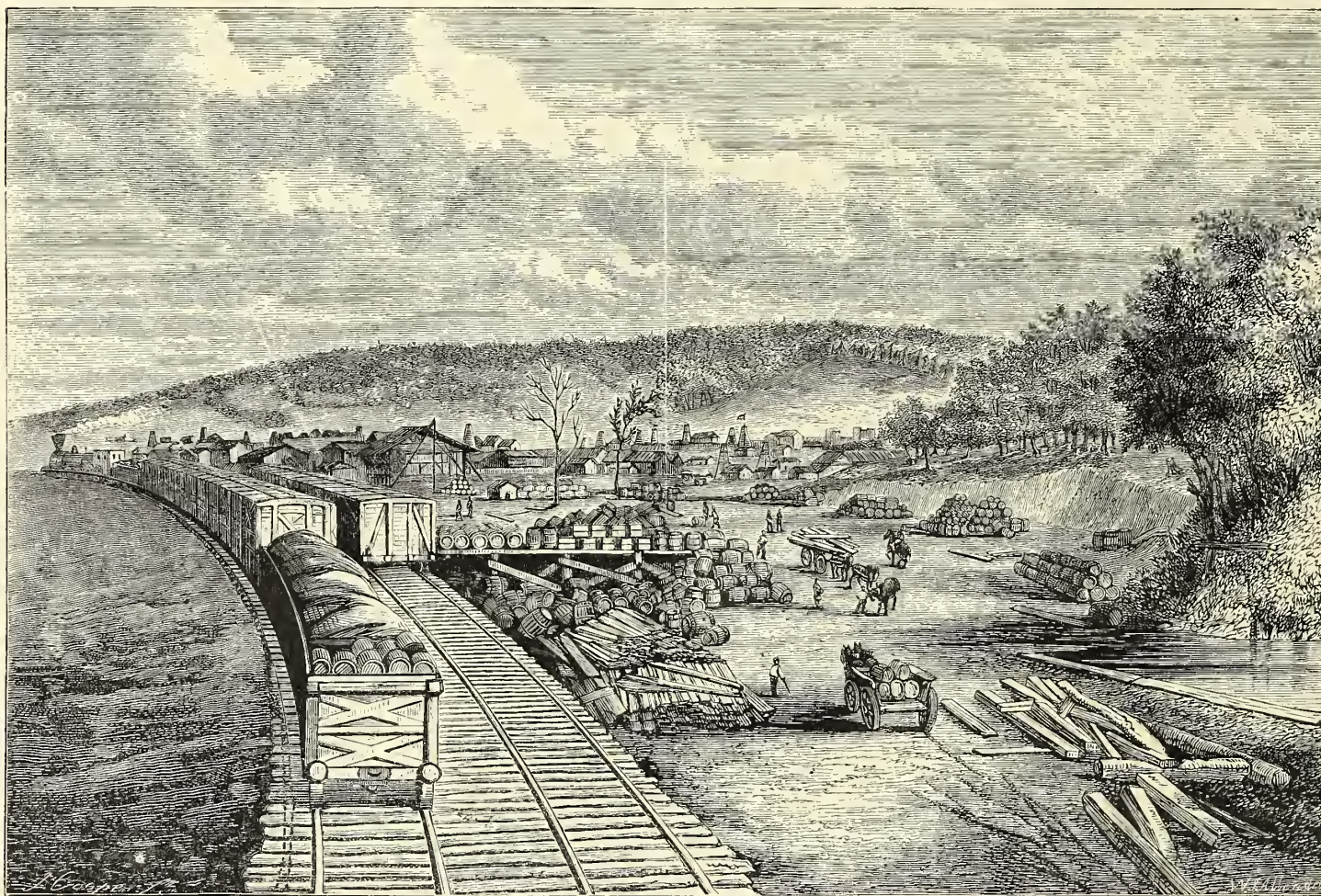
seaports in order that by rapid and cheap carriage it might be brought into the various markets of the world. Railways have consequently been formed, and, when completed, will connect the great oil-producing districts with New York, and give even a greater stimulus to this extraordinary trade than has yet been felt. Our view is from a photograph, and represents Franklin Station of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, with a distant view of some of the works at the oil wells.

Next in importance to the oil springs of Pennsylvania are those of Canada, which are situated on a small stream called Black Creek, running into Lake Huron, near its southern extremity. Here, in a clearing of the forest, has arisen a small town of disagreeable aspects and unsavory odour, the whole occupation of its two thousand grimy inhabitants being the collection and export

of the oil. The wells, of which there are about one hundred working, are bored in the solid limestone rock to the depth of from 150 to 250 feet; the operation is costly and uncertain, for no indications are afforded on the surface of the probable result. When obtained, the oil is less liquid than the Pennsylvanian, and much of it is refined on the spot, thus lessening the cost of carriage. By the process of refining the tarry matters and the dangerous volatile constituents are removed, and it becomes almost colourless and comparatively inodorous. In this state it is well adapted for burning in lamps. The entire product of the Canadian wells is about a quarter of a million gallons per annum.

When we reflect upon the uses to which this material has been found applicable, and the many indications afforded of its probable employment for other useful purposes, it affords means for great congratulation. The

exhaustion of our coal-fields, whether possible or not, is always a reasonable cause for fear, which will be greatly lessened with every fresh discovery of petroleum, for vast quantities of coal are consumed for illuminating purposes, and much of this will be saved when we have learned, as we most probably soon shall, how to convert the petroleum oil into gas. Besides which, the recent experiments of the American Government give great reason to believe that ere long this product may to a large extent take the place of coal in the generation of heat for steam and other purposes. It has already been tried in a steam-ship with every prospect of success, and as with proper arrangements it can be much more conveniently carried, it is expected, if it should succeed, that a sufficient quantity may be carried in a large vessel to enable her to circumnavigate the globe without requiring to call for a fresh



OIL CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA.

supply of fuel. Should such results be realised their effect upon the future progress of civilisation will be beyond our calculation. Again we have reason to expect that a material so nearly allied in its chemical composition to that which yields the beautiful mauve, magenta, and other gas-tar colours, will ere long contribute to our colouring materials, and if so, Science, in this as in other ways, will greatly assist the artist.

It may be useful to our readers to know that rock oil, petroleum, Barbadoes tar, naphtha, are all varieties of the same material, and that bitumen is the pitch-like residue which remains after the refined oil is distilled from the crude, or has naturally dried away. Like coal it is supposed to have an organic origin, and to have been formed by the action of subterranean heat upon vast beds of organic matters long since buried beneath the surface; but coal is always believed to have a

vegetable origin, whilst a few of the deposits of petroleum, especially that in the shales of Kimmeridge, are attributed to the decomposition of animal remains.

Thus we see there is no waste in the laboratory of nature, that wonderful workshop in which a few materials, considerably less than a hundred in number, are used and re-used in a thousand different ways, no atom ever being lost. The forest tree when submerged by the torrent may, thousands of years hence, rise in the form of coal and petroleum, to warm and light the dwellings of man; and even the fat and oil of animals dead a million of years ago, is still available for the same purposes. The bright flowers and glorious forms of the forest may pass away, but it is not impossible that future chemists may eliminate from the carbonised remains colours more brilliant and materials more marvellous than the compounds of the

alchemist. Apparent destruction may await vast masses of vegetable and animal life, but from the ruins phoenix-like springs wealth and its concomitants.

The reign of that mischievous imp "Waste" has ended. The most offensive materials have only to be touched with the magic wand of science, and they immediately assume new forms, and rise to a new life of usefulness, and often of beauty. The present century is replete with illustrations of this fact, and will hereafter be regarded as one, if not the most, important in the world's history. Steam and electricity and gutta percha were, but a few years ago, among the "waste;" look now at their manifold uses. And so with coal-tar and the offensive ooze on bituminous springs; they have joined in the race which is being run on the course of usefulness, and in which *waste things* seem to be taking the lead against original products.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN, IN 1865.

IN the spring of 1865, there will be an INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN DUBLIN, similar to that which achieved a great success in the Irish capital in 1853, and which was reported and illustrated fully by engravings in the *Art-Journal* during the summer and autumn months of that year. A building is now in process of erection in a central part of the Metropolis; enough is finished to give assurance that it will be a beautiful and most convenient structure, with all the advantages that result from recent experience, sufficiently large for all needful purposes, with well-lighted picture galleries, and adjacent "grounds" that will rival those of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Like the Crystal Palace, also, it is to be *permanent*; to form "a winter garden," with ample conservatories; a place of fashionable assembly, with lecture-rooms, class-rooms, &c. In short, it will be exactly what Dublin wants, what its progress in so many ways demands, and what cannot fail to be a leading attraction to visitors, as well as a necessary source of intellectual enjoyment to the inhabitants of the city and its vicinage. The project was liberally taken up from its announcement. It is the result of a joint stock company; and while many of the leading merchants are directors (at the head of them being the true patriot Benjamin Lee Guinness), a large number of the tradesmen of Dublin are shareholders. Its prosperity, therefore, may be safely predicted. Active and energetic influences are already at work; the affair is not to be permitted to take its own course. Agents of the directors are busy in various parts of Europe. An auxiliary committee is about to be formed in London. Programmes have been issued, detailing the circumstances under which contributions will be asked for the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1865; and no doubt all necessary steps will be taken, without delay, to communicate the wants and wishes of the committee to manufacturers throughout Great Britain, many of whom we undertake to say will be aiding and assisting the project of the directors. They anticipate, and with some show of reason, a greater success than that achieved in 1853. Then the scheme depended mainly on the liberality of one man—Mr. Dargan. Then the machinery was ill planned, experience being far more limited than it is now. Then there was very imperfect responsibility; no one appearing to answer for the errors and mistakes that unquestionably occurred. The International Exhibition of 1853, in short, was more a private than a public undertaking. Yet it was a great success; and honours have been justly accorded to the enterprising gentleman at whose suggestion it was formed, and by whose purse it was supported.

In 1865 the International Exhibition will be the work of nine-tenths of the men of mark in Dublin, and for the issue of which, it may be almost said, the whole of its people will be responsible. We anticipate for it a far larger measure of success than attended the former undertaking, and feel assured we shall not be disappointed.

Even at this early period, therefore, we desire to offer to the exhibition all the aid we can give. Hitherto Ireland has not been to any great extent either a producing or a consuming country as regards Art-manufacture. That is not the case now. To those who knew little of the Ireland of long ago, deficiencies may be still apparent; but progress in the elegancies and luxuries of life—in the refinements that give delights to homes—has been great in that country of

late years; and English manufacturers who are disposed to contribute to this exhibition can be safely assured that trade may be opened up, as well as improvements introduced, by the aid they may render to the undertaking. The "reciprocity" will be by no means "all on one side."

The programme put forth by the directors contains much information as to the course they design to adopt; it gives a ground plan and an interior view of the building (the architect of which is Mr. Alfred Jones); and those who desire further instructions can communicate with the secretary, H. Parkinson, Esq., Exhibition Company's Offices, Dublin.

THE ART-WORKMAN'S POSITION.

MR. BERESFORD-HOPE has delivered under the above title a suggestive lecture in behalf of the Architectural Museum. The question which he discusses is how best to convert the artisan into the artist; how most efficiently to stamp manual labour with mental intent; and how thus, as a twofold result, to raise the social position of the workman, and to improve the quality of the work itself. That skilled labour has, both in its art-merit and in its monied value, been for some years in steady advance, we shall all readily admit; but that much still remains to be attained no one will call in question. The disadvantages and discouragements which encompass the industrious populations of our large cities are indeed many and most depressing. Mr. Ruskin, in the lecture which he delivered at Bradford on "Modern Manufacture and Design," spoke upon this head in the following terms of discouragement:—"To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree, subtle in touch and keen in sight; but he is, generally speaking, destitute of designing power." Mr. Beresford-Hope forms by no means so low an estimate of the inventive and executive capacities of our British artisan. He has indeed gone the best way to remedy such shortcomings as he may have found; he publicly declares, as in the discourse now before us, the disabilities under which our native arts suffer, and then proceeds to point out the remedies by which existing deficiencies may be best supplied.

We have all had reason to rejoice over the revival which within the last few years has taken place in architecture and its allied arts of sculpture in stone, carving in wood, and working in metal. Now Mr. Beresford-Hope proposes that enamelling, ceramic moulding or modelling, metal chasing, wood carving, and other like Art-mysteries, shall obtain, as of old, recognition and honourable distinction; that the artisans engaged in these works, which are becoming each year more essential to the completion of our public edifices and the comfort of our private homes, shall receive instruction more systematic, thorough, and practical, than has hitherto been known in our government schools; and for the better attainment of these ends that the Royal Academy shall extend its present too narrow area, and thus unite, after the manner known to the great and all-embracing artists of Italy, the highest with the humblest branches of the profession. This suggestion met with an approval in the report on the Royal Academy which its author had scarcely anticipated. "We recognise," write the Commissioners, "great value in the suggestion first made to us in the evidence of Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, that there should be a class of Art-workmen connected with the Royal Academy. Looking to the intimate connection between the Fine Arts and those of a more mechanical character, and the great importance of extending the influence of the former over the latter, we think that workmen of great excellence in metal, stone, wood, and other materials, might properly be distinguished by some medal or certificate of

honour conferred by the Royal Academy, and in certain special cases become members of the Academy, at least as Associates; each of these Art-workmen might properly receive a bronze medal, and the appellation of 'Royal Academy Medallist.'"

The last volume of Viollet Le Duc's "Dictionary of Architecture" contains, under the title "Ouvrier," important facts in elucidation of the condition of the workmen of the middle ages. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries companies or guilds were formed, to whom were severally entrusted the building of a vault, the cutting of a column, or the carving of a capital, and the workman was accustomed to place upon each stone he wrought a mark, which should testify to the identity and worth of his handicraft. This last is a vital point, upon which Mr. Beresford-Hope and other friends of the artisan rightly lay much stress. "I say distinctly," writes Mr. Beresford-Hope, "that if we are to make the working artist what he claims to be, and should be, he must be a man who works with his name round his neck; he must be a man whose credit will be at stake in the thing he produces, and who will suffer in pocket and reputation if the thing he produces is below par. He must stand the good and the bad of the experiment. Then, if it is so, your working artist must be an educated man. I mean that there must be a certain amount of training, a certain schooling that he will have to go through, certain courses that he will have to follow in some recognised place of teaching, certain diplomas that he will have to take out, before he has a right to put his card in his window, and send his advertisement round—'John Smith, working artist in wood,' or 'working artist in stone.'"

We borrow our styles of architecture, our modes of construction, our principles of decoration, from past ages; it were well for us, in like manner, to revert to anterior times to learn how the Art-workman, "the material with which we have to deal in all the work we do," was put together, and turned out an efficient instrument. We believe that the excellence of the execution which astounds us in the middle-age edifice, mainly arose out of the intimate connection which was maintained between the architect who conceived the structure, and the free mason to whom was delegated the manipulative detail. This bond of union between the creative mind and the executive hand never became severed, even in the minutest portion of a master work; and thus did the whole structure, with its adornings and accessories, grow up into the expression of the same spirit, and come forth as the offspring of one originating thought. Look, as a contrast, upon our present system, if system it may be called. Between the architect in his office and the mason in his shop middle men intervene, wholly ignorant of Art, practical only in the rule of thumb, and conversant with little else than the quality, and especially the market price, of bricks, mortar, and compo. Awaiting, then, any corporate action to be taken by our Royal Academy—for which we shall have to wait long indeed—each individual architect has himself the power of mitigating, in some degree, the evils which are universally deplored. He can exercise a salutary and direct influence over the Art-workmen entrusted with his designs; he may look to the quality of the product delegated to other hands; and by a few simple words, either in caution, encouragement, or positive instruction, he can lead the humble executant onward, and point out the shortest and surest means by which his conceptions may be carried out. Lastly, though the guilds of former days may have lost their vitality, we can look to science to supply a direct truth and a guiding principle, which in former days were committed to the keeping of mere tradition. Science, in her high or profound aspects, the Art-workman will not need; but there is a simple scientific knowledge easily acquired, which, lying close upon common life, admits of ready application to the callings of the wayfaring man. This knowledge is, indeed, power; not merely a manufacturing and wealth-creating instrument, but an Art-power which will enable the artisan to build and fashion his work on the sure foundations of truth and essential beauty.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.—Mr. George Harvey, one of the oldest members of this society, has been elected to fill the onerous yet honourable post of President of the Academy, lately rendered void by the death of Sir John Watson Gordon. It was no easy matter to find a successor to one in every way so fitted for the office as was the late president; but the selection made can leave no doubt as to the wisdom of the choice; both as an artist and as a gentleman, Mr. Harvey is well qualified to be placed at the head of so distinguished a body as the Royal Scottish Academy. Following all former precedents, it may be presumed he will have the appointment of "Limner to the Queen for Scotland," and will receive the honour of knighthood.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has recently received the addition of four pictures, two Italian, and two Low Country. One of the latter is by Ruysdael, and was bequeathed by the late Mr. Oppenheim. It is a waterfall, but it has much more concentration than many other similar subjects by the same master. The water dashes from an upper lake over a broken slope of rocks, and extends to a stream occupying the base of the picture. Time has in nowise deprived the upper sheet of water of the liquid lustre which the painter gave to it, nor the broken volume of the misty spray with which he surrounded it. Cliffs and trees rise on the right, and on the left is seen an eminence with a tower. It is in excellent condition. The second is 'A Canal Scene' by Vanderneer. It was purchased from Lord Shaftesbury, and forms a fair pendant to the Farnborough picture, though inferior to it as an aspect of nature. The view looks more of a reality than a composition. There are canal scenes near Amsterdam almost identical with it. On the left appears a noble screen of trees with near houses and figures, the latter supposed to have been painted by Linglebach. The smaller of the two Italian pictures is a head—that of a Venetian senator, by Bonsignori (erroneously called by Vasari, Monsignori), a pupil of Mantegna. The face, that of another Vitellius, has all the dryness of *tempera*, and is lighted with that broad uniformity on which Queen Elizabeth used to insist as necessary to the perfection of portraiture. The painting is in such well-maintained condition that the individual hairs of the eyelashes stand forth as the painter left them. The face has been painted with a very limited palette, so much so, that it might be thought the painter possessed no good red, but a portion of the dress is painted with a bright red, much sounder than appears in the works of that time, the latter part of the fifteenth century. The portrait is signed on a cartellino, "Franciscus Bonsignorius Veronensis, P. 1487." The other Italian picture is a St. Roch, by Morando (1484—1522). The saint is presented standing and in the act of baring his thigh and pointing out the plague spot to an angel hovering over him. At the back of the figure is an oak tree. The draperies are reddish orange and purple, and the flesh painting is as careful as that of a miniature. There is an elegance and a beauty in the sentiment and disposition which occasion some surprise that Morando is so little known, for such a work is clearly a result only of lengthened experience and earnest study of the very best works of the Venetian school up to the end of the fifteenth century. The picture has been one of the wings to an altar-piece.—The plan of covering pictures with glass is still continued, the following works having been submitted to the process during the past year:—Del Sarto's portrait of himself, G. Bellini's 'St. Jerome,' Previtali's 'Madonna and Child,' Hilton's 'Rebekah at the Well,' Etty's 'The Duett,' 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' by Justus of Padua, Van der Meire's portrait of Marco Barbarigo, Pinturicchio's 'Madonna and Child,' G. Bellini's 'Christ's Agony in the Garden,' Bronzino's portrait of Cosmo, Van der Goes's 'Monk,' Beltraccio's 'Madonna and Child,' Reynolds's 'Heads of Angels,' and Landseer's 'High Life' and 'Low Life.' The number of visitors to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square was, during the year, 637,678, and to that portion exhibited at South Kensington, 738,915, making a

total of 1,376,593. In both collections there are now protected by glass, 102 foreign pictures, 36 British paintings, and 202 framed drawings. Last year the picture galleries at Trafalgar Square were visited, during the 92 days they were open to students, 3,773 times; those at Kensington, in 132 days, 7,725 times; 39 foreign and 53 British pictures were copied within the period referred to. These statistics are taken from the report concerning the National Gallery presented to the House of Commons during the present session.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has lately received some interesting and valuable additions: one is a portrait of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, bearing the inscription "Ætatis Suae 30, 1597." The face is somewhat thin, and its expression grave, without indication of that levity which was so strong an element in Essex's character. He wears a white double ruff, over which a thin brown beard falls, with a full head of dark brown hair, combed back, and a white silk doublet. The drawing is correct, but the painting is rather hard. The artist is unknown. A portrait of Admiral Keppel is one of the finest heads ever painted by Reynolds; it is brilliant and in fine condition, and, although said to be unfinished, is more perfect as to painting than many others by Sir Joshua that are called finished. One of the portraits of the admiral was painted at Margate; but the lighting of this face tells it was done in Leicester Square. A portrait of the late Lord Lansdowne, when Lord Henry Petty, is by Hoppner; and one of R. Wilson, the landscape painter, is by himself; it is a performance so indifferent, that we are not surprised his friends should have advised him to abandon portrait painting. The three portraits by Copley, bought at the recent sale of the late Lord Lyndhurst's pictures, are now placed in the gallery; these are a study of the head of Lord Heathfield, the defender of Gibraltar, for the Guildhall picture; Archbishop Laud, after a portrait by Vandyke; and a portrait of Lord Mansfield. There are also three marble busts, one by Tatham, of Lord Chancellor Eldon; a bust, by Behnes, of Dr. Arnold (Rugby); and another, by Behnes, of the Right Honourable Mr. Tierney, presented by his son, Mr. George Tierney.

THE ETCHING CLUB is about to issue another series of works by its members, on a larger scale and of a more finished character than any preceding etchings. The contributors to the volume are Messrs. C. W. Cope, R.A., J. C. Hook, R.A., J. E. Millais, R.A., R. Ansdell, A.R.A., W. Holman Hunt, T. Creswick, R.A., R. Redgrave, R.A., S. Palmer, and S. Haden. The number of copies issued will be limited to three or four hundred, the engravings being on copper.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—It was announced some time ago that the directors of the Crystal Palace had resolved to offer two hundred guineas, in different proportions, for the best pictures contributed this season to their picture gallery, by British and foreign artists. The award has been made as follows:—"A prize of Sixty Guineas, for the best Historical or Figure subject in oil, by a British artist," to Miss E. Osborn's 'Half the world knows not how the other half lives'; "a prize of Forty Guineas for the best English picture, not figures," to Mr. J. G. Naish's 'The Castle Rock, Linton, North Devon'; "a prize of Twenty Guineas for the best Water-colour picture," to Mr. H. Tidey's 'The Last of the Abencerages'; "a prize of Forty Guineas for the best picture, irrespective of subject, by a French artist resident on the Continent," to M. Coessin de la Force's 'Lion Hunt by Arabs'; and "a prize of Forty Guineas for the best picture, irrespective of subject, by a foreign artist, not French, resident on the Continent," to M. De Bruycker's 'Calling to Mind Old Times.' The adjudicators were Mr. David Roberts, R.A., Mr. Louis Haghe, and Mr. S. C. Hall, F.S.A. We presume the directors will continue the plan adopted this season, as it certainly has stimulated artists of acknowledged talent both here and elsewhere to send their works for exhibition, and has thereby greatly increased the interest of the picture gallery, and benefited the artists themselves, for the sales this year have been far larger than on any former occasion.

THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.—The sum of £97,000 was asked for in the House of Commons on June 30, to complete the grant necessary for the Department; and the vote was agreed to after considerable discussion, in which almost every speaker found some ground of complaint against the institution, which, in spite of all grumblings and outeries, manages somehow or other to get all it asks for, though, as an hon. member, Mr. Gregory, is reported to have said, in "one item, the amount of which was no less than £16,000, a whole host of subjects was huddled together in a manner which gave facilities for manipulating the public money in a way that should not be tolerated for a single day." The hon. gentleman had given notice to call the attention of the House to the management of the institution at Kensington; and then, at the eleventh hour, shrunk back from the inquiry on the ground that neither he nor any other member would be willing to sit on a committee at that late period of the session. And so the public money is voted away, as it would seem, without any one caring what becomes of it. Sir Stafford Northcote rightly said that any discussion was premature while the committee upstairs on the Schools of Art had not made its report. Why then, we ask, not defer the grant till the House was in possession of the papers?—The Department, it has been stated, purposes to open an exhibition of works in stained glass annually, similar to that which has been held at South Kensington this summer. A prize of £50 will next year be awarded to the best design for a stained glass window, of the size and form of that on the staircase at the Museum, lately filled with the work of Messrs. O'Connor, marked No. 1.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—Messrs. E. A. Goodall, J. W. Whittaker, and A. W. Hunt, Associates of this institution, have been elected members; and Mr. G. A. Fripp has succeeded Mr. J. J. Jenkins in the office of secretary, a post he held several years ago.

SIR E. LANDSEER'S small cabinet picture of 'A Piper and a Pair of Nutcrackers,' in the Royal Academy this year, has, it is stated, been sold to Mr. Huish for the sum of £1,700!

THE FETE AND FANCY BAZAAR, held in the gardens of the Horticultural Society, towards the end of June, in aid of the building fund of the Female School of Art, in Queen Square, was, as every one anticipated, most successful. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured the fête with their presence on the opening day, the Princess purchasing liberally at several of the principal stalls. Prior to the fête a large number of ladies interested in the School had been collecting "purses," and those who had performed this voluntary duty had the honour of personally presenting the offerings to the Princess. The sum collected in this way amounted to about £500; what the whole pecuniary result of the Bazaar amounts to we have not yet been able to ascertain; but there can be little doubt of its realising very nearly, if not all, that was required by its projectors, and we hope, therefore, soon to learn that the object for which Miss Gann, the able and indefatigable lady-superintendent of the School, and the committee acting with her, have been so long and zealously striving, will at length be accomplished. We may remark that the School of Art in Queen Square is totally distinct from the female classes attending the School at South Kensington, although it is included in the list of the schools which are placed under the direction of the Department of Science and Art.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—A picture of very large dimensions, by M. Theodore Gudin, has been recently added to this exhibition in Pall Mall. It is, we understand, one of a series of fourteen paintings commissioned by the Emperor of France, and represents the arrival of his Majesty at the port of Genoa during the Italian war. The Emperor has left the steamer that conveyed him thither, and is being rowed up the harbour in the ship's gig, amid the welcomes and shoutings of a multitude which throng every available seat, and stand-point, and "hold-on," that the crowd of gaily-decked vessels in the port affords. M. Gudin has evidently looked at some of Turner's pictures for the arrangement and general treatment of his subject; if he could

only have realised a little of our great countryman's colouring too, he would have painted a much finer work than he has done. The tone throughout is *pictorially* cold, and for an Italian atmosphere unaccountably so; the colour of the whole is heavy, and altogether devoid of transparency, though the subject is skilfully set out.

THE REPORT of the Select Committee on Schools of Art has reached us, but too late in the month for it to receive that attention the subject demands. Our notice must therefore be postponed for the present.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—At the recent national competition of works from all the Art-schools in connection with the Science and Art Department, four medallions were awarded to students in this school—one, respectively, for a model from the life, a model from the antique, an architectural design for a school of Art, and a sheet of flowers treated ornamentally.

A ROYAL ENGRAVER.—Prince Rupert, the chivalrous leader of the Royalist cavalry against the forces of the Parliament, is known to have been a skilful mezzotinto engraver; the British Museum contains several of his works. Another royal engraver has appeared, according to the *Building News*, in the person of the present King of Sweden, "who is a member of a society of engravers in Paris, and has lately sent to them a very splendid line-engraving, executed in his leisure moments."

STATUETTES ILLUSTRATING ENGLISH SPORTS.—Cricketing and boating—especially the former—are such popular pastimes in England, that we are sure many were pleased to see Mr. Durham's bronze statuettes illustrative of these sports, in the recent Royal Academy exhibition; duplicates are now deposited at Messrs. Miller's, 179, Piccadilly, where we have had a better opportunity of examining them than was afforded us in the sculpture gallery in Trafalgar Square. There are six in all, one, a group of two figures in boating costume; they stand linked together with oars uplifted, as if ready to "take the water." The others represent different "dispositions" in the game of cricket, the bowler, the batsman, the "field," &c. They are all capitally modelled, and the bronze-work, executed by Messrs. Carlhian and Corbière, of Paris, is really beautiful. The great drawback to these works having the extensive sale they merit is the costliness of production. It is to be hoped some cheaper material than bronze may be found for them, so as to place such popular subjects within the reach of thousands.

A PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI, executed for the proprietors of the *Penny Newsman*, deserves notice, as a specimen of what good and yet cheap Art may be produced for the masses. The portrait is excellently drawn, by Mr. Dix, and is printed in colours with considerable brilliancy and solidity.

MESSRS. DAY AND SON have executed for Messrs. Dawson Brothers, of Montreal, a pair of small chromolithographs of Canadian river-scenery, from sketches made by Mr. Way, an English artist temporarily resident in that country. The views are striking, and appear singular, to those who are ignorant of the peculiar atmospheric effects and vegetation of Canada, from their intense vividness of colour. One of the pictures, where the banks of the river are lined with large rugged blocks of ice, whose whiteness contrasts strangely with the deep red purple of the distant line of hills and the glowing crimson and yellow of a sunset sky, presents a most remarkable appearance.

A PORTRAIT OF MISS BATEMAN in her most popular character of Leah, has been lately published by Messrs. Graves and Co. It is engraved by G. H. Every from a picture by J. E. Collins; both artists have done full justice to the *personelle* of the accomplished actress by giving to the portrait that intense dramatic expression of feature which, scarcely less than her admirable performance, has drawn such crowds within the walls of the Adelphi. Distinct from the interest attached to the subject, the figure is a fine study viewed only as a work of Art.

MR. W. CAVE THOMAS is engaged on a large picture for Christ Church, Lisson Grove, the subject of which is the 'Diffusion of the Gifts of the Spirit.' It is painted on a large lunette to

fit a space above the altar, and hence a difficulty in finding a subject suitable to the form. In Mr. Thomas's composition, the Saviour, enthroned and with extended arms, sends forth on His right, Faith, Wisdom, Justice, and Honour, and on His left, Victory, Wealth, Beauty, and Plenty. The picture is but just commenced; it promises, however, much originality and excellence.

THE POMPEIAN NARCISSUS.—The agents of the government excavating at Pompeii, under Signor Fiorelli, have recently discovered some relics of great beauty and value, of which one of the most precious is a statuette of Narcissus, to which, in its sacred oxide of nearly eighteen centuries, a place has been assigned in the Museo Borbonico at Naples, among the bronzes from Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia. Our knowledge of the statuette is derived from a reproduction in the possession of Mr. Phillips, 23, Cockspur Street, who has been appointed the agent in this country for the disposal of copies. The height of the figure is about two feet; it stands with the weight of the body resting on the left leg, the right leg behind, as if having either suddenly stopped, or moving very stealthily forward. The right hand is held out as the action of a listener enjoining silence, and the inclination of the head forward and sideways coincides with the hand, as the natural position assumed by a person either listening to an indistinct sound, or waiting for its repetition. The left hand rests upon the side, with the elbow thrown out. The hair is confined by a chaplet without leaves, but with bunches of berries over the forehead—perhaps myrtle or ivy, in which case the artist must have intended a convivial crown. From the left shoulder depend the spoils of a goat, in allusion to the hunting excursions undertaken with his sister. Another reference to this is the Cothurnus, which is admirable in design, as from the heel-piece rises a flower that spreads forward on every practicable space to the front of the foot. The modelling of this, together with the front lacing, is most perfect, and the same care prevails in another part yet more difficult, that is the hair, the arrangement and working of which show the most refined taste and masterly skill. He may be supposed to be listening to the love-wailing of the despised Echo, or he may be contemplating his own figure in the pool, and approaching it with a silent and stealthy step. Youth and beauty are as definite in the figure as in the Apollino, and, although at rest, it is as light as the Mercury of Gian Bologna. In the face there is an individuality far apart from the grave majesty of the Greek type. The expression brings us back to the idea of the wailing Echo; the voice seems to be behind him, and he refuses to turn. Whether we consider the back or the front, the course of the lines swelling and receding is remarkably beautiful, and the easy quietude and wrapt attention of the attitude take us into the story, without leading us to forget the figure, to which, indeed, it is something to have given a living consciousness of superior personal attraction with some affectation and a maintenance of the style known among ourselves as *dandyism*. The manner and feeling of the work seems to be Roman. By the way, of Mr. Phillips's statuette as a copy, it must be said that nothing can be more perfect—we speak, of course, of the surface imitation of the figure, not having seen the original.

A PICTURE of a bush fire in Australia has been added to the Scandinavian Gallery, the subject being an episode of "Black Thursday," a day memorable in the annals of the colony. The conflagration on this occasion extended over a space of three hundred miles by fifty—an area, it may be supposed, containing many valuable lives, and a great amount of property. These fires are the most awful visitations of the parched plains of Australia, and their track is marked by death and desolation; the horrors of a flight before the terrific scourge can scarcely be exaggerated. We find, therefore, a mass composed of everything in that region having life to save from the destroyer. The colonists, with their wives, families, cattle, and transportable household gear, are wildly struggling onward, with, it seems, but little hope of outstripping the fire that pursues them with the rapidity of the wind. The picture is the work of Mr. W. Strutt, a pupil of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

REVIEWS.

SHAKESPEARE. The first folio edition of 1623 reproduced by photo-lithography under the supervision of HOWARD STAUNTON. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

Who is to estimate the full influence of Shakespeare's genius? Who can define its boundary in the future? His fame, unlike that of most men, increases with time; the people of each succeeding century pay him more worship than their forefathers did. As he becomes better known abroad, the same experience awaits him; he is almost as much the Poet of the German as of the English people. His influence ramifies silently in countries where he is less studied; and his thoughts and phrases are occasionally adopted among all the nations. The eulogy of Ben Jonson in this instance becomes a simple fact—

"He was not of an age, but for all time."

So many and so varied have been the students of his works, that a large library may easily be formed of commentary and elucidation, which year by year rapidly increases; indeed, we are only now opening the strictly aesthetic disquisition on his works that originated with German devotees. A reference to the last edition of "Lowndes' Bibliographers' Manual" will give a clear idea to any one how a long life, and a small fortune, might be spent in a Shakespearian library. Much of our great countryman's popularity is undoubtedly due to the wondrous faculty he had of saying the best things in the best words; there is no poet so "quotable" as Shakespeare. His works take so wide a range in their delineation of human character, and identify themselves so thoroughly with the character delineated, that an apt saying is sure to be ready for the searcher, be he either the patriot statesman who would eulogise his country, or the goldsmith who advertises his chain. The combination of the highest poetry and the simplest good sense have made him the great master-mind of England; and we choose his words as the best exponents of our ideas. He has said for us all what we want to say, in a way all best approve; and he has done this with a simple honesty that half reveals partial unconsciousness of his own greatness. Indeed, the carelessness with which he left his plays for the press is one proof of the small amount of literary vanity he possessed. Would he had had more! The editors of this first edition of his collected works feelingly exclaim, "It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings." Many of the original quarto editions abound with errors, now difficult if not impossible to set right. Even this volume leaves much to conjectural emendation, though it be the loving labour of Heminge and Condell, "without ambition of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." There is an earnest, homely simplicity in the dedications of this volume, "from the most able to him that can but spell," which should recommend them to all modern readers; but unfortunately they are not often reprinted in the numerous editions of the poet's works.

This noble "first folio" is therefore the best authoritative version of the work of one of the greatest minds that make our England revered among the nations.

"Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe."

As the quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays have risen in value, so that they have become veritable "livres de luxe," only to be obtained at the highest rate by the most rabid bibliomaniacs, so this first folio has gone up in price. Some years ago, £50 would have secured a good copy; now, three times that sum might fail in obtaining it. Still it is the "first and only love" of the true Shakespearian scholar; it is the touchstone of the poet's meaning, the best exponent of his thoughts. Hence it has been "reprinted," but so greatly difficult is the apparently easy task of resetting the old types, that 386 misprints have been detected in the best edition. Therefore it is clear that some mechanical mode of reproducing the work in absolute fac-simile is the only reliable mode to adopt for this covetable volume. Here photography does good service; "by the aid of this unerring agent," say Messrs. Day, "combined with an admirable process, recently discovered, by which the subject can be transferred from the collodion negative to zinc or stone, it is practicable to obtain imperishable copies of any manuscript or printed book, so closely resembling the original as almost to defy discrimination." By this mode, this new edition of the "first folio" is to be executed; and this first issue of the earlier part has tested the

ability of the process to the utmost, for it not only calls for imitation of the varied types used in the book, but for fac-similes of the woodcuts, forming head and tail pieces, or initial letters; and also for reproduction of the copper-plate portrait of Shakespeare, by Droeshout, which is upon the title-page. We have looked narrowly over all, and except for a little spreading of the ink, here and there, the imitation of type is perfect; but it is but fair to say, that even this spreading is occasionally seen in old printed books. The portrait is reproduced with marvellous accuracy, and in looking upon this rude and ugly old work, we cannot but feel sad regret that Shakespeare should be thus ill-represented, when hundreds of comparative nobodies have been carefully delineated by the best artists of their era. Despite our desires, we must be content with this, and the Stratford bust (also a mediocre work), as the only representations of the poet's features recognised and praised (!) by the poet's family and friends.

The terms of republication of this important volume are, that the whole shall be contained in sixteen monthly parts, each containing about sixty pages; the whole may be ultimately obtained at the price of 8 guineas. The Shakespearian student may thus secure for his own library the volume for constant reference, and the bibliomaniac a "curious" tome that he could scarcely hope to obtain in the ordinary book trade. Knowing the full value of this republication, we should fail in our duty if we did not warmly recommend it. Mr. Staunton has for years devoted himself to the bard, and with him the drudgery of revision and correction will be a labour of love. We are glad to find that he and other sound students are now giving Shakespeare's name its proper quantity of vowels, and not reducing it to the broken form that became somewhat fashionable a few years ago, on the "authority" of a very questionable autograph. Messrs. Day seem inclined to test their ability to the utmost in their branch of the labour, and we hope they may find their reward in a good subscription list.

THE EPOCHS OF PAINTING. A Biographical and Critical Essay on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

To those who know anything of the Art-literature of our time, the title of this book will be perfectly familiar. In 1859 Mr. Wornum published a work bearing the same name, which was preceded by another having a somewhat similar purpose; the former, however, scarcely extended beyond a brief essay on the art of painting as practised by the principal masters of the old schools. The volume now before us is a greatly enlarged edition of the 1859 book, and may justly claim to be what the author declares it is, "a new work, containing a vast mass of new matter;" for though he has made ample additions to the old materials, and has preserved the plan of the earlier essays as regards the division of the work, the treatment of the subject, relatively to arrangement of details, is altered to suit the wider and more comprehensive sphere of operations.

The word "Epochs" naturally suggests a division of time into periods; and this plan is followed by Mr. Wornum in his record of the progress of painting instead of tracing out the history of the various schools individually; and thus the growth of Art, as it rose and was developed in different countries, or in different parts of the same country—as in Italy, for example—is brought before us contemporaneously, so far as was practicable. The division consists of seven books, treating respectively of Ancient Art, as practised by the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and other nations of antiquity; the Dark Ages, or Byzantine Art; the Renaissance period; the Re-establishment of Painting by the great Italian Schools; Transalpine Art, from which is dated the deterioration of painting; Progressive Decline, and the Revival of Painting by the Northern Schools of the seventeenth and following centuries.

These general heads are subdivided again into chapters, in which the principal painters and their works are briefly passed under review, the remarks being characterised by knowledge of the subject-matter, and sound judgment in discriminating the peculiarities and excellences of the masters. A very considerable portion of the additions in this volume relates to the painters of Germany, Holland, Flanders, Spain, France, and England especially. Much attention appears to have been paid throughout to dates, so as to determine with as much accuracy as possible the births and deaths of the "old masters," oftentimes a matter of no small importance as some guide to the authenticity of their assumed works.

Mr. Wornum's views of modern Pre-Raffaellism

in relation to the old are thus expressed:—"The sentiment is in this early art, but the just material representation is almost wholly wanting; there is the soul, but the body is not yet matured, and this immaturity cannot be a quality of perfection. No exalted sentiment can possibly be aided by either ugliness or disease; neither health nor comeliness are incompatible with sorrow or piety. To attempt to represent intellectual or spiritual at the expense of the physical condition is absurd. The physical ideal can alone harmonise with the spiritual ideal; lofty sentiment and physical baseness are essentially antagonistic." So thought the ancient Greeks, to judge from their sculptured works; and if the old painters who preceded Perugino and Raffaele had known how to master the technicalities of Art—had thoroughly understood drawing and perspective, their works would have been characterised by the same beauty and correctness of form which are seen in those of their successors.

This "Epochs of Painting" is a succinct and comprehensive history of the art, a volume for general reading as well as for reference; in style it is sufficiently didactic to be instructive, but not so much so as to be tedious to any reader who cares to learn something about Art and artists. The volume contains numerous woodcuts, many of which have appeared in the *Art-Journal* to illustrate the works of some of the painters whose histories have been written in our pages.

'THE BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.' Engraved by W. MILLER, from a Drawing by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Mr. Miller's engraving is of the exact size of Turner's drawing, which bears date 1818, and is in the possession of Mr. David Stevenson, son or nephew, we believe, of the Stevenson who erected the Bell Rock Lighthouse. And a noble drawing it is: the heavens are thick with blackness, the forked lightning is rending the giant masses of clouds, and plays round the firmly-planted pillar on the Bell Rock; while the heaps of waves roll along with fearful violence, sending their white spray in prodigious showers up to the very lantern itself, hugging the shaft, as it were, with wild and reckless tenacity. There is, indeed, no epithet too strong in its application, or which can do justice, to this terrible war of the elements; nor do we know among the whole of Turner's works a more vivid picture of a sea-storm, anything grander or more appalling than this. Mr. Miller, whose *burin* has been many times engaged on the reproduction of Turner's pictures, has done full justice to this subject; he has caught the grey leaden tone of the clouds, which are again reflected on the water, with singular felicity, and the sweep of the white-crested waves is free and full of motion. Throughout there is a rare combination of delicacy and power.

REPORT ON THE WORKS OF PUPILS IN THE FRENCH SCHOOLS OF DESIGN. By WALTER SMITH, Head Master of the Leeds School of Art, &c. &c. Published by SIMPKIN & Co., London; BAINES AND SONS, Leeds.

This is the pamphlet to which allusion was made in our last number, when we printed Mr. Smith's letter to Sir Stafford Northcote on the refusal of the Department of Science and Art to publish his report, which letter forms the introduction to these pages. The writer was one of several gentlemen sent over to Paris to examine the works lately exhibited in the *Palais de l'Industrie*; on his return he drew up a report, embodying in it a comparison of the French and English systems of Art-education, with suggestions for the improvement and modification of the latter.

Mr. Smith's opinions, and the grounds on which they are formed, are ably set forth, but at far too great length for us to do more than state the general result. "If the aggregate works in the exhibition," he says, "be compared with those of English Schools of Art, either with reference to the general tone and quality of Art-works exhibited, or as a means of contrasting the systems of Art-education on which the two sets of works have been produced, the comparison thus made must be entirely in favour of the English work and the English system. . . . A comparison of the English and French systems of Art-education is overwhelming in favour of the former. I should consider it nothing less than calamitous if any serious modification of our English system were made, with a view of assimilating it to the French, for if this were done, instead of advancing steadily as we have done for the last twelve years, we should be retrograding." We confess ourselves unable to reconcile such a favourable opinion of the teaching in our Art-schools with the undeniable fact that so

many of them are in a state of bankruptcy, so to speak, from want of support, that the manufacturers, as a body, ignore their usefulness, while the masters themselves are at this very time raising their voices loudly against the system, or at least, a portion of it, adopted by the Department. Mr. Smith says, "The difficulties which arise in its working are not the result of the system, so much as the want of true educational ability in the men who work it. More Schools of Art are shut up by the masters (!) than by the rules of the Science and Art Department; and this is the case, not from any unwillingness to perform their duties as Art-masters themselves, but because, by education and their own tastes and inclinations, many men who can take certificates are radically unfitted to become educationalists." This charge of incompetency in his fellow-labourers may or may not be true, in some cases it probably is; and, if so, the consequences must be laid at the door of the Department for appointing men not qualified for the positions they hold.

Loud complaints are made by Mr. Smith against the centralisation of everything at South Kensington. He remarks, and with justice, that if the public throughout the United Kingdom pays for these objects, the people in the provinces, no less than those in London, ought to have the means of benefiting by them—they are intended for other purposes than to be "objects of curiosity to the connoisseurs and dilettanti, or holiday sight-seers of London."

There are many valuable hints thrown out in this report which ought not to be lost sight of.

A MEMOIR OF THE GLASGOW CATHEDRAL PAINTED WINDOWS. By CHARLES HEATH WILSON. Published by BELL AND BAIN, Glasgow.

The fine stained glass windows in the Cathedral of Glasgow, which have been repeatedly noticed in our pages during their progress, are works that the citizens owe in no small measure to the zeal, energy, and knowledge of Art shown by Mr. Wilson, who for many years held the responsible position of head master in the Government School of Design in the city. It is quite fitting, therefore, that he should be invited to discourse about them on a proper occasion, and this was furnished by the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, before whom he read the able paper that now appears as a pamphlet. In it Mr. Wilson reviews the whole history of the undertaking, the difficulties which had to be surmounted, especially in reconciling conflicting opinions as to the character and style of the contemplated works, and the artists by whom, and the place where, they should be executed. All these, and other relative matters, with a description of the windows, are discussed at considerable length in this paper, which, though it has an especial local interest, may not be without value elsewhere for the practical knowledge it conveys of a subject on which the opinions of artists and archaeologists oftentimes greatly differ; and also because it will serve as a guide to others whom circumstances may call to act as a "committee of taste" on some similar ecclesiastical decoration. The essay is dedicated to the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, President of the Board of Works, whose name Mr. Wilson, or his printer, has mis-spelt *Cooper*.

KITTO'S CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Third Edition. Edited by W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D., F.S.A.S., &c. Vol. II. Published by A. AND C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The monthly issue of this most valuable publication has now reached the completion of the second volume, which brings the alphabetical order of words down to the end of the letter L. Dr. Alexander and his able coadjutors—a long list of names eminent in theology, science, and general literature—have added greatly to the original labours of Dr. Kitto, and have thus rendered the work as comprehensive and perfect as, we believe, it is possible to make it. This is not merely an explanatory dictionary of names, proper and common, found in Scripture, but it also includes biographical notices of the most eminent divines and scholars who have made theology and sacred literature the subject of their writings. As examples of the careful elaboration bestowed on the work, it may be pointed out that nearly seventeen pages, closely printed in double columns, are devoted to the history and writings of the prophet *Isaiah*; *Jerusalem* occupies, with a few woodcuts, thirty-six pages; and fifty follow the words *Jesus Christ*. Each of these papers is an important treatise in itself. We should imagine the Cyclopædia to be a positive necessity to every student of the Bible and of whatever relates to it.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



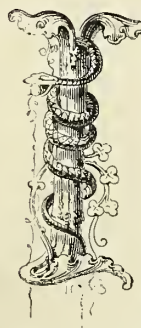
LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.

A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART VI.



IN the year 1783, an unfortunate affair happened at Etruria, which caused intense anxiety to Josiah Wedgwood. It will be remembered that, consequent on the disastrous American war, trade became stagnant, there was a dearth of provisions, and "food riots" of a fearful character took place in various districts. Etruria, the newly formed, well conducted, usually peaceable colony of potters, unfortunately became the scene of one of the wildest and most daring of these risings of a starving people. The proceedings are thus well described by Ward—"A boat laden with flour and cheese had stopped at the wharf near the manufactory,* and the cargo was intended to have been there delivered for consumption in the Potteries; but by a sudden determination of the owners, the boat was directed to proceed forward to Manchester. Information was given by some parties to the provision dealers in Hanley and Shelton, and by them to their anxious customers; the people were led to believe that a design was formed further to enhance the scarcity and price; a large number of them collected together, and hastened down to Etruria, determined to arrest the progress of the boat; but before they got there she had proceeded onward towards her destination. They followed and overtook her at Longport, where they seized her, and brought her back to Etruria. They then took out the flour and cheese, and sold it at a reduced price, paying over the proceeds, however, to the master of the boat. A second boat laden with provisions, which had come up to the locks, was also seized by them, and the cargo disposed of in like manner. There was then stationed at Newcastle a company of the Welsh Fusiliers, which, with a detachment of Staffordshire militia, under the command of Major Sneyd, who happened to be at Keel at the time, were marched to Etruria during these riotous proceedings in order to quell them. The Major, with much humanity, harangued the mob on the wickedness and danger of their conduct; but they had become daring and insolent. Two magistrates were on the spot; the riot act was read, and, at the end of an hour's grace, the Major was under the necessity of proceeding to disperse them by force. On the order being given to the military to charge, the rioters fled in all directions; two of them, who had been noticed as their leaders or most daring abettors, were immediately afterwards arrested, and committed to Stafford gaol for trial. Their names were Stephen Barlow and Joseph Boulton, and they were charged with the capital offence at

the assizes, which were held within a few days afterwards. Barlow was convicted and left for execution; and notwithstanding great exertions were made to save his life, he suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The Government were alarmed at the popular disposition to tumult; and poor Barlow became a victim rather to the public safety than to the heinousness of his crime."

To the peaceable, kindly, gentle, and liberal disposition of Wedgwood nothing could be more painful than this disorder, happening in his own locality, and by people of his own calling, among whom he had lived throughout his whole life. He immediately wrote and published, in form of a pamphlet, which he distributed through the district, "An Address to the Young Inhabitants of the Potteries, by Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S.," in which he calmly considered the grievance of the people, and reasoned with them on their lawless and mischievous course of proceedings. Of this pamphlet, which is now of excessive rarity, I possess a copy. It was "printed at Newcastle, by J. Smith," and is dated "Etruria, 27th March, 1783." I regret that space will not permit me here to reprint this admirable address, which, for kindness, manly and fatherly feeling, and strict integrity of principle, has seldom been equalled, but I shall, ere long, do so in another form. The "Address" met with universal approval, and had the desired effect of restoring peace and order in the district. In Mr. Hall's possession is a letter from Josiah Wedgwood, dated "Etruria, 12th May, 1783," in which is an interesting allusion to this pamphlet, as follows:—"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your partiality to my pamphlet, which was written solely with a view to produce good order and satisfaction among the young and unthinking part of my neighbourhood. . . . Your much obliged and affectionate friend, and humble servant, JOSIAH WEDGWOOD."

In April, 1786, the magnificent collection of antiquities and articles of vertu belonging to the late Duchess of Portland (Margaret Cavendish, daughter and heiress of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford), who died in the July of the previous year, were sold by Messrs. Skinner and Co. In this sale was included that unique and truly magnificent work of ancient Art, the "Barberini Vase," so called from having belonged to the famous Barberini family at Rome, from whom it came, by purchase, to Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to her Grace, when it received the name by which it has since been universally known, of the "Portland Vase." This gem of ancient Art, Wedgwood determined to possess, that he might carefully examine, study, and, if possible, reproduce in all its exquisite beauty. He attended the sale, and contested the purchase with the then Duke of Portland (son of the late duchess). I have before said, that one of his great characteristics was a determination of mind and a fixedness of purpose in whatever he undertook that was not to be moved, but only strengthened, by opposition. Thus it was over the Barberini Vase. He had determined to examine and reproduce it, and he was not to be diverted from his purpose by a few or many pounds, or by having for his opponent a wealthy duke, the son of its late owner. So he bid on to upwards of a thousand pounds, until, it is related, the duke, stepping across the room to him, asked his object in wishing to possess the vase. On learning his object, the duke offered, if Wedgwood would give over bidding and permit him to become its purchaser, to place it in his hands, and allow him to keep it sufficiently long to reproduce and do what he required. This arrangement being as frankly accepted as it was offered, the duke became the purchaser of the vase for £1,029, and Wedgwood took with him the priceless gem. The price paid for this vase has been variously stated from £1,000 to £1,800. Wedgwood himself says, in his treatise, "The Duke of Portland purchased the vase for about 1,000 guineas, and, thanks to this nobleman's zeal for the Fine Arts, I was soon enabled to accomplish my anxious desire by his Grace's readiness to afford me the means of making a copy." In a priced copy of the catalogue, the sum of £1,029 is put against the vase, and this being "about 1,000 guineas," as Wedgwood says, may probably have been the correct sum. The duke kept his word

liberally, and Wedgwood never lost an opportunity of speaking in high terms of his Grace's consideration. "I cannot," he writes in 1787, "sufficiently express my obligation to his Grace the Duke of Portland for entrusting this inestimable jewel to my care, and continuing it so long—*more than twelve months*—in my hands, without which it would have been impossible to do any tolerable justice to this rare work of Art. I have now some reason to flatter myself with the hope of producing, in a short time, a copy which will not be unworthy the public notice."

This copy was in due time produced, and as a *chef-d'œuvre* of modern ceramic art was perfectly unrivalled. Wedgwood produced fifty copies, which were subscribed for at fifty guineas each; but it is said that the sum thus realised (£2,500) fell far short of his actual outlay in making them. One of the first fifty is still in the possession of Mr. Francis Wedgwood, at Barlaston; another is in the possession of Mr. Marjoribanks, at Guisachan, and others are preserved in different collections, while the public have the opportunity of examining one in Mr. Mayer's magnificent museum at Liverpool. The body used for this vase was black jasper, a body used on but few other occasions. The figures were worked up and cut, to the utmost degree of sharpness and finish, by the seal and gem engraver, and thus the beauty of the original was well preserved.

It may be useful to note, that the original moulds are still in existence, and that "Portland Vases" from them are still produced by the Messrs. Wedgwood, both with a black and with a deep blue ground, and are much and deservedly admired.

The month following the sale of the Portland Vase, Josiah Wedgwood was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries,—his election taking place on the 4th of May, 1786. He never, however, made any communication to the Society.

In 1787, the sixth edition of the Catalogue was published, with the following title:—

"Catalogue of Cameos, Intaglios, Medals, Bas-reliefs, Busts, and small Statues; with a general account of Tablets, Vases, Ecritoires, and other ornamental and useful articles. The whole formed in different kinds of Porcelain and Terra Cotta, chiefly after the antique, and the finest models of modern artists. By Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S. and A.S., Potter to Her Majesty, and to His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany. Sold at his rooms in Greek Street, Soho, London, and at his manufactory in Staffordshire. The Sixth Edition with additions. Etruria, 1787."

This Catalogue occupies seventy-four closely printed octavo pages, the lists of subjects being mostly printed in double columns. In it, besides the four bodies described in the former editions, and which I have already spoken of, the other two of his famed inventions are introduced, thus showing that they date subsequently to the others. These are the "Bamboo" and the "Mortar" bodies, which are thus described by their inventor:—

"V.—*Bamboo*, or cane-coloured bisqué porcelain, of the same nature with the porcelain No. 3.

"VI.—A porcelain bisqué of extreme *hardness*, little inferior to that of Agate. This property, together with its resistance to the strongest acids and corrosives, and its impenetrability by every known species of liquids, adapts it happily for mortars and different kinds of chemical vessels."

Of the "bamboo, or cane-coloured" ware, specimens exist in most collections, and "Wedgwood Mortars" are, of course, known universally to chemists, and are to be found in every good household.

In 1788, on the 20th of October, Thomas Wedgwood, the relative and partner (so far as the "useful ware" was concerned) of Josiah, died, and thus he was left, as he had begun, sole proprietor of the great establishment he had founded. In this same year another edition of the French catalogue was issued.

In 1789 a beautiful emblematical medallion, engraved on the following page, from an example in Mr. Hall's collection, was produced by Josiah Wedgwood. It is said to have been executed in clay brought from New South Wales, commemorative of that then important event. Of this clay Wedgwood, in 1790, communicated an account to

* Wedgwood's works at Etruria, the wharf being on the canal already at some length spoken of, and which had not long previously been opened.

the Royal Society, which appears in the "Philosophical Transactions" as an "Analysis of a Mineral Substance from New South Wales." This medal possesses an additional interest from the fact of its having been copied, with alterations to adapt



it to that country, by the French potters of Sèvres. In Mr. Hall's possession is one of these curious and interesting pieces. On it the charming figure of Commerce has had her anchor and ship taken away, and has been converted into a figure with a very different meaning, holding in her hand the cap of Liberty; and a pedestal has been introduced, on which hangs the French shield of three fleurs-de-lis—"marking the time of its execution before the royal arms were abolished, but after Louis XVI. had adopted the cap of liberty."

Of the Etruria medallion Dr. Darwin, in his "Botanic Garden," thus speaks:—

"Guones! as you now dissect with hammers fine
The granite rock, the nodul'd flint calcine;
Grind with strong arm the circling chert betwixt,
Your pure ka-o-lins and pe-tun-tses mixt;
O'er each red sagger's burning cave preside,
The keen-eyed Fire-nymphs blazing by your side;
And pleased on WEDGWOOD ray your partial smile,
A new Etruria decks Britannia's isle.
Charm'd by your touch, the flint liquescent pours
Through finer sieves, and falls in whiter showers:
Charm'd by your touch, the kneaded clay refines,
The biscuit hardens, the enamel shines;
Each nicer mould a softer feature drinks.
The bold cameo speaks, the soft intaglio thinks.
"To call the pearly drops from Pity's eye,
Or stay Despair's disanimating sigh,
Whether, O friend of Art! the gem you mould,
Rich with new taste, with ancient virtue bold,
Form the poor fetter'd SLAVE on bended knee,
From Britain's sons imploring to be free;
Or with fair HOPE the brightening scenes improve,
And cheer the cheery wastes at Sydney-cove;
Or bid mortality rejoice and mourn
O'er the fine forms on Portland's mystic urn."

To this Darwin appended a note, to say he "alluded to two cameos of Mr. Wedgwood's manufacture: one of a Slave in chains, of which he distributed many hundreds to excite the humane to attend to and assist in the abolition of the detestable traffic in human creatures; and the other a cameo of Hope, attended by Peace, and Art, and Labour, which was made of clay brought from Botany Bay, to which place he sent many of them, to show the inhabitants what their materials would do, and to encourage their industry." The first of these cameos will be familiar to collectors. It represents a chained slave kneeling, and with hands clasped, and bears the touching appeal, "Am I not a man and a brother?" The second one is more scarce, and I am glad to have an opportunity of engraving it. A representation of it appears in Stockdale's edition of Philip's "Expedition to Botany Bay," and also in the quarto edition of Darwin's "Botanic Garden."

In 1790 the first fifty copies of the Portland Vase were issued, and in the same year Josiah Wedgwood published a "Dissertation on the Portland Vase," in which he detailed the results of his observations on the processes employed in its manufacture, and explained his views as to the design of the groups of figures which surround it.

To the faithfulness and beauty of the copies of the Portland Vase, Sir Joseph Banks, the Presi-

dent of the Royal Society, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the President of the Royal Academy, and other savans, gave unqualified testimony. The latter, dating "Leicester Fields, 15th June, 1790," said, "I have compared the copy of the Portland Vase by Mr. Wedgwood with the original, and I can venture to declare it to be a correct and faithful imitation, both in regard to the general effect and the most minute detail of the parts.—J. REYNOLDS."

On the 18th of January, 1790, Josiah Wedgwood took into partnership his three sons, John, Josiah, and Thomas, and his nephew, Thomas Byerley, the style of the firm being that of "Josiah Wedgwood, Sons, and Byerley." The latter had, I believe, by the terms of agreement, one eighth part as his share in the partnership, which he continued to hold until his death in 1810.

Thomas Byerley, the relative and now partner of Josiah Wedgwood, was born in 1745, in, I believe, the neighbourhood of Welchpool, where his father, who was a commissioner of excise, resided. Mr. Byerley, senior, who was a descendant of the Byerleys of Byerley Hall, Yorkshire, and of the county of Durham, and married Margaret Wedgwood, sister to the great Josiah, died when his son was only about ten or eleven years of age; and Mrs. Byerley also died early. The young man spent some years in America, where he was successful, but at the commencement of the war, he returned to England, and was for some time with his relatives, the Wedgwoods, at Burslem, with whom he gained a knowledge of the potter's art. He was much noticed by his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood, who took him, during the time of "Wedgwood and Bentley," into his establishment, and eventually, as I have shown, admitted him into partnership.

Of Thomas Byerley I introduce in the accompanying engraving a portrait, from a medallion



produced as a companion, I presume, to those of Josiah and Mrs. Wedgwood, and of Thomas Bentley, of whom I have already given engravings.

It is somewhat curious that both of Josiah Wedgwood's partners—Thomas Bentley and Thomas Byerley—should have married their wives from Derby, but so it was. Mr. Bentley married, as I have shown, Miss Stamford, of that town, and Mr. Byerley married Frances, third daughter of Mr. John Bruckfield, of Kirk Ireton and Derby, a lady possessed of every domestic virtue, and of the purest and most refined tastes. By her, who survived him many years, he had a family of five sons and eight daughters, more than one of whom have been distinguished in the literary world. They were as follows:—Josiah (so named after the great potter), who was a magistrate and merchant at St. Mary's,

on the Gambia, where he died; Thomas, who, while in the East India Company's service, was commander of a fort, and died of fever in India, at the age of twenty-three; John, who died at Malta; Francis Bruckfield, who, at the early age of eighteen, died on board ship while returning home from Jamaica; Samuel, now living in Indiana, where he is settled and has a family; Frances, married to Mr. William Parkes, of the Marble Yard, Warwick, and afterwards of London (Mrs. Parkes was the authoress of "Domestic Duties," and other works), and was the mother of the present Dr. Parkes, of London, whose writings are so well known among the profession, and related also to the present gifted writer, "Bessie Parkes," whose name is so well known to readers; Maria, who died unmarried; Sarah, who also died unmarried; Anne, married to Mr. Samuel Coltman, late of Leicester and of Thornbridge, Derbyshire, and is the only surviving daughter of Mr. Byerley; Jane Margaret, who died unmarried; Elizabeth, married to Mr. Lowndes, of Liverpool; Catherine, married (as second wife) to Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson, President of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, is authoress of many highly popular stories; and Charlotte Octavia, who died young and unmarried. Mr. Byerley was a man of great business capabilities, of scrupulous exactness, and of unwearied industry; and both during his residence in London, where he managed the London business, and at Etruria, he took a very active and useful part in the management of the commercial part of the concern.

In the beginning of the year 1792 a treaty with Saxony, somewhat on the same principle as the existing one with France, for the importation of their china into this country, and of our earthenware into Saxony, was proposed, and the earthenware and china manufacturers of this country were invited to meet the Privy Council to give information as to their respective trades, and the effect the treaty would have upon them. This treaty was said by the china makers to have been promoted by Mr. Wedgwood. A letter written at the time, of the 12th of March, 1792, the day before the china manufacturers met the Privy Council, in my possession, says—

"I find the business may be a very serious one as it is respecting a treaty of commerce for the importation of Saxon and other china, much upon the same principle as the treaty with France, which, if it takes place, will be very injurious to the china manufacturers of this country. I believe this is a business brought forward by Mr. Wedgwood for the importation of his pottery; it will be greatly in his favour."

And another, written on the 14th of March, immediately after the Privy Council meeting, gives the following interesting account of the business:—

"When we waited on the lords yesterday at the Privy Council the purport of the business was as follows. My Lord Hawksbury began in saying that an offer had been made from Saxony to admit our pottery into their country, providing we would allow the importation of their porcelain here at a certain duty of about 12 per cent. The first question his lordship asked was, whether such a treaty would affect the manufactories here? Our answer was, it would be very injurious, and that we had already felt the very bad effect of the French treaty. Second question was, whether we exported any goods to France since the treaty, or any before? The answer was, no. Third question was, whether our trade had diminished or increased since the treaty? The answer was, the returns at present was nearly the same, but had not the treaty took place with France, the returns would have been very much enlarged. The last question was, how many people did we think there was employed in the different manufactories. Mr. Flight gave in, I think, about 110, and Turner's partner 107, besides painters & gilders, which might together make near 200, besides the gilders in town employa on their wares; I gave in about 130. After all this my Lord Hawksbury said he had nothing more to say on the business at present. I am very much afraid that this treaty will take place, and I should suppose Mr. Wedgwood has been the principle promoter of it, for most undoubtedly it will be a very advantageous thing to the whole of the Staffordshire ware manufacturers; and when the lords come to see the many thousands of people that are employed in their works, I am afraid the few hundreds that are in the

china works will have but little weight. I think it a great hardship on the china makers that the potters should come under the same description. I should suppose something more will be said on the business very soon. Whether it is meant to be brought through the House or no I cannot tell."

The treaty having been concluded, produced, despite the croakings of the china manufacturers, good instead of evil commercial results, and in its promotion the far-seeing and deeply-thinking Josiah Wedgwood acted as he always did, for the good of all.

In this same year, 1792, it is related that Wedgwood made a liberal offer towards establishing a national gallery of sculpture, &c. Professor Cockerell, when examined before a committee of the House of Commons, on the establishing of Schools of Art, in 1836, thus spoke of this offer of Wedgwood's:—"I beg leave to mention an anecdote of the late Mr. Wedgwood, related to me by Mr. Cumberland, of Bristol, who wrote a pamphlet in 1792, recommending a national gallery of sculpture, casts, &c., viz., that Mr. Wedgwood made a tender of £1,000 in aid of such an institution. I beg further to state that I have found Wedgwood's works esteemed in all parts of Europe, and placed in the most precious collections of this description of works."

In June, 1793, a change took place in the Etruria firm, caused by the retirement of Mr. John Wedgwood. The firm thereafter consisted of Josiah Wedgwood, Josiah Wedgwood, jun., and Thomas Byerley, and was carried on under the style of "Josiah Wedgwood, Son, and Byerley," until the death of the great and good man in eighteen months afterwards.

And here, before his eventful and useful life fairly draws to its close, let me pause to give some few notices of his beautiful productions, as promised in my last chapter, and to add a few words to what I have already said on some of the more notable examples which have come under my notice. And here, too, let me make my final quotation—final, because it is the last which was written—from the original manuscript memoir, to which I have so often had occasion to refer in this my biography of the "great Josiah." I quote it, because it refers to the jasper ware, about which, especially, I am about to speak:—

"These events," says the narrative, "were succeeded by a discovery of very considerable importance to the plastic art, and which occurred to Mr. W. in the course of his experiments. This was the making of white porcelain bisque, susceptible of receiving colours throughout its whole substance, but more especially of being stained with the fine mazarine blue which was one of the early characteristics of the Saxon porcelain. The mineral from whence this colour is obtained is said to be guarded with so much jealousy in Saxony, that conveying it out of the country is made a capital offence. This porcelain is called jasper, from its resemblance in properties to that stone, and this property of receiving colours, which no other body, either ancient or modern, has been known to do, renders it peculiarly fit for cameos, portraits, and all subjects in bas-relief, as the ground may be made of any colour throughout, and the raised figures of a pure white.

"He possessed this valuable secret about twelve years before anything of the same kind was done by another, notwithstanding that he lived in the midst of a great number of ingenious men engaged in the same pursuits with himself. The first nearly similar effect was produced by an intelligent neighbour, with a material different from that employed by Mr. Wedgwood; and afterwards through an incident partly accidental, and partly proceeding from treachery, the whole discovery was laid open to several others; but the directors of the principal manufactories of porcelain on the Continent have not yet, as we believe, succeeded in producing this species, although it has been an object of extreme solicitude among them. The bas-reliefs which he finished at this time, partly after the subjects upon the Etruscan vases, and partly from the engravings which he found in different authors, were frequently inlaid into marble for chimney-pieces, and used to ornament grandioles, and in some instances abroad they were set in panels of coaches. Commissions for these and his other productions were often received from foreign princes, and artists have even been sent to make collections of them, to be conveyed to Rome, and there fitted up.

"The bamboo, or cane-coloured porcelain, is another of the inventions of Mr. Wedgwood, which was

soon and very well imitated by other makers, and, while it adds variety to the productions of these useful manufactories, has tended considerably to extend their general commerce.

"He had the good fortune, too, to be of some service to science and experimental philosophy, by making a porcelain bisque of a hardness nearly equal to that of agate, which, together with its property of resisting the strongest acids and corrosives, and its impenetrability to every known species of liquid, adapts it admirably for mortars and different kinds of chemical vessels. In the foregoing projects, which we have only described generally, but which, in the detailed operations, must have occupied a very great portion of his time and of his thoughts, Mr. Wedgwood never lost sight of the Queen's ware, the first-fruit of his genius, and certainly the best, in point of pecuniary benefits to himself, and of general prosperity. If he had been impelled to the ardent pursuit in which we have seen him engaged by mere sordid motives, he would have found here a resting-place—everything in this one discovery to gratify his wishes, for a matter so suited and so essential to the conveniences of life must necessarily have an immense consumption, and from these results all its advantages. This can never happen, in any comparative degree, to works of mere Art and fancy, always accompanied with great expense, employing a much smaller number of persons, and not uniformly returning even the original cost.

"He was continually enlarging the number of useful vessels made of that ware, and several times completely changed his models, in order to keep up the vigour of this branch of his business. He fancied, from the general predilection for porcelain, that if, by an alteration in its colour, he could bring it nearer to that appearance, it would be an improvement acceptable to his patrons. He invented for this purpose a whiter glaze with a tint of blue, now generally known in the manufactory by the name of China glaze; and to introduce this ware he modelled an entirely new pattern with raised borders, in imitation of shell-work. These borders, or rather edges, he stained with a rich blue colour, laid on under the glaze, in the manner that the oriental porcelain is done, and this was the first time the same art was practised upon earthenware. He was disappointed, however, in its success, for those who were in the habit of buying his wares, considered it as an imitation of something better, and they preferred the Queen's ware, which had no pretensions of that kind, but stood on its own merits. It became, however, a very considerable branch of pottery, and in general use. His enterprising and ingenious neighbours did not abandon the idea, as he was obliged to do, but improved upon it, covering almost the whole of the surface of their ware with oriental designs in blue, and it now is seen to rival in external appearance the wares of China itself, for which it is substituted among the great body of the people.

"This improvement of the common ware was in some measure owing to the introduction of materials which an attempt had at first been made to preclude the very useful body of manufacturers of earthenware from making any use of."

I have already given, in my last chapter, engravings of a fine group of jasper vases belonging to Mr. Hall, and have spoken of the peculiar properties and beauties of that material. It will only be necessary to add to those examples of vases one whose date is well authenticated. The vase shown on the accompanying engraving belongs to Mr. Benson Rathbone, of Liverpool, who is the fortunate possessor of many beautiful examples of fictile Art, among which is an interesting Queen's ware* jelly mould, with centre or core painted with groups of flowers, so as to be seen through the transparent jelly. This remarkably interesting piece is marked WEDGWOOD in large capitals on the centre or core, and on the mould the same name in smaller capitals, with the figures 10. A similar one, presented by Mr. Rathbone, may be seen in Mr. Mayer's museum. The vase here engraved, which is twelve inches in height, was purchased at Etruria by Mr. Reynolds, of Bristol, in 1785-6, as a wedding present to the grandmother of its

present owner. In Mr. Rathbone's possession are also a charming flower-vase (of a later period), formed of blue and white perpendicular bands interlaced with plaits of straw, and some highly



interesting imitation Egyptian pebble and other vases.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., possesses a fine collection of English and foreign fictile Art, to which, in future papers, I shall refer; including some remarkably good examples of the various periods of Wedgwood ware, amongst which are a jasper ware *dejeuner* service, a portion of a Queen's ware dessert service, of the plain scallop shell pattern, with leaves effectively drawn, and specimens of red ware, as well as imitation of agate, porphyry, &c.

One notable feature of the jasper ware, besides those of its extreme beauty and its many remarkable properties, is its applicability to such a variety of, and such widely different, articles. From the lofty pedestaled vase down to the minutest bead, scarcely larger than a pea; from the bold and massive frieze down to the most delicate eardrop; and from the large inlaid plaque of the chimney-piece down to the most exquisitely and almost microscopically decorated settings for jewellery, the jasper possessed, and possesses (for it is still made) greater capability and adaptability than any other which has ever been, or apparently can be, invented. It is well, perhaps, to say a few words on these different varieties of goods produced by Wedgwood, that the uninitiated as well as collectors may know something of the extent to which this branch of ornamental Art was carried by its great master.

Wedgwood divided his ornamental productions into twenty classes. The First Class comprised intaglios and medallions "accurately taken from antique gems, and from the finest models that can be procured from modern artists." In 1787, in this class alone, no less than 1,032 separate designs had been issued. This class was subdivided into two sections; the first embracing "cameos, which are made either in jasper with different coloured grounds, for ornamental purposes, or in white porcelain bisque, at a very moderate price, for those who wish to form mythological or historical cabinets;" the section being again subdivided under the heads of "Egyptian mythology," "Grecian and Roman mythology," "sacrifices," "heads of ancient philosophers, poets, and orators," "Sovereigns of Macedonia," "fabulous age of the Greeks," "War of Troy," "Roman History," "Masks, Chimeras," &c., "Illustrious Moderns," and "Miscellaneous;" and the second "Intaglios," also subdivided under different heads. "The intaglios," Wedgwood says, "take a good polish, and, when polished, have exactly the effect of fine black basaltes or jasper. Another method has been discovered of adding very considerably to their beauty, by making the intaglio part black, and the flat surface blue and highly polished, by which means they are made to imitate the black and blue onyx (or niccolo) with great exactness, and become equally ornamental for rings as for seals. They are likewise made and polished in imitation of various coloured agates and other stones, and in cyphers, with the letters of one colour and the

* While here speaking of Queen's ware, I would remark that Mr. James Beard, of the Grange, Burnage, possesses, along with many other interesting examples, a fine dinner service of Wedgwood's Queen's ware, with landscapes in the centre, and flowers on the rims of each piece, probably of Liverpool printing. The same gentleman also possesses a fine pair of Queen's ware chocolate-cups, saucers, and covers, bearing the crest of the Duckinfield family. Mr. Bagshawe also possesses a Queen's ware service of 100 pieces.

ground of another. The correct sharpness and superior hardness of these intaglios have now been sufficiently ascertained by experience."

Most of the subjects in these sections were produced as seals, as well as of various sizes and forms for rings, bracelets, brooches, &c. The seals were principally made with shanks, to hang to the watch chain, or double-sided for setting as "swivel seals." Those made with shanks were highly polished so as to require no mounting, and examples are to be found in most collections. In seals, besides classical and other groups, heads of celebrated personages, armorial bearings, &c., Wedgwood produced a complete double set of cyphers, "one consisting of all the combinations of two letters, and the other of all the single letters, which last," he says, "are now much used, especially for notes."

Portraits of individuals were also cleverly produced in seals, as well as in medallions, &c., and it is interesting to be enabled to give my readers the cost at which such objects were made. A portrait of the individual would be modelled in wax, by Flaxman, or Hackwood, or some other artist employed by Wedgwood, in the same manner as those I have already spoken of and engraved in connection with Flaxman's bills. The cost of this model in wax, made from the life, would be, to the party himself, from three to five guineas, according to the size. From this a mould would be taken, as I have already described, and finished cameos produced, of proper size for brooches, at 7s. 6d. each; for rings or seals, at 5s. each; and as medallions, at 10s. 6d. each. As the same wax model would, of course, as I have explained, serve for all these various sizes (the reductions being produced by successive firings), and as not less than ten copies were made in any one way, it will be seen that the total cost to the customer of ten six-inch medallions of his or her portrait, including the original wax model, would be ten guineas, and for rings, &c., five-and-a-half guineas. The following is Josiah Wedgwood's notice respecting these cameo portraits:—

"It may be proper in this place to observe, that if gentlemen or ladies choose to have models of themselves, families, or friends, made in wax, or cut in stones of proper sizes for seals, rings, lockets, or bracelets, they may have as many durable copies of those models as they please, either in cameo or intaglio, for any of the above purposes, at a moderate expense; and this nation is at present happy in the possession of several artists of distinguished merit, as engravers and modellers, who are capable of executing these fine works with great delicacy and precision. If the nobility and gentry should please to encourage this design, they will not only procure for themselves *everlasting portraits*, but have the pleasure of giving life and vigour to the arts of modelling and engraving. The art of making *durable copies* at a small expense will thus promote the art of *making originals*, and future ages may view the productions of the age of GEORGE THE THIRD with the same veneration that we now behold those of *Alexander* and *Augustus*.

"Nothing can contribute more effectually to diffuse a good taste through the arts than the power of multiplying copies of fine things in materials fit to be applied for ornaments, by which means the public eye is instructed, good and bad works are nicely discriminated, and all arts receive improvement. Nor can there be a surer way of rendering any exquisite piece, possessed by an individual, famous, without diminishing the value of the original; for the more copies there are of any works, as of the *Venus de Medicis*, for instance, the more celebrated the original will be, and the more honour derived to the possessor. Everybody wishes to see the original of a beautiful copy.

"A model of a portrait in wax, when it is of a proper size for a seal, ring, or bracelet, will cost about *three guineas*, and of a portrait from three to six inches diameter, *three, four, or five guineas*. Any number of copies of *cameos* for rings, in jasper, with coloured grounds, not fewer than ten, are made at 5s. each. Any number of *cameos* for bracelets in the jasper, with coloured grounds, at 7s. 6d. each. Any number of *portraits* in the same material, from three to six inches diameter, not fewer than ten, at 10s. 6d. each."

Examples of these medallion portraits are given on page 230, *ante*.

The SECOND CLASS into which Josiah Wedgwood divided his productions, was "bas-reliefs, medallions, tablets," &c., and of these he produced

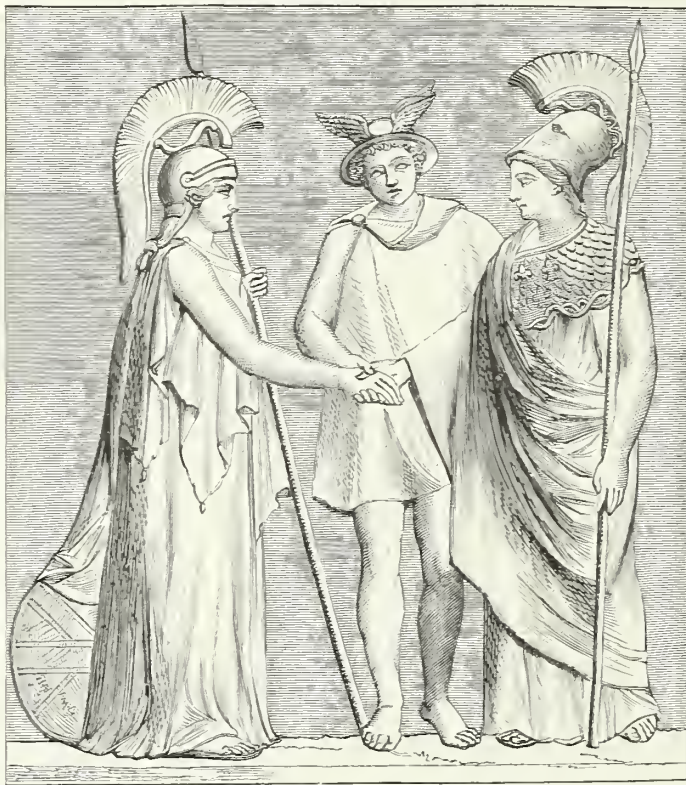
about three hundred distinct designs of groups, &c., many of them of the most exquisite design, and of the most faultless workmanship.

"The articles of this class," says Wedgwood, "have employed some of the best artists in Europe, and it has been a work of much time and attention, as well as expense, to bring it to its present state. It is still receiving continual additions, not only from artists in our own and other countries, but likewise from the *amateurs* and *patrons* of the arts. I have lately been enabled to enrich it with some charming groups, which Lady Diana Beauclerk and Lady Templeton, whose exquisite taste is universally acknowledged, have honoured me with the liberty of copying from their designs. The Portland Vase, late Barberini, for the acquisition of which to this country the artists are so much obliged to their well-known benefactor, Sir William Hamilton, will furnish a noble addition, and I cannot sufficiently express my obligation to his Grace the Duke of Portland, for entrusting this inestimable jewel to my care, and continuing it so long—more than twelve months—in my hands, without which it would have been impossible to do any tolerable justice to this rare work of Art. I have now some reason to flatter myself with the hope of producing, in a short time, a copy which will not be unworthy the public notice. I wish likewise to pay my grateful acknowledgments to the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the liberty of taking moulds from a suite of dancing nymphs, and other beautiful figures, modelled in Italy from the paintings found in Herculaneum, and to the Duke of Marlborough, for a cast from the exquisite gem in His Grace's collection, the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche. The Herculaneum figures are all executed in the basalt, and only three or four of them have as yet been adapted to the jasper of two colours;

the Marlborough gem has been made in the jasper composition for some time, but not till very lately in the degree of perfection I wished for. I am likewise under particular obligations to Lady Margaret Forde, Lady Anne Lindsey, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Crew, and Miss Emma Crew, to his Grace the Duke of Montague, Lord Besborough, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Mr. West, Mr. Astle, and many others of the nobility, connoisseurs, and principal artists of this kingdom, for their kind and valuable assistance in bringing these works to that degree of perfection, and that notice with the public, which they at present possess. With such ample and liberal assistance, I may, perhaps, be allowed to hope that the articles of this class may with propriety have a place among the finest ornaments which the arts of the present age have produced, and that no cameos, medallions, or bas-reliefs, of equal beauty, magnitude, and durability, or so highly finished, have ever before been offered to the public. These bas-reliefs, chiefly in the jasper of two colours, are applied as cabinet pictures, or for ornamenting cabinets, book-cases, writing tables, in the composition of a great variety of chimney-pieces, and other ornamental works. With what effect they are thus applied, may be seen in the houses of many of the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom."

It is pleasant to be able to state that in some of "the houses of the first nobility and gentry"—as at Kedleston Hall, the seat of Lord Scarsdale, for instance—chimney-pieces, decorated with these beautiful plaques in Wedgwood's own time, are still to be seen in all their original beauty.

And here let me introduce the engraving, promised in my last, of one of Flaxman's bas-reliefs,



taken from the original model by that great sculptor, of 'Mercury uniting the Hands of England and France,' the original of which is preserved at Etruria.

The THIRD CLASS consisted of medallions, &c., of kings, queens, and illustrious persons, "of Asia, Egypt, and Greece," a series which, in 1787, consisted of more than one hundred heads. CLASS FOUR, "the ancient Roman history, from the foundation of the city to the end of the Consular government, including the age of Augustus, in a regular series of sixty medals, from Dassier, at one guinea the set, or singly at sixpence each." CLASS FIVE, heads of illustrious Romans, of which about forty were produced. CLASS SIX, the twelve Cæsars, which were produced in four different sizes, and their empresses, which were produced in one size only. CLASS SEVEN, "sequel of emperors, from Nerva to Constantine the Great, inclusive," a series of fifty-two medallions. CLASS EIGHT, the heads of the popes, a series of two

hundred and fifty-three medallions, "at sixpence a-piece singly, or at threepence a-piece to those who take the set." CLASS NINE, a series of a hundred heads of kings and queens of England and France, which were sold in sets only, either in or out of cabinets; and CLASS TEN, "heads of illustrious moderns;" this series had at that time extended to about two hundred and thirty heads, which were made both in black basalt and in blue and white jasper, and of various sizes, their prices varying "from one shilling a-piece to a guinea, with and without frames of the same composition; but most of them, in one colour and without frames, are sold at one shilling each."

Of the medallions in these highly interesting and important classes, Josiah Wedgwood wrote in 1787:—

"The peculiar fitness of these fine porcelains for rendering exact and durable copies of medallions, heads, &c., at a moderate price, has induced the proprietor to aim at regular *biographical suites* of

distinguished characters, in different ages and nations, for the illustration of that pleasing and instructive branch of history; and with this view he has been at a considerable expense in collecting, repairing, modelling, and arranging portraits of illustrious men, both of ancient and modern times. The present class contains those of Greece, Egypt, and the neighbouring states, in chronological order. The four following classes exhibit a complete series of the Roman history, from the foundation of Rome to the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople. The thread of history is continued in the next two classes by a set of the popes, and of all the kings and queens of England and France; and the more recent periods of history are illustrated in the succeeding one by a considerable number of princes, statesmen, philosophers, poets, artists, and other eminent men, down to the present time. These portraits are made both in the basalt and in the jasper with coloured grounds; they are sold either with or without their cabinets. Their general size is *two inches by one and three quarters*, unless where otherwise expressed."

Wedgwood's next class (ELEVEN), which he headed "busts, small statues, boys, animals," &c., was a very important one, and included many of his most extraordinary works. These are the large busts of distinguished persons, which now are so rare and so much sought after. Of his productions in this class the great master wrote as follows, and his opinions on the production of popular copies of fine works of Art were so correct, that they will be read with pleasure and profit at the present time.

"The black basalt having the appearance of antique bronze, and so nearly agreeing in properties with the basalt of the Egyptians, is excellently adapted for busts, sphynxes, small statues, &c.; and it is certainly an object of importance to preserve in such *durable* materials as many as possible of the fine works, both of antiquity and the present age, for after time has destroyed even marbles and bronzes, as well as pictures, these copies will remain, and will transmit the productions of genius and the portraits of illustrious men to the most distant times.

"Those who duly consider the influence of the *fine arts* on the *human mind*, will not think it a small benefit to the world to diffuse their productions as wide, and to preserve them as long, as possible. The multiplying of copies of fine works in beautiful and durable materials, must obviously have the same effect in respect to the arts, as the invention of printing has upon literature and the sciences; by their means the principal productions of both kinds will be for ever preserved, and will effectually prevent the return of ignorant and barbarous ages.

"Nor have the artists themselves anything to fear from this multiplication of copies. Whatever awakens and keeps alive the attention of the public to the productions of the arts—and nothing can be more effectual for that purpose than the diffusion of *copies of fine works*—must ultimately be advantageous to the artist who is capable of producing *fine originals*; for this general attention, in whatever country it is sufficiently excited, will always produce *amateurs* who, not contented with copies which every one may procure, will be ambitious of possessing fine originals, that copies from them may be multiplied and diffused to the credit of the possessor, and the emolument as well as credit of the original artist. On these considerations the proprietor has, at a very considerable expense, extended the subjects of this class, and endeavoured to give them all the perfection in his power, and he hopes the articles in the following list will be found not unworthy the notice of those who have been pleased to honour this difficult and expensive undertaking with their generous patronage. A small assortment of the figures is now made in the jasper of two colours, the effect of which is new and pleasing.

"The proprietor is ambitious of preserving in these materials the distinguished characters of the present times, either by making their *busts* in basalt, or their *portraits* in bas-relief, in the jasper with coloured grounds, and he begs leave to observe to those who may honour him with models or moulds for this purpose, that if the models be made in clay, they either should be burnt to enable them to bear carriage, or plaster moulds taken from them in their soft state, which will answer equally well; but that neither clay models nor plasters are to be oiled; they should be a fifth part larger than the figure required. These models, casts, or moulds may be safely sent from any distance, and they may be returned if desired."

In this durable material, the "black basalt," busts of M. Aurelius Antoninus, Lord Chatham, Zeno, Plato, Epicurus, Junius Brutus, Marcus

Brutus, Pindar, Homer, Cornelius de Witt, and John de Witt were produced, of the extraordinary size of twenty-five inches in height, while about eighty other busts were produced, of various sizes, from twenty-two down to four inches in height. In the same material was also made a fine series of more than forty statues, animals, sphynxes, &c. Of the latter an example is engraved in the group of black ware belonging to Mr. Hall, on page 195, *ante*.

The next class (CLASS TWELVE) embraced various kinds of lamps and candelabra, which were made both in the variegated pebble and black basalt, in tripods with three lights, and other antique forms. Some were also made in jasper of two colours, "adapted to Argand's patent lamp, the brilliant light of which being thrown upon the bas-reliefs, has a singular and beautiful effect. They all bear the flame perfectly well." The prices of the lamps were from "two shillings a-piece to five guineas," and the candelabra from one guinea to four or five guineas a pair. These were never made to a great extent, and are now scarce, and much sought after by collectors.

CLASS THIRTEEN was a very important division in the productions of Wedgwood's establishment. It comprised tea and coffee equipages of every variety of shape and style of decoration. In this class the tea-pots, coffee-pots, chocolates, sugar dishes, cream ewers, with cabinet cups and saucers, and all the articles of the tea-table and *déjeuner*, were made in the "bamboo" and "basalt," both plain and enriched with Grecian and Etruscan ornaments. They were likewise made in jasper of two colours, "polished within (not glazed) like the natural stone, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and very highly finished," and of truly exquisite beauty. In the catalogue issued by Josiah Wedgwood in 1787, is an aquatint plate printed in colours, of one of these beautiful cups, in which the artist (I have reason to believe Francis Eginton,* of whom I shall have something more to say in a future paper) has sought to show the transparency of the thin jasper. This cup, with the addition of the gilding from a fragment of one of these very choice pieces in my own collection, I show on the accompanying engraving. The material is the finest and most



delicate jasper, the body of intense hardness, the surface truly, as Mr. Gladstone has so well expressed it, "soft as an infant's flesh to the touch," and the decoration and workmanship of marvellous beauty and finish. In Mr. Hall's collection are, among other rare examples of tea and coffee-cups, &c., a choice coffee-cup of black jasper, white inside, with white rims, white wreaths, and a blue and white cameo in front; a bamboo or cane-coloured embossed teapot and stand, with raised red border and classical groups, and many other notable specimens; and in my own possession, as well as in the hands of most collectors, are examples of bamboo and various coloured jasper services.

The next class—CLASS FOURTEEN—consisted of "flower-pots and root-pots," which Wedgwood thus described:—

* Francis Eginton was a man of great ability as an artist. He was the inventor, apparently, of that remarkable process for the reproduction of pictures which has of late puzzled the photographic and other societies, and of which examples are now to be seen at the Museum of Patents. Eginton was in the employ of Matthew Boulton, of the Soho Works, Birmingham, and was on terms of friendship with Josiah Wedgwood, to whom he rendered material assistance in some of his experiments. Some of Eginton's engravings are of extreme beauty.

"Of *root-pots*, as well for bulbous as other roots, and of flower-pots and *bouquetiers*, there is a great variety, both in respect to pattern and colour, and the prices vary accordingly. The flower and root-pots are from sixpence a-piece to seven shillings and sixpence. Some of the bulbous root-pots are finished higher, with bas-reliefs, enamelling, &c., and the prices are in proportion. The ornamental, or vase flower-pots, are from one shilling to eighteen shillings, or more."

CLASS FIFTEEN comprised the "ornamental vases of antique form, in the 'terra-cotta,' resembling agate, jasper, porphyry, and other variegated stones of the crystalline kind," of which I have already at some length spoken. These vases he describes as being—

"Adapted for ornamenting chimney-pieces, cabinets, book-cases, &c. They are from 6 to 18 or 20 inches high. The prices from 7s. 6d. to two or three guineas, according to their size and the manner in which they are finished, with or without handles, bas-reliefs, gilding, draperies, festoons, medallions, &c. They are generally sold in *pairs*, or in sets of *three, five, or seven* pieces. The sets of five pieces are from about two guineas to five or six guineas the set."

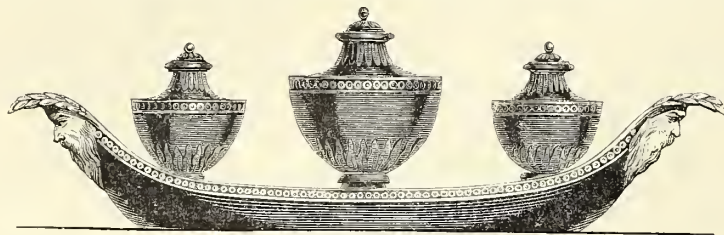
CLASS SIXTEEN included the "antique vases of black porcelain, or artificial basalt, highly finished, with bas-relief ornaments," &c., which I have already described. Of this species of vase a large number of forms, chiefly Grecian or Etruscan, were produced, and at prices at which it would make a collector's heart glad to meet with them now. The sizes were "from three or four inches high to more than two feet, the prices from 7s. 6d. a piece to three or four guineas, exclusive of the very large ones, and those which consist of several parts. The sets of five, for chimney-pieces, are from two guineas to six or eight guineas a set." While speaking of the productions in this class, it may be well to note one use to which these black basalt vases were put, which will probably be unknown to my readers. It is that they were used for monumental purposes. At Ashley Church, for instance, in 1770, a monument to William Viscount Chetwynd was erected, "the top part of which is a niche with a circular head, and within it is placed a large Egyptian black urn, which was made at Etruria in the time of the late Josiah Wedgwood."

CLASS SEVENTEEN was composed of vases, pateras, tablets, &c., with encaustic paintings, Etruscan and Grecian. Of these vases I have already spoken in the commencement of my last chapter (Chapter V.), and it is therefore only necessary here to say that they were produced of various sizes, from six inches up to twenty inches in height, at prices varying from one to ten or twelve guineas each. Tablets for chimney-pieces, for cabinets, and for inlaying, were also enriched in the same manner as the vases, with encaustic painting, and produced an admirable and striking effect. They were made of every size, from that suitable for a bracelet to eighteen or twenty inches in diameter. "Some have been made," writes Wedgwood, "for that excellent artist, Mr. Stubbs,* so large as thirty-six inches; and his exquisite enamels upon them after nature, which have been repeatedly exhibited in the Royal Academy, are evidences of the species and value of the enamel paintings that may be produced upon these tablets."

To CLASS EIGHTEEN belonged the magnificent vases, tripods, and other ornaments, in jasper, with coloured grounds and white bas-reliefs, of which I have so often spoken, and of which a selection of examples has been engraved from Mr. Hall's collection, and from that of Mr. Rathbone, &c. Their prices Wedgwood stated to be "nearly the same as those of the high-finished vases with encaustic painting." Of these vases an immense variety was produced, and examples of different degrees of excellence and rarity are to be found in every collection.

* Stubbs, the famous painter of horses, &c., was employed to a considerable extent by Mr. Wedgwood in designing and decorating; and a large painting by him—a family group, representing Josiah Wedgwood and Mrs. Wedgwood seated under a tree in the grounds of Etruria, with their family, some on horseback, and others grouped with a child's carriage, with Woolstanton Church, &c., in the distance—hangs in the dining-room at Barlaston. Of this picture I hope to present my readers with an engraving.

The next class (NINETEEN) was devoted to "ink-stands, paint-chests, eye-cups, mortars, and chemical vessels," of some of which I have already spoken. The most notable ink-stand, described by Josiah Wedgwood as his own invention, is the plain one I have before alluded to; but truly elegant ones were made in jasper and other materials. One of the most beautiful I have shown in the accompanying engraving, drawn from an



of various forms and sizes, from two to thirteen inches in diameter, outside measure, and from one and a half to ten in the clear, are made in the hard porcelain, No. 6; a material far superior to all those in common use for these purposes, and nearly equal to agate. The excellence of these mortars for chemical and other curious uses is already well known, and their valuable properties render them equally desirable for the purposes of the apothecary and the housekeeper. MARBLE mortars are soft in comparison with these, and a very considerable quantity of the sub-

stance of the marble is abraded and mixed with all powders of the hard kind that are ground in them; they are corroded and dissolved by all acids, and hence, besides altering the nature of any acid liquor put into them, by imparting to it as much of their substance as the quantity of acid requires for its saturation, the surface of the marble itself is rendered rough and cavernous, and on that account still more liable to be abraded, and very difficult to be made clean. Oils of all kinds are imbibed by them, so that whatever follows an oily substance in

such a mortar must partake of the smell and taste of the oil. METALLINE mortars are dissolved or corroded not only by acids, but by all saline substances, by simple moisture, and by the air; and some experiments lately published by Mr. Blizard have given grounds to apprehend that even dry substances of the mere earthy kind, void of saline matter, and of no great hardness, will receive, by being powdered in brass or bell-metal mortars, though perfectly clean, a coppery impregnation, sufficient to manifest itself in the common chemical trials, and perhaps not altogether innocent in medicines or in aliments. From all these imperfections the PORCELAIN mortars are free; and their price is sufficiently moderate to admit of their general use. This compact, hard porcelain is excellently adapted also for evaporating pans, digesting vessels, basons, filtering funnels, syphons, tubes—such as Dr. Priestly uses in some of his experiments instead of gun barrels—retorts, and many other vessels for chemical uses, which I have made for my friends, of different forms and magnitudes, and with some variations in the composition itself, according to the views for which they were wanted. If in this department I should be happy enough to contribute anything towards facilitating chemical experiments, by supplying vessels more serviceable or more commodious for particular uses than are commonly to be met with, my utmost wishes with respect to these articles will be gratified."

The last class (CLASS TWENTY) into which Josiah Wedgwood divided his productions was "thermometers for measuring strong fire, or the degree



of heat above ignition." The principle on which these thermometers (accounts of which had been, as I have stated, read before the Royal Society) were constructed, was that of the shrinking of earthy bodies of the argillaceous order by heat—the diminution of their bulk being in proportion to the degrees of heat to which they are subjected. It is not necessary to weary my readers with a detailed account of the construction of these valuable instruments; for my present purpose it is enough to say that the gauge, consisting of two rulers fixed on a flat plate, a little nearer together at one end than the other, and bearing a graduated scale, were made of jasper ware, and were found to be much more accurate and durable than brass or any other material.

In Mr. S. C. Hall's possession is a set of Flaxman's chessmen, from the artist's original drawing, of which I give the accompanying engraving. This priceless treasure, the original drawing by Flaxman, is, as I stated in my last chapter, still in the possession of Messrs. Wedgwood at Etruria. and I am indebted to them for permission now first to engrave it for the advantage of my readers. The drawing is most exquisitely made and finished with peculiar smoothness and delicacy, and bears the great artist's signature at the corner. The engraving is of a reduced size, and the dark background is taken away. It is well to note here that the set of Flaxman's chessmen has three distinct figures of kings, three of queens, and nine of pawns, one of which latter is the "figure of a fool for chess," included in his bill, as given in my last chapter,* for which he charged twenty-five shillings. Mr. Hall has also a toilet-table and glass, set with small and exquisite medallions; and, in addition, he numbers

among his treasures examples of nearly every variety of the productions of the great Josiah.

I have already, before this digression, brought my narrative down to the middle of the year

1793. In the following year Josiah Wedgwood was seized with his last illness, and on the 3rd of January, 1795, breathed his last.

From the time when he first—at that early age



ETRURIA HALL.

already spoken of—turned the lumbering potter's wheel in that old, old room at the churchyard at Burslem, to the time when he lay on his death-

bed in that fine mansion (shown in the engraving)—built on his own estate, and reared at his own cost—the proprietor of the largest pottery manu-

* Page 229, ante.

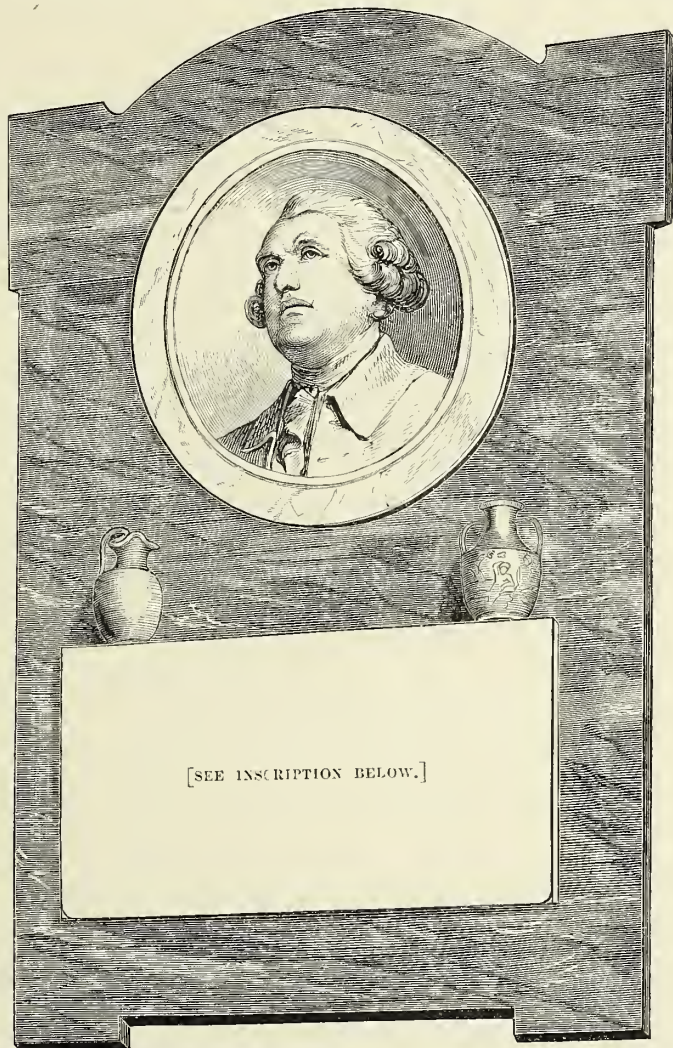
factory in the world, and looked up to by people of every class—his mind had been ever active, ever rising above his bodily ailments, ever seeking out fresh scientific truths, and ever busying itself to benefit his fellow-men; and in the midst of his most successful labours—after reaping to the full the reward of his industry, his toil, and his research—that mind which had by its working been the support of thousands of his fellow-creatures, and from which there are few who do not at the present day derive benefit in some way or other, died out but with his life, and left him resting from his worldly toil.

On the 3rd of January, 1795, Josiah Wedgwood died, and on the 6th his remains were interred in the parish church of St. Peter, Stoke-upon-Trent, as shown by the following extract from the parish register:—

“Burials in 1795.

Jany. 6th, Josiah Wedgwood, of Etruria,”

the entry being in the handwriting of “William Fernyhough,* minister of Stoke-upon-Trent,” by whom it is attested. In the chancel of Stoke Church, close by the pulpit, is a large and imposing looking tablet to his memory, which I



[SEE INSCRIPTION BELOW.]

here engrave. The monument consists of a plain slab of black marble, bearing an inscription tablet of white marble, on which rest a Portland vase and an Etruscan vase. These are surmounted by a finely sculptured three-quarter head of Wedgwood, in white marble, in a circular medallion. The monument bears the following excellent and appropriate inscription—

Sacred to the Memory of
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, F.R.S. & S.A.,

Of Etruria, in this County,
Born in August, 1730, died January 3rd, 1795,
Who converted a rude and inconsiderable manufacture into
an elegant art and an important part of national
Commerce.
By these services to his country he acquired an ample fortune,
Which he blamelessly and reasonably enjoyed,
And generously dispensed for the reward of merit and the
relief of misfortune.
His mind was inventive and original, yet perfectly sober
and well regulated;
His character was decisive and commanding, without
rashness or arrogance;
His probity was inflexible, his kindness unwearied;
His manners simple and dignified, and the cheerfulness of
his temper was the natural reward of the activity
of his pure and useful life.
He was most loved by those who knew him best,
And he has left indelible impressions of affection and
veneration on the minds of his family, who have erected
this monument to his memory.

Having brought down my narrative to the close
of the useful and busy life of the great potter, it

is well that I should, at the same time, close this
chapter and memoir. In doing so, I feel that I
cannot do better than quote the words of one
well able to judge of his excellencies as a man.
He says—

“Mr Wedgwood, for many years prior to his
death, in the virtuous exercise of benevolence en-
joyed the highest luxury, the most delightful plea-
sure in which the human mind can participate.
Each Martinmas he sent to certain persons in Shel-
ton, Cobridge, and Burslem, for a list of the names,
and a full statement of the peculiar circumstances
of poor persons in each liberty likely to require
assistance during the winter; and for supplying
them with comfortable bedding, clothing, coals, and
some food, he always furnished adequate funds. His
purse was ever open to the calls of charity, to the
amelioration of misery, and the patronage of every
philanthropic institution; and his name will go
down to posterity with the highest claims on their
gratitude for being a true friend to mankind.

The remainder of my history, from the death
of Josiah Wedgwood down to the present time,
I shall briefly tell in my next chapter, which will
close my “History of the Etruria Works, their
Founder and Productions.” †

* This gentleman wrote a monody on the death of
Josiah Wedgwood.

† To be continued.

THE ART-SEASON.

THE exhibitions are closed, after a season,
on the whole, of unexampled prosperity. The
sales effected have, taken altogether, been
more numerous and at higher rates than on
any preceding occasion. For the last twenty
years a taste for Art has been extending in
quarters to which it had never before pene-
trated, and doubts were long entertained as
to the stability of the movement; but it has
steadily continued, contrary to the opinions
which we ourselves, in common with others,
have expressed on more than one occasion.
To learn the springs of this reaction, it is only
necessary to stand for a short time in the centre
of any of the larger exhibition rooms, and con-
sider the majority of the works marked “sold.”
It is very significant that the class of paint-
ing called High Art is not countenanced so
much as even to qualify a painter to execute
a public work in that kind of serious narra-
tive which is the primary condition of such
enterprises. The re-edification of some of
those artists now employed upon public works
has cost the country much money, and them-
selves much labour; but so absolute is the
common taste, that it compels descent from
an exalted calling, if they would court a lucra-
tive popularity. According to statistics which
are given here, it will be shown that every
picture of a certain quality exhibited this
year has been sold; and still patrons and
collectors complain that their money, to any
amount, is ready for works of a certain stan-
dard, which are not procurable. So it is:
a painter whose works are coveted can give
the stamp of his maturity to only a few,
and in this way it cannot be said that
the supply equals the demand, although,
from the facts which we now state, it may
be well thought that the demand is more
than supplied. The established institutions
have exhibited 3,740 works, the productions
of nearly 1,800 artists; of which the Royal
Academy claims 1,062, the work of 655 ar-
tists, showing, as compared with antecedent
years, a diminution of between three and
four hundred productions, the result of a re-
vision of their economy on the part of the
body, to which attention has been pointed on
former occasions. It is probable that 1,700
pictures have been rejected by the Academy,
which, with those refused by other insti-
tutions, will, it may be, make the rejections
amount to 2,400, subject perhaps to a slight
subtraction on account of a few works which,
having been rejected by the earlier exhi-
bitions, have found acceptance in some of the
later. From the Water-Colour Societies there
are no rejections, as the works only of their
own members are received. From the Aca-
demy a great many pictures have been sold,
making every allowance for those which have
been disposed of before being sent for exhi-
bition; and as to the quality of the works
sold, there are, with all the most excellent
that the walls set forth, very many of the
lowest scale admitted. It is generally be-
lieved that, according to the extent of the
catalogue, the Academy offers to the collector
a field for selection unequalled for variety
and excellence. It is true that the variety
and excellence are there, but a very large
proportion of the better class of pictures is
mysteriously disposed of, even before the
doors of the gallery are opened to the public.

The extent to which water-colour drawings
have this season been sold, marks an unpre-
cedented prosperity in this department of Art.
The Society of Painters in Water-Colours ex-
hibited 351 drawings, of which, before the
close of the exhibition, 300 were sold. The
Institute of Painters in Water-Colours hung
323 drawings, of which 204 were sold; and at

the exhibition of the Society of British Artists the amount realised for pictures rises this season to £9,000.

Had this success been limited to the Art institutions, it might have been supposed to be a casual prosperity; but not less remarkable have been the picture sales by auction—indeed, the profits of a single firm up to a period much before the close of the season, were not less than £16,000, principally derived from works of Art. The number and importance of the collections brought forward have been singularly attractive; they comprehended those of the late Lord Lyndhurst, the late Bishop of Ely, Mr. Brett, and others containing works of rare excellence, together with the remainders of Mulready and Harding, all of whose finished pictures had, of course, been "placed" long before these sales were contemplated. To take, however, one instance—that of the drawings of Mr. Harding—they were estimated at less than £2,000; but when all expenses were defrayed, the sum paid over to the executors was somewhere about £3,700; and in other instances, of which we are cognisant, the return has exceeded the estimate.

The return for pictures sold from the different exhibitions cannot be less than £100,000, and the sums paid for works of Art, sold by auction and by other means, amount to not less than £300,000, of which the principal item is furnished by a calculation of the sums realised by the auctions of the year: thus, during a period of little more than the half of the current year, not less than £400,000 of money has been paid for works of Art. In this statement we are certain of being within the fact, without taking any account of sums of public money paid for the works in the Houses of Parliament, the collections of the Art-Union of London, large subscriptions for public monuments and the embellishment of public buildings, and liberal compensation paid for the adornment of private residences—all of which, be it understood, are strictly and legitimately of the order of fine Art. We hear from time to time of thousands of pounds being paid for one picture,—and there are certain paintings which do return the sums thus paid for them, and with a large margin of profit to the purchaser,—but the true value of such a work is the sum which it will realise twenty years hence when the fever of speculation and public curiosity has subsided. The high prices to which the works of our own popular artists have risen, are sufficiently known; they have been hitherto higher than those of the most esteemed French painters, but of late the works of these have risen to prices which are surprising even to ourselves. It is not many years since the pictures of Meissonnier were comparatively moderate in price; for his 'Chess-players,' a small work of two figures, the sum asked four or five years ago was £800; for another, which is proposed as a pendant to that, the sum demanded this season was £1,600. It is probable that a considerable proportion of the pictures, the presumed value of which goes to swell the sums that are here recorded, will not return to their possessors, in the event of their disposing of them, their original cost; but again there are others which, when sold hereafter, will realise double and more than double what was first paid for them. Both artists, and those sections of the public interested in Art, know that pictures of merit are now more eagerly sought for than they ever were before; but neither the one nor the other will perhaps readily credit the fact, made apparent by a few figures, that £400,000 has been paid for Art in this country in less than one year.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE PICTURE IN THE BELL COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE FOUNDLING.

G. B. O'Neill, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.

The painter in search of subjects drawn from the stern realities of life, would do well to look into the writings of Crabbe, whose poems are far less known among artists than those of most authors of modern date. "His power of observation and description," says one of his critics, "might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representation, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked, and our pride mortified. This anatomy of character and passion harrows up our feelings, and leaves us in the end sad, and ashamed of our common nature." It is this extreme truthfulness that renders his characters and situations so valuable to the artist; he saw men and things as they are, and though his pictures generally are dark in colour, and often gloomy and uninviting in subject, they are admirable as lessons of moral truths. If Cowper was the painter of the comforts and amenities of social life, Crabbe placed on his canvas the habitants of the parish workhouse, the humble occupants of the village in their poverty and wretchedness, the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalk undisguised in their darkest forms. Byron describes him as—

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

Mr. O'Neill has made good use of one of the few truly humorous scenes sketched by Crabbe, in his poem of "The Parish Register;" it describes the "vestry" sitting in serious deliberation, to determine what name shall be given to a "foundling":—

"To name an infant met our village sires,
Assembled all as such event requires.
Frequent and full the rural sages sate,
And speakers many urged the long debate.
Some hardened knaves, who roved the country round,
Had left a babe within the parish bound.
First, of the fact they questioned—'Was it true?'
The child was brought—'What then remained to do?'
'Was't dead or living?' This was fairly proved—
Then pinched, it roared, and every doubt removed.
Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call
Was a long question, and it posed them all."

The subject is one which would have taxed the humorous pencil of Wilkie, but it has lost nothing in the hands of O'Neill. At the head of the table in the vestry-room of the church is the reverend vicar, occupying the chair, and exhibiting all the solemnity which the gravity of the occasion requires: such an event as this is evidently of rare occurrence in the parish, and it has consequently caused no small commotion among the magnates of the locality. One of these latter, most probably the churchwarden, or, perhaps, the lawyer of the parish, seems to be directing the minister's attention to some knotty point. Next comes an old lady, into whose hands the little direlict has fallen; she has placed the "foundling" on the table, while she exhibits to the chairman a roll or wrapper of some kind that has apparently a mark on it, by which she thinks some clue may possibly be obtained to the rightful owner of the baby, which, quite unmindful of the august assembly into which it has been incontinently ushered, feels strongly tempted to make a dash at the "parochial" ink-stand. Members of the vestry are discussing the question in various ways; one old gentleman holds a handbill headed with the word "Found," and another closely scrutinises the child through his eye-glass. The whole of the characters are capitally portrayed, each one possessing some point of humorous peculiarity.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

ABERDEEN.—The working-classes of this city are about to show their loyalty by erecting a statue of the Queen; her Majesty has, it is said, signified her intention of giving the necessary sittings to the sculptor, whose name has not yet been announced.

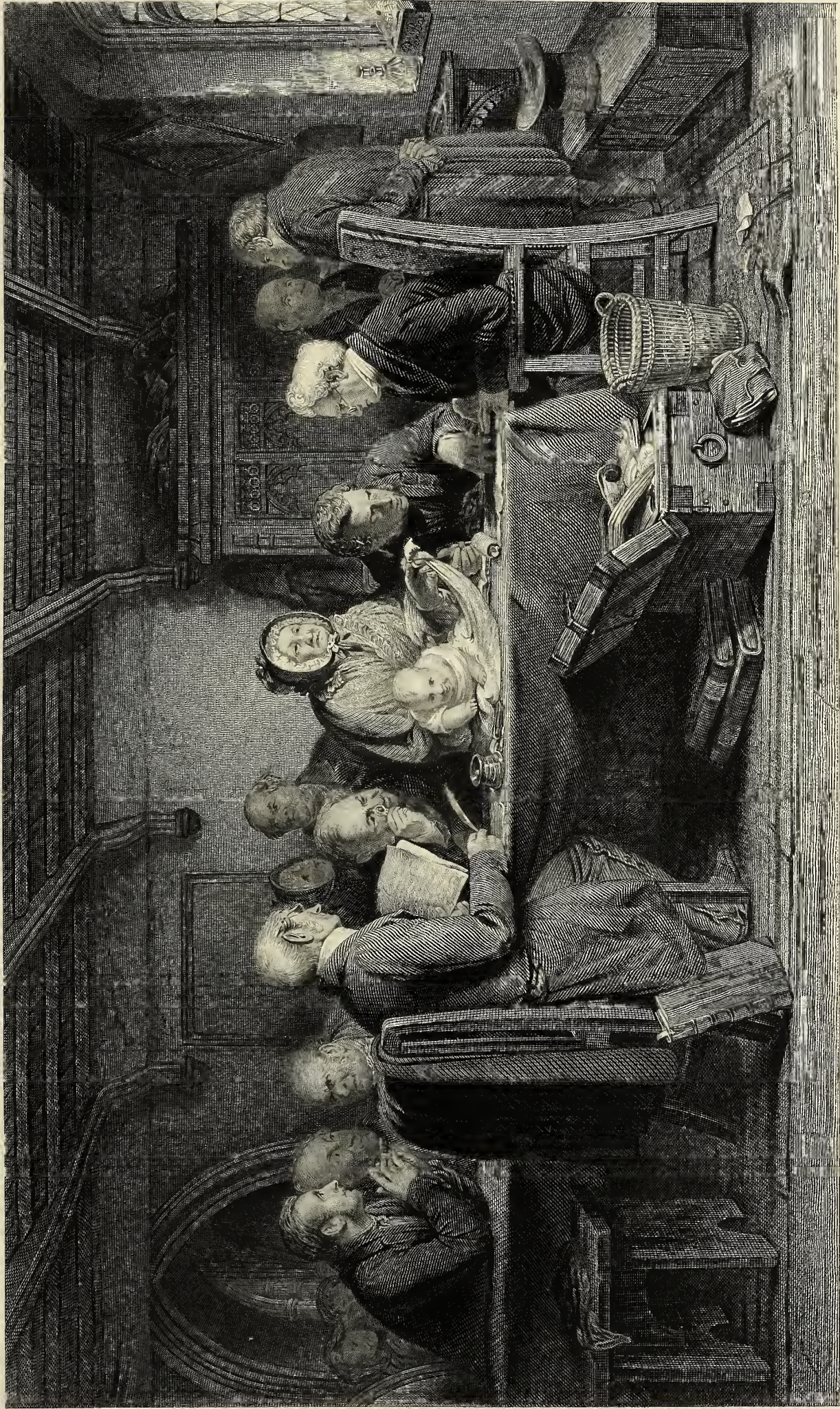
GLASGOW.—The Institute of the Fine Arts purposes to open its annual exhibition early next year, in the Corporation Galleries, Sauchiehall Street. During the last season pictures to the amount of nearly £5,000 were sold, being considerably more than double the sum realised at the preceding exhibition, while about 55,000 persons visited the galleries. These results are most encouraging.

DUBLIN.—The Cathedral of St. Patrick is now thoroughly restored, and one of the most beautiful and venerable churches of the kingdom will be opened for Divine service probably in October next. The restorations have been effected with the sternest regard to truth. There has been no departure of moment from the ancient model; the minutest "facts" have been adhered to; in a word, the cathedral is what it was in its palmy days. The only "changes" have been to remove some of the monuments from places where they were unsightly to positions in which they retain all their value with no counterbalancing drawbacks. The monument to Dean Swift has thus been removed, and there have been some complaints as if it were a desecration. It is nothing of the sort: the tombstone, with its inscription, is now nearer to the "honoured dust" than it was previously, while it is better seen and is far less disturbed than formerly by surrounding "influences." In a word, the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral seems to us perfect. What shall we say of the gentleman who has done this great work at his sole cost? and not that only: he has personally superintended and directed every item of the restoration during its progress. It is known that the expenditure of money will amount altogether to about £150,000, not a shilling of which has been contributed by any other purse than that of Benjamin Lee Guinness. The name will be honoured as it deserves during ages to come. But happily the munificent donor is not an old man; he will, no doubt, live many years to see his fellow-citizens worship in one of the grandest and most beautiful of all the temples dedicated to the service of Almighty God.

BRISTOL.—The Fine Arts Academy of this city appears to be in a most unsatisfactory condition financially, judging from the report read at the last annual meeting. It was then stated that the amount for pictures sold at the last year's exhibition was nearly £800, the proceeds, however, arising from the admissions, amounted only to £24 19s.; a fact which clearly shows how little interest was felt by the public in the contents of the gallery. At the commencement of 1863 there was a balance against the Institution of upwards of £57, and the total expenditure of the year amounted to rather more than £345.—The Bath and West of England Agricultural Society held its annual gathering this year at Bristol. The Fine Arts Department, which has proved an interesting portion of the "show," was this season more than usually attractive, nearly four hundred works being exhibited, of which by far the greater number were by local artists. The contributions of objects of Industrial Art were large, and for the most part highly creditable to the producers.

OXFORD.—Mr. Millais, who has engaged to furnish designs for six stained-glass windows for Worcester College Chapel, has resigned the commission after producing one only. Mr. H. Holiday has undertaken to complete the other five.—A bust of Dr. Buckland, the distinguished geologist, has recently been placed in the upper corridor of the New Museum, among the "Buckland Collection" of fossils.

SALISBURY.—For several years past portions of the magnificent cathedral of this city have been in a most insecure condition, and the whole fabric is greatly in need of repairs throughout. Efforts have from time to time been made to avert any sudden calamity, and recently Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., was consulted as to its actual state. This gentleman has given his opinion that there is nothing to ensure the edifice against such an accident as befell Chichester Cathedral. A meeting was lately held in the city to take measures for the complete restoration of the building, for which it is estimated about £50,000 will be required. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have promised aid to the extent of £10,000, but the income of the Dean and Chapter is so small, that they will be compelled to appeal to the public for assistance to enable them to carry out their object.



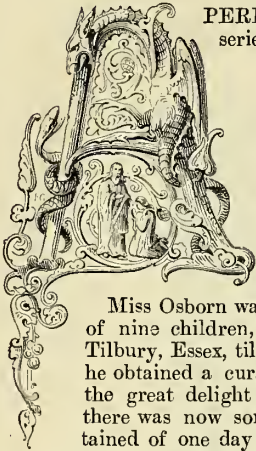
THE FOUNDLING.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE BELL COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXV.—EMILY MARY OSBORN.



PERIOD of nearly ten years has elapsed since this series of biographical sketches was commenced. They are now drawing towards a close—at least for the present—but we should indeed do an act of great injustice were the list concluded without any reference to the female artists, who, as a body, so well maintain the intellectual honour of their sex, and so effectually aid in upholding the high character of our school of painting. Among these ladies Miss Osborn holds a conspicuous place, for she has produced pictures which the highest names in the rolls of the Royal Academy would not be ashamed to own.

Miss Osborn was born in London: she is the eldest of a family of nine children, whose father, a clergyman, resided at West Tilbury, Essex, till she was fourteen years of age. At that time he obtained a curacy in London, whither the family removed, to the great delight of his eldest girl, who rightly considered that there was now some chance of her realising the hopes she entertained of one day becoming an artist. After much consultation, and not without sundry misgivings as to the result on the part of her father and some friends, Miss Osborn was allowed to attend an evening class at Mr. Dickinson's academy in Maddox Street; Mr. Mogford was her master, and he held out great hopes of his pupil's future success. Thus

encouraged, Miss Osborn pursued her studies, attending the morning classes in Maddox Street, under Mr. Leigh, who had succeeded Mr. Mogford. At the expiration of three months her father intimated his desire that the lessons should be discontinued for a time; Mr. Leigh then most generously offered for her to come to his house where a young lady was studying oil painting, and the two might work in company under his directions. The offer was thankfully accepted, and Miss Osborn was a daily student at his residence, and subsequently at his gallery in Newman Street for a year. To the kindness of Mr. Leigh she acknowledges herself indebted for almost all the instruction she has received.

Among the earliest pictures exhibited by Miss Osborn—the first was sent to the Royal Academy in 1851—were some portraits and a few figure subjects of unpretending character, as 'The Letter,' 'Home Thoughts,' &c. A small picture entitled 'Pickles and Preserves,' exhibited at the Academy in 1854, was shown, after it came out of the gallery, by some friends to a gentleman, Mr. C. J. Mitchell, who purchased it, "as an encouragement for the artist to go on." Soon after Miss Osborn was introduced to him and his brother, Mr. William Mitchell, to whose unceasing kindness and generous help she ever expresses the deepest obligation. The latter gentleman, hearing she was desirous to produce something of greater importance than anything she had yet attempted, gave her a commission for a group of life-sized portraits of a lady and her three children; it was exhibited at the Academy in 1855, with a small picture, 'My Cottage Door,' which was purchased by the Queen. With the two hundred guineas received for the portrait-picture, which Mr. Mitchell presented to the husband of the lady, the artist added a studio to her residence. In 1857 she contributed to the Academy a work that attracted the notice of many a visitor by the pathetic story it told; 'NAMELESS AND FRIENDLESS,' the title given to the composition, is engraved on this page. A young orphan girl, an artist, offers to a dealer a picture she has painted. The man examines it critically, and somewhat contemptuously; and one can fancy the result of the inspection will be of this kind—"Afraid I can't find room for it, I'm already overstocked with things of this sort; there's no sale for them." How



Engraved by]

NAMELESS AND FRIENDLESS.

[J. Cooper.

many heavy hearts of both young and old which have turned from a shop-door with such words ringing in the ears are known only to those who have mingled with the Art-world in its various phases. And this poor girl, whose good looks have drawn towards her the eyes of some loungers in the shop, and whose young brother has accompanied her thither, will

doubtless have to retrace her steps through the pitiless rain to try her fortune elsewhere, and, not improbably, be compelled at last to leave her work in the hands of some pawnbroker for an advance of a small sum of money to support herself and brother. It is a sad, true story, told without exaggeration, and shows, moreover, artistic qualities which have

much to recommend it. The picture was purchased by the late Lady Chetwynd.

In the following year Miss Osborn sent to the Academy two pictures, one called 'Temptation,' the other 'Where the weary are at rest;' and in 1859 three, to one of which with a rather fanciful title, 'Tough and Tender,' the silver medal was awarded in 1862 by the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts; it was purchased by Mr. W. R. Mitchell.

The phase of Art-life represented in Miss Osborn's 'Nameless and Friendless,' has a kind of counterpart in her painting of 'The Governess,' exhibited at the Academy in 1860. There has been a fracas in the school-room, and mamma is appealed to by one of the children. The governess is summoned before the lady, who is evidently one of those mothers—by

no means an insignificant number—who think that governesses ought to endure everything "on the lowest possible terms:" she is a vulgar-looking, over-dressed woman; has, doubtless, wealth at command, but possesses not an ounce of kindly consideration or tender, feminine feeling. Of course she sides with her pet boy, and the other children maliciously enjoy the defeat of the young lady: all of them inherit her nature, and would resent every endeavour on the part of the governess to bring them under proper discipline, by kicks and scratches, as well as by rude and taunting speech. The Queen showed her high appreciation of the work by becoming its purchaser; it is a bitter satire on a too prevalent vice—it deserves no milder term—of our age, but not more bitter than true. The practice of treating educated women as if they were menial servants is but too common.



Engraved by]

"OF COURSE SHE SAID 'YES!'"

[J. Cooper.

From such instructive examples of *genre* painting Miss Osborn struck out into a bold line of history, in 1861, by sending to the Academy 'THE ESCAPE OF LORD NITHSDALE FROM THE TOWER IN 1716,' one of the pictures by this lady which we have engraved. Her treatment of the subject was suggested by the following extract from a letter written by the Countess of Nithsdale to her sister, the Lady Mary Herbert. "I had taken care," she says, "that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted, and the more so because he had on the same dress she wore. . . . I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his

eyes. . . . The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch." The artist has treated the theme with great skill and perspicuity. The countess having obtained permission to visit her husband in his imprisonment, takes with her a friend, Mrs. Mills, whose dress the earl assumes, and is being led away by his wife. They have passed the guard-chamber, and are now making for the outer entrance; the earl casts an apprehensive and furtive glance towards the guard as he slowly descends the steps. It is on this head that Miss Osborn seems to have exerted all her strength of delineation; and though the whole is well imagined and forcibly carried out,

the great point of the picture certainly centres, as it ought to do, in the intense expression given to Lord Nithisdale's face.

Miss Osborn appears to have paid a visit to Germany about this time, for several of her subsequent works are of German subjects. One of these pictures, called 'OF COURSE SHE SAID "YES!"' we have engraved; it now hangs in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace. The story has been told in every variety of ways by artists of almost every age and clime. Love has been said to "fly out of the window" under certain unfortunate circumstances; but in this picture he enters in by the window in the form of a young German peasant in his Sunday attire, who "pours the leprous distilment" of his honeyed speech into the ears of a maiden, to the evident disturbance of her domestic occupation, for the spindle is

motionless, and the weft unheeded; and no wonder they should be so while in all probability she is weaving in her own mind the web of future destiny. Whether the artist intended to draw such an inference from her treatment of this figure, or whether it was incidental as representing the ordinary employment of many of the German peasantry, the allusion is most felicitous. The style of the composition as a whole is simple and unaffected; the execution of the work is bold, as is usual with Miss Osborn. Several of these German subjects were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

The titles of the pictures exhibited by this lady last year are 'Private and Confidential,' 'Sunday Morning,' 'Slow and Sure,' and 'A Carriage and Pair;' of these the second is, perhaps, the most meritorious in all respects. To the Academy exhibition recently closed, Miss Osborn contri-



Engraved by]

THE ESCAPE OF LORD NITHISDALE FROM THE TOWER, 1716.

[J. Cooper.

buted only a single painting, called 'For the last Time'—two young girls about to enter the death chamber to take a last lingering look of some beloved relative, perchance their mother. We often marvel, and have almost as often asked the question, "why artists choose the sad instead of the cheerful?" But a wholesome lesson may be learned from such subjects.

To one of several pictures exhibited by Miss Osborn in the gallery of the Crystal Palace this year was awarded the first prize for the best historical painting in oils. The title of this work is 'Half the world knows not how the other half lives;' and it represents an attic-room tenanted by a shoemaker and his family; on a box, or bench, lies one of his children,

dead, and covered with a small sheet; a younger child is beating lustily a small drum, quite unconscious of the sorrow which has overtaken the parents; the father is at his work, but seems fearful of using the hammer in his hand, lest he should disturb the dead, while the poor mother stands by with a sad countenance and heavy heart. Such scenes are, unhappily, too prevalent throughout the length and breadth of the land; the painter does well to show in pictures of this kind what "half the world" in its luxuries and its enjoyments perhaps never thinks of, nor would know of, except through the aid of the pencil.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



SEPTEMBER.

1	Th.	British Museum closes.—New Moon. 6h.
2	F.	[7m. A.M.]
3	S.	
4	S.	<i>Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
5	M.	
6	Tu.	
7	W.	
8	Th.	[Quarter. 5h. 50m. A.M.]
9	F.	British Museum re-opens.—Moon's First
10	S.	
11	S.	<i>Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
12	M.	
13	Tu.	
14	W.	



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	Th.	Full Moon. 9h. 9m. P.M.
16	F.	
17	S.	
18	S.	<i>Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
19	M.	
20	Tu.	
21	W.	<i>St. Matthew.</i>
22	Th.	Moon's Last Quarter. 6h. 54m. P.M.
23	F.	Autumnal Equinox.
24	S.	
25	S.	<i>Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
26	M.	
27	Tu.	
28	W.	
29	Th.	Michaelmas Quarter Day.
30	F.	New Moon. 10h. 43m. P.M.



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.]

ART-WORK IN SEPTEMBER.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

LAST month a brief allusion was made to hops and hop-picking, a proceeding which often begins at the end of August, but frequently extends into September. Such was the case last year, the Kent railways being besieged by noisy crowds of men, women, boys and girls, going to the rich hop-grounds about Rochester, in order to gather the fragrant crop. In this respect the crop has the advantage of the gatherers, as I can well testify, having been enveloped in a crowd of "hoppers" while proceeding to the Medway.

The eye has certainly the advantage of the nostrils, for the motley crowd is most picturesque, even when congregated at that most unpicturesque of places, a railway station; and when its members are dispersed among the hop plants, too hard at work to notice a stranger, they form unconscious groups which cannot elsewhere be rivalled. It is a strange medley of a crowd that goes "a-hopping." Mostly the hoppers are of the lowest order of labourers, but among them is now and then to be heard a voice from which no amount of suffering can totally eradicate traces of refinement, just as in the diggings of Australia are, or were, to be found men erst known at the university for luxurious tastes or elegant scholarship.

The artist may and ought to pervade the hop-grounds in search of subjects, but he is not to expect that his ears and eyes will be equally gratified. There are some hop growers who only allow respectable persons to pick their hops; but, as a general fact, the tone of language is just what might be expected from a mixed assembly who work hard all day, drink as much as they can get in the evening, and at night sleep as they can, in barns, stables, outhouses, or, in default of cover, under shelter of ricks and walls.

How picturesque is the scene just after the hoppers have begun their labours, and have laid the first bines over the bag. Some are engaged in plucking off the yellow-brown seed-vessels, and dropping them into the bag with a rapidity that seems like magic; while others are bearing the long wreathed poles on their shoulders, like so many Bacchanals, with their *thyrsi*, and others are carrying away the poles stripped of their leafy burdens. The busy movements of the hoppers, and the strange medley of garments in which they attire themselves, contrast strongly with the sober quietude of that part of the ground which the labourers have not yet disturbed.

Other crops are gathered in this month, such as the beans, in the cutting and stacking of which useful plant I never could take the least interest, owing, in all probability, to much damage done by falling, when a boy, against the sharp sides of a beanstack.

There are two other crops, however, in which no one can avoid an interest, namely, the apple and the nut harvests, both affording many a subject for the painter. The apple harvest in a cider-making county is a most animated sight, as the heavy fruit is showered on the ground, or gathered carefully by those who wish to make especially good cider. What climbing of trees there is, and clinging to branches, and pushing off the fruit from the slender boughs with sticks, and catching it in sheets stretched below the tree! What clambering up perpendicular ladders by some adventurous light-weight, who rivals, and perhaps surpasses, the acrobat in daring, inasmuch as the latter knows that the pole on which he rests will be steadily balanced, while the former is by no means sure that his supporters are equal to the task.

Even when all the apples are got in, there is the crushing them in the mill—a simple contrivance, on the same principle as the incorporating mill of the powder maker, and consisting of a large circular stone, called a "runner," turned in a trough, named a "bed" or a "chase," according to the district. Then there is the wrapping the "must," as the soft, juicy mass is called, in a series of hair cloths, and squeezing them in the press until the acid juice pours from the spout; and then the fermentation, the racking, and the bottling.

Nutting, too, comes into vogue during this month, and though the nut harvest is with certain owners of plantations a mere matter of speculation, to the general public a day's nutting is equivalent to a day's enjoyment. It is a subject too well worn by poets, and too often sketched by painters, to need any detailed description, and all that is required is to warn the artist against clothing the nutters in the scrupulously elegant garments with which they are too often decorated.

Nutting is as dishevelled and clothes-tearing an occupation as can be mentioned; and to draw a number of nutters looking as if they had just come out of handboxes, is simply absurd. Those symmetrical folds of dress would be utterly disarranged in five minutes, those fashionable little shoes and boots would be cut to pieces in less than that time, and those glossy coats, with the faultless droop over the back, would speedily be in ribbons. Those who wish to preserve their personal neatness must either do their nutting by deputy, or forswear nuts altogether.

Good intentions are useless when nutting comes in the way. You promise to yourself that you will only just pull down a few nuts, and take particular care of your coat. So you do for some time, until a most tempting bunch of ripe nuts shows itself a little out of reach. You try to hook it towards you, but it always slips away and evades your grasp. Of course you are not going to be beaten by a bunch of nuts, and so you scramble up the bank, and slip back again, and scrape your knees on the muddy soil. Another trial finds your stick nicely hitched over the rebellious branch, and in a moment a handful of nuts is in your grasp. You allow the branch to spring to its place, and you leap off the bank, unconscious of the fact that a long bramble has fastened a few hooked spikes in your coat, until the "crr-crr" of a rent in broad-cloth betrays the damage. After this misfortune it is of course useless to be careful. Things can hardly be worse than they are, and so all the good resolutions are carried away for "pavement," and the genius of nutting reigns supreme.

There is a strange crop which is gathered during September—a crop so light in weight that the produce of a whole acre weighs scarcely eight pounds, and so valuable that these eight pounds afford a good profit to the agriculturist. The plant is the autumn crocus, and the crop consists of the three stamens, or "chives," which are dried, and are then called saffron. Near Saffron Walden, a very large tract of country is planted with this beautiful flower; and in September the crop is gathered, the stamens of four thousand flowers scarcely furnishing a single ounce of saffron.

Towards the end of September the grapes ought to be ripe, affording a grand treat to the younger members of the family. If an artist could only have drawn our annual grape gathering, he would have found plenty of subjects for sketches, for we had several walls and the southern roof of a stable covered with white and purple grapes; and both wall and stable were dotted with children intent on gathering the heavy clusters.

Ploughing again sets in at the latter end of this month, so as to get the ground ready for the winter crops; and by the end of the month the sower is again seen at his work. From the corn-fields the labourers have gone; and instead of the tall waving wheat and barley, nothing is seen but the prickly stubble, negative to the eye and fatiguing to the feet. The sportsman, however, rejoices at the sight, for with the 1st of September comes the opening day of partridge shooting, delighting his heart; and the country is studded with men and dogs all intent upon one pursuit, the slaughter of a little bird. Happy are the partridges when the 1st of September falls on a Sunday, and so gives them another day of such peace and quiet as they will never know again until the shooting season is over.

The partridge is not the only bird which has reason to regret the advent of September, for the 29th is as fatal to the geese as the 1st to the partridge; the cackling ranks in the farmyard have been reduced to a few survivors, and before the 30th day has dawned, nine-tenths of the slaughtered birds are being converted into human flesh.

As to other birds, September is rather a season of rejoicing to them. The old have recovered from the weariness and cares of household management, and the young have obtained full strength and vigour. Those birds which migrate have already begun to settle their journey, while some are gone before the month is over. Towards the end of the month some of the swallows have left us for other lands; but a few hardy bands still remain until next month, after which scarcely a straggler is ever seen, unless such straggler be injured, and otherwise precluded from undertaking the long journey that lies before it.

The starlings now begin to be gregarious, and as if to make up for the months which they have spent in isolation, assemble in flocks that absolutely darken the air. Fens, salt-marshes, and the mouths of tidal rivers, are favourite haunts of the starlings, where they assemble; and at the mouth of the Thames, Medway, and other rivers, their countless hosts may be seen, sometimes flickering in the distance as the light falls on their twinkling wings, sometimes streaming across the sky in vast armies, and sometimes wheeling in the air and performing all sorts of military manoeuvres with a smartness and precision that any regiment may envy.

The ring-ouzel makes his appearance again at the end of September; and about the same time we welcome the long-billed woodcock back to our country, where he will be persecuted and hunted out of his marshes, and shot at as long as he survives. Again is heard the harsh, croaking note of the land-rail, as he runs along under shadow of the hedgerows; and the autumnal song of the blackbird, thrush, and other birds is resumed.

A few of the trees have here and there begun to don their warm autumnal tints, and their green masses are dotted with soft yellow or glowing red. In general, however, the trees wear their summer garments until October, provided that the sun be not too hot and the ground too dry for them to retain their verdure. In the paper for next month a few words will be given on the different trees, and the colours which they assume.

Now the thistle-down is matured, and flies over the field impelled by every gust of wind, and followed by goldfinches in flocks, snapping up the white down as it floats along, and chirping merrily the while. I hardly know when goldfinches show themselves to better advantage than when they are thus

engaged, and had I only possessed an artist's brush, a right beautiful picture could I have made of many a bright hedgerow scene. Now the berries begin to ripen; and in the hedges the hips and haws put on their scarlet robes, matched by those of the honeysuckle and briony. The blackberries are making their first step towards their legitimate colour, and have become red on their way from green to purple. The rich blooming violet of the sloe is now seen in the hedges, the acrid parent of the sweet and luscious plum.

As to the flowers, they change more in September than in any other month. At its beginning many a flower is in full bloom. The poppy still keeps her scarlet hat, the bindweeds hang their bell-like petals from the twigs round which they have crept, the yellow flowers of the tormentil lie like golden stars upon the ground, the hemp-nettles are still in full bloom, the hare's ear has not yet shed its flowers, and the pale yellow flowrets of the pepper-sasifrage still hang on their stalks, together with a multitude of others which it would be sheer pedantry to enumerate. But, at the end of September, where are the flowers? Dead, withered, and fallen, and their petals replaced by the pods and other seed-vessels, that are cheering enough in the promise of fresh flowers next season, but cannot to the eye supply the place of the lovely flowers they have supplanted.

PICTURE SALES.

THE report now given of these proceedings brings up the arrears of the season, which has proved a very busy one, and profitable to the auctioneers. Although there has been no well-known and important collection offered for sale this year, like those of Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Allnutt, in 1863, yet we believe the aggregate of the sales has been larger than at any preceding time for several years. The subject is referred to somewhat specifically on another page.

The late Mr. J. Mayor Threlfall, of Higher Broughton, near Manchester, had somewhat recently, we believe, accumulated a fine collection of English pictures in oils and water colours. They were sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. at their rooms on the 13th and 14th of May, by order of the executors. The works in water colours, seventy in number, occupied the first day's sale. Of these may be noticed—'A Mossy Bank with an Apple and Grapes,' and 'Dead Partridges,' W. Hunt, 168 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' W. Hunt, 162 gs. (Cutler); 'View off Fairlight Downs,' Copley Fielding, 115 gs. (Crofts); 'Portsmouth Harbour,' C. Stanfield, R.A., engraved, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Canterbury Meadows,' with cows, sheep, &c., T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 110 gs. (McLean); 'The Thames from Richmond Hill,' with cattle and figures, G. Barrett, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'The Toilet,' L. Haghe, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Fairlight Downs,' a magnificent drawing by Copley Fielding, 210 gs. (Agnew); 'Pineapple, Melon, Plums, and Currants,' on a table, W. Hunt, 115 gs. (Agnew); 'Moor Scene,' with sportsmen, in the International Exhibition, and a 'Woody River Scene,' smaller, both by Dewint, 200 gs. (Fuller); 'Gathering Holly, Christmas Time,' perhaps the finest work of this class by the artist, E. Duncan, 315 gs. (Agnew); 'Her Majesty's Buckhounds,' F. Tayler, exhibited in Paris, Brussels, and in the International Exhibition, 300 gs. (Vokins); 'Interior of a Barn,' W. Hunt, in the International Exhibition, 210 gs. (Agnew); 'The Farm-kitchen,' W. Hunt, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Gleaners Returning,' and 'The Return from the Peat Moss,' F. W. Topham, 450 gs. (Agnew). The water-colour pictures realised upwards of £5,000.

The sale of the oil paintings attracted even more attention than the preceding, for the collec-

tion, which numbers 104 pictures, was known to contain many of high repute. The principal were—'Highland Drovers,' with cattle, R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 260 gs. (Agnew); 'Woody River Scene,' with a cottage, horse, and cart, &c., in the foreground, P. Nasmyth, 185 gs. (Vokins); 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee,' F. Stone, A.R.A., 140 gs. (Agnew); 'The Post-Office—Reading the News,' F. Goodall, R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1862, 285 gs. (Seager and Smart); 'The Stream from the Hills,' T. Creswick, R.A., 180 gs. (Cubitt); a group of three females, emblematic of England, Scotland, and Ireland, C. Baxter, 220 gs. (Seager); 'Canterbury Meadows,' cows, sheep, and goats in the foreground, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 240 gs. (Seager); 'Woodcutters,' J. Linnell, 385 gs. (Agnew); 'Shipping on the Medway,' a small picture by C. Stanfield, R.A., painted in 1857, 395 gs. (Vokins); 'Interior of an Irish Cabin,' F. Goodall, R.A., 101 gs. (Gambart); 'Albert Lee visiting Dr. Rochelcliffe,' a scene from 'Woodstock,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 430 gs. (Leggatt); 'River Scene—Moonlight,' J. Linnell, 115 gs. (Dr. Sharp); 'The Road through the Wood,' T. Creswick, R.A., 210 gs. (Leggatt); 'Bretonne Courtship,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 235 gs. (Holmes); 'Minna and Brenda,' C. Baxter, 255 gs. (Agnew); 'Crossing the Ford, Seville,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 340 gs. (Seager); 'Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening,' P. H. Calderon, 160 gs. (Morley); 'The Quoit Players,' J. Linnell, stated to have been painted half a century ago, 380 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of a Cathedral,' D. Roberts, R.A., 320 gs. (Vokins); 'A Mountain Road,' T. Creswick, R.A., 215 gs. (Seager); 'Madge Wildfire leading Jeannie Deans up the Church,' W. P. Frith, 175 gs. (Crofts); 'The Highland Bothy,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 240 gs. (Agnew); 'Elgin Cathedral,' D. Roberts, R.A., 205 gs. (Vokins); 'A Classical Bay Scene,' with cupids and nymphs, sunset, F. Danby, A.R.A., 355 gs. (Agnew); 'Cranmer at the Traitor's Gate,' F. Goodall, R.A., 670 gs. (Seager and Smart); 'Oran,' W. Wyld, 215 gs. (Agnew); 'The Disobedient Prophet,' J. Linnell, exhibited at the International Exhibition in Paris, 950 gs. (Agnew). The oil pictures sold for the gross sum of £10,575.

A valuable collection of water-colour pictures, the property of the late Mr. H. J. Wheeler, of Hyde Park Gardens, was sold on the 1st of June, by Messrs. Foster, at their gallery in Pall Mall. The prices realised by the majority of the works show the estimate formed of them by the purchasers. Of the fifty-two pictures offered, the most important were:—Five small compositions of classical figures, by Cipriani, 146 gs. (Fuller); 'Isle of Skye,' G. F. Robson, 145 gs. (Fuller); 'Children in a Shower,' and 'Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' F. Tayler, 130 gs. (Agnew); 'Morning,' and 'Evening,' two river scenes, with cattle, R. R. Reinagle, R.A., 170 gs. (Agnew); 'A Peasant Girl,' W. Hunt, £100 (Arthur); 'Landscape,' with sheep, W. Havell, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Lake of Llanberis, with Snowdon,' John Varley, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' G. Barrett, painted in 1835, 270 gs. (Fuller); 'The Falls of Rayader,' W. A. Nesfield, 340 gs. (Henry); 'Val d'Aosta, Piedmont,' J. D. Harding, painted for its late owner as a pendant to the last, 390 gs. (Henry); 'The Fish Market, Hastings,' T. Heaphy, 240 gs. (Fuller); 'Sussex Downs—Arundel Castle in the distance,' Copley Fielding, 870 gs. (Agnew); 'A Scottish Lake, Sunset,' Copley Fielding, 520 gs. (Agnew); 'Off Scarborough—Squally Weather,' Copley Fielding, 370 gs. (Wallis); 'The Pass of Terracina,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 660 gs. (Wallis); 'The Porch of the Cathedral of Chartres,' S. Prout, 285 gs. (Wallis); 'The Cornfield,' P. Dewint, 550 gs. (Wallis). The sale of Mr. Wheeler's collection, which realised more than £10,000, concluded with six drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.:—A small vignette composition, 150 gs. (Fuller); 'Cologne,' also small, 460 gs. (Parnell); 'In the Val d'Aosta,' 600 gs. (Parnell); 'Rafts on the Rhine'—this and the one immediately preceding are a pair, about 12 inches by 16 inches—420 gs. (Wallis); 'Vessels off the Coast,' 27 inches by 15½ inches, 520 gs. (White); 'View on the Brent,' same size, 1,350 gs.; the name of the purchaser did not transpire.

Immediately after the dispersion of these drawings, Messrs. Foster offered for sale a number of oil pictures of the English school, with a few foreign works. The names of the collectors—two gentlemen, it was understood—did not transpire. Among the paintings were—'Britanny Peasants,' F. Goodall, R.A., £104 (Lloyd); 'The Forest Glade,' T. Creswick, R.A., with deer, by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 165 gs. (Wallis); 'View near Reigate,' with gipsies in the foreground, W. Linnell, 1863, 240 gs. (Julius); 'Church of San Maria della Salute, Venice,' D. Roberts, R.A., 340 gs. (Wallis); 'The Pet Pigeon,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., 190 gs. (Earl); 'The Rivals,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 225 gs. (Earl); 'The Broken Pitcher,' W. Müller, 160 gs. (Marshall); 'The Forger Disturbed,' J. B. Litschauer, a distinguished *genre* artist of Germany, 100 gs. (Lloyd); 'Wreck on the Goodwin Sands,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., exhibited at the International Exhibition in 1862, 635 gs. (Vokins); 'In the Bezeskein, El Khan Khalie, Cairo,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 330 gs. (Holmes).

On the same day Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold, at their rooms in King Street, a small but very choice collection of English pictures, the property of the late Mr. John M. Arthur, of Park House, Clifton; among which were—'An Interior,' with a boy standing before a mirror, W. Hemsley, 111 gs. (Holmes); 'The Rosebud,' and 'The Rosebud of England,' a pair of very beautiful fancy female portraits, by C. Baxter, 282 gs. (Edwards); 'Landscape,' with a cow, sheep and lambs, and a goat, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 114 gs. (Chase); 'Head of the Giudecca, Venice: Waiting for the Regatta,' J. B. Pyne, 96 gs. (Agnew); 'Girl at a Spring,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 140 gs. (Agnew); 'Coast Scene, Smugglers,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 275 gs. (Beaumont); 'Annie Lyle, Allan M'Auley, and Menteith,' from 'A Legend of Montrose,' F. Stone, A.R.A., 275 gs. (Morby); 'Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' T. Faed, A.R.A., 840 gs. (Henry); 'The Harvest Wagon,' J. Linnell, 710 gs. (Holloway); 'Greek Female Exiles,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 320 gs. (Arnold); 'Genoa, from the Senace,' J. B. Pyne, 430 gs. (Graves); 'The Fleur-de-Lys,' a composition of four figures, W. Etty, R.A., 350 gs. (Arnold); 'The Nile, looking towards Cairo,' W. Müller, 870 gs. (Holmes); 'Coming of Age in the Olden Time,' the engraved picture, W. P. Frith, R.A., 1,150 gs. (Flatou); 'Dartmouth,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,220 gs. (Flatou); 'The Piazza of San Marco,' in October, 1851, D. Roberts, R.A., 1,000 gs. (Arnold). The sum realised by the whole of the pictures was £8,740.

It is a long time since so valuable a collection of pictures by the old Dutch and Flemish masters has been offered to sale by auction, as that formed by the late Mr. Johann Moritz Oppenheim, of Cannon Street West, who, we believe, had been many years blind, and yet, in this unfortunate condition, he continued to add to his gallery. It was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., on the 4th of June. The principal examples were:—'A Cattle Fair in a Dutch Village,' on copper, and its companion, a 'Scene' in the same village, with waggons, carts, figures, and animals, Breughel, 245 gs. (Holloway); 'The Outer Works of a Dutch Fortified Town,' and 'The Entrance' to the same town, Vander Heyden, 195 gs. (Webb); 'Landscape—Repose of the Holy Family,' Poelenberg, 118 gs. (Holloway); 'Interior of a Shop,' Mieris, 160 gs. (Rutley); 'Italian Landscape,' J. and A. Both, 122 gs. (Taylor); 'A Card Party,' Jan Steen, 280 gs. (Haines); 'Landscape,' with cavaliers and ladies at the entrance to a garden, Moucheron, the figures by Adrian Van der Velde, 205 gs. (Cox); 'A Female Peasant,' Karel du Jardin, 105 gs. (Rutley); 'The Battle of the Standard,' P. Wouvermans, 330 gs. (Webb); 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, 1,450 gs. (Webb): at the sale of Col. Baillie's pictures a few years ago, this fine painting realised 1,250 gs.; 'Interior of Antwerp Cathedral,' P. Neefs, with numerous figures by Francks, 120 gs. (Edwards); 'A Milk Maid,' N. Maes, 410 gs. (Woodin); 'Landscape,' with a female peasant in a blue dress bathing her feet in a stream, A. Van der Velde, 430 gs. (Webb); 'Dr. Van Ruyter lecturing on Anatomy,' Gonzales Coques, 115 gs. (Rutley); 'A Wooded Land-

scape, with cottages, Hobbema, 890 gs. (Holloway); 'The Departure for the Chase,' P. Wou-
vermans, 860 gs. (Jones); 'Rustic Interior,'
with dancers, Ostade, 700 gs. (Nieuwenhuys, of
Paris); 'The Khmerese,' Teniers, 1,450 gs.
(Rutter); 'Flowers,' Van Huysum, 500 gs.
(Agnew); 'The Battle between Alexander and
Porus,' N. Berghem, 175 gs. (Holloway).

Mr. Oppenheim's collection contained a few
paintings by modern foreign artists; of these
were:—'Graziella,' R. Lehmann, 510 gs. (Hollo-
way); 'Opportunity makes Thieves,' 740 gs.
(Agnew); 'The Frightened Flock,' Verboeck-
hoven, 320 gs. (Blenkiron); 'Landscape,' intro-
ducing A. Van der Velde sketching cattle, and its
companion, 'The Morning Ride,' Rubens and
Van Dyck in a landscape, E. and C. Tschaggeny,
both pictures commissions from their late owner,
255 gs. (Blenkiron); 'The Morning Visit,' Luckx,
160 gs. (Coope); 'Summer,' B. C. Koekkoek, and
'Winter,' Goldsmid, 130 gs. (Smith, of Bond
Street); 'La Dame à la Ferme,' Madou, 260 gs.
(Anonymous). A few specimens of sculpture
were included in the sale:—'Theseus,' an antique
statuette from the collection of the late Duke of
Buckingham, 105 gs. (Whitehead); 'Mignon,'
on a square pedestal of serpentine marble, en-
riched with a medallion head of Goethe, and three
illustrations of his works in bronze *alto-relievo*,
H. Bandel, 340 gs. (Vokins); 'The Fisherman's
Orphan,' G. Geefs, 160 gs. (Vokins). The entire
collection of works of Art, numbering fifty-one
lots, sold for nearly £13,800.

On the 17th and 18th of June, Messrs. Christie,
Manson & Co. sold a considerable number of
pictures by the old masters from the galleries of
the late Earl of Clare, the Right Hon. Edward
Ellice, Mr. G. A. Hoskins, and Mr. E. G. Vernon
Harcourt. We append a list of the most im-
portant works:—'The Drawing-Lesson,' Mieris,
88 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'The Beggar Relieved,'
Mieris, 155 gs. (Cox); 'Children beneath an
Arch, looking at a Bird's Nest,' Van der Werff,
108 gs. (Webb); 'Landscape,' upright, a river
rushing over broken ground, a group of fir-trees
on the bank, &c., Ruysdael, 210 gs. (Holloway);
'Landscape,' Wynants, with figures by A. Van
der Velde, 96 gs. (Vokins); 'Interior,' a group
of five persons playing at cards, Teniers, 152 gs.
(J. M. Smith); 'Two Monkeys quarrelling over
a Basket of Fruit,' Snyder, and its companion,
'Three Dogs standing near a Pan,' 206 gs. (Rut-
ley); 'A Dead Hare suspended from a Tree,' a
group of flowers near, Weenix, 360 gs. (Ward);
'Landscape and Figures,' Wynants, 96 gs. (Hol-
loway); 'A Young Girl caressing a Spaniel,'
Greuze, 1,020 gs. (Durlacher); 'Roses, Peonies,
and Pinks,' with a terra-cotta jar on a marble
table, bird's nest and eggs, Van Huysum, from
the collection of the late Sir C. Bagot, 500 gs.
(Farrer); 'La Tricoteuse,' a female knitting at a
window, Netscher, 390 gs. (Cox); 'Landscape,'
cottage near a pool of water, surrounded by trees,
peasants passing along the road, Ruysdael, 205 gs.
(Vokins); 'The Travellers,' a group of figures,
with a horse and cart descending a road, two
figures with a horse crossing a stream, &c., Wou-
vermans, 155 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'The Astro-
loger,' from the collections of Hesse Cassel, Le
Perrier, and others, Gerard Dow, 670 gs. (Haynes);
'A Peasant,' holding a bottle, and drinking from
a glass, Murillo, from the collections of Prince
Talleyrand and Lord Charles Townsend, 1,300 gs.
(Rutley); 'Portrait of Field-Marshal Count La
Lippe,' Sir J. Reynolds, 125 gs. (Smith); 'A
Village Fête,' Jan Steen, from the Saltemarsh
gallery, 100 gs. (Adams); 'A View in Guelder-
land,' trees and felled timber in the foreground,
Wynants, peasants driving sheep and cattle, by
A. Van der Velde, 130 gs. (Bourne); 'The En-
chantress quitting the Infernal Regions,' Teniers,
formerly in the collection of Mr. S. Rogers, 120
gs. (Bourne); 'The Prince of Orange's Yacht off
Amsterdam,' Backhuysen, 105 gs. (Page); 'The
Annunciation,' Murillo, from the collection of
the late Lady Beresford, 175 gs. (Curtis); 'Four
Persons playing at Monte,' Velasquez, 200 gs.
(Cox); 'The Water-mill,' wooded heights and
figures in the foreground, Ruysdael, 175 gs.
(Pearce); 'Travellers halting at an Inn by a
River,' Wouvermans, 165 gs. (Pearce); 'River
Scene,' with a state barge, numerous boats and

figures, Van der Capella, 510 gs. (Pearce); 'En-
trance to a Dutch River,' Van der Capella, 160 gs.
(Cox); 'A Calm,' man-of-war and boats at
anchor, W. Van der Velde, 200 gs. (Pearce);
another 'Calm,' fishing-boats and yachts at an-
chor, W. Van der Velde, 280 gs. (Pearce); 'St.
Joseph with the Infant Saviour on his knee,'
Murillo, 290 gs. (Moore); 'The Virgin and
Angel,' Raffaele, 240 gs. (Anthony).

Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., sold, on the
25th of June, a number of paintings and drawings,
the majority of which belonged to Mr. T. H.
McConnel. The principal pictures were:—'Lowe-
stoff,' J. M. W. Turner, £134 10s. (Agnew);
'The Hay-Field,' D. Cox, 205 gs. (Agnew); 'Con-
templation,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 63 gs. (Flatow);
'Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 75
gs. (Vokins); 'Whitehaven—Fishing Boats re-
turning,' S. Bough, R.S.A., 90 gs. (Agnew); 'Hide
and Seek,' W. H. Knight, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'The
Highland Mother,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 150 gs.
(Flatow); 'Landscape, with Sheep,' Augustus
Bonheur, 110 gs. (Gilbert); 'A Gipsy Girl,' J.
Phillip, R.A., 114 gs. (Mitchell); 'Beaching the
Boat,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 200 gs. (Flatow); 'The
Toilet,' Middle, H. Browne, 150 gs. (Pocock);
'The Path through the Wood, Spring,' J. T.
Linnell, 400 gs. (Agnew); 'Gillingham Church,
Kent,' W. Müller, 175 gs. (Levy); 'Fallow Deer,'
R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 130 gs. (Mitchell); 'Bird's
Nest and Flower,' W. Hunt, 100 gs. (Agnew);
'Landscape, Afternoon,' G. Barrett, 126 gs.
(Agnew). The above are all in water-colours;
the oil-paintings were disposed of at compara-
tively small prices.

A "miscellaneous" collection of pictures in
water-colours and oils was sold by Messrs.
Christie, Manson, and Woods on the 9th of July.
There were some fine specimens of both classes
submitted for sale, among the principal of which
may be pointed out the following drawings:—
'Sussex Downs, Village of Patcham and Mill,'
Copley Fielding, 150 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Frauen-
kirche, Nuremberg,' and 'The Canal at Bruges,'
both by S. Prout, 185 gs. (E. White); 'Christ
and his Disciples,' G. Cattermole, 90 gs. (Vokins);
'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossoms,' W. Hunt, 130
gs. (Smith); 'Interior of a Cathedral in Belgium,'
and 'The Toilet,' L. Haghe, 171 gs. (Patteson);
'Sea View off Dover,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., a
remarkably fine work, 625 gs. (Webster). The
following are oil-paintings:—'View of Bristol
from Bedminster Fields,' W. Müller, 190 gs. (E.
White); 'Waiting for the Ferry—Bacharach, on
the Rhine,' W. Müller, 285 gs. (Graves); 'The
Godmother,' De Jonghe, 96 gs. (Carpenter);
'Barnes Terrace, on the Thames,' J. M. W. Turner,
R.A., painted about 1827, 1,000 gs. (Webster);
'Rembrandt in his Studio,' J. Gilbert, exhibited
at the British Institution in 1860, 185 gs. (Col-
naghi); 'Coast Scene,' with fisherwomen and
children, W. Collins, R.A., 255 gs. (Weston);
'The Country Waggon, Snowden—Early Morn-
ing,' and 'The Hotwells, Bristol—Storm coming
on,' both of them early works by Turner, painted
for the Rev. J. Nixon, and from the collection of
Dr. Nixon, 202 gs. (Reynolds). The sum of
£8,500 was realised by the entire sale.

At the sale of the late Mr. George Daniel's
library and works of Art, at the end of July, the
following pictures in water-colours were disposed
of:—'View on the Thames,' with Lambeth Palace
on the right and old Westminster Bridge in front,
'The Pier at Dieppe,' and a smaller drawing of
the same subject, D. Cox, 160½ gs. (Vokins);
'Coast Scene—Isle of Wight,' De Wint, 41 gs.
(Colnaghi); 'View of Scarborough,' J. D. Hard-
ing, 36 gs. (Vokins); 'Skiddaw and Saddleback,
from Bolton Moor,' and 'Stonehouse Bridge,
Plymouth,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 170 gs. (Vokins);
'Dumbarton Castle,' and 'A Mountain Scene,'
with elephants and figures in the foreground,
C. Stanfield, R.A., 164 gs. (Pocock); 'Mayence,'
and 'Interior of a Cathedral,' S. Prout, 45 gs.
(Graves); 'Lake Scene,' with the Grampian
Hills, G. F. Robson, 27½ gs. (Vokins); 'The
Abbotsford Family,' Wilkie, £30 10s. (Bohn,
jun.). Mr. Daniel's collection of drawings and
other works of Art produced £1,880.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE AT WARWICK.

THANKS to fine weather, a pretty neighbour-
hood, and the abundance of ivy-grown castles,
the meeting of the Archæological Institute
in Warwickshire has proved pleasant and
instructive. The excursions were numerous,
the papers if not elaborate were not over
long, and the proceedings generally, though
not eminently learned, had the recommenda-
tion of being lively and discursive. At the
inaugural meeting held in the Court House,
Warwick, the Marquis Camden resigned the
chair to Lord Leigh, president of the year.
Mr. Beresford-Hope observed that he con-
sidered it a happy omen when the Institute
was coming of age—for it was entering on
the twenty-first year of its existence—that
the metropolis of the county should have
been selected for their meeting, a town
indissolubly associated with the name of
Dugdale, the great patriarch and exemplar of
English archæologists, and with the name
of Shakspeare, the great topographical poet
of England. Archdeacon Sandford, on be-
half of the clergy, paid fitting tribute to the
benefits archæology had conferred upon the
history, literature, jurisprudence, architec-
ture, and theology of our country. Archæ-
ologists had rescued and restored sacred fabrics,
not from the hands of ancient barbarians, but
from the ravages of the Goths and Vandals
of modern times, from the mistaken zeal of
churchmen, country clergy, churchwardens,
and squires, and still more from the greater
barbarities of utilitarian selfishness. The
Bishop of Oxford added that archæologists
were not mere mites, living in some remote
old cheese, but men who, thoroughly alive,
sought to blend the beautiful velvety shadows
of the past with the obscure but magnificent
promise of the future, thus extending the
vision beyond the narrow limits of the pre-
sent, and teaching the mind what to live for
and aspire after. Such was the fitting intro-
duction to the science of archæology given at
this inaugural meeting. And imagination
and rhetoric having thus scattered flowers in
the path of a full and fair assembly of plea-
sure-seeking students of both sexes, off the
company started amid the pealing of bells
to inspect the neighbouring church of St.
Mary, with its famed Beauchamp Chapel,
which enshrines the ashes of Richard Earl
of Warwick, and of Leicester, the favourite
of Queen Elizabeth. One of these tombs
displays enrichments in coloured enamels,
and the niches still contain the original brass
figures. It is a choice example of the Art-
manufactures which in the middle ages were
devoted to the service of the Church. The
east end of the chapel is filled with a gran-
diose perpendicular window, decorated with
glass in the effective pictorial style of that
period. The party was next conducted to
the Earl of Leicester's Almshouses, specimens
more than usually intact of the domestic
architecture of the sixteenth century.

The peregrinations of Wednesday com-
menced with a visit to Warwick Castle,
and the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, having
mounted a chair, gave a fragmentary sketch
of the structure. The precise date of
the present building is doubtful, but prob-
ably no portion of the existing edifice is
earlier than the middle of the fourteenth
century. For pictorial effect, the castle
stands almost without rival. The spacious
courtyard in which the company assem-
bled is shadowed by noble trees, above which
rise the stately towers of Cæsar and Guy.
Entering the grand suite of apartments occu-
pied by the present earl, commanding views
are gained of the richly-wooded grounds and

neighbouring domains from balconies perched one hundred feet above the Avon, which washes the foundations. Solemn cedars cast broad shadows upon the soft turf. The pictures with which the halls are hung obtained clear elucidation from Mr. Scharf. Warwick Castle and its belongings, including the kitchens and cellars, having been fully surveyed, the learned Institute at two o'clock began to feel the need of bodily sustenance. At this moment carriages coming to the rescue, the members were conducted forthwith to the stately mansion of the noble president, the reigning lord of Stoneleigh Abbey, where a luncheon, with the welcome addition of a claret cup, did much to restore the jaded intellect of venerable professors. In convivial and congenial mood the party proceeded to Kenilworth, among the ruins whereof slumber the memories, now dim in the perspective of the past, of those princely pleasures which Leicester showered around his fond yet fickle queen. Mr. Hartshorne, whom the Institute has installed warden of castles universal, again ascended a tribune extemporised on the green grass, and delivered himself of chronologic conjectures, which certain incredulous hearers forthwith set themselves to refute by a critical scrutiny into the reputed Norman remains. Here learned ladies gave proof of praiseworthy ardour by mounting ladders which led to an upper level, whence a well might be looked into, at the bottom of which truth has been long supposed to lie; but, unfortunately, the Diogenes of the Institute had forgotten his lantern.

Thursday opened by a pleasant expedition to Coventry, for, as a facetious archaeologist observed, nothing could be more pleasant, at least to a student solicitous of silence and solitude, than to be sent, as the saying is, to Coventry. However, as the mission assigned to these meetings is only to be accomplished through a copious flow of talk, we did not hear of any recluse ready to avail himself of the peculiar privileges of the district. More willing by far were moralists to descant on another exclusive custom pertaining to the ancient city—the ride of the Lady Godiva through its gable-pointed streets. On this suggestive archaeological incident the opinion seemed to be that the lady's achievement might be safely accepted, but that the sly act of Peeping Tom should be repudiated; and furthermore, that his image set up at the corner of the market-place could not be authenticated—probably, indeed, it was the joint work of some barber and tailor of post-archæologic times. The deliberations of the excursionists, however, as the day advanced, took a more serious turn. On entering the city the first act was to proceed to St. Mary's Hall, a venerable building, where the mayor, in the midst of a carefully compiled museum of city archives and corporation regalia, together with other valuable records and remains, collected in honour of the visit, supported on one side by a sword-bearer in voluminous wig, and on the other by a mace-bearer crowned in cardinal's hat, read an address from the town council to the assembled members of the Institute. The company then proceeded by tortuous and ascending streets to the eminence, or plateau, crowned by the church dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, who loves to alight on the high places of the earth. This church has a spire which rises to 300 feet; it is one of the largest parish churches in the kingdom, and we know of few naves and chancels more spacious and imposing: well might Sir Christopher Wren pronounce the structure as a masterpiece. Built, however, as late as the fifteenth century, it barely falls within the mediæval predilections of the Institute. Mr.

Beresford-Hope, mounting a seat in the choir, drew attention to the interesting relation found to exist between the architecture of the church and the social status of the times and of the district in which it had been reared. Here was manifest what may be termed the "social" aspects of architecture, seen commonly in the churches of Flanders and of the Low Countries, but comparatively rare in England. Here they stood within a very large hall-shaped parish church, such as had grown up in the rich and populous communities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, seeking in the house of God comfort and luxury, and ambitious of display. But this was not only a fashionable parish church, it was also the Covent Garden of England. In this church the famous series of religious plays called "The Coventry Mysteries" were acted. The great breadth of the nave and chancel made the interior specially fitted for the representation of the old dramas founded on the Bible history. Mr. Bloxam added that some of the dresses used in the "mystery plays" were now in the possession of Mr. Staunton, Warwickshire. The scanty remains of the cathedral close by were next inspected. This edifice, which belonged to the thirteenth, or to the early part of the fourteenth, century, has been wholly destroyed, save the fragmentary substructure of the west end; evidence, however, was not wanting that the cathedral in its glory boasted, like its sister at Lichfield, of three spires. Thus Coventry, in the middle ages, pierced the sky of Warwickshire with no less than six spires. The rest of the day was devoted to the inspection of the following buildings:—Trinity Church, where a painting of the Last Judgment had been discovered thirty years since, decorating the eastern arch of the nave; White Friars Monastery, the ambulatory and dormitory of which Mr. Bloxam pronounced to be the most unique remain in the city of Coventry; Ford's Hospital, an ornate specimen of the carved oak buildings of the fifteenth century; St. John's Church, a hybrid of styles; Bond's Hospital; and lastly, the Grammar School, where Sir William Dugdale received his education. Some of the party then spent an hour in the examination of Mr. Skidmore's famed Art-manufactory, where the metal-work for the Albert Memorial, a pulpit for Ely Cathedral, and a highly enriched fountain for Westminster, show the last development of the decorative Arts subsidiary to architecture.

Friday was set apart to Lichfield Cathedral. Antiquaries sometimes labour under the imputation of being little else than learned triflers, innocent discoverers of mere's-nests, the value of which they alone know how duly to appreciate. But here in Lichfield Cathedral was noble game, worth indeed liberal expenditure on powder and shot. And the Institute, setting due store upon the prize, brought to bear upon the foundations and superstructure their heaviest piece of artillery. Professor Willis, himself a tower of strength, had encamped for some days previously within the cathedral precincts, and thus made himself master of the position. Having laid siege against, and even, in years gone by, undermined the cathedral by stealthy excavations, the spoils thereby gathered he laid before his friends of the Institute in the ancient Guildhall of the city of Lichfield. Ground-plans, hung against the walls, set forth in detail the results of prolonged investigation, chiefly directed to determine the historic antecedents of the present choir. The original foundation was a Norman choir, which had been swept away to make room for its successor in the Early English style. The present Lady Chapel, with its polygonal apse, was erected about 1300. A quarter of

a century later the choir was once again pulled about, and the existing Decorated clerestory added. The remarkably effective glass of the sixteenth century, in the Lady Chapel, brought from the abbey church of Liege, obtained from Mr. Winston warmest eulogy. This high authority has, in his published work, "Hints on Glass Painting," extolled the cinque cento style as "the golden age of glass painting," and therefore we need feel less surprise that Mr. Winston took these windows at Lichfield as a text upon which to found a thundering denunciation against all earlier and less pictorial modes of treatment, much to the disgust of certain petrified ecclesiologists of austere Pre-Raphaelite propensities. Mr. Winston wields a slashing pen, and Art in his hands is as a warrior knight, that puts on sword and helmet for service in the church militant.

Saturday morning a lengthy paper was read by the Dean of Chichester on "The Life and Times of John de Stratford." At half-past one carriages were in readiness to take the excursionists on their Stratford pilgrimage. *En route* the church of Charlecote was entered, chiefly for the sake of three monuments to the Lucy family, two of which were rudely wrought by English sculptors or masons, and the third, in contrast, showed the detailed and delicate elaboration of the Italian Bernini. Never was the contrast between the rough sturdy school of the North and the refined and emasculate style of the South brought out more forcibly by immediate juxtaposition. The adjacent house and grounds of Charlecote, kindly thrown open by their present possessor, H. S. Lucy, Esq., were next visited. Here in the park, under the shadow of noble trees, might be seen herds of deer, reposing just as when the youthful Shakespeare tried a 'prentice hand on his proud neighbour's flocks. The house of Charlecote has a fine outlook across garden terraces, down upon white-swan Avon, as she flows softly on her mossy bed. The carriages drove by rural lanes to the neighbouring town of Stratford, setting the company down at the church, the resting-place of the poet. Here, doubtless, each pilgrim indulged in emotions suited to the spot, but as no one ventured to give expression to any lofty strain of thought, the chronicler has nothing worthy of record. From the tomb of Shakespeare, the Institute, under the escort of Mr. Flower, the mayor, and Mr. Halliwell, made its way, after one or two intermediate halting points, to the poet's birth-place. Here Mr. Flower pointed out the garden which had been reclaimed, the house which had been restored, and the museum that had been formed. Due tribute having been paid by Mr. Beresford-Hope, on behalf of all present, to the good work thus accomplished, the time was come for the return to Warwick.

Monday opened with papers, which, at these Archaeological meetings, are as morning mists, rather chilly and distressing, save to the acclimatised intellect. Towards noon, however, these fogs usually disperse, leaving an open sky and a clear horizon tempting far a-field. The sunny after-day brightened pleasantly and even profitably on a visit to Maxstoke Castle, the seat of Mr. Fetherston Dilke. On the way Coleshill Church was inspected, under the extemporised criticism of Mr. Edward Godwin. On Wednesday came the pain of parting, and then the question naturally was asked, Where shall we fellow-labourers, the sharers of a week's harmless pleasure, meet again? At the town of Dorchester, cried the majority. So, under the presidency of the Earl of Ilchester, let us hope, in a year's time, to renew our social, chatty, and peripatetic studies. J. B. A.

FORGED ANTIQUES.

"DEMAND produces supply" is a threadbare axiom in trade, but may now be applied to objects of Art and antiquity, inasmuch as the increased taste for "collecting," the augmented prices occasioned by competition, and the small number of genuine objects in the world, induce imitations, or downright forgeries, to be extensively fabricated. The really small intrinsic value of many "curiosities," and the enormous prices paid for them by connoisseurs, have very naturally excited the cupidity of unprincipled men; and the long-established schools of forgery abroad, particularly in Italy, have educated and given constant employment to artists who have no conscience remaining to prevent them from taking advantage of the market. When Falstaff is accused of stealing, he replies with the air of an injured man, "'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." The fabricators abroad and at home—all ingenious and educated men—would no doubt be irate if they were denounced as rogues and thieves, though such they undoubtedly are.

For very many years we continued the useful task of denouncing picture-sharps, and exposed the frauds of dealers in the old masters, so that now the "tricks of the trade" are very well known to all who care to inquire about them, and very few but the self-deluded are "taken in." But a new field for dishonest ingenuity has opened in the "antiquarian trade," as Burns happily terms it, and has been cultivated very assiduously and profitably for some years. The ability brought to bear on the manufacture of forged antiques is so great, that it is not the mere tyro who is deceived; experienced students and curators of museums have purchased as genuine the works produced by this dishonest ingenuity. These *chevaliers d'industrie* condescend to the lowest game, and articles for which a few shillings only are demanded, employ the leisure hours of artists who will construct an antique ivory worth a hundred guineas.

In the fabrication of falsities no trouble is spared to baffle sceptics; thus an antique fragment of ivory may be used by the carver as the substratum of his work; and when glass, purporting to be Greek or Roman, is to be made, it is buried in a dunghill for a long time to give it a semblance of antique iridescence, or scales of genuine ancient glass are fastened to the surface to make "assurance doubly sure." Sometimes rare varieties of glass vessels are made by adding portions of modern glass to genuine antiques. Thus an ordinary glass urn worth a couple of pounds, by the addition of handles, may be made worth ten or twenty. Thus coins worth but a few shillings have been sold for many pounds, by cutting through each, and then re-uniting part of one to part of the other, so making "rare varieties."

The most celebrated artists in this way were John Carino and Alexander Bassiano. They first worked together in the ancient city of Padua, about 1540, at a time when the study of antique monuments was revived, and collecting pursued with ardour and liberality by the wealthy nobles of Italy. These men produced more than a hundred medals and coins, and made them with a finished knowledge of antique art and numismatic peculiarities really wonderful to contemplate. In some instances they merely reproduced rare coins, but in others they invented unknown types. They are known to cognoscenti as "Paduans," and scholars have been at the trouble to compile lists of these works, that they may not deceive students or collectors who would investigate before they purchase; but these coins are so beautifully executed that they are valued for themselves, and purchased by collectors either as curiosities, or to keep the eye properly educated in detecting the difference between true and false coins. They are constantly to be met with, the most common being the medal of Agrippina with the *Carpentum* on the reverse, the *allocutions* of Caligula, and the medal of Nero, with the Port of Ostia; the last a charming work of Art.

These men were succeeded by Michel Dervieux of Florence, Carteron in Holland, Cogornier of Lyons, and Laroche of Grenoble; but they were all undone by the famous Becker, who died so

recently as 1830, at Frankfort, after devoting a long and industrious life to the art. He appears to have first commenced his labours in fabricating Greek regal gold coins while trading as a goldsmith at Manheim, in 1806; but it was not till 1814, when he made the acquaintance of the wealthy collector the Prince von Isenburg, that he produced an enormous succession of forgeries, which amounted, before the artist's death, to nearly 350 specimens. As each coin requires two dies (one for obverse and one for reverse), Becker must have executed 700 of them—a most Herculean task.

There is another phase of forgery that would be even less suspected than this, and that is the fabrication of rare engravings. Niellos, and the earliest works of the burin, are printed with a thin ink, capable of being washed from the surface of the paper, and easily imitated. The pen or the pencil can readily produce the effect of these early impressions from engravings; even woodcuts have been reproduced by similar means. During the present year some most ingenious reproductions of ancient playing cards have been fabricated in Italy, brought to England as the best market, and been unsuspected by many of our connoisseurs; but "thieves fall out," and warning was sent from the place of their manufacture before our national collections were made recipients at a high price. False dates and marks are sometimes placed upon genuine engravings to make "unique varieties;" and when not executed by hand, such alterations as are deemed desirable have been printed from other copperplates over the original engraving.

This system of false marking has not been confined to prints, but has been extensively practised on old porcelain. The productions of the factories of Dresden and Sèvres realise, if fine, such extraordinary sums, that the inducement to mark inferior works has been too great for forgers to resist. These marks have to be painted and baked anew, but as they are upon the surface of the glaze instead of beneath it, they may be detected by practised eyes, but the ordinary purchaser is easily entrapped.

It must be obvious that all these works, however bad, sell at a higher rate than their real value, and hence they are "paying things." To get rid of vast numbers of forged antiques a simple trick has been practised, and is still in full vigour all the world over; and the trick is to place them in the hands of labouring men, excavators, and peasants, who pretend to have exhumed them in places where they would most naturally be sought. In some instances they are buried at night, where they may be dug up next morning before the delighted eyes of the gulls, who pay all expenses, and buy at a dear rate antiques that, if genuine, might be obtained of any dealer at home for half the money. This trick has been extensively practised in Italy, and, like "the thimble rig," though repeatedly exposed, is still sure to obtain patronage; there is something so very fascinating in assuring friends at home "I saw these curiosities dug up myself." We remember to have given mortal offence to an Indian officer, who had put himself to trouble and expense in obtaining coins in the East, all of them (with a few exceptions, these being coins of the commonest kind) gross forgeries. When he was told so he indignantly exclaimed, "Why, I was present when they were dug from the foundations of the oldest temple in India!" To doubt them was to doubt his honour or his sense, and he was evidently prepared to resent it; yet these forgeries were so gross that the sand marks of the false die, and the proofs of *casting*, not *striking*, each coin, were visible upon each of them.

Since the Nile has become a fashionable sojourn for the winter, a flourishing trade in forgery has been carried on at Thebes. All travellers desire to buy antiquities there, and not one in twenty understands them. When they are offered by a half-naked and apparently ignorant peasant, they are caught at immediately. They are never cheap, for the visitor has in few instances any knowledge of the "market value" of such things at home, for there he would never think of purchasing them; else he would find in the unsaleable stock of any London dealer genuine works the owner would be only too glad to sell for one-fourth

of Theban prices. There is an ingenious Italian living on the spot, who is constantly and profitably employed in making these curiosities, and the "simple peasantry" are merely his paid agents. When ignorant travellers give, as they constantly do, a guinea for a false porcelain figure which they might buy genuine of a London dealer for half-a-crown, it will at once be comprehended that our Italian friend makes a very good thing of his art. Nor is he alone, for we have been assured that some of these porcelain figures have been seen in Staffordshire, ready for shipment abroad. Many curiosities are obtained with trouble and expense afar off, that are unsuspected as of "home manufacture."

The porcelain productions of various countries are now so generally imitated, including, of course, the "marks," that great caution must be used in making purchases. A genuine Sèvres vase of the "right" period may be worth five hundred pounds; a Tournais copy of it would not bring fifty; yet ordinary observers would not detect the difference, unless the one were placed beside the other. Indeed, the observation holds good with reference to nearly every renowned porcelain manufactory of the Continent—to say nothing of fraudulent imitations of Palissy, &c. &c.

But such frauds are by no means confined to foreign productions; the old workers of Chelsea and Worcester have found many imitators. The fraudulent "marks," as we have noticed, are not difficult of detection, but buyers are not always suspicious, and are often ready dupes of unscrupulous dealers. Dealers sometimes excuse cheats by saying that they are necessitous. Tell an inexperienced collector that a piece is a modern imitation, and he instantly rejects it, though the price demanded for it is moderate; ask him ten times its value as an original, and it is bought! Such dishonest acts are not unfrequently laid to the charge of "respectable" traders—who thus reconcile roguery to conscience.

In reference to "old" WEDGWOOD, the difficulties of detection are much greater than they are with regard to other productions of British porcelain of a remote date. That honoured name is still continued on the issues from Etruria; and rightly so, for the descendants of the great man—as our readers know—are to-day renowned potters in Staffordshire. Consequently, it is easy to smear with dirt, and in other ways disfigure, a modern piece to make it look like a veritable specimen of true "Josiah." Occasionally the best judges are taken in, and only find they have been cheated when soap and water have removed the covering by which it has been disguised. The "Wedgwood" of to-day is in no way responsible for this fraud. Of course he cannot omit the name from his productions, but no doubt he has often suspicions when orders are conveyed to him from peculiar quarters.

There is another mode of fraud against which collectors should be cautioned—it is this: to take a veritable old work, say a snuff-box, a ring, or a walking-stick, and place upon it, in an old style of writing, the name of some eminent man, such as "Samuel Johnson." The article thus acquires an additional value.

At present, also, in London, a brisk trade in low-priced articles is carried on through pretended discoveries in the bed of the Thames, consequent on the great works in progress. Some of these objects are genuine, and help to clear off at a highly-advanced price the unsaleable stock of "old" curiosity shops; others are downright impositions: all are better avoided, unless the purchaser have judgment and large experience, or can depend on some friend who has. The most fascinating things to a tyro are the most easily detected by the *virtuosi*.

The subject of this paper is so extensive, and the evil has been practised so very long, that we can do no more than slightly touch upon this phase of dishonesty. We therefore simply conclude for the present with a word of advice to the wealthy and the humble collector. To the first we say, be careful over marked porcelain; and to the latter, avoid all "navvies" who find antiquities (particularly if made of lead) in the deep cuttings of our new streets, or in the bed of our London river.

ILLUSTRATED ARABIAN NIGHTS.*

"WHAT hath been shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun," is one of the many wise sayings of him whose words, to adopt his own language, are "like apples of gold in settings of silver." But king Solomon lived before locomotives were invented, or the winged messenger of electricity performed its lightning journey; still, "what hath been shall be," though not, possibly, in its original form and character; and we have frequent evidence of this in the re-publication of

books which appear to have had their day, and passed into comparative oblivion. Among such may be classed those wonderful Eastern tales with which men, now grey-headed, were perfectly familiar in their boyhood. Messrs. Dalziel have done well to reproduce them, and in such a way, moreover, as must irresistibly commend them to popular favour with the fathers as well as the children; for it ought to be remembered, that there are truths underlying these fairy tales from which both old and young may derive instruction.

Half a century ago, such a work as this could not have been published at the price, or, indeed,

at any price. Artists and engravers may have been living then who could both draw and engrave, yet not after this fashion. Moreover, the knowledge of Eastern manners, customs, and costumes was so comparatively limited, that imagination must, to a great extent, have taken the place of truth in the mind and eye of the illustrator. But the artist of our own day has no need to journey into the cities and deserts of Arabia to ascertain how the people dress, and what is the character of its scenery; all this has been done for him by half a score men whose well-trained pencils have previously brought home



BEDREDDIN HASSAN GIVING AWAY SEQUINS.

everything in the way of example, or to serve as guides to others, who have only to apply to their own purposes "what hath been" before them.

The style of the illustrations in this edition of the "Arabian Nights" is peculiar. They who are acquainted with the works of the artists engaged to make the drawings will be at no loss

to comprehend the difference between what we have here, and what we ordinarily see in illustrated literature of a good class; for it must be admitted there may be styles of Art, each of which is diametrically opposed to the other, and yet both may be excellent in their way. Messrs. Millais, Tenniel, Watson, T. Dalziel, and their coadjutors, appear far less desirous of showing what the hand can effect than what the mind can develop, though the labour of the former—the dexterity and precision with which lines are produced to form light or shade, and their relative

value—is abundantly manifest. With all the technical knowledge and skill these designs exhibit, it is, after all, by the manner in which the artists have laid hold of the spirit of the text, and brought it out in their work, so that the scenes appear vividly before us, they become entitled to high commendation. To all whose eyes are accustomed to the elaborate finish expended on what some deem the highest class of modern book-illustrations, Messrs. Dalziel's style of cutting these wood-blocks may possibly be not very inviting; but if such objectors would look a little

* Dalziel's "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." With Pictures by the best Artists, including J. E. Millais, J. Tenniel, J. D. Watson, S. J. Pinwell, T. Dalziel, and A. B. Houghton. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by Ward and Lock, London.

beyond the surface, so to speak, and would examine carefully the work, they would find as large an amount of actual labour bestowed on them, though, perhaps, producing a different

result, as on the apparently more elaborate. Vigorous in the handling, and powerful in general effect, the execution of this series of engravings must be pronounced masterly.

This edition of the "Arabian Nights" makes its appearance in weekly numbers, one penny each, and in monthly parts stitched into a wrapper, at sixpence each; five of these parts are now on our



SINDBAD ASLEEP ON THE RAFT.

table, and from them we have selected three illustrations which we are permitted to introduce here as examples. The first, 'Bedreddin Hassan giving away Sequins,' drawn by T. Dalziel, is a

rich oriental interior, varied in the characters of the composition, and the figures picturesquely grouped. 'Sindbad asleep on the Raft,' from a drawing by G. J. Pinwell, is a cleverly drawn

figure, easy and natural in its pose, with a good effect of light and shade. 'Zobeidè on the Island' is another of T. Dalziel's designs: the lady watches a large snake attacking a smaller one,



ZOBEIDÈ ON THE ISLAND.

and is prepared to crush the former with a huge stone: it is a bold and picturesque study.

A cursory examination of the woodcuts which abound throughout the parts will not do them

justice; they must be studied, and it is astonishing how much they grow in interest and their true value becomes apparent when thus looked at. It is really cheering to know such Art-work is

accessible to the masses; if the stories amuse, the illustrations will do that and something more—they will educate the eye, by accustoming it to what is really good in Art of this kind.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

HEIDELBERG.

Engraved by T. A. Prior.

THE fine old ruin of the once celebrated castle of Heidelberg has furnished a subject for many charming pictures by our painters; both the building itself and the scenery which surrounds it presenting many points of picturesque beauty. It stands on the left bank of the Neckar, with the city of Heidelberg at its feet, and a range of comparatively lofty hills in front and at the back, but not of such height as Turner has given to them. Here, as in many other of his pictures, the artist has done little more than borrowed some ideas from the locality, which he has worked up according to his own fancy. For example, he has rebuilt the castle—which for many years has presented no other appearance than a magnificent ruin—as it might be supposed to be when it formed the palatial residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine; he has invested the scenery around with a grandeur which, amid all its beauty, does not belong to it, and he has peopled it with a courtly throng, such as for centuries neither city nor castle has witnessed—princes, and nobles, and knights, and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and fair women, holding high revel in the open air. It is a gorgeous representation of olden time pageantry, conceived in that intense poetic spirit which is so prominent a feature in all Turner's compositions, and which we willingly accept in lieu of the more prosaic treatment the subject would undoubtedly have received from one who only regarded truth of locality, and aimed at naturalism rather than idealism.

It is a remarkable characteristic of Turner that, ideal as his pictures are, he always seems to leave far more for the spectator's imagination to work out than he absolutely expresses. We examine, and scrutinise, and study his canvases, and yet seem never to exhaust the subject, or fully to realise all they contain, for to the eye of fancy, or, more properly speaking, to that of deep, earnest contemplation, new material for thought springs up the more closely his compositions are analysed. Let any one submit this picture to such a process, and it will be found to yield such an abundance of speculative inquiry, of poetic ideas, as to render the reading of it a task almost as infinite as it is pleasant. People sometimes talk of not "understanding Turner;" if they do not, it is only because they have not the faculty to comprehend him, or because they do not understand Nature clothed in the richest garb with which Art can invest her. They can understand him, however, when his paintings are translated into black and white.

Heidelberg has suffered as much as, if not more than, any continental city or town from the ravages of war; it has been five times bombarded, twice reduced to ashes, and three times taken by storm and given over to pillage. "Prior to the Thirty Years' War, it exhibited in its buildings all the splendour arising from flourishing commerce, and the residence of the court." The castle "displays the work of various hands, the taste of different founders, and the styles of successive centuries; it is highly interesting for its varied fortunes, its picturesque situation, its vastness, and the relics of architectural magnificence which it still shows." In the early part of the last century the greater part of the edifice underwent a complete restoration, so as almost to appear again in its original splendour; but in 1764, exactly a century ago, it was unfortunately struck by lightning, and once more rendered roofless and tenantless; it stands now a noble wreck, rich in sculptured and architectural remains, mouldings, caryatides, arabesques, rosettes, fan-like flutings, garlands of fruits and flowers, draperies of foliage, masks, &c., all of exquisite workmanship, from the hands of cunning artificers. A portion of the castle still bears the name of the "English Palace," from its having been built for the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., grand-daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and wife of the Elector Frederick V., afterwards King of Bohemia.

This picture was painted about the year 1835.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

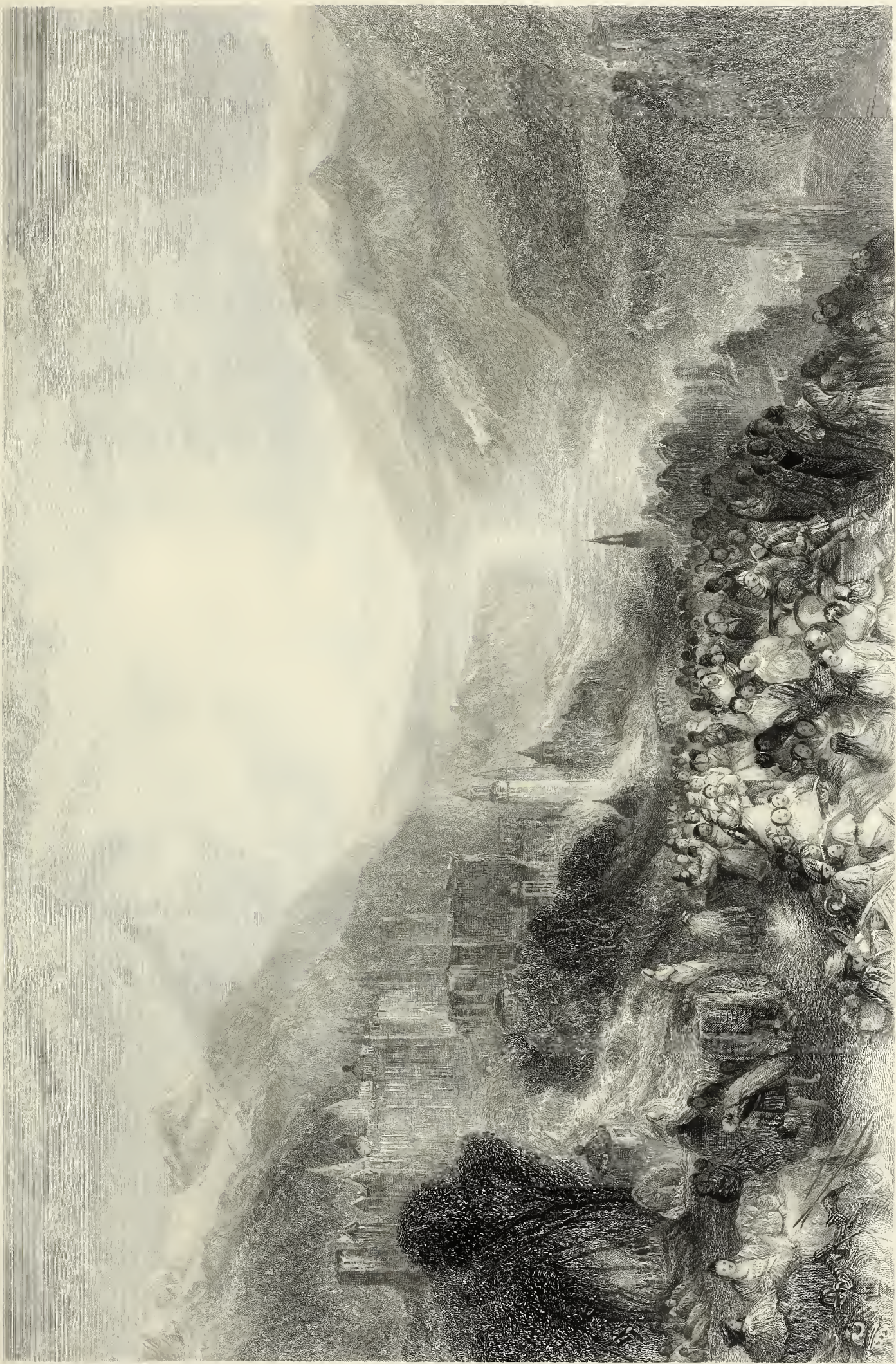
By a recent decision on the part of the authorities, which may be remembered, it was resolved to decorate the interior of St. Paul's in a manner becoming the importance of the edifice; and designs, we believe, by the Baron Triqueti, Mr. G. F. Watts, and Mr. Stevens, were selected for execution in mosaic. The first named of these artists is a distinguished sculptor of the French school. The well-earned reputation of the second as a painter, and of the third as a sculptor, renders it unnecessary to speak of them. Considering the precarious nature of the resources whence funds are derivable for the decoration of St. Paul's, much is promised; that however which ought of bare necessity to be done will require at least £50,000. We have now to speak of an instalment in the shape of a mosaic picture, after a design by Mr. Stevens, laid by Signor Salviati into one of the spandrels under the mouldings and brackets of the whispering gallery on the south side. It is now ten or twelve years since suggestions were offered in this journal for the decoration of the interior of St. Paul's, and at the same time complaint was made that with superior susceptibilities of ornamentation it was one of the dirtiest, and, as to embellishment, least interesting, of all the European cathedrals of the first class. A great proportion of the mouldings have been gilt, and such is the effect of this that the work cannot now stop short of the gilding of the whole.

The subject of Mr. Stevens's design is the vision or the inspiration of Isaiah, perhaps according to the sixth chapter, "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple," &c. The prophet is seated between two angels, and turns towards the figure on the right, who holds a tablet, on the revelation of which Isaiah seems to be absorbed. The angel on the left takes no part in this revelation. The draperies are red and blue, but at the distance to which the picture is removed from the eye, it is difficult to discern the parts, and it is probable that the artist had no opportunity of studying the effect of his work at the same distance prior to its being placed. We are considering the composition as intended for effect from below, not from the whispering gallery. The colouring looks flat, but it is extremely difficult to get more life into it, because if the scale is raised, the opposition, indispensable for a work so far from the eye, is diminished. The group is relieved by a gilded background, which, from any point whence the work can be advantageously seen, yields intense reflection, much to the injury of the mosaic, which is further reduced by the opposition of the window over the organ. We mention these disadvantages as they now present themselves, and as they must appear to every observer. The artist who places the first work of a series of this kind, stands in the place of guide and friend to those who follow him, whether his work be a failure or a success. In the picture recently put up, the stature of the figures must be colossal. They are as large as the space at the disposal of the artist will admit of, and yet are so reduced by distance that neither their sentiment, action, nor parts are clearly discernible from the floor of the cathedral. In the place of these mosaics, fresco would perish as it has perished in the Houses of Parliament, but the value of fresco at its proper focus will be readily understood by looking at this picture. This art, like enamel, admits of detail to any extent; pure fresco does not, being bound absolutely by

one great law, which is not acknowledged by any other kind of painting. The nature of fresco prescribes arbitrarily the extent to which it will tolerate finish, and to the great canon of simplicity which governs it the breadth and force of such of the frescoes in the Italian churches as possess these qualities, are frequently more indebted than to the discretion of the painter. Thus, the requirements of such decorations are simplicity and relief: a simplicity which, without experience, it will be extremely difficult for a painter to maintain who has been accustomed to work compositions to be viewed at short distances. The gilt background has been determined on, and will be carried out, but it will, nevertheless, be found erroneous, as being at once too bright and too dull. If the light be good and the gilding maintain its proper brilliancy, the pictures will be extinguished by the reflection; if, on the other hand, it fade, the groups will not be thrown out. Hence a dead blue or grey enamel ground would be much preferable. By the way, the pictures in the dome had a gold background, but nobody of late years could ever discover that such was the case.

With respect to the windows which light the interior of the dome and the whispering gallery, it has been more than once suggested, that by the removal of the useless grating by which they are fenced in, one-fourth more of light would be obtained—a measure most desirable, as there is a great deficiency of light which might be in some measure obviated by reflectors so disposed as to illumine the vault without affecting the appearance of the interior, a proceeding that would be attended by two results very opposite. It would be satisfactory to be able to see perfectly the paintings in the dome, but the dulness of these *brun in brun* paintings will contrast most unfavourably with the reds and blues of the coming pictures, and the sparkling gilding through which they will be seen as in a frame. They have but recently been restored, and this is the more to be regretted if decorations on the present scale were then contemplated. Seeing that they were to be maintained, it would have been no disparagement to the memory of Sir James Thornhill if they had been repainted in colours. The gilding of the mouldings and ornaments supplies that which was wanting to give life to the architecture. Just over the altar there is a portion of the ceiling finished as Wren intended that it should be. One or two of the large panels contain circular mouldings, all of which are gilded with a beauty and lightness of effect showing that if these circular mouldings were carried through and similarly finished, the result would be without a parallel, provided always the now black and ponderous mouldings below were made to assist in the effect. Italian architecture is much aided by gilding, its members are larger than those of the Gothic, and it is impossible to conceive how much the interior of St. Paul's is lightened by what has been done in this way. With all its encumbrances and the largeness of its parts, St. Paul's really feels smaller than either York or Lincoln Cathedral; but if the embellishments are worthily carried out, the visitor will not suffer from any sense of limit, and in chastity and beauty this interior will vie with any other in existence.

The space which Mr. Stevens's design fills is one of the eight spandrels formed by the great arches of the dome under the whispering gallery, and although so small in appearance from the floor, it contains nevertheless a field of 300 square feet. Mosaic was the kind of Art proposed by



J.M.W. TURNER, R.A. PINX.

T.A. PRIOR, SCULPT.

HEIDELBERG.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON, JAM. JOHNSON.

Wren for the embellishment of St. Paul's, as being entirely proof against even city smoke, susceptible of refreshment by the simplest process of washing, and having a vitality of beauty which will endure unimpaired through a term of a thousand years. It is in short piecemeal enamel painting on a large scale, and the cost of this picture, which has occupied Signor Salviati two months in execution, is £700. There are panels and spaces innumerable for the reception of paintings, but it cannot be contemplated to fill them all, neither are they all, in respect of light, eligible.

The scheme of embellishment comprehends a series of subjects illustrative of the Church Militant and the Church Triumphant, themes of a character so exalted, that with all the experience of the Houses of Parliament before us, we dare scarcely look forward in primary essays to any considerable measure of success. Christian Art is not in fashion among us, and it may be presumed that the funds at the disposal of the committee do not admit of educating a class of painters up to the requisite standard. Professor Schnorr, of Dresden, will supply designs for eleven of the principal windows, four of which have been painted and two more are in progress. Of two of these the cost will be borne by the Drapers' and the Goldsmiths' Companies, and two more by Dr. Rogers and Mr. Thomas Brown, of the eminent firm of Longman & Co.; and it is hoped that other windows will in like manner be presented, but strictly contributions to the proposed narrative. The works are carried on under the direction of Mr. Penrose, the surveyor of the cathedral, and the cost is defrayed from the precarious resource of public subscription; a guinea subscription having been instituted in aid of the project which has already yielded £1,600. It is estimated that the cost of the proposed adornments will amount to £50,000, but looking back to all similar schemes, it has never been found that the first estimate has sufficed, and the probability in this case is diminished by the fact of the pictures under the whispering gallery alone costing nearly £6,000.

If, by means of the guinea subscription, and such larger sums as may be contributed, after the example of those who have already liberally aided the project, £10,000 annually for the next five years can be placed at the disposal of the Committee, it may be expected that then the decorations will be fully completed. To the public appeal that has been made for funds we give our most cordial support, for there is no cathedral in the country embellished and finished internally in a manner worthy of our great prosperity and the advance which has been made in Art; and since there is now no question of the becoming decoration of one of these, there is none, either in importance or design, to which the best efforts of Fine Art can more fittingly be applied than to St. Paul's. The estimate, as we have already stated, is set down at £50,000, the expenditure of that sum will show what else is wanting; it will be found that the work should not, although it may, stop there. The entire sum would be but a modicum to be raised entirely in the city. Funds were readily forthcoming for the decorations of the area of the Royal Exchange; may we not, therefore, hope that some of the wealthy city companies will be sufficiently patriotic notably to assist the subscription? The question, although national, ought to come home to the hearts of the merchant princes, and should be regarded by them with a candour entirely unprejudiced by the colour of party or sect: they will not, surely, ignore the appeal which has been made to them.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

THE site selected for the re-construction of the Exhibition building is remarkable for its command of extensive view, and it is marvellous that, in these days of speculation, it has not long ago been laid out for the kind of buildings Londoners delight in calling "villas." The present access to the place, which has been heretofore known as Muswell Hill, is by the Great Northern Railway, on which line there is a station at the foot of the hill, at present called Wood Green station, though at least a mile from that village. In its present unbroken state the ascent meets the visitor like one of the milder of the Sussex downs, and, like some of the eminences immediately round London, it looks all but pure clay rock, with a thin topping of vegetable soil similar to that of the Regent's Park. The extent is 480 acres, nearly all in grass, rising to a considerable height, though yet commanded by the ridge to the right, the common level of Hampstead and Highgate. In this area is comprehended a house with grounds very prettily laid out, called the Grove, of which the ornamental timber is well grown.

The eminence on which the future of the Exhibition building is cast, is in some degree oblong, extending east and west, and separated by a valley from the rising ground which is more immediately a continuation of the Highgate plateau. The hill slopes very abruptly on all sides—on the south down to a plain of pastures studded with trees, and bounded in distance by a rising screen of verdure, behind which lies London, the only visible point whereof being the dome of St. Paul's. On the east the eye traverses the flats of Middlesex and Essex far away, till the lines of the landscape recede into mist. In preparation for a flooring for the buildings not less than 25,000 yards of clay have been removed—a tedious and difficult work, considering the nature of the ground. The portion of the work most advanced is the hotel, which in design resembles a Swiss cottage on a very large scale. The buildings will occupy nearly the whole of the summit of the hill. The principal structure will be 900 feet long, and 185 feet wide; one transept of 400 feet will cut the nave in the middle, and each half will be bisected by a shorter transept of 320 feet, the width of these transepts being equal to that of the nave. Over the centre is to be erected the great dome, which, except at the top, will be covered in. Over each junction of the nave with the shorter transept will rise an octagonal cupola. On the north-western side it is intended to form a terrace of 1000 feet by 160 feet, and below this to establish a railway station, with communication to every part of London. The extreme belt of the park will be made into a race-course, of, it is said, three miles in length. But the works as yet make little show, although much has been done in the way of preparation for the foundations. Towards the north the hill declines so abruptly that it becomes necessary here to build up to the level of the floor; and here, therefore, it is, that the brickwork has commenced, in furtherance of the foundation of the principal transept, the centre being marked by a very lofty and complicated scaffolding, intended for the erection of the dome.

The materials are still daily received from South Kensington, and it is expected that by the end of August the whole will have been removed. By the middle of the month in which we are now writing some show will be made by the erection of the pillars on the north side. As to the commercial success of the undertaking we offer no opinion, though it may be observed that the Crystal Palace returns are by no means in favour of any similarly costly enterprise. It may be considered that the situation of Alexandra Park will be attractive to the population of the north of London; but distances now are of no account, and we daily see places of public amusement reduced to most humiliating extremities for the production of a new sensation. Alexandra Park will be one of the most costly experiments of its kind, and the project is being carried out with so much spirit that it is to be hoped it will meet with the share of public patronage due to enterprise.

THE ART-UNION PRIZES.

THE annual exhibition of the prizes of the Art-Union was held on the 9th of August, as usual in the rooms of the Society of British Artists. The principal prize-pictures are 'The Bishopston Valley, South Wales,' G. Sant, £200, a large landscape, in which the figures have been painted by J. Sant, A.R.A.; 'The Royal Regatta at Henley-on-Thames,' A. Clint, £150; 'The Pastor's Visit,' W. Crosby, £150—being thus one of £200, and two of £150. The three of £100 each are, 'In the Pass of St. Gothard,' A. W. Williams; 'The Time of Roses,' F. Smallfield, a water-colour drawing of great beauty, and a landscape by W. W. Gosling, with a quotation from Tennyson as a title. Of the value of £75 there are the six following:—'Richmond Park,' Tennant; 'On the Quay at Ambleuse, east of Boulogne,' J. J. Wilson; 'Running in—Coast of Normandy,' J. J. Wilson; 'Scene on the Coast of Scotland,' J. Henzel; 'In the East,' Wilfrid V. Herbert; 'The Eddystone Lighthouse, with H.M.S. *Prince Consort*, a sailing frigate, &c.' The number of prize pictures and drawings is one hundred and fifty, whereof twenty-six are water-colour works. Considering the embarrassments attending such selections, there is this year more soundness in the exhibition than we have seen for some years past.

Although the drawing of the prizes may be generally considered as in good time for the opening of the exhibition, yet so many of the best works are disposed of before they are seen in an exhibition, or are purchased at the private views, that prize-holders have not the best chances of securing the best works, and this has been especially the case this season, when the demand for works of Art has been unprecedented. Moreover, circumstanced as prize-holders most frequently are, some time elapses and some hesitation occurs before the selection is made. Looking from the present to the past of these selections, it is remarkable that the holders of the largest prizes believe in large pictures, as the best form of their money's worth, passing by smaller ones of really twice the value of their larger choice. But these errors of judgment are in nowise chargeable on the authorities of the Society. The reserve fund of the Art-Union now amounts to £11,549. It has often been a question as to what was proposed to be done with this fund, although such inquiry is superfluous. The Council this year state that they have under consideration a proposal for erecting, on freehold ground, a building of their own, uniting offices, warehouse room for their valuable stock, capacious galleries, and a meeting hall sufficiently large for the assemblage of the members of the Society—a proceeding which will at once establish the Society on a permanent basis, and render it independent of other sources for much of that assistance which it has hitherto found necessary. In reference, we believe, to the forthcoming engraving by Mr. Stocks, from Mr. Frith's picture of Claude Duval dancing with the Lady, it was stated that a large engraving was a superior attraction to subscribers. With such inducement to the patronage of line-engraving, it would be a patriotic effort, not unworthy of the Art-Union, if it would give every year a line-engraving to its subscribers, thus sustaining, as far as in it lies, an art which is dying out among us; for we believe that the present professors of line-engraving are not now receiving pupils, so little demand of late has there been for works of a high class. The reduction of Mr. Foley's 'Caractacus' as a bronze statuette, is an admirable reproduction, being sharp and well-finished, and the chromo-lithographs of Mr. B. Forster's 'Wild Roses,' and Mr. Fripp's 'Young England,' are the best examples of printing in colours we have ever seen. Both prints have so much softness—the result of the use, in one case, of twenty-five, and in the other of twenty-six stones—that it is necessary to look very closely into them to determine that they are not drawings. There is also a very successful reduction of Mr. Durham's work, 'Go to Sleep,' besides two small bas-relief compositions in fictile ivory—subjects from Milton, by E. W. Wyon and R. Jefferson, in which, and in the other recent sculptural prizes of the Society, there is a taste beyond that which characterised the like prizes of years gone by.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XX.—English caricature in the age of George II. —English printsellers.—Artists employed by them.—Sir Robert Walpole's long ministry.—The war with France.—The Newcastle administration.—Opera intrigues.—Accession of George III., and Lord Bute in power.

WITH the accession of George II. the taste for political caricatures increased greatly, and they had become almost a necessity of social life. At this time a distinct English school of political caricature had been established, and the printsellers became more numerous, and took a higher position in the commerce of literature and art. Among the earliest of these printsellers the name of Bowles stands especially conspicuous. Hogarth's burlesque on the Beggar's Opera, published in 1728, was "printed for John Bowles, at the Black Horse, in Cornhill." Some copies of "King Henry the Eighth and Anna Bullen," engraved by the same great artist in the following year, bear the imprint of John Bowles; and others were "printed for Robert Wilkinson, Cornhill, Carington Bowles, in St. Paul's Church Yard, and R. Sayer, in Fleet Street." Hogarth's "Humours of Southwark Fair" was also published, in 1733, by Carington and John Bowles. This Carington Bowles was, perhaps, dead in 1755, for in that year the caricature entitled "British Resentment" bears the imprint "Printed for T. Bowles, in St. Paul's Church Yard, and Jno. Bowles & Son, in Cornhill." John Bowles appears to have been the brother of the first Carington Bowles in St. Paul's Churchyard, and a son named Carington succeeded to that business, which, under him and his son Carington, and then as the establishment of Bowles and Carver, has continued to exist within the memory of the present generation. Another very celebrated printshop was established in Fleet Street by Thomas Overton, probably as far back as the close of the seventeenth century. On his death his business was purchased by Robert Sayers, a mezzotinto engraver of merit, whose name appears as joint publisher of a print by Hogarth in 1729. Overton is said to have been a personal friend of Hogarth. Sayers was succeeded in the business by his pupil in mezzotinto engraving, named Laurie, from whom it descended to his son Robert H. Laurie, known in city politics, and it became subsequently the firm of Laurie and Whittle. This business still exists at 53, Fleet Street, the oldest establishment in London for the publication of maps and prints. During the reign of the second George, the number of publishers of caricatures increased considerably, and, among others, we meet with the names of J. Smith, "at Hogarth's Head, Cheapside," attached to a caricature published August, 1756; Edwards and Darly, "at the Golden Acorn, facing Hungerford, Strand," who also published caricatures during the years 1756-7; caricatures and burlesque prints were published by G. Bickham, May's Buildings, Covent Garden, and one, directed against the employment of foreign troops, and entitled "A Nurse for the Hessians," is stated to have been "sold in May's Buildings, Covent Garden, where is 50 more;" "the Raree Show," published in 1762, was "sold at Sumpter's Political Print-shop, Fleet Street;" and many caricatures on contemporary costume, especially the Macaronis, about the year 1772, were "published by T. Bowen, opposite the Haymarket, Piccadilly." Sledge, "printseller, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden," is also met with about the middle of the last century. Among other burlesque prints, Bickham, of May's Buildings, issued a series of figures representing the various trades, made up of the various tools, &c., used by each. The house of Carington Bowles, in St. Paul's Churchyard, produced an immense number of caricatures, during the last century and the present, and of the most varied character, but they consisted more of comic scenes of society than of political subjects, and many of them were engraved in mezzotinto, and rather highly coloured. Among them were caricatures on the fashions and foibles of the day, amusing accidents and incidents,

common occurrences of life, characters, &c., and they are frequently aimed at lawyers and priests, and especially at monks and friars, for the anti-Catholic feeling was strong in the last century. J. Brotherton, at No. 132, New Bond Street, published many of Bunbury's caricatures; while the house of Laurie and Whittle gave employment especially to the Cruikshanks. But perhaps the most extensive publisher of caricatures of them all was S. W. Fores, who dwelt first at No. 3, Piccadilly, but afterwards established himself at No. 50, the corner of Sackville Street, where the name still remains. Fores seems to have been most fertile in ingenious expedients for the extension of his business. He formed a sort of library of caricatures and other prints, and charged for admission to look at them; and he afterwards adopted a system of lending them out in portfolios for evening parties, at which these portfolios of caricatures became a very fashionable amusement in the latter part of the last century. At times, some remarkable curiosity was employed to add to the attractions of his shop. Thus, on caricatures published in 1790, we find the statement that, "In Fores' Caricature Museum is the completest collection in the kingdom. Also the head and hand of Count Struenzee. Admittance 1s." Caricatures against the French revolutionists, published in 1793, bear imprints stating that they were "published by S. W. Fores, No. 3, Piccadilly, where may be seen a complete Model of the Guillotine—admittance one shilling." In some this model is said to be eight feet high.

Among the artists employed by the print-publishers of the age of George II., we still find a certain number of foreigners. Coppel, who caricatured the opera in the days of Farinelli, and pirated Hogarth, belonged to a distinguished family of French painters. Goupy, who also caricatured the *artistes* of the opera (in 1727), and Boitard, who worked actively for Carington Bowles from 1750 to 1770, were also Frenchmen. Liotard, another caricaturist of the time of George II., was a native of Geneva. The names of two others, Vandergucht and Vanderbank, proclaim them Dutchmen. Among the English caricaturists who worked for the house of Bowles, were George Bickham, the brother of the print-

seller, John Collet, and Robert Dighton, with others of less repute. R. Attwold, who published caricatures against Admiral Byng in 1750, was an imitator of Hogarth. Among the more obscure caricaturists of the latter part of the century were MacArdell—whose print of the "Park Shower," representing the confusion raised among the fashionable company in the Mall in St. James's Park by a sudden fall of rain, is so well known—and Darley. Paul Sandby, who was patronised by the Duke of Cumberland, executed caricatures upon Hogarth. Many of these artists of the earlier period of the English school of caricature appear to have been very ill paid—the first of the family of Bowles is said to have boasted that he bought many of the plates for little more than their value as metal. The growing taste for caricature had also brought forward a number of amateurs, among whom were the Countess of Burlington and General, afterwards Marquis, Townshend. The former, who was the lady of that earl who built Burlington House, in Piccadilly, was the leader of one of the factions in the opera disputes at the close of the reign of George I., and is understood to have designed the well-known caricature upon Cuzzoni, Farinelli, and Heidegger, which was etched by Goupy, whom she patronised. It must not be forgotten that Bunbury himself, as well as Sayers, were amateurs; and among other amateurs I may name Captain Minshull—who published caricatures against the Macaronis (as the dandies of the earlier part of the reign of George III. were called), one of which, entitled "The Macaroni Dressing-Room," was especially popular—Captain Baillie, and John Nixon.

English political caricature came into its full activity with the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole, which, beginning in 1721, lasted through the long period of twenty years. In the previous period the Whigs were accused of having invented caricature, but now the Tories certainly took the utmost advantage of the invention, for, during several years, the greater number of the caricatures which were published were aimed against the Whig ministry. It is also a rather remarkable characteristic of society at this period, that the ladies took so great an interest in politics, that the caricatures were largely introduced upon fans, as well



Fig. 1.—A PARTY OF MOURNERS.

as upon other objects of an equally personal character. Moreover, the popular notion of what constituted a caricature was still so little fixed, that they were usually called *hieroglyphics*, a term, indeed, which was not ill applied, for they were so elaborate, and so filled with mystical allusions, that now it is by no means easy to understand or appreciate them. Towards the year 1739, there was a marked improvement in the political caricatures—they were better designed, and displayed more talent, but still they required rather long descriptions to render them intelligible. One of the most celebrated was produced by the motion in the

House of Commons, Feb. 13, 1741, against the minister Walpole. It was entitled "The Motion," and was a Whig satire upon the opposition, who are represented as driving so hurriedly and inconsiderately to obtain places, that they are overthrown before they reach their object. The party of the opposition retaliated by a counter-caricature, entitled, "The Reason," which was in some respects a parody upon the other, to which it was inferior in point and spirit. At the same time appeared another caricature against the ministry, under the title of "The Motive." These provoked another, entitled, "A Consequence of the Motion;"

which was followed the day after its publication by another caricature upon the opposition, entitled, "The Political Libertines; or, Motion upon Motion;" while the opponents of the government also brought out a caricature, entitled, "The Grounds," a violent and rather gross attack upon the Whigs. Among other caricatures published on this occasion, one of the best was entitled, "The Funeral of Faction," and bears the date of March 26, 1741. Beneath it are the words "Funerals performed by Squire S—s," alluding to Sandys, who was the motion-maker in the House of Commons, and who thus brought on his party a signal defeat. Among the chief mourners on this occasion are seen the opposition journals, *The Craftsman*, the creation of Bolingbroke and Pulteney, the still more scurrilous *Champion*, *The Daily Post*, *The London and Evening Post*, and *The Common Sense Journal*. This mournful group is reproduced in our cut No. 1.

From this time there was no falling off in the supply of caricatures, which, on the contrary, seemed to increase every year, until the activity of the pictorial satirists was roused anew by the hostilities with France in 1755, and the ministerial intrigues of the two following years. The war, accepted by the English government reluctantly, and ill prepared for, was the subject of much discontent, although at first hopes were given of great success. One of the caricatures, published in the middle of these early hopes, at a time when an English fleet lay before Louisbourg, in Canada, is entitled, "British Resentment, or the French fairly coop'd at Louisbourg," and came from the pencil of the French artist Boitard. One of its groups, representing the courageous English sailor

and the despairing Frenchman, is given in our cut No. 2, and may serve as an example of Boitard's



Fig. 2.—BRITISH RESENTMENT.

style of drawing. It became now the fashion to print political caricatures, in a diminished form, on cards, and seventy-five of these were formed into a small volume, under the title of "A Political and Satirical History of the years 1756 and 1757. In a series of seventy-five humorous and enter-



Fig. 3.—BRITANNIA IN A NEW DRESS.

taining Prints, containing all the most remarkable Transactions, Characters, and Caricatures of those two memorable years. . . London: printed for E. Morris, near St. Paul's." The imprints of the plates, which bear the dates of their several publications, inform us that they came from the well-known shop of "Darly and Edwards, at the Acorn, facing Hungerford, Strand." These caricatures begin with our foreign relations, and express the belief that the ministers were sacrificing English interests to French influence. In one of them (our cut No. 3), entitled "England made odious, or the French Dressers," the minister, Newcastle, in the garb of a woman, and his colleague, Fox, have dressed Britannia in a new French robe, which does not fit her. She exclaims, "Let me have my own clothes. I cannot stir my arms in these; besides everybody laughs at me." Newcastle replies, rather imperiously, "Hussy, be quiet, you have no need to stir your arms—why, sure! what's here to do?" While Fox, in a more insinuating tone, offers her a fleur-de-lis, and says, "Here, madam, stick this in your bosom, next your heart." The two pictures which adorn the walls of the room represent an axe and a halter; and underneath we read the lines:—

"And shall the substitutes of power
Our genius thus bedeck?
Let them remember there's an hour
Of quittance—then were neck."

In another print of this series, this last idea is illustrated more fully. It is aimed at the ministers, who were believed to be enriching themselves at the expense of the nation, and is entitled, "The Devil turned Bird-catcher." On one side, while Fox is greedily scrambling for the gold, the fiend has caught him in a halter suspended to the

gallows; on the other side another demon is letting down the fatal axe on Newcastle, who is similarly employed. The latter (see our cut No. 4) is described as a "Noddy catching at the bait, while the bird-catcher lets drop an axe." This imple-

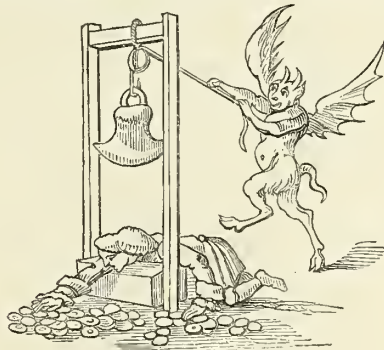


Fig. 4.—CAUGHT BY A BAIT.

ment of execution is a perfect picture of a guillotine, long before it was so notoriously in use in France.

The third example of these caricatures which I shall quote is entitled "The Idol," and has for its subject the extravagancies and personal jealousies connected with the Italian opera. The rivalry between Mingotti and Vanneschi was now making as much noise there as that of Cuzzoni and Faustina some years before. The former acted arbitrarily and capriciously, and could with difficulty be bound to sing a few times during the season for a high salary: it is said, £2,000 for

the season. In the caricature to which I allude, this lady appears raised upon a stool, inscribed "£2,000 per annum," and is receiving the worship of her admirers. Immediately before her, an ecclesiastic is seen on his knees, exclaiming, "Unto thee be praise now and for evermore!" In the background a lady appears, holding up her pug-dog, then the fashionable pet, and addressing the opera favourite, "'Tis only pug and you I love." Other men are on their knees behind the ecclesiastic, all persons of distinction; and last comes a nobleman and his lady, the former holding in his hand an order for £2,000, his subscription to the opera, and remarking, "We shall have but twelve songs for all this money." The lady replies, with an air of contempt, "Well, and enough too, for the paltry trifle." The idol, in return for all this homage, sings rather contemptuously—

"Ra, ru, ra, rot ye.
My name is Mingotti,
If you worship me notti,
You shall all go to potti."

The closing years of the reign of George II., under the vigorous administration of the first William Pitt, witnessed a calm in the domestic politics of the country, which presented a strange contrast to the agitation of the previous period. Faction seemed to have hidden its head, and there was comparatively little employment for the caricaturist. But this calm lasted only a short



Fig. 5.—BRITISH IDOLATRY.

time after that king's death, and the new reign was ushered in by indications of approaching political agitation of the most violent description, in which satirists who had hitherto contented themselves with other subjects were tempted to embark in the strife of politics. Among these was Hogarth, whose discomforts as a political caricaturist we shall have to describe in our next chapter.

Perhaps no name ever provoked a greater amount of caricature and satirical abuse than that of Lord Bute, who, through the favour of the Princess of Wales, ruled supreme at court during the first period of the reign of George III. Bute had taken into the ministry, as his confidential colleague, Fox—the Henry Fox who became subsequently the first Lord Holland, a man who had enriched himself enormously with the money of the nation, and these two appeared to be aiming at the establishment of arbitrary power in the place of constitutional government. Fox was usually represented in the caricatures with the head and tail of that animal rather strongly developed; while Bute was drawn, as a very bad pun upon his name, in the garb of a Scotchman, wearing two large boots, or, sometimes, a single boot of still greater magnitude. In these caricatures Bute and Fox are generally coupled together. Thus, a little before the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle in 1762, there appeared a caricature, entitled, "The State Nursery," in which the various members of the ministry, as it was then formed under Lord Bute's influence, are represented as engaged in childish games. Fox, as the whipper-in of parliamentary majorities, is riding, armed with his whip, on Bute's shoulders (see our cut No. 6), while the Duke of Newcastle performs the more menial service of rocking the cradle. In the rhymes which accompany this caricature, the first of these groups is described as follows (Fox

was commonly spoken of in satire by the title of Volpone)—

"First you see old sly Volpone-y,
Riding on the shoulders brawny
Of the muckle favourite Sawny;
Doodle, doodle, doo."

The number of caricatures published at this period was very great, and they were almost all



Fig. 6.—FOX ON BOOTS.

aimed in one direction, against Bute and Fox, the Princess of Wales, and the government they directed. Caricature, at this time, ran into the least disguised licence, and the coarsest allusions were made to the supposed secret intercourse between the minister and the Princess of Wales, of which perhaps the most harmless was the addition of a petticoat to the boot, as a symbol of the influence under which the country was governed. In mock processions and ceremonies a Scotchman was generally introduced carrying the standard of the boot and petticoat. Lord Bute, frightened at the amount of odium which was thus heaped upon him, sought to stem the torrent by employing satirists to defend the government, and it is hardly necessary to state that among these mercenary auxiliaries was the great Hogarth himself, who accepted a pension, and published his caricature entitled "The Times, No. I.," in the month of September, 1762. Hogarth did not excel in political caricature, and there was little in this print to distinguish it above the ordinary publications of a similar character. It was the moment of negotiations for Lord Bute's unpopular peace, and Hogarth's satire is directed against the foreign policy of the great ex-minister Pitt. It represents Europe in a state of general conflagration, and the flames already communicating to Great Britain. While Pitt is blowing the fire, Bute, with a party of soldiers and sailors zealously assisted by his favourite Scotchmen, is labouring to extinguish it. In this he is impeded by the interference of the Duke of Newcastle, who brings a wheelbarrow full of *Monitors* and *North Britons*, the violent opposition journals, to feed the flames. The advocacy of Bute's mercenaries, whether literary or artistic, did little service to the government, for they only provoked increased activity among its opponents. Hogarth's caricature of "The Times," drew several answers, one of the best of which was a large print entitled "The Raree Show: a political contrast to the print of 'The Times' by William Hogarth." It is the house of John Bull which is here on fire, and the Scots are dancing and exulting at it. In the centre of the picture appears a great acting barn, from an upper window of which Fox thrusts out his head and points to the sign, representing *Æneas* and *Dido* entering the cave together, as the performance which was acting within. It is an allusion to the scandal in general circulation relating to Bute and the princess, who, of course,

were the *Æneas* and *Dido* of the piece, and appear in those characters on the scaffold in front, with two of Bute's mercenary writers, Smollet, who edited the *Briton*, and Murphy, who wrote in the *Auditor*, one blowing the trumpet and the other beating the drum. Among the different groups which fill the picture, one, behind the acting barn (see our cut No. 7), is



Fig. 7.—FANATICISM IN ANOTHER SHAPE.

evidently intended for a satire on the spirit of religious fanaticism which was at this time spreading through the country. An open-air preacher, mounted on a stool, is addressing a not very intellectual looking audience, while his inspiration is conveyed to him in a rather vulgar manner by the spirit, not of good, but of evil.

The violence of this political warfare at length drove Lord Bute from at least ostensible power. He resigned on the 6th of April, 1763. One of the popular favourites at this time was the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, who was regarded as the leader of the opposition in the House of Lords. People now believed that it was the Duke of Cumberland who had overthrown "the boot," and his popularity increased on a sudden. The triumph was commemorated in several caricatures. One of these is entitled, "The Jack-Boot kick'd down, or English Will



Fig. 8.—THE OVERTHROW OF THE BOOT.

triumphant: a Dream." The Duke of Cumberland, whip in hand, has kicked the boot out of the house, exclaiming to a young man in sailor's garb who follows him, "Let me alone, Ned; I know how to deal with Scotsmen. Remember Culloden." The youth replies, "Kick hard, uncle, keep him down. Let me have a kick too." Nearly the same group, using similar language, is introduced into a caricature of the same date, entitled, "The Boot and the Blockhead." The

youthful personage is no doubt intended for Cumberland's nephew, Edward, Duke of York, who was a sailor, and was raised to the rank of rear-admiral, and who appears to have joined his uncle in his opposition to Lord Bute. The "boot," as seen in our cut No. 8, is encircled with Hogarth's celebrated "line of beauty," of which I shall have to speak more at length in the next chapter.

With the overthrow of Bute's ministry, we may consider the English school of caricature as completely formed and fully established. From this time, the names of the caricaturists are better known, and we shall have to consider them in their individual characters. One of these, William Hogarth, had already risen in fame far above the group of the ordinary by men whom he was surrounded.

A SPANISH GIRL.

Murillo, Painter.

A. Blanchard, Engraver.

This is the companion picture of the 'Spanish Boy,' engraved in our last month's number. In the Dulwich Gallery, as many of our readers must know, are three paintings by Murillo, of a similar kind to this pair, that is, they represent the young peasantry of Spain, as they were in the time of the artist. One of these pictures is a girl holding some flowers in her handkerchief; another is a beggar-boy, and the third shows two beggar-boys, one of whom is devouring a small loaf of bread. The whole of these pictures—they have been frequently engraved—with the exception of the last, which is somewhat inferior in execution to the others, are in Murillo's best manner. So also is that from which our engraving is taken. This picture is in Paris. It represents a young girl resting by the wayside on her return from marketing, as it would seem, for she bears two baskets, one containing grapes, a water-melon, &c., and the other fish; the attitude of the figure is easy and natural, the face pleasant and intelligent.

Murillo's greatest pictures are of sacred Art; they have not, generally, that elevated devotional character seen in the works of some of the most distinguished Italian masters, but they are fine in composition and glorious in colour. England is fortunate in possessing a large number of these paintings, which grace both our public galleries and not a few of our principal private collections; the finest specimens are in the latter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.

SIR,—I have read month by month your strictures on the Kensington management of Schools of Art in the provinces, but there is a phase of their proceedings which you have overlooked. The Schools of Art were, I believe, established for the benefit of artisans; now they include any one and every one. As a drawing-master I should not object to this in itself, but to undercharge as they do completely shuts out the private drawing-master. At Macclesfield a Mr. Ford has been recently appointed. The secretary of that school has issued circulars to each schoolmaster and mistress in the neighbourhood, begging them to employ Mr. Ford, as, in the event of their not doing so, the School of Art will suffer in pecuniary matters. The effect has been simply this, that conductors of private schools break their engagements with local drawing-masters, and pay 15s. per quarter for what otherwise would be £1 1s. I naturally ask, why I, in common with other rate and tax payers, have to contribute to purchase models, copies, and necessaries for an establishment which is not paid with the money granted year by year by parliament, but by underselling their professional brethren? Perhaps you can make public this somewhat unprofessional conduct of the Macclesfield Art-secretary.

I remain, Sir, &c.,

W. H. CHARPENTIER.

Newfield Terrace, Sandbach.



CYCLOPEAN STRUCTURES IN
SARDINIA AND ITALY.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S.

IN a recent number of the *Art-Journal* I endeavoured to communicate to the reader some portion of the very deep and powerful impression made upon my mind when I first beheld and investigated the remains of Cyclopean architecture in the islands of Ithaca, Santa Maura, and Cephalonia. It was clear to me, and I have since seen nothing to shake the opinion, that these works date back to a very early period, far beyond that of which we have any written record, and that they prove the existence of a considerable amount of material civilisation and cultivation among a race of people who preceded the Greeks in Greece, perhaps as many centuries as have elapsed since the Greeks first occupied the country.

That such a people should have reached Greece and gone no farther—that their progress, not stopped by the sea, for they were established in the Greek islands, should have failed to reach Italy (whose shores are sometimes within sight of Corcyra—Corfu), is so unlikely as to be almost inconceivable. Greece and Italy are so naturally connected, their climate and productions and the conditions of existence are so similar, while the distance between them across the Adriatic Sea is so small, that we may be sure what happened in the one would produce some effect on the other. A great, powerful, ingenious people on the Morea and in the Greek islands must, we may be sure, have crossed to Italy and established themselves there.

When, therefore, we find in many parts of Italy distinct indications of the Greece of later times, it would be extraordinary if we could not also discover something of the unknown predecessors of the Greeks of history. There are not wanting proofs of the existence of a peculiar and independent people who long preceded the Romans as the leading power of Italy, and under the definite name of *Etruscans* we are in the habit of speaking of the later races of these people. We can determine much concerning the national peculiarities and the extent of civilisation of the later Etruscans, by the nature of the remains they left behind them. These are very numerous, and the pre-Roman inhabitants of Central and South Italy, have left abundant proof, both on and beneath the ground, that they had attained high development in the fine Arts as well as in the mechanical Arts. They certainly built cities and tombs, sculptured stone, and worked mines, for we still find the remains of their cities, the alabaster and marble groups they chiselled, and the vast subterranean galleries they excavated. All these speak volumes as to the amount of their intelligence and the extent to which they had overcome mechanical difficulties.

And yet even of this people there remains no written history. Of the earlier or original Etruscan people we know nothing. The later people used the Greek characters, but the words they thus wrote seem to have no analogy with those of other known languages. There exist, however, both in Italy and in the Island of Sardinia, many remains of the predecessors and ancestors of these tribes, and there can be little doubt that Italy, like Greece, was the abode of one of the most intelligent and sensitive peoples of the ancient world, whether we take antiquity to refer to recorded or unrecorded history.

Who can wonder that this should be the case? Who can visit and become familiar

with the sunny sky, the pure air, the sweet influences of the climate of Italy without feeling that there, of all parts of the known world, would men most easily and naturally become softened and intelligent, and lovers of all that is beautiful. There is no part of Europe, Western Asia, or Africa, in which are combined so many of the advantages with so few of the disadvantages of geographical position. Its climate enables men to live with little trouble, without enervating the faculties and destroying all care for other than mere animal existence. Mere existence is there a pleasure, but the climate is not such as to take away a desire for improvement and intellectual cultivation. Food is readily obtained from the genial earth, but it does not, as within the tropics, drop into the mouth without an effort. Variety of clothing is needed, for there is winter cold as well as summer heat. But winter is short and summer long. There is little interruption at any time to ordinary pursuits; and it is very easy to understand that men would build cities and live together, would cultivate their intellects as well as their soil, would investigate natural phenomena, and study the elegancies of existence first of all in the country where there was so much to induce and stimulate the exercise of the faculties.

However this may be, it is certain that Italy possessed an intelligent population long before the historic period. We see proof of it in all parts of the country where the Romans and subsequent races have not succeeded in destroying the traces of their existence. The more thickly peopled districts near the great towns have not always lost these indications, though naturally they would be the first, and the most, affected. The less visited parts are more rich in such fragments, but even there on the mainland, most of them have suffered greatly, and they are now very rare. In the islands in the Mediterranean, and especially in Sardinia, the case is different. When the Romans were already a great people they described in this Island of Sardinia a peculiar kind of round towers, known there now by the name of *nur-hags*. They did not know their history, and seem to have had no traditions concerning them. These *nur-hags* are, however, very curious. They are much larger and more complete structures than are found among the antiquities of the mainland of Italy, and owing to the very small amount of movement that has taken place in Sardinia for the last

would seem to be more or less comparable with the constructed walls and buildings of Samos and Ithaca, although they may be much more modern than these. They are built of hewn stone, and show an amount of ingenuity in construction that will be better appreciated by a diagram than by any description. On the preceding column are a section and ground plan of one of the simplest of these buildings. Some are of two or even three stories, and some consist of groups of conical towers. The access to the upper rooms in the former case was by an inclined plane in the thickness of the wall.

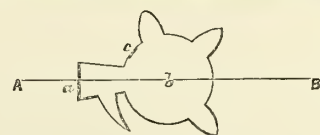
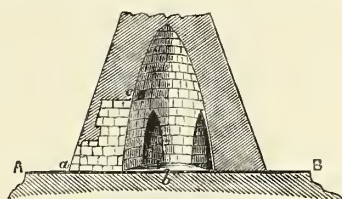
FRAGMENT OF THE WALL OF A NUR-HAG—ISLAND OF
SARDINIA.

The outside of these *nur-hags* is of a kind of Cyclopean architecture, but the stones are not extremely large, though the nature of the limestone rock of the Island of Sardinia is not unfavourable for such constructions. Above is a view of the fragment of a tower, in which some of the stones measure as much as fifty cubic feet, weighing perhaps three and a half tons. This of course is not large compared with the walls of Samos and Mycenæ, but it requires considerable ingenuity and great mechanical power to lift such stones and place them as parts of a wall forty or fifty feet high. It will be seen by the section that the thickness of the walls was very great in proportion to their height, and the conical form assumed both for the building and chamber is the simplest and strongest that could be devised.

The *nur-hags* of Sardinia are accompanied by Cyclopean walls. These are moderately important in the dimensions of the stones, as may be seen by reference to the sketch on the next page, where many of the stones are more than six feet in length, but they show little art of construction, either in cutting or placing the stones. They are now greatly weathered and rounded; much more so, indeed, than the corresponding walls in Greece. They are buried also in vegetation. Still, they stand as memorials of the ancient times, and they doubtless belong to a period long antecedent to the *nur-hags*.

The number of the remains of *nur-hags* in the Island of Sardinia is extraordinarily great. In a district of the island whose area is not more than one-fourth part of the whole island, nearly thirteen hundred have been counted. They are not less common elsewhere. In some valleys there are twelve *nur-hags* within a distance of seven miles. Cyclopean walls are also not uncommon. Monoliths, called by archaeologists *men-hirs*, accompany these remains; and similar remains are known to exist in various parts of Western Europe, especially in the islands on the west coast.

Central Italy abounds in Etruscan and Pelasgic remains; but it is seldom that the long occupation of the country has failed to soften down, if not obliterate, those that belong to the older period. Clusters of ancient cities occur in Umbria; and remains are seen in the Sabine and Volscian mountains, extending southwards along the western slopes of the hills. Most of the walls are of the

SECTION AND PLAN OF A NUR-HAG—ISLAND OF
SARDINIA.

5 10 15 20 ft.

Scale of feet.

REFERENCES:

AB—line of section through *Nur-hag*.

a—entrance.

b—centre of chamber.

c—window.

two thousand years, they still remain in better condition than similar monuments elsewhere. Certainly of great antiquity, they

polygonal style, consisting of very large blocks accurately fitted, but not squared. This, however, naturally depends in some measure on the nature of the stone, the best and truest specimens being found where the stone lies

on the surface, and is both hard and in large blocks; while, when the stone is soft, the blocks are more regular and less large.

An interesting and very accessible specimen of the Cyclopean architecture of Italy is



CYCLOPEAN WALL—ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

seen in the old walls of Fiesole, the ancient capital of Tuscany, situated within an easy walk of Florence. A long line of wall towards the north has in many cases escaped both the hand of time and the still more destructive agency of man. It is singular that this should have been the case, for the stones of such walls have almost always been used for later buildings when in the neighbourhood of great cities. The rock governs the style of wall, as is usual elsewhere, and the rock here being a softish grey gritstone, the walls are tolerably regular. Perhaps the facility of obtaining similar stone, not hardened by time, has helped to preserve these curious walls.

The old town of Fiesole was situated on the steep slopes of a nearly isolated hill, and the summit of the hill was flattened to build thereon an Acropolis. In this respect the agreement with all the oldest and best known Cyclopean cities is perfect. At the present day the Acropolis of Fiesole is converted into a monastery. It has been so for many centuries. Within the precincts of the monastery is an ancient church, once, no doubt, a Pagan temple, converted, in the course of time, into a Christian basilica. Even the first temple, in its earliest form, was but a modern construction compared with the enclosing walls, which are less altered and disfigured than the more ornamented architecture they protected. Many other remains have been laid bare of Roman occupation, but these are all of the same date, and are comparatively modern.

Of the real old wall of the ancient town there are some good indications. A part of it runs up the steep side of the hill, and down again across a valley, taking a course that was not likely to have been taken in more recent times. Up the steep hill-side, even in the least accessible places, the work has been continued, always on the same scale. There are several courses of stone—in some places eight or nine courses are preserved—but the largest stones I observed were not more than four feet long, by two feet wide, even under the Acropolis itself.

The walls, however, though not remarkably difficult of construction, must have required extreme patience and ingenuity. Though of vast antiquity, the faces of many of the stones are sharp, and their angles but little injured. I observed the same careful horizontality in the laying of the stones; and without extraordinary accuracy in the fitting, neither of

these conditions could have existed. Though overgrown with vegetation and rubbish near the base of the wall, there was no difficulty in making out the courses, even to the lowest; and, at least in one place, where the stone had recently been opened for quarrying immediately below the old wall, it was clear that the stone for the wall had been brought



PART OF THE CYCLOPEAN WALL OF FIESOLE.
About 100 yards are in this state.

some distance, being much harder and more durable than the stone on the spot.

The thickness of the old walls at Fiesole is not so great as those of the ancient towns of Greece and the Ionian Islands, but much thicker than would have been thought necessary in the time of the Roman Empire. At one point, near the gate of the modern convent garden, the wall turns at a right angle, but there seemed no evidence of a tower having been placed there. The wall is not stronger, and there is no buttress. This part of the wall belonged to the Acropolis and not to the town, and was therefore within the outer enclosure.

Along the whole length of old wall exposed, amounting to some hundred yards from south to north, there is no projecting tower, and little variety of construction. Some part of the wall is still utilised, and has been modernised to serve as the wall round the convent; but there is no difficulty in distinguishing the new additions. On the whole, this wall, though built of comparatively soft and perishable stone, has stood well, and the outer face remains smooth and comparatively safe. There is in one part a small arch, about the centre of the northern wall, but this is probably Roman, and of comparatively modern date. In various parts of the wall are holes, apparently made with intention. Whether these have served in the case of assault when the town was besieged, or were made at the first construction of the wall to assist in lifting the stones, it is impossible now to say.

Another indication of Etruscan work is seen in the walls and gateway of the city of

Volterra; and, indeed, the position of this remarkable and most interesting town marks it out as belonging to a very early period. Like Fiesole, near Florence, and like the old cities of Greece, Volterra is "a city set upon a hill." A long and fatiguing walk or drive conducts one from the present railway station, in the plains below, to the lofty detached summit crowned by the city. It is still large, but was in ancient times much larger; its walls, which are, however, very fragmentary, have been traced round a circuit of six miles, being double that of Fiesole.

Several very perfect fragments remain, one of them forty feet high and fourteen feet thick, composed of blocks, the largest of which being fully ten feet in length, and three feet high, probably weighed nearly six tons. A noble gateway still remains, but it seems to have been of the most recent Etruscan period, and has been adapted to mediaeval warfare. The tombs are the most remarkable objects at Volterra, and these are comparatively modern.

Although the objects of chief interest at Volterra are the antiquities of the later period of Etruscan Art, and are thus very far removed in date from those ruder fragments which speak to us of the earliest civilised inhabitants of Italy, they are still so numerous, so rich, and so varied, as to claim some notice. Most of them point clearly to the Greek origin of Etruscan Art, but they prove also that the Greek style had undergone important modifications; and it is curious that these changes point to the existence of habits which were domestic and familiar, and tendencies more in the direction of modern progress than seem to have characterised the Greeks. Most of the remains have been found in monuments and tombs. Funeral processions, showing all kinds of incidents, are the most common;—the mother taking leave of husband and child; the husband setting out on his last long journey, with the wife and daughter vainly endeavouring to hold him back from inexorable fate; the soul, represented in some material form, proceeding on its way under the charge of Charon; these are all common incidents. Besides them, we find processions as of judges, and representations of human sacrifices, and of sacrifices of such animals as asses, bulls, and wolves. All these are accompanied by inscriptions, few of which can be so far read as to assist us in any way to elaborate the Etruscan tongue.

The remains found near Volterra, and now in the public museum of the town, abound with these and other records of the people who, more than two thousand years ago, inhabited that ancient city. With such indications of their habits, we have their gold, silver, and bronze ornaments, and we know they had attained to a very distinct position in Art in all these departments. Neither their sculpture of alabaster or marble, nor their working in metals, was a mere repetition of what we find in Greece; nor was it identical with what the Romans afterwards possessed.

There was, indeed, among the Etruscans a cultivation *sui generis*; they had attained it in the course of time by development from some ancestry who were also, perhaps, the ancestors of the Greeks, or of the people from whom the Greeks were derived. This cultivation agrees with no other so closely as to allow us to suppose that it was copied. The Etruscans were an original, a great, and a long-continued race. They and the Greeks had much that was common; but starting originally, perhaps, from the same point, the two peoples had developed very differently at the time when Greece and Rome had become the centres of western civilisation.

Still, then, we are thrown back to more ancient times, and to civilisation and Art at

a period concerning which we have no written record. The *men-hirs* of Sardinia connect themselves with similar monuments almost everywhere, and with the Druidical monuments of our own country and of Brittany, and the Cyclopean walls are, perhaps, the next step in the advancement of the human race. That the intelligent people who first imagined the construction of such modes of defence must have been long living in a state in which their faculties were refined and well cultivated, there cannot be a doubt; and, latterly, this people had a literature of their own, using an alphabet almost exactly like that of the Greeks, without the language having any recognisable resemblance. These later Etruscan and Sardinian people were probably as far removed from the first builders of Cyclopean walls in all other essential respects as they must have been in time, and thus the advent of the human family in Europe is probably a much more ancient event than any written histories would seem to indicate. This is not the place to enter on the geological evidence to the same effect, but it is well to remember that all discoveries of recent times combine to render probable the very great antiquity of the human race. The sculptures recently discovered in French caverns proving the presence of the reindeer, and some other animals, in parts of Europe where these species are not only not now found, but could not now exist, for climatic reasons, are additional but strong proof of the same nature. The remains of the villages once built on piles over the Swiss lakes are equally curious, and indicate progress quite as distinctly. Ireland abounds with such remains built in similar positions, and some of these mark three very distinct periods, separated by long intervals. All of them belonged to a time long antecedent to existing records of every kind, but they mark the existence of a people by no means uncivilised, though, so far as we know, entirely without a literature.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BERLIN.—The exterior of the royal palace has recently been decorated with eight life-size allegorical figures:—'Magnanimity' and 'Bravery,' both by Schievelbein; 'Gentleness' and 'Liberality,' by Heidel; 'Commerce' and 'Art,' by Fischer; 'Industry' and 'Navigation,' by Stürmer. The first two are male figures, the others are females.

COLBERG.—A statue of the late King of Prussia has been erected with due ceremony in this town, in the presence of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

COLOGNE.—A stained-glass window is being executed here for the cathedral, at the sole expense of the Crown Prince of Prussia. It is to be placed over the west entrance into the nave, and will be seventy feet high; the largest window, therefore, in the world. The subject of the painting is the Last Judgment, from cartoons by Cornelius, who originally designed the work for the Campo Santa at Berlin, where it was never carried out.

FLORENCE.—A museum of mediæval Art has been established in the town hall of this city. Two galleries, one of sculpture and the other of armour, each containing some good specimens, have already been opened.

LUCERNE.—A correspondent writes us from Paris, that several pictures in fresco or distemper have lately been brought to light at Lucerne. The subjects are the Resurrection, the Ascension, John the Baptist, St. Roch, &c. They bear the date 1523, and are supposed to be the work of Holbein.

ROME.—Voss, the distinguished German sculptor resident in this city, has recently completed two statues, which are highly commended. One is 'Rebecca at the Well,' she stands with her right hand resting on the pitcher, pensively examining the bracelet just presented to her by the servant of Abraham. The other statue is entitled 'Lurline.'

ST. MALO, the birthplace of Chateaubriand, is to have a statue of this distinguished writer.

TOURNUS.—This town, the birthplace of Greuze, is about to erect a statue of the painter.

REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON SCHOOLS OF ART.

THIS Report has been issued. The evidence on which it is based is not yet printed. We shall consider the one, necessarily postponing remarks on the other, although rightly to comprehend the subject in all its bearings both should be treated together; for, without attributing wrong motives to witnesses, there are undoubtedly some of them whose testimony must be received with hesitation. The Committee, indeed, obviously acted under that impression, as we shall presently show.

In a word, the Report is *satisfactory*; it may be regarded but as the thin edge of the wedge; yet that is much. A change has been commenced that will inevitably lead to beneficial results. It goes far to destroy a power that is baneful, to create responsibility where hitherto there has been little or none, and to rescue a valuable and costly establishment from a system of "management" at once despotic and incompetent. In short, the issue of this Report will be to render "South Kensington" a public and not a private institution. Certainly, it might have gone much further, and can be regarded only as the commencement of a great work; so far as it goes, however, it is conclusive, and may be accepted as a guarantee that Schools of Art in Great Britain will hereafter become what they were designed to be, and may be, under wise government—institutions for the promotion of Art in all its ramifications, and manufactures from the highest to the humblest.

We have gone over the ground so often, we have so continually given publicity to the complaints of manufacturers, artisans, masters, pupils, and the public, that it will not be necessary now to record our own views in reference to the "management" of these schools, and the evil influence that has been so long dominant over them. Our present duty is to compress—and present as clearly as we can—the important document issued by the Select Committee of the House of Commons.

That Committee was appointed on the 16th of March, 1864, "to inquire into the constitution and working, and into the success of the schools of Art wholly or partially supported by Government grants, or otherwise assisted by the Government, and into the system upon which the sums granted by Parliament for the promotion of national education in Art are distributed and administered." It consisted of the following members of parliament:—Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Adderley, Mr. Edward Egerton, Mr. Tite, Mr. William Ewart, Mr. Bazley, Mr. Trevisan, Mr. Cave, Mr. Maguire, Mr. Gregson, Mr. Arthur Mills, Mr. Crum-Ewing, Mr. Potter, Mr. Salt, Mr. Bruce; Sir Stafford Northcote being the chairman. The Committee was fortunate in thus being presided over by a gentleman universally respected, and who has enjoyed peculiar opportunities of close and intimate acquaintance with all the leading topics it was called upon to discuss.

"Twenty-seven years have now elapsed since the first establishment (in 1837) of a Government School of Design. . . . The period from 1837 to 1852 may be regarded as a *period of experiment*, during which the Government endeavoured to supply a remedy for the alleged inferiority of our manufactures to those of other countries, by the maintenance of a head School of Design in London, and of a limited number of provincial schools in the chief seats of manufacturing industry, with a view to the direct promotion of ornamental Art."

No doubt the Committee has been so informed; but we are by no means willing to

concede that this long period—*fifteen years*—was employed merely in experiments. The School of Design did much work, and did it well. Among its masters were Mr. Dyce and Mr. Herbert, while the female school was directed by an accomplished lady—Mrs. McIan. The history of that "period" is, however, by no means a gracious one; jealousies, prejudices, bickerings, and quarrels, operated prejudicially to retard the usefulness of the school; one after another good men retired from restricted superintendence, and ultimately Mr. Henry Cole became its governor. That gentleman was not only no artist—he never pretended to any acquaintance with Art; he assumed, indeed, to know something of Art-manufacture, the extent and value of such knowledge having been manifested by the issue of several manufactured articles, such as ink-stands, candlesticks, tea-trays, goblets, &c. &c., produced under the assumed name of "Felix Summerly," which, professing to be improvements, were for the most part in bad taste, unsuited to public requirement, and unwillingly adopted by manufacturers as experiments that were predoomed. These productions, however, formed the principal ground of Mr. Cole's appointment, largely aided as they were by that gentleman's clamours for reform in the schools, and his own active pen and loud voice in favour of himself as the successor of the men of mark who had gone before him.

We are not, however, now to tell the story of the "mode" by which Mr. Henry Cole—with the smallest amount of capital that ever speculator embarked in any trade—became the head and front of a Government School of Design; how that gentleman managed to keep the position he obtained; how, in course of time, he contrived to associate the "Department of Art" with the "Department of Science"—knowing even less of Science than he did of Art—placing himself commander-in-chief of both; how skilfully he built his nest, and how neatly he spread his wax (humbly imitating the little busy bee), to surround himself with "followers" who should have no will but his, bestowing on them all official appointments in the name of "my lords;" how thoroughly he became master and owner of every department of the Department—that of Science, as well as that of Art. Success is the modern test of merit; and, so tried, Mr. Henry Cole is unquestionably a great man!

These remarks are not out of place; for undoubtedly when this Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, its main object was to put on his trial Mr. Henry Cole. We shall see what the issue has been, notwithstanding the well-known "tact" of that gentleman, and the power, derived from the patronage he enjoys, that belongs to him.

According to the Report, "the whole cost of the schools in London and in the provinces, including management, as shown by the estimate 1851-2, was £15,000." In 1864, the grant for Art-education, including the cost of the Museum, and a proportion of the charge for general management, amounted to £90,000. In 1852 was constituted the "Department of Practical Art;" the school ceased to be called a "School of Design." Under new arrangements, and with greatly augmented Government grants, the provincial schools largely increased. "Flaming" accounts were sent forth as to the enormous number of pupils Art-educated in these schools, and this "flaming" account has been annually before the public from 1852 to 1864. A single passage from the Report will suffice to show the circumstances under which such accounts were concocted:—

"Of the 87,330 persons whom the Department numbered among its students in 1863, 71,423 were

children attending parochial schools, and receiving one or two drawing lessons a week from the master of the neighbouring School of Art, or from some of his assistants, or from their own schoolmaster, in case he held a certificate of competency from the Department."

If the subject were not so solemn and important as it is, this part of the "management" would be called a "dodge." No doubt it sounded far better to both the House of Commons and the country to return the number of pupils receiving instruction in Art—resulting from an annual parliamentary grant—as 87,330, than it would have done to limit the recipients of state bounty to 15,907. The purpose was answered for a time—nay, for a long time—but a Select Committee of the House has not been hoodwinked.

With respect to the much canvassed "order" concerning payments by results, the Committee offers these remarks: A minute of the Committee of Council of Education provided that, "from the 1st October, 1863, payments should cease to be made upon certificates taken by masters of Schools of Art, that 'a system of payments on results should wholly regulate the payments to Schools of Art, and that such payments should be made only on behalf of artisans, children of the labouring poor, scholarships, persons in training as Art-teachers, or employed as designers for manufacturers.'" The Select Committee considers these conditions as "exceedingly complicated, and their effect cannot be understood, without a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the details of the course of instruction."

Mr. Cole argues that the "system" (as it now exists under his "management") is rapidly becoming a self-supporting one. The Committee sifts his testimony, and thus disposes of it:—

"Upon the whole, your Committee are of opinion that it is improbable that the schools will ever become self-supporting upon the present system; nor do they think that the substitution of payments on results for payments on certificates will tend to make them so, unless, indeed, the payments on results are to be gradually contracted, either by making the results more difficult of attainment, or by gradually reducing the payments on them, and ultimately withdrawing them altogether. Mr. Cole hints at the possibility of such a process, and regards it as one of the great recommendations of the new plan. But it is obvious to ask in what manner it is expected that such a change will work: are the fees to be raised? or are larger local subscriptions to be obtained? or are the masters to be content with lower emoluments?"

The subject of "payments by results" is one with which we have already, and often, dealt. It will suffice, therefore, to say that the opinion expressed by the Committee is the opinion not only of the masters but of the public; it may now be taken as disposed of.

A considerable portion of the Report is occupied in considering and treating this branch of the subject: in commenting on the minute which, purporting to be passed by the Committee of Council on Education, became law at South Kensington; although we believe "my lords" knew little about it, and nothing at all concerning the consequences which all interested in the matter—apart from South Kensington—clearly foresaw and confidently predicted. "That minute," says the Select Committee, "prescribed in detail the conditions on which the payments on results contemplated by the second minute should be made;" these conditions, we repeat, being "exceedingly complicated." The word "complicated" is so frequently used by the Committee in reference to documents and arrangements issued by "the Department," and upon which the members were to judge, that we can almost fancy them in a perpetual mist. They do, however,

manage to get through it, and being themselves enlightened, as a consequence of much toil, contrive to enlighten the readers of their Report. They resolve, therefore, that "it has a tendency to destroy the elasticity of Art-teaching, and thus to cramp the genius of our designers, to render the schools unpopular, and diminish the chance of local support;" and, upon a review of the whole case, they are of opinion that "the system of payments on results is not well adapted to the Schools of Art."

The following passage illustrates the view taken by the Committee of another branch:—

"As regards the prospect of increased local subscriptions, no very encouraging facts have come under the notice of your Committee. The subscriptions in 1851, when the Government grant was only £15,000, amounted to £3,447; and in 1862, when the grant for the schools, exclusive of the Museum, was £46,000, they did not amount to £2,500."

The Committee supplies some ground for consolation in the past and hope in the future:—"It does not appear necessary to extract from the evidence all the conflicting opinions given as to the actual value of the schools. It is admitted generally, that the taste of the country has, of late years, improved very materially, though to what extent that improvement is due to the direct operation of the Schools of Art is questioned by some witnesses. Your Committee, without going into a minute investigation of the precise relative importance of all the different causes which have combined to produce the effect, are prepared to state, as the impression which they have received from the whole of the evidence, that the schools have, upon the whole, contributed largely to the improvement which has taken place, and that great national advantage has been derived from them."

There can be no doubt on this head; much benefit to Art-manufacture and to the country has arisen out of the establishment of the ninety schools in connection with the Department of Science and Art. The money granted annually by Government has not been all mis-spent: many artisans have been taught to know what they are doing when they work; there have been several pupils who have become educated aids to employers; employers have received better ideas than they previously had of the value of Art to manufacture; and the public has been much enlightened on subjects concerning which it was not long ago utterly in the dark. The institution is one that the country was bound to create and is bound to support. It has "paid" well, and is destined to yield an immense interest upon a by no means immoderate outlay.

But we contend, and have long contended, that under a system of "management" so erroneous and incompetent as to be disastrous, the harvest gathered in bears no proportion to the produce that might have been reasonably and justly expected. We maintain that a clique has mischievously directed the system which governs South Kensington, and that, as a consequence, a tithe of the good it might do is not done by the Department. The Select Committee of the House of Commons evidently holds that opinion as strongly as we do, although it does not as strongly express it.

The concluding topic treated in the Report concerns the Museum at South Kensington. Mr. Cole's policy has hitherto been so to mix it up with the general system of education—to make it, in fact, part and parcel of the schools—as to render it difficult or impossible to separate one from the other when considering the money spent on both. Moreover, the extensive and costly staff at South Kensington is in the same way mingled, so as to render it

hard to distinguish "which from which." It is a keen and clever policy for a purpose apart from a public purpose, and evidently the Committee has seen it in that light. The evil is not to continue any longer. Mr. Cole made a strong fight for the perpetuation of this pet part of "his system," but failed to convince his judges of its utility or its justice. In this, as in almost all his other "recommendations," the Select Committee of the House of Commons "differed" from the Director of the Department of Science and Art.

With respect to the Museum, which absorbs so large a part of the Government grant, the Committee conceives "the arrangements made for circulating portions of the collection to the provincial towns are as yet far from perfection;" and "that the collection of works of Art, and the library attached to it, are not made as useful to the country schools as they might be, is due, perhaps, in part to the fact that the Local Committees are but imperfectly aware of the advantages which the Department offers them, but partly also to some defects in the arrangements of the Department itself."

As a result of this "inquiry," the following are the resolutions of the Committee:—

"1. That a central training school for teachers be maintained as at present, and sufficiently qualified scholars from local schools be admitted to the training school at the expense of the State, the study of decorative Art useful for manufactures being the primary object; other scholars should also be admitted to the training school upon payment of remunerative fees.

"2. That the collection of works of decorative Art at South Kensington be made more generally useful than at present throughout the country, especially in connection with local museums.

"3. That a national competition of works from all the local Schools of Art in connection with the Department continue to be held annually at South Kensington, and a limited number of prizes awarded.

"4. That local Schools of Art be left to establish themselves wherever they can take root, and to extend their operations to all classes of society, and to charge such fees as their managers may think suitable.

"5. That the conditions of granting any State aid to local Schools of Art be:—(a) that night classes for artisans be open at least three times a week, at fees within the reach of artisans; (b) that the teachers be certificated, and receive the whole of the fees of the artisan classes; and (c) that the localities provide suitable premises, and pay all charges for rent, taxes, and repairs.

"6. That no further grants be made in aid either of building, renting, or repairing Schools of Art.

"7. That no further grants be made in aid of purchasing examples, models, casts, or apparatus.

"8. That it be a condition of Government aid, that a public examination of every aided School of Art be held annually, through the agency of its local committee, and that the results of such examination should be reported to the Department in such form as the Department may prescribe.

"9. That payments to certificated Art-teachers should be so far assimilated to those made to teachers of Science, that a capitation payment should be made for every artisan student who has received forty lessons within the year.

"10. That the works of the students in their examination, certified by two members of the local committee as being the student's own work, should be sent up to the Central Department.

"11. That fewer prizes and no medals should be given by the Central Department on local examinations of aided Schools of Art.

"12. That if ever an Inspector reports that an aided School of Art is held in unsuitable premises, or uses bad models, examples, or apparatus, or that the teaching is deficient, aid may be wholly or partially withheld until the local committee consent to make such changes as are deemed essential to the proper conduct of the school.

"13. That the votes for the Museum at South Kensington and for the Schools of Art should be kept distinct."

There can be no doubt that these resolutions of the Committee will supply the principles on which the Department of Art is to be hereafter governed; they are rational

and sound, and will become practical and sure. If the provincial schools have not been liberally or adequately supported, it is mainly because neither manufacturers, artisans, nor the provincial public have had any confidence in the governing body at South Kensington. Mr. Wilson, of Glasgow, is not the only one of the masters who is of opinion "that the present system discourages persons from subscribing to the schools, because the Department has ruled the schools without reference to the local authorities, or to the local wants as they are felt by the inhabitants of the various cities in which the schools are established." Under the system that is hereafter to prevail, we are quite sure that a different result may be anticipated. If the manufacturers find their requirements considered, their wants ministered to, and their obvious and direct interests promoted, they are not so blind as to grudge money by which these objects may be accomplished.

Mr. Cole, on being asked what evidence he could produce to show the effects of the schools (what a volume of matter is contained in this pithy sentence! such a question put by a Committee of the House to the Director of a public institution supported by public money!), referred the Committee to the opinions of a number of English manufacturers, which are collected in the Appendix to the Tenth Report of the Department!

Now a more "beggarly account of empty boxes" was never exhibited than this list of "opinions." We shall pass it under scrutiny one of these days, and show how small is the proportion of manufacturers who place on record any obligation to the Department, how insignificant in amount is the debt that some do acknowledge for services rendered by the Department, and how numerous are they—"conspicuous by their absence"—who owe nothing to, because they have derived nothing from, the Department. What a long list could be presented of manufacturers (we may hereafter print it) who sent no answer to Mr. Cole's circular, inviting information as to benefits received from the schools, or whose answers were such as it would be extremely "inconvenient" to publish!

The following passage is not printed in the Report, but will be found in the "draught" of it:—

"It might be inferred that the object of the Government was to convert the schools into self-supporting middle-class schools; and this view is confirmed by Mr. Cole's further evidence, in which he lays down the doctrine that it is better to teach children than grown artisans, and that the Schools of Art might be, and ought to be, maintained by fees without any assistance from the State."

And these passages form part of a resolution moved by Mr. Potter:—

"3. That the main object of the provincial Schools of Art should be the education of the artisan. . . . If the upper class students attend the evening classes, it shall be at rates higher than those of the artisans, care being taken that space and adequate instruction be first provided for the latter."

That is the true spirit in which Government Provincial Schools of Art ought to be conducted, and which the authorities at South Kensington have hitherto ignored.

The Art-instruction of artisans is "the main object" of the schools, but it is an object of very secondary importance with the authorities at South Kensington. Yet it is notorious that this "main object" is in France the main source of superiority in Art-manufactured produce.

The Committee did not inquire into any of the "jobs" perpetrated at South Kensington, yet they are notorious; they asked no questions concerning the sums of money expended in wall decorations, in acquiring curious but perfectly useless antiques—not by any means all genuine—or as to the cost of the man-

sions for leading officials; they sought for no instruction as to the competency of the masters sent out from South Kensington to the provincial schools;* they obtained—or, at all events, they give—no information as to the displacings of certain officers whose competency is admitted, and substituting in their stead persons whose powers to aid the Department are more than questionable; in a word, they know nothing, or, if they know anything, they tell us nothing, of the nature, qualifications, incomes, modes of appointment (by whom appointed) of the very numerous and costly "staff." Possibly, these onerous and disagreeable duties did not fall within their scope; in that case Mr. Cole is fortunate. But the Committee might have told us a startling tale, that would have supplied a key to all the evils. Still they have done much, and further "inquiry" will do more! That such inquiry will be instituted, when Parliament receives the Report, we cannot doubt; and we know that some of the members of the Committee will, in the House, speak their comments more freely than they have written them.

At length, however, we are at "the beginning." Without being by any means oversanguine, we may anticipate a change of system that will render Schools of Art really teachers of Art, expending parliamentary grants wisely and beneficially, summoning manufacturers to aid instead of to oppose their spread, and artisans to be zealous actors and not indifferent lookers-on, while the country is liberally providing for their instruction.

The Committee—without saying so much in so many words—has condemned the whole of the "policy" pursued by Mr. Henry Cole, and has "recommended" such wholesale changes as will remodel South Kensington. It is quite clear that the Committee knows much more than it tells us, and it is upon that knowledge this valuable Report is based.

We thank the Select Committee for so many practical results of their labours.

[A recent announcement informs us that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education will take into consideration during the recess the recommendations of the Select Committee and will lay minutes upon the subject before Parliament on its reassembling. In the meantime the present minutes relating to Art-instruction will continue in operation up to the 31st of March, 1865, as respects existing Schools of Art; and my lords will cause inquiry to be made as to the feasibility of establishing night classes for instruction in drawing to artisans in connection with mechanics' and other institutions and schools not organised as distinct Schools of Art.]

* Suppose, for example, the Committee had received this communication, as we have done, from a leading gentleman and principal supporter of one of the leading schools of "the Department," who is perfectly conversant with the subject of which he treats. "The head master, Mr. —, received from the Department three assistant masters. The first of these in one month brought the elementary class in the school to the verge of ruin; it was put into his hands a well-ordered, well-taught class; by his ignorance of ornament, of teaching, of system of any kind, he nearly destroyed it. Mr. — required his removal; he was removed; but such was the indignation of the Department at Mr. —'s uncompromising condemnation of 'their pet man,' that he was very nearly himself 'removed,' and he was taught the *peril of such protests*. The Department sent a second; he could lecture on perspective and geometry, but he taught drawing feebly, was no ornamentist, and a weak artist—did not, indeed, draw as well as many girls in the school. He was permitted to resign. A third was sent—a man absolutely without teaching power, who had no power of expressing himself; in short, so dull and stupid in manner as to interest no one in the class." "Can you wonder," asks our correspondent, "if we of — are slack to aid an institution so conducted?" "I myself," he adds, "do support it, but it is really in a spirit of despair of any good, so long as the heads of the Department, incompetent themselves, employ so many incompetent men; and I cannot apply to the manufacturers of our city generally for pecuniary aid to a system they know, as well as I do, to be utterly defective."

OBITUARY.

MISS CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

WE have to lament that another pure and shining light has been removed from both our literary and social hemispheres. Miss Catherine Sinclair, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., passed from the Time she so eminently assisted to glorify, to a blessed Eternity, on the evening of the 6th of August. This event, which, with the selfishness inherent in the flesh, we call "melancholy," took place at Kensington Vicarage, the residence of her brother, the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair. Her family regard this removal as the saddest bereavement it was possible for them to sustain; for, a true Christian woman in all the relations of life, Miss Catherine Sinclair had the art (if an emanation from her own high and pure nature can be called an "art") of exalting the happiness and increasing the comfort of every house in which she sojourned—the house that she called her own above all others.

But the loss is a public loss.

As an author, Miss Catherine Sinclair will be most frequently recalled by her two principal, though by no means her only, works, "Modern Accomplishments" and "Modern Society"; yet these volumes, full of wisdom and goodness as they are, afford but insufficient evidence of the universality of her knowledge, and the depth and delicacy of her richly accomplished mind. In composition she was as conscientious as in all other things, desiring simply to strengthen, impress, and fortify her object—caring comparatively little how to adorn it by extraneous ornament. In whatever she did she was faithfully in earnest—fully and entirely free from every idea of self. She sought truth with the diligence and simplicity of a child, whose first duty is obedience. In her it was obedience to the Will of her Divine Master.

Miss Sinclair's actual home was in Edinburgh; she was only in London during "the season," where she was claimed by all circles—the literary, the scientific, the fashionable, the artistic, the religious; her enlarged mind and quick sympathies finding and giving pleasure wherever she went: young and old greeted her advent with delight. We have seen a fair girl decline a quadrille for the greater pleasure of a quarter of an hour's "talk" with "Miss Catherine." Gifted with quietness, simplicity, and refinement of manner, she had also a certain dignity and self-possession that put vulgarity out of countenance, and kept presumption in awe. She was endowed—as indeed are all her family—with a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice, with remarkable elegance and ease of diction, a perfect taste in conversation, without loquacity. She loved the world because it was God's world, and the people thereof, because He had breathed into them the spirit of immortality. The number she reclaimed and saved by her ready and unflinching aid is recorded in heaven; she permitted no record to be made on earth. In Edinburgh Miss Catherine Sinclair's loss will be most keenly felt. She erected the first drinking fountain there; she established schools and cooking kitchens; and, while benefiting, and protecting, and enlightening the lower orders, she frequently gathered around her the best society, blending the social and intellectual elements so skilfully together that the rugged became genial under her influence. And all this was done without parade or ostentation. If Catherine Sinclair sought to establish woman's "rights," it was simply by obtaining a wider range for the exercise of woman's "duties." Apart from the "strong-minded" clique on the one hand,

and the "fast" indelicacies of younger women on the other, Miss Catherine Sinclair worked, and never wearied. Devoted, without affectation; faithful to her Maker and her fellow-creatures; without guile; without one atom of literary jealousy; a woman whom it was a privilege and an honour to call "friend," has been up-lifted from us, when we hoped we should have been long strengthened by her example, solaced by her pure Christian meekness, and aided by her righteous zeal. Death cannot obliterate her works or her memory; these "shining lights" remain with us for ever:—

"Only the memory of the just
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

A. M. H.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Messrs. Calderon, Leighton, and Stevens have been elected associates of the Royal Academy. These elections are entirely satisfactory. The two painters have established their right to any honours the profession can confer upon them. The sculptor (Mr. Stevens) is less known. He has, however, produced several fine works, and is a gentleman of much ability. As honorary secretary to the Sculptors' Institute he had claims which his brethren in the Academy acknowledged.

THE RECEIPTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, IN 1864, have exceeded the very large sum of £12,000, an amount they have never reached during any preceding year since the foundation of the Academy.

MR. J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A., has received the appointment of "Limner to the Queen for Scotland," in the room of the late Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A. Mr. Paton undoubtedly merits this distinguishing mark of royal favour; but we were under the impression that the appointment was invariably given to the President of the Royal Scottish Academy for the time being; and, consequently, that the new President, Mr. George Harvey, would succeed to it.

THE CONVERSAZIONE at the Royal Academy, which closed the season, was very numerous attended, but not by artists or leaders of fashion, who, we suppose, were out of town.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—The proceedings of this institution during the past season have been most satisfactory. The lectures delivered were, generally, instructive and interesting, and the *conversazioni*, interspersed with musical performances, were exceedingly well attended. The last of these pleasant *réunions* was held in July, in the picture galleries of the South Kensington Museum, when the annual award of the society's prizes was announced as follows:—*Paintings*:—History: To Mr. J. Pettie, for his 'George Fox refusing to take the Oath at Houlker Hall, A.D. 1663' (Royal Academy, No. 471). Genre: To Mr. E. Nichol, for his 'Waiting for the Train' (Royal Academy, No. 508). Landscape: To Mr. G. Cole, for his 'Harvesting in Surrey' (Society of British Artists, No. 106).—*Water-colour painting*: To Mr. Walker, for his 'Spring' (Society of Painters in Water Colours, No. 92). To Mr. G. Shalders, for his 'Evening near Dorking' (Institute of Painters in Water Colours, No. 69).—*Architecture*: To Mr. H. W. Lamb, for his design for 'St. John's Church, Carlisle' (Architectural Exhibition, No. 228).—*Poetry*: To Mr. Robert Buchanan, for his volume of poems, "Undertones."

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1863.—A meeting of the directors has been held in Dublin, the Lord Mayor presiding. Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness gave very encouraging details of progress; the Lords Meath and Powerscourt seconding and supporting a resolution to the effect that "the Exhibition to be held in Dublin in 1865, is cordially deserving of support, and that we further it by every means in our power." Mr. Gilbert Saunders and Mr. H. Macdonnell have visited Paris and obtained cordial promises of assistance from the government, Prince Napoleon having consented to become president of the Commission there. In London the deputation received every

encouragement, both from manufacturers and the government, Earl Russell having sent 100 of their circulars to foreign countries. Government has granted permission that all packages should be opened at the Exhibition, so that it may serve as a bonded store. We anticipate great success for this International Exhibition in Dublin, and we have no doubt it will be achieved.

THE STATUE OF PRINCE ALBERT, to examine which her Majesty visited the atelier of Joseph Durham, and of which she expressed entire approval, is to be erected at Framlingham.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The annual *conversazione* of this society was held in July, at the rooms of the Institute, in Conduit Street, when a large number of members, with many visitors—men distinguished in literature, science, and Art—assembled by invitation of the president, Professor T. L. Donaldson, and the council. The rooms were well supplied with numerous and excellent works of fine and ornamental Art. Among the former were some statues and busts contributed by J. H. Foley, R.A.; statuettes of Cœur de Lion, Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, and 'Excelsior,' by Baron Marochetti, A.R.A.; portfolios of sketches by F. Goodall, R.A., and Louis Haghe; 'The Nativity,' by W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A.; drawings by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., T. Linnell, F. Goodall, R.A., H. Burton, T. S. Cafe, G. R. Ward, with others contributed by T. H. Maguire, T. M. Richardson, C. H. Sharpe, W. Cave Thomas, O. W. Brierley, E. Lundgren, and J. T. Barker; Durham's statues illustrative of British sports, &c.

THE WATER-GLASS PROCESS.—A letter addressed by Daniel Maclise, R.A., to the commissioners appointed in reference to wall paintings at Westminster, contains the following passage:—"His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort directed my attention to the water-glass method of painting, specimens of which I had seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and in which I had made some small experiments. In 1859, under his Royal Highness's auspices, I proceeded to Berlin and elsewhere, where the method had been successfully practised, and where I painted myself, and found the process so satisfactory that I adopted it for the execution of the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blücher,' and I am now engaged, in the corresponding panel in the Royal Gallery, in painting 'The Death of Nelson' in the same method." It is therefore to the far-seeing intelligence of the Prince Consort that we are indebted for this important and most valuable introduction. It is but another addition to the debt the country owes to his Royal Highness. Mr. Maclise adds his belief that "the process has many advantages over that of fresco, but is certainly a slow one and invites attention to details and to greater finish; above all it is to be hoped its enduring qualities will compensate for many drawbacks." [We are compelled to postpone for a month our remarks on the Report of the Commission.]

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The prizes, amounting in number to one hundred and sixty-six, have been distributed, the total of subscribers reaching 2,500. A meeting was held at the Crystal Palace on August 10, S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A., in the chair; the report was read, and resolutions moved by Sir Joseph Paxton, Dr. Reed, and others. The comparative paucity of subscriptions was accounted for by the lateness of the period at which operations commenced, caused by the removal of the Society from the Crystal Palace, and the closing of all connection between them—a circumstance prejudicial to the Crystal Palace, and beneficial to the Society. Its "locale" is now the "Polytechnic," in Regent Street, where the many beautiful works it has issued may be seen.

PRIZE MEDAL DRAWINGS.—An exhibition has been held at South Kensington of the drawings executed in different schools to which government medals have been awarded. This year they are 1,095, against 597 last year; and are considered by the examiners to give evidence of progress. They consist principally of drawings, in chalk on white and tinted paper, of every kind of object that can enter into ornamental design, copied from the flat, the round, high and low relief, and nature; in chalk, and water and oil colour. There are a few very creditable copies

from several of Mulready's Academy studies, and drawings from the Discoboli, the Gladiator, and other antiques; some very careful anatomical copies, with a few successful studies from natural flowers. Some attempts at oil pictures have been made, but this is a departure from the purposes of this kind of study, and should not be encouraged. We observe in certain of the designs the plant indicated at the bottom forming the basis of the composition. This is the most certain test of originality, and will show more than all else the ability of the student. Among the advanced examples were some patterns for carpets, in very good taste. It is to be hoped that the time will arrive when we shall be comparatively independent of foreign designers, although, on the whole, we confess to some disappointment in this exhibition.

BRUCCIANI'S new "Galleria delle belle Arti" is, perhaps, the best arranged saloon of its kind, either in this country or on the Continent. It is a long room, well lighted from above, with upper galleries. To the Art-loving public, Mr. Brucciani's collection of casts has been for years well known, but never until now has it been properly set forth. It is unnecessary to particularise even any of the famous old statues; but it is only justice to say that many of the casts are the most perfect that can be met with, from the marbles at Rome, Naples, Florence, in the Louvre, the British Museum, and elsewhere; of modern sculpture are casts from Canova, Danneker, Thorwaldsen, Flaxman, Baily, Gibson, Pradier, &c. In passing from the antique to the novelties of this very extensive collection, the eye is fascinated by an example of the most recent, which is one of these small plaster casts called by our French neighbours a *charge*, the subject being a group of the Emperor of the French and Lord Palmerston arm in arm; the former, in the Zouave uniform, twirling his moustache, is eloquent, even voluble, persuasive, and impressive, while the latter gravely listens. It is in imitation of terracotta, and one of the best things of its kind that has ever been done.

TO THE FIGURES representing the great artists, in the South Court of the Kensington Museum, there have been recently added those of Mantegna and Ghiberti, by Mr. Wehnert. The latter holds before him a small cast of the famous gates of the Baptistry of S. Giovanni. There is also by Mr. Poynter a figure of Phidias holding his statue of Minerva; it is draped in green, having the feet bare, which in every way, we submit, is a mistake. Other figures in progress are—Peter Vischer (of Nuremberg), by Mr. Scott; Fra Angelico, Mr. C. W. Cope; Holbein, Mr. Marks; Flaxman, Mr. Yeames; and Stothard, Mr. Gamble.

MESSRS. JACKSON BROTHERS, whose photographic works we have favourably spoken of on former occasions, have recently published a very beautiful series of views in the neighbourhood of Wensleydale, Yorkshire. Conspicuous among them are several of Jervaulx Abbey, certainly one of the most extensive and picturesque ecclesiastical remains in the county. Two or three of these latter views are very fine, especially so is that of the entire abbey, taken, we believe—for there is no indicating mark on any of the photographs—from the south-east; no painter's pencil could equal this for delicacy of tint, gradation of colour, and softness of atmosphere. A country lane scene is another very charming picture, striking in its light and shade, and wonderfully truthful in the character of its foliage. There are two waterfalls also particularly noticeable; one that appears forcing its way through a vast wall of barren rock, the other where the rocks are concealed by a magnificent clothing of trees. We point these out as worthy of special commendation, but the whole series is, with perhaps one or two exceptions, most excellent.

SOCIETY OF WOOD CARVERS.—The report of this society, for the year ending July 7th last, has reached us; it is, to a considerable extent, very satisfactory as regards the position and prospects of the institution, which now numbers 164 members of all classes; nineteen only of these reside in the country, the rest are domiciled in London. The subscriptions and donations for the past financial year reached £96 16s. 6d., the expenditure to £94 16s. 3d. The increased demand for stone-carving, says the Report, has

done much towards making wood-carvers busy, several of the members of the society having transferred their services to that branch through the great demand for "hands," especially for the works now going on at the New Foreign Office. The principal order for wood-carving during the year has been for Baron Rothschild's mansion, in Piccadilly, which has employed on an average twenty artists for the last six months, and is still in progress. It appears, however, that the names of thirty members have been on the unemployed list at various periods through the year, showing an aggregate loss to them of ninety-nine weeks' labour and pay. The Report alludes in gratifying terms to the announcement lately put forth by the Society of Arts as regards prizes offered to Art-workmen of various kinds; for wood-carving alone the sum of £177 10s. will be awarded, exclusive of a medal.

MR. LOUIS W. DESANGES, the eminent English portrait painter, executed some years ago, for the town hall of Nice, an equestrian portrait of his Majesty Victor Emmanuel. By a decree dated July 30, the king has conferred upon Mr. Desanges the cross and title of Knight of Saints Maurice and Lazarus. The decree and decoration have been transmitted to London through the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Turin.

AT SOUTH KENSINGTON the decoration of a court appointed to receive objects of oriental Art and manufacture, has just been finished by Mr. Owen Jones. It is to be called the Persian and Indian Court, and is a portion of the cloister opening into the Loan Court by three arches, and bisected in the centre by corresponding columns and arches. On entering the Court, the walls right and left present two large plain panels, flatted in Spanish brown, over, probably, a plain paper pattern, which shows through the paint. Cabinets, it may be supposed, are intended to be placed in front of these panels. Above these spaces runs a broad florid border in gilt on a blue ground, above which is an upper panel of a buff colour, with a flower in a *fleur-de-lis* lozenge. The arches are arabesqued in gilt, also on a blue ground, and round them is a broad bordering arabesqued in vermilion on a green ground, the sides of the columns where spaces occur being brown and buff, corresponding with the panels, with a green figured border. The principal bordering which divides the panels is continued round the columns. The most elaborate and difficult part of the ornamentation has been the painting of the centre compartment of the ceiling, the white ground of which is entirely filled by a rose pattern, springing from a centre-piece, the whole encompassed by a design of flowers and leaves. The painting of the inner section of the Court is less ornamental, but the panels correspond with those of the outer part. For a Persian and Indian Court, nothing in the way of ornament could be more appropriate, being, although rich, very light, and most successful as an imitation of oriental ornament.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART BAZAAR.—It is fully expected that the result of this undertaking will add upwards of £2,400 to the building fund of the school, so that the committee will be able to begin operations without delay. More than £500 was collected in purses, which the Princess of Wales received at the bazaar from the hands of the ladies who had collected the money.

THE "OWL" RIFLE PRIZE.—The novelty of the circumstances under which this prize was contended for recently at Wimbledon, necessarily attracted to it much interest. It was, as our readers have in all probability already learned, given by the editors of the *Owl*, a paper that has only been established a few months, but has already obtained great notoriety for the wit and satire found in its pages. This "Owl" prize is a beautiful work of manufacturing Art—a classical vase, or cup, double-handled, and of silver. On one side of the body is a bas-relief, in oxidised silver, of Minerva seated, with a spear and shield, and an owl by her side; another of these birds forms the plume of her helmet. On the opposite side is a group of Bacchanals crowned with vine leaves; an owl looks down upon them from a neighbouring tree, as they gambol among the bunches of grapes scattered over the ground. On the summit of the lid is a large and well-modelled owl. The vase is supported by a fluted stem,

standing on an ebony pedestal, that bears a silver shield with a suitable inscription. It was won by Sergeant Martin Smith, of the "Victoria" rifle corps, and was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Howell, James, & Co.

GEMS AND SCULPTURES.—An advertisement which appeared in our last month's number, referring to a volume of engravings from gems and sculptures, led us to obtain a sight of it. It is the work of a gentleman styling himself a "Septuagenarian Amateur," who has spent several years in collecting the finest examples of engravings from antique gems and sculptures, ancient and modern, which he has classified and arranged on the blank pages of a thick quarto volume. 2,340 specimens of gems and 350 specimens of sculptures are contained in it; among the former are included a number of exquisitely beautiful miniature photographs of the Poniatowski gems. The most famous collections of Art-works of this kind, both at home and abroad, have contributed towards this unique and most interesting volume.

WEST LONDON SCHOOL OF ART.—The second annual distribution of prizes to the students in this school was made towards the end of July, by the president, Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, who was supported in the chair by the Earl of Powis, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. George Godwin, F.S.A., and many other patrons and friends of the school. During the two years of its existence it has progressed so rapidly as to be able to hold its own against most of the older institutions; in proof of which it may be remarked that the entire number of medals obtained this year by the pupils was twenty-one, while a considerably larger number of students received other prizes or marks of distinction. Messrs. G. H. Ives, H. Montford, and G. S. Murdoch gained each the National Medallion, the highest distinction conferred by the Department of Science and Art. To Mr. G. Porter was awarded a prize in money, given by Captain Jolliffe, M.P., for the best sketch for a stained-glass window; and Messrs. H. Braun and F. Braun obtained prizes in the Society of Arts' competition among Art-workmen. Six senior students of the school have, during the past year, been admitted into the schools of the Royal Academy. Mr. Beresford-Hope prefaced the principal business of the meeting with some appropriate remarks, and spoke in terms of high commendation of the head-master, Mr. McDonald Clarke; and Mr. George Godwin expressed his regret that though the school was artistically prosperous, its finances were not in so healthy a condition; and he urged on its friends the desirability of giving to it the necessary aid.

PORTRAIT OF COLERIDGE.—The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have purchased the original portrait of Coleridge, painted by Washington Alston. It was painted at Rome in 1806, by the then famous American artist. It was considered by his friends the best likeness of the poet. Wordsworth speaks of it as "the only likeness of the great original that ever gave me the least pleasure." Coleridge was then in the prime of life, aged thirty-four. We heartily rejoice that the country owns this treasure.

PETROLEUM, OR "CAZELINE" OIL.—We have been favoured with some addenda to the article by Professor Archer in the August number of the *Art-Journal*; and two bottles of this valuable material have been sent to us—the one containing the oil as it issues from the earth; the other the refined article called "Cazeline." That which comes from the wells is of a dark greenish colour. The refined is singularly clear and pure. The produce of the Pennsylvanian wells gives but a slightly disagreeable odour compared to that which proceeds from the Canadian oil, and which it is, consequently, far more difficult and costly to refine. When the ground was first pierced for petroleum, the oil burst forth in a strong jet and continued to flow, so that large quantities were lost; but through the continued piercing, the oil has ceased to flow spontaneously, and now nearly the whole of the petroleum is raised by pumping, and the oil not required for stock is immediately "barrelled" and transported on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway to the ports of New York and Boston for Europe. The crude oil possesses an inflammable spirit termed "Eupeon." Much of the refined American oil first imported was highly charged with this spirit; hence the acci-

dents that occurred. Nothing can surpass in power, or be a more agreeable illuminating agent, than petroleum properly refined. Its value indeed is very generally admitted, and becoming better known and more estimated every day. There are now several large "refineries" in operation in this country. The principal is that of the Hydro-carbon Oil Company (Limited), which by a patented process transforms a dark greenish oil into a beautiful colourless product, popularly known as the "Patent Cazeline Oil." The inflammable spirit is carefully extracted and sold as a solvent to india-rubber manufacturers, varnish makers, &c. It is also a substitute for turpentine. The cazeline is therefore perfectly safe and gives a most brilliant and harmonious light. One fact, however, must not be overlooked, that the shipments this year have greatly fallen off—not above one-third of the quantity has been imported compared with the same period of 1863, while the demand is greatly extending over the Continent. To the Atlantic and Great Western Railway (the principal railway of America) these oil-wells have been great boons, largely augmenting its traffic and increasing its utility.

MR. C. BRUCE ALLEN has published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts* a plan for combining, in Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery and the Royal Academy. He proposes to absorb the barracks, the workhouse, and Archbishop Tennyson's school, so as to obtain sufficient space for future buildings. Under any circumstances the workhouse ought to be removed; and, as certainly, a barrack somewhat more distant would answer all requirements.

THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.—By command of her Majesty, the gardens at South Kensington were opened to the public, free, on the 26th of August—the birth-day of the good Prince Albert.

* PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—Dr. Crace Calvert, F.R.S., in the concluding lecture of his course of Cantor lectures, delivered at the Society of Arts, called attention to the metal magnesium, exhibited specimens of wire made from it, and showed the brilliant light which its combustion affords. This light is so intense, and possesses to so great a degree the qualities of sunlight, that photographs can readily be taken of objects illuminated by it. At the conclusion of the lecture several successful photographs were taken in thirty seconds by Mr. Claudet, of Theed's bust of the Prince Consort in the ante-room of the society's lecture hall, the first ever taken in London by means of this illuminating agent, and they elicited considerable interest among the audience.

A VERY FINE ITALIAN PICTURE, confidently attributed to Sebastian del Piombo, has been brought to this country from Paris. The subject is 'The Holy Family with St. John.' The Virgin occupies prominently the centre; she holds up with both hands a veil, with which she is about to cover the infant Saviour, who sleeps on a couch before her. The head of Joseph is seen on her right; he contemplates the sleeping Child with profound emotion, and on the other side is St. John, with an expression of adoration, as he generally appears when brought into the subject. The figures are relieved by a dark green curtain, the folds of which seem to have been painted without reference to drapery. It is painted on cedar, and is in excellent condition.

SURFACE PRINTING IN COLOURS.—Some very extraordinary experiments of this comparatively new art have been submitted to us by Mr. Hodson, its principal "professor," if so we may term the printer by whose studies and labours it has been brought to great perfection. These examples are quite as good as those in chromolithography, while, if we are rightly informed, they are produced at a fourth of the cost—in some cases, indeed, at a tenth—for a very good full-length portrait of Garibaldi is now before us that has been issued to the public at a charge of one penny. Another recommendation is the speed with which these works can be printed—as many, we believe, as 20,000 in a week. The invention, or rather "improvement," is thus one of vast importance in promoting Art-education among the masses, for the many will always give preference to colour; it is therefore most essential that this "power" should be directed to the production of such works only as are really good.

REVIEWS.

THE ART-IDEA: Part Second of Confessions of an Inquirer. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. Published by HURD & HOUGHTON, New York; WALKER, WISE, & Co., Boston.

With the din of war, if not its actual thunderings, rolling in the ears of the denizens of New York and other great cities of America, opportunity is still found for giving attention, in some degree, at least, to the gentle arts of peace. Commerce, it is said, flourishes amid all so apparently opposed to its prosperity; people find time for reading, or authors would not continue to write; and pictures meet with purchasers, or they would not be painted, as we have reason to know they are; and so, while death and destruction are doing their fearful work, and carrying bitter grief into thousands of households, the hand that holds the pen or the pencil finds occupation equally with one which wields the sword or lifts the rifle.

Mr. Jarves is an American author whose writings are almost as well known on this side the Atlantic as on the other; his "Art-Studies in Italy," and his "Art-Hints," have received most favourable notice from a considerable portion of the British press, including ourselves. "The Art-Idea" is his latest work, and, as the title indicates, is the sequel to a book previously published, but which we have not seen. We learn, however, from a kind of prefatory chapter in the present small volume, that it was published in 1857 under the title of "Confessions of an Inquirer," and that it referred to the Education of the Heart. It seems, from a number of extracts the author has introduced into the chapter just spoken of, which Mr. Jarves calls "Preliminary Talk," to have called forth much contradictory criticism, some reviewers eulogising it as a philosophical, manly, independent piece of writing; others denouncing it as mischievous, worthless, and decidedly anti-Christian. The author himself admits that "it was an error in form, but not in idea, which might have been treated so as to avoid the shocks it occasioned to sensitive consciences and tastes, had they been foreseen." Our ignorance of the "Confessions" prevents any expression of the opinion we might entertain of the book; and for the same reason we are unable to ascertain in what way, if any, it bears upon the later work, which is to be followed by another; the second volume—that now before us—treating of the subject of *Æsthetic Culture*, the third relating to the Religious Idea. The wish of the author is, he intimates, to trace in these three books "the growth of a mind through a diversified life to that period when there should be developed in it a wise submission to the divine laws of Being, and devout thankfulness for the gift of *being*."

This *Æsthetic Culture*, then, is Mr. Jarves's "Art-Idea," his revelation of the impressions the study of Art has made on his individual mind. In forming his judgment, he reviews the whole course of the progress of Art, through architecture, sculpture, and painting, from the earliest period to the present date, prefacing his observations with some general remarks on the objects and influences of Art, and the causes which have led to its practice in different nations and at different epochs. The field is one of vast extent, and to do ample justice to the materials it yields demands far greater space than the author has allowed himself, but his gleanings are by no means scanty nor unproductive of good result. Without much originality in the views taken, they are, so far at least, as ancient and mediæval Art is concerned, generally sound and truthful; nor do we recognise in what is said of Christian Art, any opinions to bear out the charges made by certain critics against the previous publication, but much to the contrary.

As an example of the estimate Mr. Jarves has formed of modern Art, the following extract, as relating to our own school, is not without interest. He has been speaking of the character of the old Dutch and Flemish pictures, and then goes on to say:—"English painting rises above this level, without aspiring to high Art. Fine Art, technically considered, is its principal aim. Its chief characteristics are a wholesome love of nature and home-life, delighting in portraiture, landscape, animals, the sea, and whatever is connected with the material grandeur or prosperity of the nation, or the social importance or actions of the individual. Like their civilisation, it first plants itself firmly upon the earth, associating with whatever is significant of wealth, power, family, and station—at heart affectionate and moral, in appearance coldly decorous, thoroughly realistic, sometimes humorous, seldom religious, and not often attempting the spiritual or imaginative." This, certainly, is not raising us to a lofty standard, but there is, as certainly, more of truth in

the remarks than what is said in a subsequent page:—"The English school is strongly realistic, and deficient in the sense of colour"—the italics are our own—"which is more particularly the language of idealism." Now if there be one quality of painting in which our artists have distinguished themselves, it is most assuredly in that of colour; neither would Mr. Jarves find many critics out of France who would endorse his opinion that—"France bears the palm to-day in modern Art. In painting, she presents a wider range of styles and motives, a greater knowledge, and more eminent names than any other country." The French school undoubtedly can boast many distinguished artists, but there are other schools, not excluding our own, that can produce men as distinguished in every department of Art which engages their attention.

A large portion of the book is devoted to the consideration of American Art, which is spoken of in eulogistic but not extravagant terms. The difficulties which the painters, architects, and sculptors of the country have to contend with are the absence of antecedent Art as examples,—no national history or literature, except that of comparatively recent date, to engage their sympathies, no public galleries or schools to encourage practice, no judicious and reliable criticism to point out merits or defects; and yet, says Mr. Jarves, "setting aside lofty motives, we have better promise of a genuine, original school of colour than any other nation. On looking at Allston, Babcock, Huut, La Farge, Inness, and Vedder, it really seems as if the mantle of Venice had fallen upon America, and the far-off New World was about to revive the departed glories of the Old. Possessing the burning language of poets and prophets, we await their full prophetic utterance."

In the spirit of a true Northerner, Mr. Jarves looks forward to the fearful strife now going on in America—which he describes as the "greatest civil war the earth has ever seen, and for the greatest ideas and largest liberty to the human race"—as a war "for equality, exaltation, and unity of peoples," out of which must spring up a school of Art of corresponding nobleness. It may prove to be so—a century or two hence, but the end is not yet, and who is bold enough to foretell through what terrible ordeal America has still to pass ere that end come, and what of good or evil will follow in its train? Even Mr. Jarves himself, in some subsequent remarks he makes, argues as if his faith in his own expressed views were too weak to bear up against what is passing around him in New York.

WINDOW GARDENS FOR THE PEOPLE, AND CLEAN AND TIDY ROOMS; being an Experiment to improve the Homes of the London Poor. By the Rev. S. HADDEN PARKES, M.A., Curate of St. George, Bloomsbury: Author of "Flower Shows of Window Plants for the Working Classes." Published by S. PARTRIDGE, London.

Passing the other day through a suburb on the south side of the metropolis, we stopped to look at a number of *gentle* houses, with which some speculative builder was rapidly covering what had previously been a considerable extent of green fields. While thus momentarily occupied, an old man of the artisan class, who was returning homewards from his daily toil, observed what had arrested our attention, and accosted us with,—"Ah, sir! I don't know what's to become of us poor, for they're building all the houses now for the gentlefolk." And certainly every one who sees what demolitions are daily taking place in London, and what residences are being erected in its outskirts, must acknowledge that the old man's apprehensions are not unjustifiable. On the other hand, our own experience, with that of others, goes to prove there are thousands of poor who could find homes of comfort did not intemperance and unthrifty habits debar them from using what is, or might be, within their reach; even in the most overcrowded and impoverished parts of the metropolis homes may be made comparatively pleasant and happy under proper management; and it is to show how this may be accomplished that this well-timed little volume has been published.

The parish of Bloomsbury is very far from being a destitute locality, but it contains some poor districts, to which Mr. Parkes and his rector, the Rev. Emilius Bayley, have directed much of their attention, with the view of benefiting the moral and social condition of the inhabitants. One of the means employed for this purpose is to encourage them to cultivate flowers; and the former of these gentlemen shows how this may be done even in a city garret or attic. Last year and the year preceding, flower-shows, open only to those living in certain districts of the parish, were held, and prizes

distributed among the competitors for the best grown specimens; even children were allowed and encouraged to exhibit. The success of these experiments was unequivocal, and the interest felt by the large majority of the poor people, whether exhibitors or not, could not fail to be most encouraging to those who promoted the movement. "The pride and pleasure," Mr. Parkes writes, "with which they showed the plants they had reared and trained, proved that every human feeling had not yet been banished from their hearts, notwithstanding the siu-hardening process through which they had passed. But perhaps the most amusing sight in the whole exhibition was the different domestic articles which had been made to do duty for the day as flower-pots. There were old cracked tea-pots of the most approved antique pattern, which doubtless years before had brewed the refreshing Bohea in the drawing-room of the neighbouring squares. There were jugs with dilapidated noses, which doubtless had paid regular visits to the public-houses. There were even washing-basins, and other articles of domestic use, the makers of which could never have dreamed that they would ever be put to such singular uses."

Our limited space prevents any comment on the chapter headed "Prizes for Clean and Tidy Rooms." We can only cordially recommend this truly valuable little book to all who may be desirous of finding a channel for usefulness among their poorer brethren in "pent-up cities" dwelling.

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS. By E. H. W. Published by WALTON AND MABERLEY, London. —POEMS. By THREE SISTERS.—POEMS. By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L., Author of "A Defence of the Queen's English. Published by HATCHARD & Co., London.

These three small volumes are classed together because they seem to have a common identity of character, though they differ from each other in quality. Preference must be given to that by E. H. W., whose poems have a chastened, oftentimes a sacred, meaning, accounted for in a great measure by the writer being an invalid, as the dedication page intimates. Many sweet thoughts, very pleasantly expressed, will be found in these pages, especially among the sonnets, some of which are really of a superior order.

We have met with worse attempts at lyric writing than the poems by the "Three Sisters," whose sympathies with nature, as seen in the county of Surrey especially, are very strong. But there are other themes also touched upon in very readable verse.

Mr. Moon's poems are not beyond the average of those of a hundred other scribes who give the world their thoughts in measured, but not always very regular, lines; moreover, there is an affection in the way in which he departs from the usual style of writing metre, by omitting to commence each line with a capital; he only uses one at the beginning of a verse, and after a period. This may be very good for children's reading, and that is all which can be said in its favour.

NOBLE DAMES OF ANCIENT STORY. By J. G. EDGAR. With Illustrations. Published by HOGG AND SONS, London.

From the chronicles of Froissart, and the writings of Dugdale chiefly, Mr. Edgar has compiled some historical memoirs which are very likely to find favour with a juvenile class of readers. The "noble dames" whose histories are here recorded lived in the fourteenth century, and in the stirring events of that period these ladies bore no inconsiderable share. Among them we read of Isabel the Fair, daughter of Philip of France, and the faithless wife of Edward II.; "Black Agnes," Countess of Dunbar, who so heroically and successfully defended her castle against the forces of Edward I.; Leonora D'Aunha, Queen of Portugal; Joan, Countess of Montfort; Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III.; Isabel Plantagenet, Countess of Bedford; and several others prominently noted in history. These stories convey a good idea of the character of the period with all its chivalric notions and actions, when "feudalism had flowered, so to speak, and was enjoying itself in the sunshine of its prosperity, with all its heraldic banners fluttering in the breeze," and high-born dames not unfrequently mingled in the strife of the battle-field, took active part in the councils of contending nations or intestine feuds, and presided at the deadly tournament, instead of as now receiving the homage of the cavaliers of the nineteenth century at flower-shows and fancy fairs, and winning their laurels in the "gentle arts of peace."

THE ART-JOURNAL.

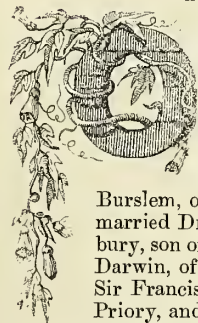


LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

WEDGWOOD AND ETRURIA.
A HISTORY OF THE "ETRURIA WORKS,"
THEIR FOUNDER AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART VII.



IN the 3rd of January, 1795, as we have seen, Josiah Wedgwood died. By his wife, of whom I have before spoken, he had a family of eight children. The eldest child, Susannah, baptised at Burslem, on the 2nd of January, 1765, married Dr. Robert Darwin, of Shrewsbury, son of the celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Derby (and half-brother to Sir Francis Darwin, M.D., of Breadsall Priory, and Sydnope, Darley Dale), by his first wife, Mary Howard, of Lichfield, and was the mother, along with other sons and daughters, of Charles Darwin, author of the "Origin of Species," &c. The second child of Josiah Wedgwood was John, baptised at Burslem, April 2nd, 1766. He was of Seabridge, and married Louisa Jane, daughter of Mr. Allen, of Criselly, Pembrokeshire, and by her had four sons and three daughters, viz., the Rev. John Allen Wedgwood; Lieut.-Col. Thomas Josiah Wedgwood, who married Anne Maria, daughter of Admiral Sir C. Tyler; Charles, who died without issue; the Rev. Robert Wedgwood, who married Frances, daughter of the Rev. Olley Crewe; Sarah Elizabeth; Caroline Louisa Jane; and Jessie, who married her cousin, Henry Allen Wedgwood. The third of Josiah Wedgwood's children was Richard Wedgwood, who was born in 1767, and died in 1782. The fourth was Josiah Wedgwood, the first member of parliament for the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent. Mr. Wedgwood, who was of Maer Hall, married Elizabeth Allen, and by her had four sons and five daughters, viz., first, Josiah Wedgwood (the third of that name), who married his cousin Caroline Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, and had issue; second, Henry Allen Wedgwood, barrister-at-law, who married his cousin Jessie, daughter of John Wedgwood, of Seabridge; third, Francis Wedgwood, of Etruria and Barlaston, the present highly respected head of the Etruria firm, who married Frances, daughter of the Rev. J. P. Mosley, of Rolleston Rectory, and has issue three sons, two of whom, Godfrey and Clement, are in partnership with their father—and four daughters; fourth, Hensleigh Wedgwood, barrister-at-law, of London, who married Elizabeth, daughter of the Right. Hon. Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, and has issue; fifth, Sarah Elizabeth; sixth, Mary, who died unmarried; seventh, Charlotte, married to the Rev. C. Langton, of Hartfield; eighth, Frances, who died unmarried; and, ninth, Emma, who married her cousin, Charles Darwin, F.R.S., author of the "Origin of Species," &c.

The next child of Josiah Wedgwood was Thomas, who died without issue, of whom I shall have more to say presently, and the remaining children were three daughters, Catherine, Sarah, and Mary Anne.

At the time of Josiah Wedgwood's death, as I have already shown, the sole partners in the firm were himself, his son Josiah, and Thomas Byerley, Mr. John Wedgwood, the eldest son, having previously withdrawn from business, and become a banker in London. The active business management at this time devolved mainly on Mr. Byerley, whose experience and skill were of great value. In 1800 the partners were, however, the brothers Josiah and John Wedgwood, and Thomas Byerley, which arrangement continued, as I shall relate, until the death of the latter in 1810.

Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, who suffered from constant ill health, took no part in the management of the business. He was a man of refined tastes, devoted, so far as health permitted, to scientific pursuits, and was widely and deeply respected. To him and to his brother Josiah, conjointly, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was indebted for that substantial assistance which proved the turning-point of his life, and enabled him to devote his talents to literature. The aid thus liberally and uninterestingly given by the Wedgwoods is so nicely spoken of by Mr. Coleridge's biographer, Cottle, that I cannot forbear quoting the following passages from his interesting narrative. Mr. Cottle says:—

"Mr. Coleridge, up to this day, February 18th, 1798, held, though laxly, the doctrines of Socinus. On the Rev. Mr. Rowe, of Shrewsbury, the Socinian minister, coming to settle in Bristol, Mr. Coleridge was strongly recommended by his friends of that persuasion to offer himself as Mr. R.'s successor; and he accordingly went on probation to Shrewsbury."

"It is proper here to mention, in order that this subject may be the better understood, that Mr. Poole, a little before the above period, had introduced Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Thomas and Mr. Josiah Wedgwood. These gentlemen formed a high estimation of Mr. C.'s talents, and felt a deep interest in his welfare. At the time Mr. Coleridge was considering whether or not he should persist in offering himself to the Shrewsbury congregation, and so finally to settle down (provided his sentiments remained unaltered) into a Socinian minister, the Messrs. Wedgwoods, having heard of the circumstance, and fearing that a pastoral charge might operate unfavourably on his literary pursuits, interfered, as will appear by the following letter of Mr. Coleridge to Mr. Wade:—

"Stowey.—My very dear friend,—This last fortnight has been eventful. I received one hundred pounds from Josiah Wedgwood, in order to prevent the necessity of my going into the ministry. I have received an invitation from Shrewsbury to be the minister there; and after fluctuations of mind, which have for nights together robbed me of sleep, and I am afraid of health, I have at length returned the order to Mr. Wedgwood, with a long letter, explanatory of my conduct, and accepted the Shrewsbury invitation."

"The two Messrs. Wedgwoods, still adhering to their first opinion, that Mr. Coleridge, by accepting the proposed engagement, would seriously obstruct his literary efforts, and having duly weighed the 'explanatory letter' sent them by Mr. C., addressed him a conjoint letter, announcing that it was their determination to allow him for his life one hundred and fifty pounds per year. This decided Mr. Coleridge to reject the Shrewsbury invitation. Mr. C. was oppressed with grateful emotions to these his liberal benefactors. He always spoke in particular of the late Mr. Thomas Wedgwood as being one of the best talkers, and possessing one of the acutest minds, of any man he had known. While the affair was in suspense, a report was current in Bristol that Mr. Coleridge had rejected the Messrs. Wedgwoods' offer, which the Socinians in both towns ardently desired. Entertaining a contrary wish, I addressed a letter to Mr. Coleridge, stating the report, and expressing a hope that it had no foundation. The following satisfactory answer was immediately returned:—

"My very dear Cottle,—The moment I received Mr. Wedgwood's letter I accepted his offer. How a contrary report could arise I cannot guess. . . . I hope to see you at the close of next week. I have been respectfully and kindly treated at Shrewsbury.—I am well, and now and ever your grateful and affectionate friend, S. T. COLERIDGE."

Other allusions to this truly generous action on the part of the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood occur in the same work, and Coleridge himself, in his "Biographia Literaria," says:—"While my mind was thus perplexed, by a gra-

cious Providence, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah and Mr. Thomas Wedgwood enabled me to finish my education in Germany. Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions and juvenile compositions, I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others."

De Quincey, speaking of the friendship which existed between Coleridge and the Wedgwoods, says:—"Coleridge attended Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, as a friend, throughout the anomalous and affecting illness that brought him to the grave. The external symptoms were torpor and morbid irritability, together with everlasting restlessness. By way of some relief, Mr. Wedgwood purchased a travelling carriage, and wandered up and down England, taking Coleridge with him as a friend. By the death of Mr. Wedgwood, Coleridge succeeded to a regular annuity of £75, which that gentleman had bequeathed to him. The other Mr. Wedgwood granted him an equal allowance."

Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, who was never married, died in the year 1805, at Gunville, Dorsetshire. He was a man of considerable scientific attainments. During his father's lifetime he prosecuted his studies with his aid and that of Alexander Chisholm, and made such progress in his researches into the properties of light, &c., that in 1792, three years before the death of Josiah, he communicated to the Royal Society an account of his "Experiments and Observations on the Production of Light from different bodies by Heat and by Attraction." His continued experiments and researches resulted in the discovery of the process of photography, and in 1802, in conjunction with Sir Humphrey Davy, who assisted him in his experiments, he made those discoveries known by a paper printed in the "Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain," under the title of "An Account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver; with observations by H. Davy." This is the first recorded attempt at fixing the images of the camera-obscura (which Wedgwood appears to have used from a youth) by the chemical influence of light. But for the death of this deep-thinking and wonderful man (Thomas Wedgwood), which took place about two years after this time, doubtless the world would have largely benefited by his labours in this particular field. As it was, he died before he had succeeded in permanently fixing the pictures he had obtained, and it was left to later experimentalists to perfect that wonderful art which he had discovered, and of whose success he had laid the foundation.

Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, the elder brother of Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, just named, was also a man of considerable taste, and of high attainments. He was one of the founders of the Royal Horticultural Society, and took an active part in public affairs. In 1832, he was elected member of parliament for the then newly-constituted borough of Stoke-upon-Trent, but retired from its representation in 1835. He died at Maer.

In 1810, Thomas Byerley, upon whom the bulk of the direct management of the concern had devolved from the time of the death of the great Josiah, died, and was buried at St. Anne's, Westminster—the church where he was married, and where Mrs. Byerley's mother (Mrs. Bruckfield) and his infant son were previously buried.

During the period of the war then going on with France—a weary and a troublous time for the commerce of this country—Mr. Byerley had worked incessantly and earnestly at the business, and had succeeded in maintaining for it its high position; but the exertions and anxieties overpowered him at length, and he sank. He "was a grave, reserved, but kind being, and those who knew him learnt to appreciate his goodness, and to love as well as reverence the dignified urbanity that characterised his deportment." He was devotedly attached to his uncle, the great Josiah; and many circumstances which have come

* I have heard it related that during this war large orders were received from France by the Messrs. Wedgwood, and other potters of the district, for marbles. These were made in great quantities, shipped off to the Continent, and there used as bullets. During the same war, I believe, goods to the value of several thousand pounds, which were in their warehouse in France, were destroyed.

to my knowledge show that attachment to have been mutual.

On the death of Mr. Byerley, the business was carried on by Josiah Wedgwood alone, until Martinmas, 1823, when he took his eldest son Josiah (the third of that name) into partnership, the firm being carried on under the style of "Josiah Wedgwood and Son." Four years afterwards, at Martinmas, 1827, the other sons having been taken into partnership, the style was altered to that of "Josiah Wedgwood and Sons."

In November, 1841, Josiah Wedgwood senior, of Maer Hall, retired from the business, and it was carried on by his sons until the following April, when Josiah Wedgwood junior also retired. The style of the firm, however, continued to be, as it is to the present day, "Josiah Wedgwood and Sons."

The manufacture of china, which had, for reasons already given, never been attempted by the great Josiah, was commenced at Etruria about the year 1808 or 1809, in the time of Mr. Byerley, who considered that it would be an advantageous addition to the works; but was only carried on for a very few years, probably only nine or ten, and then finally discontinued. The china ware thus made was of extremely good quality, both in texture of body, in colour, in glaze, and in decoration. It was not made to any great extent, and is now very scarce. In Mr. Gladstone's possession is an excellent specimen—a coffee mug, the ground of a small pattern, in blue, with Chinese figures in tablets, in red and other colours. Examples also occur in other private collections, and collectors will find in the Jermyn Street Museum, London, and in Mr. Mayer's Museum, Liverpool, excellent and characteristic specimens.

The mark on the china is the simple name

WEDGWOOD,

in small capital letters, printed on the bottom in red or blue colour.

Some of the china is painted, and other examples which I have seen are printed in blue. The example in the Jermyn Street Museum is decorated with flowers and humming-birds in bright oriental colouring, and is well gilt.

"Stone china" was also at one time, to some little extent, made at Etruria, examples of which are now rare. It ceased to be made about the year 1825. It was remarkably fine in body, and its decoration exceedingly good.

In 1815, on the 15th of January, Mrs. Wedgwood, widow of the great Josiah, died at Parkfield, in the eighty-first year of her age, and was, a few days later, buried in the parish church of Stoke-upon-Trent, near her husband. On the north wall of the chancel of that church, close by the monument of her husband, engraved in our last, is a Gothic memorial tablet of plain and very poor design, recording her death. It bears the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of
SARAH,
Widow of Josiah Wedgwood,
of Etruria,
Born August the 18th, 1734.
Died January the 15th, 1815.

The productions of the firm at this time—and, indeed, through each successive change in the proprietary down to the present time—were, as they had been in the time of the first Josiah, divided between the "useful" and the "ornamented." The "useful" consisting of services of every kind in fine earthenware, and in all the varieties of bodies hitherto introduced, to which additional patterns were constantly added; and the "ornamented" comprising all the immense variety of exquisite articles which had been made by the great founder of the works, with additional vases, medallions, and other pieces.

In 1843, on the 23rd of August, Mr. John Boyle became a partner in the firm; but his connection was only of short duration, and sixteen months afterwards, on the 4th of January, 1845, he died.

On the 2nd of March, 1846, Mr. Robert Brown,* of Cliff Ville, became a partner with the Messrs.

* Mr. Brown was a man of enlarged understanding, of great experience, and of wonderful business talents. He realised a handsome fortune entirely by his own industry and exertions, and was possessed of a refined taste, which aided him materially in his progress.

Wedgwood; but, dying on the 26th of May, 1859, Mr. Francis Wedgwood was again left sole proprietor of the works. In November of the same year he was joined in partnership by his son Mr. Godfrey Wedgwood, and in 1863 by his second son, Mr. Clement Wedgwood, and the works are still carried on by them—Messrs. Francis Wedgwood, Godfrey Wedgwood, and Clement Wedgwood—under the old style of "Josiah Wedgwood and Sons."

The MARKS used by the Wedgwoods have been but few, and will therefore in a few words be disposed of in this memoir. The mark has in all cases, except during the partnership of Thomas Bentley, on that particular branch of the manufacture in which he had an interest, been the simple name of Wedgwood. In some instances the name is impressed in large capitals—

WEDGWOOD.

in others, it appears in small capital letters—

WEDGWOOD.

and in others, though not so commonly, in the ordinary type—

Wedgwood.

On a few pieces the name occurs thus—

WEDGWOOD
ETRURIA.

On those ornamental goods (vases, medallions, &c.) in the production of which Thomas Bentley had an interest—for it will be remembered I have already stated that the partnership between himself and Josiah Wedgwood extended to the "ornamented" branch only, and had nothing whatever to do with the "useful"—the general mark used was the circular one here shown. In this the letters are *raised*, not sunk, as in the other marks. Another used at this time was as follows—

WEDGWOOD
& BENTLEY,

and another—

Wedgwood
& Bentley;

both of which are, of course, impressed marks.

With regard to these marks of "Wedgwood and Bentley," it may be well to remind collectors that whatever pieces may come into their hands bearing these names must have been made in the twelve years between 1768 and 1780.

Besides these marks, a variety of smaller ones—letters, flowers, figures, and numbers, both impressed and in colours, are to be seen on the different varieties of wares. These, it will be easily understood, are simply workmen's marks, or marks denoting period, &c., and which, being private marks, concern only, and are of interest only, to the proprietors themselves.

And now, while speaking of *marks*, a few words may opportunely be introduced on a matter which is somewhat puzzling to collectors, and about which they will doubtless be glad to receive enlightenment. It is this: in many collections pieces of one kind or other will be found bearing the mark

WEDGWOOD & Co.,

and others with the mark of

WEDGEWOOD,

sometimes impressed, and sometimes in colour. The latter, it will be observed, has a central E, which the real name of Wedgwood does not possess. These I have heard variously appropriated by collectors to Wedgwood and Bentley, to Wedgwood and Byerley, and to a dozen other supposed periods and people. I am enabled to state that these pieces, many of them highly creditable and excellent productions, were not made by the Etruria Wedgwoods at all, but that the latter (the "Wedgwood," and sometimes the "Wedgwood") were the manufacture of Messrs. William Smith, and others, of Stockton, against whom Messrs. Wedgwood applied for and obtained an injunction restraining them from using the name of "Wedgwood," or "Wedgewood."

The following official notification will well explain this matter, and prove of considerable interest to collectors:—

"Vice Chancellor of England's Court,
"Lincoln's Inn, 8th August, 1848.

"IN CHANCERY.

"*Wedgwood and others against Smith and others.*
"MR. BETHELL on behalf of the Plaintiffs, Francis Wedgwood and Robert Brown (who carry on the business of Pottery, at Etruria, in the Staffordshire Potteries, under the Firm of 'Josiah Wedgwood and Sons'), moved for an Injunction against the defendants, William Smith, John Walley, George Skinner, and Henry Cowap (who also carry on the business of Pottery, at Stockton, in the County of Durham, under the Firm of 'William Smith and Company'), to restrain them and every of them, their Agents, Workmen, or Servants, from stamping, or engraving, or marking, or in any way putting or placing on the Ware manufactured by them, the Defendants, the name 'Wedgwood' or 'Wedgewood,' and from in any manner imitating or counterfeiting such name on the Ware manufactured by the Defendants since the month of December, 1846, or hereafter to be manufactured by the Defendants, with the name 'Wedgwood' or 'Wedgewood,' stamped, engraved, or otherwise marked or placed thereon.

"Mr. Bethell stated that the trade mark 'Wedgwood' had been used by the family of the Wedgwoods for centuries; he would not, however, go further into the matter at present, because Mr. Parker appeared for the Defendants, and it might become necessary—with whom, and himself, it had been arranged by consent on Mr. Parker's application on behalf of the Defendants, for time to answer the Plaintiffs' Affidavits—that the Motion should stand over until the Second Seal in Michaelmas Term next; and that in the meantime the Defendants should be restrained as above stated; except that for the words, 'since the month of December, 1846,' the words, 'since the month of July, 1847,' should be substituted.

"Mr. J. Parker said he appeared for the Defendants, and consented without prejudice; and on his application for time to answer the Plaintiff's Affidavits, the Court made an order accordingly.

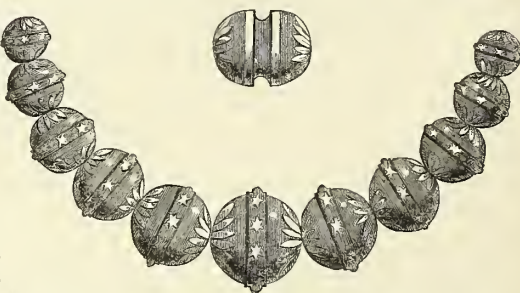
"On the 9th day of November, being the Second Seal in Michaelmas term, 1848, Mr. E. Younge, as counsel for the above-named Plaintiffs, moved for, and obtained, a perpetual Injunction against the Defendants in the Terms of Mr. Bethell's Motion, substituting for the words, 'since the month of December, 1846,' the words, 'since the month of July, 1847;' the Defendants consenting to pay to the Plaintiffs their costs.

"Solicitor for the Plaintiffs,

"SAMUEL KING,
"Furnival's Inn, Middlesex."

Of the pieces bearing the mark of "Wedgwood and Co." (which was not used by the Wedgwoods of Etruria), I shall take another occasion to speak.

In previous chapters I have given engravings of a selection of the productions of the Etruria works, in which I have sought to exhibit some of the different classes of the "ornamented" goods. I now desire to add to these one or two other engravings of the smaller varieties of these goods, some of which are but little known. The first engraving



here given shows two patterns of one of the most minute and most exquisitely beautiful of the productions to which the jasper ware was applied, viz., beads for the neck and for bracelets. Those here exhibited are engraved from examples in the possession of my friend Dr. Davis, F.S.A., and others are to be seen in various collections. The body is the blue, or other coloured jasper, and the foliage and ornaments are raised in white.

I am desirous of adding a representation of an elegant example of Wedgwood ware, but of a larger and more costly kind. It is a simple but very chaste *déjeuné* service, belonging to the Right

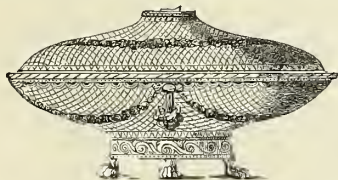
Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom I have pleasure in expressing my obligations for the use of his collection, and for other acts of kindly courtesy. Of this *déjeuné* service Mr. Gladstone says, in his "Wedgwood: an Address"—"I have a *déjeuner*, nearly slate coloured, of the ware which, I believe, is called jasper ware. This seems to me a perfect model of workmanship and taste. The tray is a

short oval, extremely light, with a surface as soft as an infant's flesh to the touch, and having for ornament a scroll of white ribbon, very graceful in its folds, and shaded with partial transparency. The detached pieces have a ribbed surface, and a similar scroll reappears; while for their principal ornament they are dotted with white quatrefoils. These quatrefoils are delicately adjusted in size to the varying circumferences, and are executed



both with a true feeling of nature and with a precision that would scarcely be discredit to a jeweller."

I also add an engraving, here given, of one of the most wonderful, as it is at the same time one of the most elegant achievements of fictile art. It is one of those open-work baskets of which but few were made, but which were considered to be among the most choice of Wedgwood's productions. The body of which these baskets were composed is the "bamboo" or "cane-coloured" ware—a body peculiarly well adapted for the purpose, and well calculated, both by its lightness, its colour, and other characteristics, to carry out deception, and to make the plainer patterns



pass for real wicker work of the finest quality. The example I have engraved is preserved in the museum at Hanley, along with several other highly interesting pieces of Wedgwood's various wares; and another very fine specimen is still remaining at Etruria. The one I have engraved, it will be seen, is an open-work basket and cover, of peculiar but remarkably graceful form—a form difficult to produce, and is ornamented with festoons and wreaths of flowers. In the museum at Hanley, in which this basket is preserved, are many interesting specimens of other varieties of "Wedgwood ware" of different periods, which the collector will be interested in examining. Among these are remarkably good examples of flowered vases of Japanese style, and of large size, both with a light ground, with birds and flowers in bright colours, and with a black ground with similar decorations.

In the same museum is preserved as truly interesting a relic of the latter days of the great Josiah as that of his early time—the indenture of his apprenticeship—to which I have before referred. I allude to the cabinet—a large one containing a multiplicity of drawers—in which he arranged his specimens of clays and other earthy substances, his fossils, and the results of his trials into their properties. In this cabinet all these objects, although, of course, many times disturbed, and in most cases injured, still remain

as they were placed by him, and there they are now—thanks to that commendable spirit which induced the executive of the institution to secure them by purchase—likely to remain as lasting mementoes of his skill and industry. The cabinet contains, among a mass of other matters, some hundreds of Wedgwood's and Chisholm's trials of glazes, &c., all carefully numbered; of trials of bodies, with, in some instances, the degrees of heat to which they have been subjected; of small earthenware vessels in which his samples of clays, &c., were kept, and of other things of equal interest. These small earthenware vessels (mostly of fine Queen's ware) are generally oblong square in form, of various sizes, from an inch to three or four inches in length, and they have each a small projection, inwardly, at the top, on which the number could be affixed. Nothing could show the care which Wedgwood bestowed on the details of his business better than these little vessels, which are almost all marked with his name, and are remarkably well formed; and it is truly pleasant, on withdrawing the bars and opening the drawers of this cabinet, to feel that one is as it were in the presence of the great man, surrounded by his secrets, and admitted into all the intricacies of his private laboratory. It is very much to the credit of the committee of the Hanley Mechanics' Institution that they have secured to the Potteries this memorial of the great head of its native art.

Having now spoken pretty fully of the productions of the Etruria works, and of their great founder, and remarked upon their characteristics in the earlier periods of their career, as well as in those of a later date, it remains only to bring my narrative down to the present time, by saying a few words on the different classes of goods manufactured by the Messrs. Wedgwood at the time I write, and of some of the specialities of their various productions. As in the "olden times" of the great Josiah, so it is now at Etruria. The self-same moulds are used; the self-same principles are acted upon and carried out; the same mixture of bodies and glazes, with but (in some instances) trifling modifications, are in daily use; the same system is employed, and the same varieties of goods are manufactured as was the case in his days; and, consequently, the vases, the medallions, the services, and all the other goods which he made seventy, eighty, or ninety years ago, may be, and are, daily reproduced for customers of the present time. It is true that the ornamental goods of the present day have not quite that charm of super-excellence about them

which those made in the days of the first Josiah possess; but it must be conceded by collectors that a great deal of that charm consists solely in the knowledge that they are the productions of his own time, and in the established fact that nothing produced since then can equal them in finish, or in softness and beauty of surface. Taken as productions of the present time alone, it is pleasant to feel that Messrs. Wedgwood's jasper and other ornamental goods stand as far in advance of their competitors as those of the great Josiah did in advance of those of his own time.

I have already stated that Messrs. Wedgwood still produce their "jasper," their "basaltes," their "red," their "cream-coloured," and, indeed, all the other wares for which the works in the olden times were so famous. The jasper goods are still—as they have ever been since the first production of that marvellous body—their principal feature—the great speciality of their works. In this, since the days of Turner, they have never even been approached, and their goods still maintain their old and high reputation. All the famous works of the olden time—from the Portland vase down through all the chaste and truly beautiful varieties of vases, plaques, medallions, services, &c.—are still made in all their beauty, with the addition of many new and ever-varying designs and combinations.

The jasper is produced in dark and in light blue of various shades (with, of course, the raised figures and ornaments in white), in sage-green, in pink, and other tints. It is also produced both in "solid jasper"—that is, the solid coloured body throughout—and in "jasper dip," which is the white jasper body with the colour laid on the surface. The "solid jasper" was reintroduced in 1856.

Another speciality of the ornamental productions of the Etruria works at the present day—for it is but of recent introduction—is that of "majolica," which is produced of extreme beauty and of high artistic excellence, as well in dessert and other services as in pieces of a more strictly and solely ornamental character. The manufacture of majolica, it is of course well known, revived by Mr. Minton, whose firm in that, as in many other varieties of pottery, takes the lead in point of excellence of decoration. The manufacture of majolica was commenced at Etruria in 1860, and in this style, I believe, Messrs. Wedgwood now produce as much in quantity as is done in any other establishment, while their quality and style of decoration is of commensurate excellence. In the purely artistic portion of the majolica—the paintings on plates, dishes, slabs, and other pieces—those produced at Etruria are fully equal, both in force of drawing, in purity of style, and in depth as well as delicacy of colouring, to any produced at Sèvres; while in choice of subjects they are far superior to those of the Royal factory. In quantity, too, I believe that the productions in this particular and wonderfully artistic and beautiful style are multiplied by six at Etruria, while they are divided by ten in cost. The principal painter of these majolicas is M. Emile Lessore, an artist of considerable repute, whose works are much sought after.* His majolicas have the advantage of bearing his name, written on the painting itself, either in full, "Emile Lessore," or "E. Lessore." Whether in pastoral, emblematical, or other groups, or in the nude figure, this artist's productions bear the stamp of originality, and are characterised by great freedom and power of touch, and by harmonious and rich colouring. The future collector will be pleased to know that the pieces bearing the name of M. Lessore, and the Wedgwood mark, have been produced since 1859.

In majolica a dinner service of unique pattern, with figures and foliage on the rim, has just been designed, and will no doubt prove very successful.

* M. E. Lessore possesses first-rate abilities, and his works are far superior to those of any other artist in this striking and beautiful style. His name is well known as a painter in oil; but of late years, having turned his attention to producing paintings on pottery, M. Lessore has succeeded, by the liberal and enlightened aid of the Messrs. Wedgwood, in founding a school of decorative art on pottery which bids fair to be of lasting duration, and in which the works of Rubens, Raphael, Titian, and other great masters are interpreted in such a way as to render them applicable to fictile purposes. M. Lessore was, I believe, for a time at the Royal Works of Sèvres.

In majolica, too, as in the "malachite," the "mottled," the "agate," and other wares, dessert and toilet services, and a variety of both useful and ornamental articles, are made—ranging from the large-sized garden seat (a fine one, formed of bamboos, is specially deserving notice) and the gigantic vase down to the small and delicately-formed ladies' ring stand. In the "mottled" ware a marvellously rich and striking effect is produced by the combination of the most brilliant colours, while in the "malachite" the beautiful green and darker wavings of the stone are well imitated.

"Parian" was made by the Messrs. Wedgwood at Etruria about 1848 or 9, and was of good quality.

Another variety of ornamental work is the "inlaid" ware, in which a variety of articles, including services, are made. The effect of this style of ornamentation is much the same as the "Tunbridge ware," which, of course, is well known to my readers. It is striking from its novelty, and pleasing from its very simplicity.

Turning now to the "useful" and more strictly commercial part of the works, I must first of all note that the "cream-coloured" ware, the veritable "Queen's ware" of the olden time, is still made to an enormous extent, and is still sought for and purchased throughout the world. Of a delicate creamy whiteness in colour, light and pleasant to the touch, true and close-fitting in the "potting," and covered with one of the most faultless of glazes, this ware still "holds its own," and maintains its wonted supremacy. In it, services and every variety of useful articles are made; and it is pleasant to add that the pieces are still made in the old moulds used in the great Josiah's time, with only such modifications as fit them for more modern notions. For instance, the "turin" modelled by Flaxman, and charged for in his bill, which I have printed, is still made, with only the addition of newly-designed handles, and hundreds of others of the "ancient forms" are still, in the same way, preserved and produced.

The next principal variety of useful ware is the "pearl" body—a body of great hardness and durability, of a pure pearly white, and glazed to the utmost perfection. In this, as in the cream-coloured, services and useful goods of every description are manufactured, both in plain white and printed. The same body is used also for many of the decorated varieties, and is highly glazed. The "pearl" ware is not a "pearl of great price," but one for ordinary use and of moderate cost.

"Rockingham ware," of a very superior quality and of a good colour, is made largely at Etruria in tea-pots, coffee-pots, services (the cups white inside), and other articles.

The "porous ware" used for water bottles, butter coolers, &c., is also made at the present time; and the "mortar ware" is still made, and keeps foremost rank in the market.

In the "red ware"—a rich colour and fine body—services and a large number of other articles are produced, and are frequently ornamented with raised figures, &c., in black, with good and striking effect.

BLUE PRINTING was introduced at Etruria at an early date, and has, of course, with black, &c., been continued to the present day.

These are the principal varieties of wares in the "useful classes," and it will be sufficient, in closing, to make the one general remark, that the services now made at Etruria, whether dinner, tea, dessert, or toilet—whether of the more ordinary descriptions "for the million," or of the more elegant and costly "for the few"—are all thoroughly good, and all produced with that care and nicety which have ever characterised the place and its proprietors.

The markets to which the goods are sent are more widely spread than perhaps will be conceived by the uninitiated, and it is not too much to say that, besides the home trade, which is very extensive, the "Wedgwood ware" of the present day is sent, as it used to be, to every quarter of the globe.

In a former chapter I have given a view of one portion of the Etruria works—the "Black Works," as that portion was called—and I now add two others, for the purpose of giving my readers some idea of their extent and their general character.

The first view introduced of these famed works shows the front of the manufactory. In the foreground is the canal—the canal carried out by the enterprising spirit of Wedgwood, and formed by the indomitable skill of Brindley—which passes close to the works; where there is, as will be seen, excellent wharfage; it has branches opening

directly into the manufactory itself, so that boats may be laden and discharged with the greatest ease. To the left of the view will be seen the "hovels" and kilns; and in the centre—the large pedimented building with the bell-turret—are the "show-rooms," the offices, the "museum," &c.; and at the extreme end of the view, to the right,



will be seen the lodge, &c. These works, it may be remembered, were planned and built by the great Josiah, and possess, therefore, an unusual degree of interest.

My next illustration shows a part of the interior of one of the yards, which I have selected as much from its historical interest as from its picturesque character. It is one part of the "useful"

works where so much of the "Queen's ware" and other of the staple manufactures of the place has been made; but it is most especially "interesting" as showing the stone steps—those to the left hand—by which Josiah Wedgwood constantly ascended to his counting-house, and the bridge by which he crossed the yard from his office to the warerooms and works.



The whole of this part of the works has an air of venerable age about it, and the very atmosphere seems to breathe of the presence, as it were, of the master mind of its first and greatest owner. But not only in this part of the works. The same remark will apply to nearly every portion of the place, and perhaps more especially so to the en-

gine and engine-house, which have an appearance of antiquity about them possessed by no others in the kingdom. The steam-engine to which I refer was one of the first made by James Watt, and has worked uninterruptedly since his day to the present hour, and still does its work as well and "sweetly," as the engineers say, as ever. It is a

condensing engine of forty horse-power, and its great curiosity consists in its being worked with the "sun and planet" motion, instead of the "crank." It is the only engine of this construction in existence, and therefore possesses an unusual amount of interest.

Of the village of Etruria, I have before said a few words. It consists of one long straight street, running down from the canal bridge, at the works, to the railway station, with some shorter side streets, and contains, I believe, about two hundred houses, almost entirely inhabited by Messrs. Wedgwood's workpeople and their families. The houses are far better than is generally the case; and it is pleasant to add that the people, as a rule, have a more comfortable, happy, and "cared for" look than is usual in the potteries. Etruria has its church, its dissenting places of worship, and its schools, which are principally supported by the Messrs. Wedgwood. It has also its wharf, its "Etruscan Bone Mills," its foundry, its immense iron-works, its newly-erected forge, and many other important features; and it has, too, its village inns, its post-office, and its huxters' shops. I have said that there are village inns at Etruria: two of these, the "Bridge Inn" and "Etruria Inn," are close to the works. The first, the "Bridge Inn," kept by Mrs. Jones, a worthy matronly old lady, who all her life-time has been connected with the Wedgwoods, as nurse and otherwise, closely adjoins the works to the left of the view of the front in the engraving just given, and here the visitor will find the old spirit of Wedgwood pervading the whole place. In one room Sir Joshua Reynolds' beautiful portrait of Josiah Wedgwood—the fine mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds—is faced by photographs of the present generations of the family; and in another, the same portrait of Josiah Wedgwood has for its companion an interesting group of portraits of Mr. Francis Wedgwood and nine of his workmen, whose average term of servitude with the firm was at that time more than fifty-four years. This truly interesting group bears an inscription worthy of being preserved. Here it is:—

"Etruria Jubilee Group of Francis Wedgwood, Esq., and nine workmen, whose average time of servitude is 54½ years, November, 1859. From a photograph by John Emery. Front row, sitting, from left hand of group, Moses Brownson, Enoch Keeling, Francis Wedgwood, Esq., William Stanway, Thomas Mason. Rear row, standing, from left hand of group, James Boulton, William Adams, John Adams, John Pinny, Benjamin Lovatt."

Of these workmen all but Thomas Mason are still living, and still work in their old rooms, at their old, old occupation, where now they have been engaged for more than sixty years. Born in the village, commencing work when mere children, they have continued through the "seven ages" on the spot which gave them birth, and there, when their sands are run, they will rest—not where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," for the hamlet is, as I have shown, of comparatively modern formation, but with their fellow labourers.

No stronger testimony, surely, could be given to the kindly excellence of the Wedgwoods as employers than what this group affords—showing, as it does, the master surrounded by a number of his workmen who have been faithful servants for so many years. It is interesting to note that in the person of one of these men, William Stanway, an absolute link with the great Josiah is kept up. This man began to work at Etruria the very year of Josiah Wedgwood's death (1795), and has remained there ever since—a period of sixty-nine years.

And now, a word or two on what has been done of late years, and what is now doing, to do honour to, and to perpetuate, the memory of the great and good Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the Etruria works, whose full biography I have the proud satisfaction of being the first to write, and the history of which I have here, for the first time, prepared and given to the world.

It is true that the works of Josiah Wedgwood form, and will remain, his greatest, proudest, and most lasting monument, but it is equally true that to him, above most men, it was fit that not only a national and public monument should be erected, but that an institution, such as he would

have gloried in supporting, should be founded in connection with his name, and in the district which he had so much benefited, and, indeed, raised to its high state of prosperity. It was fit that a public monument should be erected, and it was equally fit that an educational and Art institution should be established to his memory; and these, happily, have been accomplished.

In 1859, the project of a public statue to Josiah Wedgwood was broached. This laudable project originated with Mr. Josiah Mayer, of Hanley, and was carried out to a successful issue by Mr. Edward Allbut, the secretary. The circulars and papers issued by its promoters thus well expressed the feeling of the district:—

"It is a time-honoured custom that an intellectual and grateful people should seek to perpetuate the memory of its distinguished men by erecting STATUES to their honour. The bronze and the marble do not simply recognise the genius that once emanated from a single soul; they also declare that its scattered rays now light up many intellects, and are widely diffused among the race.

"From all England's worthies it would be difficult to select one to whom this remark could be more applicable than the late JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. Though dead, his memory still lives amongst us in a thousand beautiful and classic forms which he introduced, and by the improvements and inventions by which he converted a rude manufacture into one of the highest developments of Art. In him were blended classical taste, scientific skill, and practical ability; and this rare union of qualities, warmed and vivified by a temperament singularly poetic and artistic in its manifestations, was entirely devoted to one great practical object, involving the elevation and employment of his fellow-men.

"Throughout the length and breadth of England, the name of Josiah Wedgwood is a 'household word.' In this particular district, honoured by his birth and residence, and enriched by his genius, there is not an employer—hardly, indeed, an operative—who cannot more or less fully repeat the story of his active and useful life.

"It is perhaps owing to this remarkable familiarity with his name, that no monument has been hitherto erected to his memory. But nearly two-thirds of a century have now elapsed since his decease. Longer delay might be mistaken for ingratitude; and although time can never obliterate the benefits he has conferred, the few contemporaries who can still personally identify them as the direct result of his perseverance and genius are fast passing away, and with each succeeding generation tradition becomes fainter.

"Impressed with these views, a number of gentlemen assembled at Stoke-upon-Trent on Monday, January 24th, 1859, John Ridgway, Esq.,* in the chair, when it was resolved—

"I.—That the lapse of more than sixty years since the death of Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S., has applied the test of time to his works, and shown that they possess the lasting power of pleasing, not dependent on having been suited to the fashion of his day; which, combined with the permanent and general usefulness of his labours, seems to point him out as a fit subject for a public monument.

"II.—That a statue be erected to his honour by public subscription, the character and locality to be left to the decision of the subscribers.

"Among the distinguished men who have too long waited for a befitting recognition of their worth and services, stands pre-eminently Josiah Wedgwood. France has long honoured her Palissy; Germany her Boettcher; Italy her Luca del Robbia; and all those countries assign equal honour to our Wedgwood. Only his own country has, however, hitherto seemed reluctant to provide that memorial which his genius, his moral worth, his personal example, and his signal services to his countrymen justly deserve. Wedgwood, however, has never been forgotten, and recently a tide of reaction in favour of permanently honouring his memory by a national monument has steadily set in; and the lovers of genius, Art, practical sagacity, and moral earnestness, will be inexcusably to blame if, before that tide ebbs, they have not secured a lasting public tribute to his memory. At first sight it may seem that to put the monument into the shape of a handsome building devoted to some useful public purpose would answer the double end of honouring the dead, and furthering the welfare of the living; but to do anything well we must be content to kill one bird with one stone, and this scheme is no exception to

the rule. The utility must be suited to the present time, and therefore liable to grow out of use. It must needs be connected with a considerable yearly outlay, which must be met either by annual or occasional subscription, or an endowment. If in the first way, perpetual trouble, anxiety, and failure are entailed on the trustees, and certain eventual ruin, or at best its separation from all monumental purposes. If in the second way, will the general public be willing to raise so large a sum as will be needed for purposes which, to be useful, must be local? Or suppose such a sum raised and vested in trustees, how many of the contributors, if they could awake two hundred years hence, would be satisfied with the then application of their bounty? A statue, on the other hand, is for all time, and is local only so far as it can only stand on one spot. It entails no expense after the first outlay, requires no trustees, and, with proper care, artistic merit may be ensured—in short, the universal consent of mankind has settled the matter long ago that a monument ought to be a statue, and we shall do well not to run counter to such an authority.

"The spread of knowledge, the increased intelligence among all ranks of the people, the immense progress of the physical sciences, and the enlarged interest in the fine arts, which have signalised the last twenty years, have unavoidably brought the exquisite art of the potter into fresh notice and interest, and as unavoidably brought Josiah Wedgwood into additional prominence as England's great and most famous potter. None more willingly accord this pre-eminence to him than those among his contemporaries and successors, whose achievements best entitle them to dispute it with him.

"All feel that he deserves this in virtue of the twofold genius which enabled him alike to satisfy the poorest and the least artistic of the land with a strong, cheap, cleanly household ware, and to delight the richest and the most fastidious in taste with vessels so pleasing in form and colour that it was an education to the senses to look at and handle them; and their surpassing excellence as pieces of useful pottery was forgotten in admiration of their beauty as works of Art. His name, moreover, has gone round the world; and Wedgwood ware is as famous as that of Sèvres and Dresden, and competes even with that of China and Japan. Nor was Josiah Wedgwood more estimable as a potter than as a man. Laden with poverty in his early years, he found only an impetus to labour in the load. Sorely tried with sickness, he spent the enforced leisure of one long illness in studying the chemical and other scientific principles, the foundation of the potter's art, and rose from his sick bed to apply them with unheard-of success to the improvement of it. The protracted convalescence from another malady, involving a severe surgical operation which maimed him for life, was beguiled by the study of those æsthetical laws the mastery of which soon made him, if possible, more famous as an artist than even as a manufacturer. When his genius, patience, and perseverance, aided by restored health, made him a successful and wealthy man, he showed himself a generous and considerate master to those in his employment, and was an object of love and honour to the wide circle who enjoyed his friendship. His liberal support of some of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the country, and the important assistance which he rendered several of them in their memorable undertakings, are matters of history. His enlightened patriotism and public spirit are equally familiar to all students of his life-time, and will doubtless before long receive justice at the hands of some competent biographer. Such men are exactly those who should be remembered alike as benefactors of their fellows, whom, though they ask it not, one of the noblest instincts of our nature commands us never to forget, and as examples of honest, noble workers in the Great Task-master's eye, whose lives are precious daily lessons to all the children of our common empire. Great Britain cannot afford any longer to want a monument to Josiah Wedgwood."

The idea of a statue was carried out to a successful issue by its promoters, who having collected a sufficient amount of subscriptions, commissioned Mr. E. Davis, of London, to prepare the figure. The bronze statue of Josiah Wedgwood now stands on a kind of neutral ground, on the confines of the boroughs of Stoke and Hanley, in the open square in front of the railway station at Stoke-upon-Trent, within a few minutes' walk of the church where he is buried. He is represented standing, bare-headed, and holding in his left hand the Portland vase, whose emblematic figures he appears to be in the act of descanting upon. The pedestal bears in front the words "JOSIAH WEDGWOOD;" on one of its sides,

* Mr. Ridgway was the first Mayor of Hanley.

"Born 1730;" on the other, "Died 1795;" and at the back—facing the hotel—"Erected by Public Subscription. Inaugurated by the Earl of Harrowby, 24th February, 1863."

The other project—that of founding a Memorial Institute—has, happily, also been carried out. The proposal was first made in 1858, and inaugurated on the 27th of January, 1859, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle; and though for a time it waned, has never been lost sight of, and the institution is now, at the time I write, gradually rising from the ground—the almost hallowed ground—within little more than a stone's throw of the birthplace of the great potter. This proposition for the founding of an institution was the first movement which had been made to do him public honour, and it was shortly afterwards met by the counter proposition to erect a statue. Thanks to this opposition, both the statue and the institution are provided for the Potteries. The first stone* of the "Wedgwood Institute" at Burslem was laid in October of last year (1863) by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, who took occasion in the course of one of the ablest and most eloquent addresses which even he has ever delivered, to pay a just and warm tribute to the excellencies, the character, the ability, and the high attainments of Wedgwood. The institute is now, happily, a great fact, and ere long the town of Burslem will have in full operation one of the most valuable and important educational institutions which has yet been established in the provinces. The scheme has been energetically carried out so far by the committee and its hard-working and enlightened secretary, Mr. W. Woodall; subscriptions have flowed in; the "Public Libraries and Museums Act" has been taken advantage of; and everything done to render the scheme, what it promises to be, a great success. This, however, it appears, depends somewhat on future subscriptions which may still be received.

‡ The "Wedgwood Institute" is, almost primarily, intended to be a museum. Its principal room has been specially designed for the purpose by Captain Fowke, and for future requirements the whole of the upper floor can be thrown *en suite* into apartments, wholly top-lighted, for this use. It has been so designed through the conviction continually forced upon its promoters that the absence of such a museum is a reflection not only on the public spirit of the district, but of the nation at large. It is much to be hoped that the new museum will be one which shall be a credit to the nation, an honour to the district whose manufactures and arts it is intended to illustrate, and worthy of the name of Wedgwood which it bears. The project of the museum is one which commends itself to people of every class, and it is to be hoped that donations of specimens of fictile art of every kind may so abundantly be received as to enable the executive to arrange the contents chronologically and educationally. The Institute is intended, it appears, not only to be a memorial to a potter, but a monument in pottery. The competition recently suggested by Mr. Beresford-Hope for external fictile decorations, resulted in the selection of Messrs. Robert Edgar and John Kipling as the best artists, and they have since elaborated an architectural composition of effective appearance, in which terra-cottas, majolicas, jaspers, and mosaics, are exquisitely introduced. Altogether there seems to be every probability that the memorial will be one of which not only the potteries, but the nation may well be proud.

The three great pottery towns of Stoke, Burslem, and Hanley, have in many instances shown a jealousy or a rivalry of each other. There has frequently been a want of hand-in-hand feeling among them which has had to be deplored. In the case of the Wedgwood memorials that feeling has, I am happy to say, though unintentionally, resulted in good to all. Stoke and Hanley opposed Burslem in her scheme of a Wedgwood Institute and School of Art, and Burslem opposed them in their proposed Wedgwood statue. As it is, Stoke and Hanley have succeeded in erecting the statue; Burslem is building its Institution; and Hanley of itself has reason to feel proud of its

museum, which possesses the indentures of Wedgwood's apprenticeship, a good selection of his productions, and the cabinet containing the results of his researches. Thus all three are benefited; and it is pleasant to feel that these three towns have vied with each other in doing honour to the memory of the man to whom they were each and all so lastingly indebted.

In Mr. Gladstone's address, that gentleman says—"Surely it is strange that the life of such a man should, in this 'nation of shopkeepers,' yet at this date remain unwritten; and I have heard with much pleasure a rumour, which I trust is true, that such a gap in our literature is about to be filled up." That "gap" I have in some wise, in these my chapters on "Wedgwood and Etruria," endeavoured to "fill up"—I hope with satisfaction and profit to my readers; and in bringing it to a close I cannot but express a desire that what I have at great labour and time now for the first time brought together, may be found useful, and at the same time instructive, to collectors. Not having had the advantage of the use of Wedgwood's letters and papers, of which, I believe, a large number are in existence (though not in the hands of the family), I have not had the unenviable advantage of having my work "cut and dried" for use. What I have done has been done independently of such aid, and has been accomplished only by undivided and deep and earnest attention. I trust my narrative, which, so far as these pages are concerned, is complete, will form the groundwork of a history of the "great Josiah" and his works, which shall form as pleasing and lasting "a Wedgwood memorial" as any which have been projected.

Of other branches of the Wedgwood family and their productions I shall have occasion to speak in future papers.

OBITUARY.

MR. M. J. LAWLESS.

WITH much regret we announce the decease of this rising artist, which took place at the residence of his father, at Pembroke Crescent, Bayswater. Mr. Lawless was entirely self-educated in those branches of the profession wherein, had he lived, he promised to achieve a brilliant reputation. He was a pupil, for a short time, of Mr. Carey, and subsequently of the late Mr. Leigh, who for some years conducted his studies. He did not enter the schools of the Royal Academy, but joined the Langham School, in which he worked most assiduously. The studies he made there were remarkable for their high finish—a feeling which led him to paint small pictures that were worked out with a *finesse*, rivalling even the minute perfection of the French school. As a wood-draughtsman and illustrator he was already in high estimation, and justly so, by the great merit of his designs in *Good Words*, *Once a Week*, and other popular serials. He had distinguished himself also as a member of the Etching Club, in whose annual issues his contributions were much valued. His pictures were always well hung at the Academy, and their quality had secured him the friendship of eminent members of that body. At the time of his decease he was in his twenty-eighth year, and he has departed deeply regretted by an extensive circle to whom his worth and amiability had greatly endeared him.

The principal paintings exhibited by him are 'John Balfour, of Burley,' and 'Serjeant Bothwell,' both from Scott's "Old Mortality;" 'Off Guard,' 'A Cavalier in his Cups,' 'A Drop too Much,' 'The King's Quarters at Woodstock,' 'A Dinner Party,' 'Waiting for an Audience,' 'A Man about Town, A.D. 1730,' 'The Widow Hogarth selling her Husband's Engravings,' and 'A Sick Call.' Some of these, as their titles intimate, are far from being of a refined character, though the subjects are cleverly worked out; but the two last-named works, which are his latest, show that the artist was beginning to entertain more elevated ideas of the true end and aim of Art; at least, of what Art ought to effect as a teacher of morality.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE SHEEPSHANKS COLLECTION.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

C. R. Leslie, R.A., Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

MOLIÈRE, as a dramatist, holds a high rank in France. His comedies have maintained their popularity during a period of nearly two centuries, even when the regular drama has declined in Paris, as it has in our own country. The writings of Racine, who, perhaps, stands at the head of the French tragic authors, have scarcely been so successful, not on account of any inferiority, but because the taste of the people has altered, and tragedy there, as with us, finds comparatively few admirers. Neither Racine nor Molière, however, are entitled to the same homage that is paid to Shakspeare: neither so completely sounded the depths of the human heart, though the one satirised its frivolities, and the other exposed to view its evil passions.

Two of the most popular comedies written by Molière, are "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and "Le Malade Imaginaire;" both of them have repeatedly furnished subjects for the artists of our school, for they are full of the richest humour, though his scenes are often, as in his other writings, improbable. The former of these plays has been described as a farce of the most extravagant kind, and being, as it is called, a *comédie-ballet*, the author has allowed it at the close to run almost into a pantomime. In spite of its extravagance, however, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is a great favourite, and allusions are more frequently made to it than to any other play of Molière's. The pompous ignorance of the principal character, and the pretensions of his several fashionable masters, are extremely laughable; but so far as construction goes, it is a mere succession of farcical incidents.

Next in popularity to these dramas—some writers give them precedence for truthfulness of character—are "Le Médecin malgré lui," of which Fielding wrote a version under the title of "The Mock Doctor;" "Le Misanthrope;" "L'Avare," also reproduced in English by Fielding, with the title of "The Miser;" and "Le Tartuffe," which gave rise to "The Hypocrite," so well known of late years on our own stage. Since the introduction of French performances into the metropolis, most of Molière's comedies have been exhibited to a British audience in their original tongue.

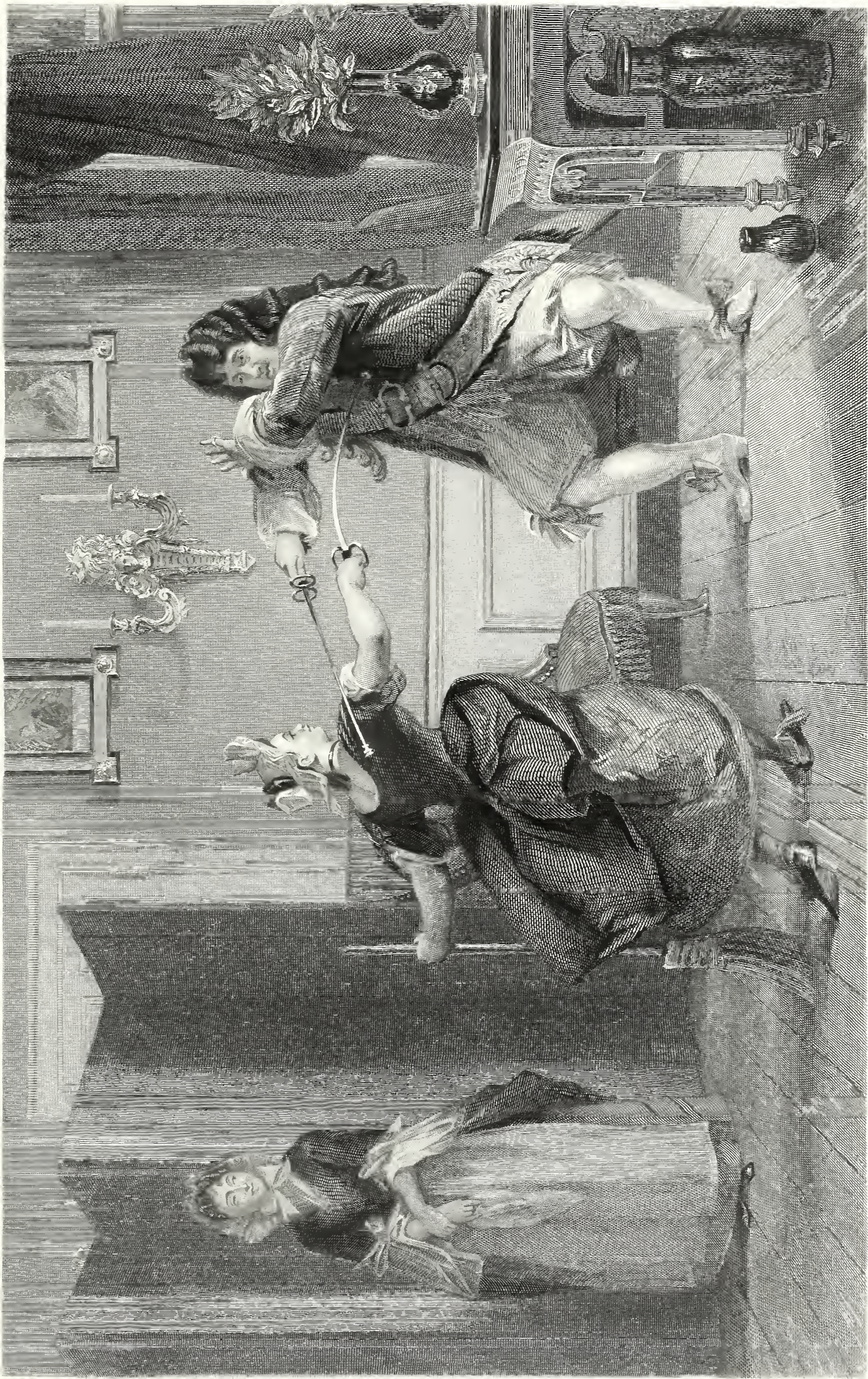
The scene from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," represented by Leslie in this picture, appears in the third act of the comedy. It illustrates the following passage:—

M. Jourdain. Tout beau.
Holla! oh! Doucement
Diantre soit la coquine!
Nicole. Vous me dites de pousser.
M. Jourdain. Oui; mais tu me pousse en tierce, avant
que de pousser en quarte, et tu n'as
pas la patience que je pare.

The great merit of the picture is the exceeding humour thrown into the composition: the attitude of the old beau, and the expression of his face, are admirable. His antagonist, the pretty housemaid, whom he has challenged to a bout with the foils, is evidently a mistress of fence, though she may have transgressed the laws of the science: the head and bust of the girl are beautifully drawn, and her *pose* is altogether inimitable. The face of M. Jourdain bears a strong resemblance to that of Uncle Toby in Leslie's well-known picture of this worthy and the widow Wadham. Bannister, the celebrated comic actor, was the model of the former, and, in all probability, was in the mind of the artist when he sketched M. Jourdain.

The weak point of the picture is its colour; in this quality it is both peculiar and thin, and presents contrasts destructive of all harmony. When the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1841, it drew forth from us the following remark among others:—"Mr. Leslie's views of life are so shrewd, and his perception and portraiture of character so strong, that he is borne safely through peculiarities of colour which would seriously injure a lesser man."

* For an account of the ceremony, see the *Art-Journal* for December, 1863.



THE WALL-PAINTINGS FOR THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE Commissioners appointed to consider the agreements made with certain artists in respect to wall paintings for the Palace of Westminster, and "to inquire whether any circumstances have arisen to make it desirable that those agreements should be revised," have printed their Report. The Commissioners were—Lord Taunton, Lord Overstone, Mr. Layard, Mr. Holford, M.P., and Sir C. L. Eastlake. They had to consider the engagements entered into with Mr. Maclise, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Ward, Mr. Cope, and Mr. Dyce.

Mr. Dyce having died since the agreement with him was made, it is only requisite to remark in his case that he undertook to paint in fresco seven compartments in the Queen's Robing Room, together with smaller compartments in the frieze (twenty-eight in number), and to complete the whole in seven years from the 1st of July, 1848, and to receive by successive payments a sum of £4,800; subsequent modifications inferring a larger cost. At his death, in 1864 (sixteen years after the contract was made), he had completed five of the seven large compartments (not having commenced any of the twenty-eight smaller compartments), and had received payments "on account" to the amount of £5,600!

Messrs. Ward and Cope agreed each to paint eight pictures, and to receive for each a sum of £600. Mr. Ward has completed four pictures, and Mr. Cope five pictures; for these they have been paid, and the Commissioners recommend that to these artists be awarded a further sum of £100 for each picture, to be paid when the whole series shall be finished.

With respect to Mr. Maclise—he was entrusted with the decoration of the Royal Gallery. "This was to be effected by the execution of eighteen wall paintings of various sizes; for the two largest the artist was to receive £3,500 each, and for the remaining ten the estimated cost was £1,000 each. One of the large compartments is completed ('Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo'); for this the artist has been paid. The painting of the second is in an advanced state, and half of the stipulated price has been paid to him.

"We believe," say the Commissioners, "that some consideration beyond the sum stipulated for in the contract is fairly due to Mr. Maclise;" and they recommend that the total sum to be paid for the two wall paintings be increased from £7,000 to £10,000, adding an expression of their satisfaction that "Mr. Maclise has applied himself with uninterrupted diligence and energy to the accomplishment of the work he had undertaken; that he had devoted his well-known skill and genius as an artist *exclusively* to this work." The two pictures will have occupied Mr. Maclise "exclusively" about eight years; no one therefore will question his just right to the sum awarded him, for it is notorious that this accomplished artist might have made, by "private practice" during that period (the prime of his life and the zenith of his fame), at least three times the money he is to receive from the country. The Commissioners further recommend that the engagements as far as regards the paintings not yet commenced, be cancelled, or rather that these works be subjected to a new arrangement, "which will be just and equitable between the parties, and will require no subsequent revision."

With respect to Mr. Herbert, the case is somewhat different, although the issue is the same. On the 1st of April (an unlucky day), 1849, Mr. Herbert engaged to execute nine wall paintings in the Peers' Robing Room, to be completed within ten years from that date, for the sum of £9,000.

"We now find that at the end of fifteen years *one* of these paintings is finished, with the exception of the water-glass fixing; designs for three of the remaining eight pictures have been submitted to the Fine Arts Commission, and have received their approval, at the respective dates of July 1851, 1855, 1857. No wall painting, however, has been commenced in respect to any of these eight pictures. Mr. Herbert has received on account of these three designs the sum of £1,800; while for one wall picture completed there has been paid to him the sum of

£2,000. It thus appears that the time within which it was understood that the nine paintings were to be completed, has proved insufficient for the completion of *one of the nine*, while £3,800 out of the £9,000 have been already paid to the artist."

The Commissioners are, however, willing to make all reasonable allowance for difficulties the artist had to encounter; and they recommend that a further sum of £3,000 in addition to the sum of £2,000 (already paid to him) be awarded to Mr. Herbert for the *one* picture which he has completed. If the remaining eight pictures are to be proceeded with, the Commissioners are of opinion that "it ought to be under a new contract."

That a new contract will be made, we cannot doubt, and we hope it will be so, for there is perhaps no living artist better able to do the work. Mr. Herbert has been most liberally treated; that he cannot doubt, for he receives for one picture more than half the sum for which he agreed to paint the nine pictures, while no disadvantageous notice has been taken of the awkward fact that in fifteen years he produces an amount of labour just a ninth part of what he had agreed to produce in ten years. The Commissioners might have taken a much less considerate and liberal view of the case, and have considered public justice accorded by a payment of less, and not more, than the sum he had contracted to receive for his labour.

The Report concludes with this very impressive paragraph:—

"We desire to express our strong conviction that it is for the true interest and honour of artists as well as due to public economy, that in future there should be no subsequent departure from the provisions of any contract which has been deliberately agreed upon. It is for the artist before he enters upon such an engagement well to consider how far the renown which accompanies a successful work in a national monument or building affords an adequate compensation for any pecuniary loss which he may apprehend with regard to his private practice. *We believe that nothing would more effectually discourage the Government and Parliament of this country from attempting to promote the cultivation of the highest branches of Fine Art by giving important commissions, than the admission of a loose and indefinite system of payment which would make it impossible to form beforehand a reliable estimate of the expenditure to be incurred.*"

The feeling that dictated these sentiments will receive a response throughout the country; it expresses the opinion of all who love Art and honour artists. It is above all things necessary that, first, a contract should be well considered and understood, and that then it should be inviolate. This view is indeed that taken by Mr. E. M. Ward, who thus expresses himself in a letter to the Commissioners, dated July 1, 1864:—

"In justice to myself, I would observe that, although subject to much loss, I certainly should have felt bound to complete the series on the terms stipulated, notwithstanding the alteration in their mode of execution, but as by the appointment of your Committee, there is an evident disposition to admit a further claim to a more adequate remuneration, it is equally an act of personal justice to draw your attention to my own title to consideration, more especially as one claim has been already admitted, the justice of which nobody more readily concurs in than myself."

Much allowance ought to have been made—and was made—by the Commissioners—for the difficulties with which all the artists engaged in these wall decorations had to contend. They were generally experiments, submitted to many alterations which involved an immense loss of time and sacrifice of labour; and as the four artists engaged are "chiefs" of their profession, the payments agreed for—nay, those now actually made—bear but a small proportion to the monies they might have received from ordinary dealers for the produce of their genius extending over the years they devoted to their work in the Palace at Westminster: this is a fact well known both to artists generally, and to purchasers of pictures.

Still, this Report of the Commissioners is not a gratifying document to those who honour the profession.

ART-LEGISLATION.

DURING the late session there were but two votes touching the subject of Art, though at different times much animated discussion on directly relative questions took place. By one of these votes, Mr. Cowper's application for £10,000, on account of £152,000 for a new National Gallery on the Burlington House property, was negatived. The other division affirmed to South Kensington a vote of £97,182. The late session was looked forward to as promising an epoch in the history of Art-institutions; but Parliament has distributed itself to the four winds, without regard to the accumulated exigencies of the occasion. The crisis is a growth of twenty years; it is chronic, and now begins to assume the unhealthy colour of public injustice, having long been a source of public inconvenience. Since the desired solution is become not only a party question, but one on which Government has been defeated, we might, on superficial grounds, congratulate ourselves on the prospect of a brilliant future for painting and sculpture. No living school can glorify itself over anything so nearly approaching the spirit of the Art contests at the Pythian games as that late occasion on which were recorded the interested suffrages of two hundred and ninety-six British senators. In the simple statement of the result of the debate there looks something like enthusiasm; but any expression of exultation at this seeming advance in the House of Commons is peremptorily silenced by the tone of the speeches, the burthen of which is money, not pictures. This Art-question is a phenomenon in debate. The most important political matters are decided by two agencies—one the Government, the other the opposition; but in this a third, that is, the Academy, has a voice so firm, that we should look on the benches for the airy figures of the elders of the institution; though of these, as of another shadowy and unwelcome presence, it could not be said—

"Ye have no speculation in those eyes."

The academicians are the masters of the situation; it is to them that the *Tandem aliquando* must be addressed. As long as the House is thus divided, so long is the solution suspended. The case of the Academy cannot be entertained without considering also that of the National Gallery, and *vice versa*: it is a recurrence of the Siamese inseparables, with a similar community of claims, but a dissimilar division of interests; and even the House of Commons shrinks from dividing the ligature by which they are attached.

The estimate laid before parliament for the erection of the proposed new National Gallery fixes the cost at £152,000. It appears from a statement in the document, to which the name of the First Commissioner of Works is attached, that the site purchased by the government in Piccadilly "consists of about three and a half acres, of which one-half is occupied by Burlington House, with its two wings and its colonnade, and by the courtyard which they surround. These buildings are occupied by the Royal Society, the University of London, the Linnean Society, and the Chemical Society; and the large hall is used for the meetings of the Geographical and other learned Societies. These buildings need not be disturbed at present, since the garden which occupies half of the site will furnish ample accommodation for the pictures, ancient and modern, belonging to the trustees of the National Gallery, and also for the additions to the collections which may be expected by gift, and purchase, for many years to come. Whenever, however, a large increase of space may be required, Burlington House and its wings will be pulled down to make room for an extension of the National Gallery; and in the meantime the courtyard will make a handsome and convenient approach to the main entrance of the new building, which will be through the central hall of Burlington House. The proposed building will be 300 feet long, and 218 feet wide. That part of it which will be devoted to the exhibition of pictures will be of one story, lit from the ceiling, and will provide 3,000 lineal feet of wall-space in a horizontal line, exclusive of doorways, and 36,200 superficial feet of floor-space. The larger galleries will be 40 feet wide, and 40 feet high; and the rooms for small pictures will

be 21 feet wide, with a proportionate height. The only external elevation that will be visible will be at the northern side in Burlington Gardens, where the board-room and offices of the trustees and the residence of the keeper will be placed in two stories, and where there will be a public entrance. On the southern side, where the level of the ground is lower, there will be a useful basement story, and the whole building will be of fireproof construction." Now, assuming that the Royal Academy takes possession, on the condition, which may be agreed to by the "high contracting powers," of the portion of the building in Trafalgar Square hitherto occupied by the National Gallery, and also that parliament hereafter assents to the proposed structure in Piccadilly, it still seems that the plan of the government by no means meets the exigencies of the case. First of all, to erect what is presumed will be a grand national edifice at the back of one already existing, through which alone there is to be any approach on the south—and this must always be considered the principal side—is a very "backstairs" way of setting to work. The only external elevation visible, we are told, "will be at the northern side, in Burlington Gardens," where there is no thoroughfare except for pedestrians, so that nothing of it will be seen in Piccadilly, one of the great arteries, and the most aristocratic, of our metropolis. The only object to be gained by the adoption of this plan is to leave, for the present at least, or for some indefinite time, the learned societies in quiet possession of Burlington House, now occupied by them. But these institutions, most valuable in themselves, and for which other accommodation might without difficulty be found, ought not to be placed in such competition with a National Gallery of Art, as to make the latter only a secondary object of consideration in any projected scheme, even at the very outside.

Again, admitting that the whole of the site proposed will be ultimately covered with the new Gallery, we do not believe it capable of containing the whole of what is now, or may hereafter become, national property.

A correspondence, arising out of an order of the House of Commons, has taken place between the First Commissioner of Works and the trustees of the National Gallery, and has been published. It refers especially to some alterations suggested by the latter in the designs prepared by Messrs. Banks and Barry, the architects employed to furnish the plans.

In explaining his scheme for a new National Gallery, Mr. Cowper touched upon one or two very important matters. Among other things he said that the cartoons might be brought from Hampton Court, and placed in the proposed building. With respect to these works still grand in their decay, if they remain at Hampton Court until there are rooms in London suitable to receive them, according to present appearances, should there be anything of them left by the time that a building is finished, their remains will scarcely endure the pain of removal. Many years ago a certain B. R. Haydon protested very earnestly against the neglect from which they then suffered; and no one will question Haydon's ability to determine, and the disinterestedness of his judgment, in such a case. Twenty years since they were pronounced in these columns to be "dying daily;" and it could not be otherwise, for, being simply water-colour drawings, they were without protection from dust and moisture, although always during the summer months the windows of the room in which they were open, and immediately below there was in continual play a fountain, the moisture from which must, in a long course of years, have injured them. But it is of no importance whether this be the source of mischief or not; we have watched them for twenty years, and each year have marked some improvement in their dissolution. And twenty years ago we proposed in these columns that the cartoons should be protected by glass, and this is now done, when the spirit of the drawing and the truth of the colour have departed. But it is only one of the few evils arising from this untoward adjournment. The pictures in the National Gallery loudly demand a distribution befitting works of such value. They are stacked up as if there was much to place beyond question;

whereas there are none that are unworthy of a place in the most select collection. The conditions under which Turner's pictures are seen cannot meet the terms of the bequest; and even if they do, it is still very unsatisfactory that so many of them should of necessity be put out of sight. By a judicious distribution, there are pictures sufficient to fill three times the space they now occupy. The destinies also of the Royal Portrait Gallery must, in some degree, depend on the solution of this question. The rooms in George Street are now so full that the portraits are placed on the floor, and many are necessarily hung in obscurity. This collection is growing in importance, and must shortly be regarded with a peculiar interest, as well on account of the works themselves as their associations.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate even briefly what has been said on the subject; the speeches being characterised by party argument, highly flavoured with a virtuous pretension to economy. Mr. Cowper, in concluding his observations in favour of a National Gallery on the Burlington site, said that, in the event of the motion being lost, there would be another long and dreary season of postponements and committees to go through, and the settlement of the question might yet be suspended for twenty years. The end is not likely to be so remote; yet come when it may, the unnecessary delay will have occasioned a sore trial of patience.

PATRONAGE OF ART AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE South Kensington Department of Art, through its officials, has issued the conditions upon which it invites competition in the production of designs for a stained-glass window, no doubt the forerunner of other projects for the "encouragement" of Art progress. The programme seems so totally at variance with the principle that should have influenced its propositions, and the terms upon which the competitors for the prizes have to enter the lists are so singularly disadvantageous, that we feel bound, in advocacy of the rights of so important a class of the industrial arts, to draw attention to the stipulations, and append our views thereon. We insert a copy of the document itself, lest our strictures may be deemed exaggerated:—

"STAINED GLASS COMPETITION.—1. The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education desire to obtain for the South Kensington Museum a design for a stained-glass window, having a northern light, with a semicircular head, and of the following dimensions, viz., 18 ft. 9 in. high to crown of arch, by 11 ft. wide. 2. The window may be seen on a staircase at the north-west corner of the Great Northern Court. The architectural decorations of the staircase will be of an Italian Renaissance character. The subject of the design is furnished by the 38th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, verse 24 to the end of the chapter. 3. The design is to be on the scale of one inch to the foot, and coloured. It is to be accompanied by a full size cartoon of the design of a sufficient portion to show the execution, and a specimen of a portion of the design executed in glass, of the full size. 4. The competition is open to artists of all nations. 5. A sum of £40 will be awarded for the design which appears to be most suitable, and a sum of £20 for the next best design. 6. The judges will be instructed to award the prizes to the designs solely upon artistic merits, without reference to the probable cost of execution. 7. Each design must be accompanied by a sealed tender stating the cost at which the design can be executed, the time the execution is likely to take, and the name and address of the artist. 8. The designs and tenders must be sent to the South Kensington Museum on or before the 1st of May, 1865. 9. The names of the judges will be published hereafter. 10. The designs to which the prizes are awarded will become the property of the Department, which, however, does not bind itself to execute either of them.—By order of the Committee of Council on Education."

The work sought is thus one of considerable importance in regard to size, and of a subject requiring high attainments in Art to warrant even a reasonable amount of success.

Now what are the inducements which the Government Art Department holds forth to artists, to devote their time and talents to its service? For a design in colours on a scale of an inch to the foot, accompanied by a full size cartoon, and a specimen of the full size executed in glass, they offer the *chance* of obtaining the sum of £40 for the first, and £20 for the second successful work; and for these considerations *they claim the designs as the property of the Department, without the stipulation of executing either.*

It seems scarcely credible that any body of gentlemen, without purposing a wanton slight upon the Art they profess to patronise, could frame or sanction such conditions. Can they be ignorant of the amount of studious labour involved in the performance of the three requisitions they enforce—that of the finished design in colours, the full size cartoon, and the full size specimen in glass—that they can name sums so ridiculously inadequate as those offered for its fulfilment?

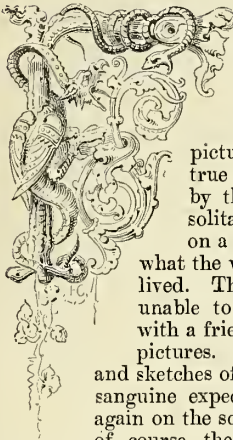
What painful and mortifying reflections arise at the thought that there are professors of an art so eminent, endowed with the qualities necessary for a successful essay, who are so conditioned that these paltry sums can hold out the prospect of an inducement to compete. In such a case it would not be "hope deferred" so much as "hope realised," that "maketh the heart sick."

The Department must know the utter worthlessness of its "prizes" directly to influence action; what indirect inducement does it then reckon on, which shall create the stimulus that their paltry remuneration would fail to arouse?—the credit attaching to success? Surely this consideration is utterly unworthy a Department acting on the part of Government, and in the receipt of public funds so enormous as those entrusted to the disbursement of the South Kensington officials. By what right do they seek to market in commodities the cost of which is to be sought for in other channels? What has the Department done for this art, that it should seek a gratuitous exercise of its highest calling at the hands of its exponents? Absolutely nothing. The talent it seeks, if it exist, has been the result of other tuition and other aids. It is ready made to the requirement—self-raised and self-supporting, and, if hitherto obscure and but inadequately acknowledged, should meet fitting recognition when discovered. But such an acknowledgment as that proposed is an insult and a mockery in an Art sense, and would be a loss and injury in a commercial one. What does the Department seek, and how will it repay? in a competition "*open to artists of all nations.*" It would, indeed, realise the cry for "good Art cheap," but not in the way in which we have so long advocated such a desideratum. It is by the maximum, not the minimum, of production, that a profit may be realised to the artist or manufacturer, and cause "cheap Art" to be not only "good," but remunerative. Had the Department been content, after giving its award and using the approved design for its own special purpose, allowed the artist all ulterior advantage resulting from any prestige attaching to his success, there might have been some show of justice in the matter; but to claim the designs as its property, without even the condition of making any use of them, upon such terms as those specified, is a stigma upon the Department, which we trust some influential members of the Council will endeavour to remove. Should this plan, however, succeed, we may be sure that, for the future, manufacturers who are now paying large sums for designs, will be inclined to take a lesson from the more economic tactics of the Government Department of Art.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXVI.—WILLIAM JOHN MÜLLER.



FEW persons, in all probability, of those who are fortunate enough to possess the works of this painter know much of his history. He was not during his lifetime what is usually considered a neglected artist, but it was long after he had rested from his labours that collectors of pictures and connoisseurs estimated his works at their true value, and felt how great was the loss sustained by the Art-world. Müller's case is by no means a solitary one: death often throws a marvellous light on a man's genius as well as his character, and reveals what the world either could not or would not see while he lived. There is an old story told of an artist who, being unable to sell his works, went abroad, leaving directions with a friend to announce his death, and to dispose of his pictures. The scheme succeeded admirably; the "paintings and sketches of the late Mr. —" more than realised the most sanguine expectations of their owner, and then he reappeared again on the scene of action and began work anew. As a matter of course, the value once set upon his productions was not allowed to abate, and the scheming artist had no occasion afterwards to complain of want of patronage. Müller, long before his decease, found customers for his works, but the pictures have subsequently risen in value threefold, and even much more.

In tracing out, briefly, his career, reference will be made to some of the early volumes of the *Art-Journal*, and especially to that for 1845, which contains a memoir written by one who was intimately acquainted with him: previous volumes include some interesting contributions from his pen, sent to us from the East, where he was then travelling: to these papers also allusion will be made.

Müller was born, in 1812, at Bristol, where his father, a native of Germany, held the post of curator of the Museum. He was a man

of very considerable scientific attainments, as the several works published by him witness; and during his long and useful life no inhabitant of the wealthy commercial city in which he was located was more respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Under such an able instructor the boy became an apt pupil, and acquired that taste for scientific pursuits, especially botany and natural history, which developed itself in his travels in after life. A thirst for information, derived from early studies, characterised his whole career; it was this longing desire for knowledge that enriched his sketch-books beyond those of any of his contemporaries; and its proof is to be found in the numerous fine pictures painted by him.

Even at the early age of four years William Müller gave evidence of a remarkable taste for drawing, a study which, in due time, he pursued under his fellow-townsmen, Mr. J. B. Pyne, who has himself since obtained such high reputation both as a landscape painter and as a writer upon that branch of Art. During the years 1833 and 1834 Müller travelled through the greater portions of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and, returning to Bristol, set up his studio in the city, where, however, he met with very partial success. His earliest patrons in Bristol were the Dean of Bristol and Mr. D. W. Acraman, the latter of whom, especially, proved a steady friend of the young artist. This gentleman possessed no fewer than eighteen of Müller's works, which, of course, were dispersed at the time of their owner's commercial misfortune, an event which excited no little sympathy throughout the mercantile world, as well as among others who only knew Mr. Acraman by the reports of his active benevolence, his honourable dealings, and his generally esteemed individual character. In 1838 Müller undertook a more perilous journey, visiting Greece, a land to which his thoughts had long been directed. From Greece he passed into Egypt, gathering as he travelled through both countries a large store of valuable subjects for his pencil, which, had his life been prolonged, would have become available for a whole gallery of pictures. In the autumn of 1843, finding that the government was about to send out a scientific expedition into Syria, under Mr. Fellowes, the distinguished Eastern archaeologist, he resolved to accompany it; but in order that his course might be uncontrolled, he travelled at his own expense. The sacrifices he made to carry out his object were very great, and it is to be feared that the toils and discomforts attending the journey tended in some degree to undermine his health. Artistically his visit was a great success, for he brought back a large number of admirable sketches of scenery and figure subjects.

In a letter which is now in our possession, dated from Bristol, where he was staying a short time in 1843, Müller thus refers to his career:—"It has



Engraved by]

AN ITALIAN SEA-PORT.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

been one marked by many misfortunes in early life. Placed under the direction of my friend, J. B. Pyne—nay, serving a regular apprenticeship to the Arts with him, to whom I owe so much—I commenced painting in earnest. Shortly after, I lost one by one all my relatives except a brother; and I can hardly omit mentioning, in one instance, in the most awful and singular manner, eight uncles and a nephew drowned at once! their boat being upset in the Bristol Channel, near the Denny Island. My later losses were the most serious and unhappy in the association of all and everything in my native city: I left it. . . . My rambles have been through a great part of Europe, and portions of Asia and Africa. Travel to me affords two pleasures; my love of botany and natural history in general (for I cannot forget the early impressions given me by my father, to whose acquirements as a man of science his works testify better than

ought I can say); I contrive to combine them as much as possible with my profession; a new flower often delights me as much as a new sketch, and in many a solitary hour and far distant spot these simple pleasures have enabled me to pass my time in tranquillity and happiness, when I have known others forced to seek amusement from a more turbid source."

In the same letter, alluding to a picture he had painted, 'An Opium Shop at Monfaloote,' he writes thus graphically:—"I shall never forget with what pleasure I first made acquaintance with an Eastern bazaar; and as scene after scene presented itself to me, there was but one thought working in my mind,—'What would not Rembrandt have done with such subjects?' They remind one strongly of that fine painter. The sun streams through a little opening in the wall and falls on the figures, lighting them up with all but a supernatural brilliancy; reflection acts its part,

and bit by bit the whole is revealed; and as figure after figure passes by, some in the richest dresses and superb stuffs, while others, such as the pipe-cleaners, walk on shouting their avocations, and literally clothed in rags, you have a constantly changing picture before you."

Before speaking of Müller's paintings, we should notice a work which was a part of the fruits of his first visit to the Continent. In 1841 appeared "Picturesque Sketches of the Age of Francis I.," a series of twenty-six subjects lithographed by Mr. Louis Haghe, from Müller's drawings made at Chambord, Fontainebleau, Rouen, Amboise, Blois, Chenonceaux, St. Denis, &c. &c.; a magnificent volume illustrative of the architectural and sculptural relics of the *Renaissance* period, and worthy of standing side by side with the kindred lithographic volumes emanating from the pencils of David Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield, J. D. Harding, and Louis Haghe.

In the catalogue of the Royal Academy for 1833 is a picture entitled 'Destruction of Old London Bridge—Morning,' by J. Müller, Bristol; the work is undoubtedly by the subject of this notice, who must then have been about twenty-one years of age. But his name does not again appear as an exhibitor in London till 1840, when he had returned to England from his first Eastern tour, and had established himself in London, at Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury. In that year he exhibited at the British Institution one of these Eastern subjects, 'Offering a Greek Slave for Sale in a street leading to the Slave Market, Grand Cairo,' a picture of unquestionable merit, but most unfairly placed where its excellence could not be adequately seen. We had good reason to know

at the time that the position assigned to it was a great discouragement to the artist; the work was the first public appearance made by him after his first Eastern journey, and he felt, as did also his friends, that the "hanger" at the Institution had done injustice both to him and his picture. In the Royal Academy he exhibited the same year 'Athens, from the Road to Marathon,' and 'Ruins at Gornou, Egypt—Sunset.' neither of these works was favourably placed, the latter being assigned to the Octagon Room, an apartment which the council of the Academy has long since considered as quite unfit for the display of paintings, though it serves the purpose of engravings—in a better degree at least.

From this year till his death, except in 1844, when he was again in the East, Müller contributed annually both to the Academy and the British Institution; his pictures were almost invariably of scenes sketched in Egypt, Arabia, &c., and in North Wales. Among the principal of those exhibited in the latter gallery were, 'Avenue of Sphinxes, Moonlight—Thebes,' 'Gillingham, on the Medway,' 'The Slave Market, Cairo,' 'The Nile, looking towards Cairo'—a truly fine picture; 'Salmon Trap in the Leder, North Wales,' 'Rhodes, with the Pacha's Palace on the right'—to this large and important work was assigned the post of honour in the gallery; and 'Tomb in the Water, Telmessus, Asia Minor.' To the

Academy he sent, among others, 'The Sphinx,' 'Convent, Bay of Naples,' 'Interior of a Temple inhabited by Arabs selling curiosities found in the Tombs—Thebes,' 'Welsh Mill on the Dolgarey,' 'Tent Scene: Cingaries playing to a Turkish Family—Xanthus,' 'Turkish



Engraved by]

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Merchants, with Camels, passing the River Mangerelli, in the Valley of Xanthus,' and 'Burial-Ground, Smyrna.' Referring to these cemeteries, Müller thus wrote to us in one of the communications of which we have spoken; the letter is dated Xanthus, November, 1843: "The Turkish burial-grounds here are richer in their large cypress trees than any I had previously seen; in particular those near the Caravan Bridge. There is much that is exceedingly poetic in these resting-places of the dead. The sombre shadow well agrees with the intent of the spot; and if the visitor be inclined to indulge his fancy, let him visit them by moonlight, or, at least, twilight. At such times the tombstone, with its curved turban, often deceives, and it requires no particularly powerful imagination to conjure up ghosts and spirits in any number. Few of the Turks are bold enough to go through these cemeteries after dark; and my Greek servant, Nicolo, flatly told me *he should decline, and would not go for all Smyrna*. He kept his word. I feared the jackals more than the ghosts, but saw what I wanted to see, and returned to the hotel." We have never seen the picture since it was exhibited, and it was then hung so high as to be beyond reach of circumstantial examination; but, unless memory fails us, it is a twilight scene, with lines of tall cypresses standing up against an evening sky, rich with golden and vermilion tints towards the horizon.

It was in the year 1845 the 'Burial-Ground, Smyrna' was exhibited; the artist sent with it four other paintings, altogether the largest number he had ever contributed to any gallery in one year. The result of this effort

BACCHANALS.

was, however, most disastrous to him. What influence had been at work to forbid his pictures being favourably seen it is impossible to tell; but certain it was that not one of the five had a position assigned to it such as its merits deserved. In the memoir of Müller, published in this Journal, the matter is thus alluded to:—"Accident might have led to the injurious hanging of one, or even two; but when the public saw the whole of his pictures hung either close to the ceiling or along the floor, it was difficult to arrive at any other conclusion, than that there was a deliberate design to crush and destroy a man of genius. . . . The ban thus sought to be fixed upon his professional character produced terrific results; the very affectation of indifference which he thought it right to assume, except to intimate friends, festered the wound; and though, if physical strength had endured, he would have lived to triumph over this huge evil, he unquestionably sank under it."

Müller himself thus expressed his feelings of disappointment in a letter to a friend:—"A man honourably leaves his country, he risks other and distant climes, spends large sums of money, and, after labour and fatigue, he returns to his home, and produces pictures acknowledged to be superior to his former works. His ambition leads him not to expect too high a reward—only places where his pictures may be seen. Such had been my hope; and I find my 'Turkish Burial-Ground' and 'Xanthian Tent Scene' on the very top (at least the first-named) of the large room, conspicuously obscure. My large picture is not so badly hung (six feet or more above the ground), but in such a place that one may expect but little

from it." To another friend he wrote the following:—"Despite all that has been done to cast oblivion on my efforts at the Academy this year, success has attended me, not alone in the sale of the pictures, but by the actual injustice of the situations; more than one of our principal collectors have given me commissions, or desired me to let them have a picture. Among the number is Mr. Vernon (ever the judicious patron and generous friend of genius); and, as one friend writes me, the only thing that surprises him is, 'that they were not hung upside down.' Such has been the reward I have received for the expenditure of large sums, of great labour, the risk of health, breaking up for a time a connection, &c., the fatigue and exhaustion of a long journey—such are the rewards, or post of honour, a *protected body* affords to the young English artist! the *top row* of the large room," &c. &c. Posterity has not endorsed the verdict of the Academy.

These extracts show that with whatever outward equanimity Müller bore his treatment, yet the iron had entered deeply into his soul. Towards the end of the month in which the Academy exhibition opened, his spirits became so depressed, and his health so indifferent, that he resolved to try what effect his native air would have upon both. Immediately after arriving at the house of his brother in Bristol, with whom he purposed to stay, it was found expedient to seek medical aid. But the end was not far off, and though professional skill and the unwearied attentions of relations and friends served to prolong life a few months, death terminated his sufferings, which were very great, on the 8th of September, 1845.

Though Müller must essentially be ranked among landscape-painters, the figures he frequently introduced into his pictures are of so important a character, as to entitle them to be called figure-subjects; moreover,



Engraved by]

AFTER THE RAIN—NORTH WALES.

[W. Palmer.

some of his works are strictly of the latter class: he was equally distinguished in both. "The strong feature of my career," he says, in a letter already quoted, "is, that all my lifetime I have been ardent in the pursuit of my profession, and care little what trouble I go through to acquire a knowledge of it; always considering nature better than schools." His style of painting is remarkably bold and free, altogether opposed to that which, within the last few years, has become so fashionable; the arrangement of his compositions, whatever the subject, is most picturesque, and his colouring very brilliant. When his works are offered for sale, they are eagerly sought after, and often realise such prices as would astonish the artist, could he become cognisant of them. Several have been sold this year in the auctioneers' rooms, and have been knocked down for sums that show how greatly they are valued. The three engravings

introduced here as illustrative of his style, convey an adequate idea of the variety of subject that engaged his pencil, and his effective manner of treating it; two out of the three pictures, 'THE ITALIAN SEA-PORT' and 'THE BACCHANALS,' are in possession of Mr. Charles Baxter, the artist, whose "life" formed one of this series of papers in our Journal a few months since.

To his talents as a painter Müller added many most estimable traits of character; his genius was associated with modesty, his independence with courtesy, his generosity with prudence. His highly-educated and delicate mind never unfitted him for mingling with the rough and rugged, where was to be found the recommendation of worth; while with intellect and general acquirements of no common order were blended the strictest moral and social virtues.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



OCTOBER.

1	S.	Nat. Gall. closes.—Camb. Mich. Tm. begins.
2	S.	Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
3	M.	
4	Tu.	
5	W.	
6	Th.	
7	F.	
8	S.	Moon's First Quarter. 3h. 37m. p.m.
9	S.	Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
10	M.	Oxford Michaelmas Term begins.
11	Tu.	Old Michaelmas Day.
12	W.	
13	Th.	
14	F.	Fire Insurance ceases.



Designed by W. Harvey.

15	S.	Full Moon. 6h. 15m. a.m.
16	S.	Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
17	M.	
18	Tu.	St. Luke.
19	W.	
20	Th.	
21	F.	
22	S.	Moon's Last Quarter. 11h. 27m. a.m.
23	S.	Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
24	M.	
25	Tu.	
26	W.	
27	Th.	
28	F.	St. Simon and St. Jude.
29	S.	
30	S.	Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.—New
31	M.	[Moon. 3h. 38m. p.m.]



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.]

ART-WORK IN OCTOBER.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

In this month the whole face of Nature changes, and scarcely is there a greater alteration in the landscape from October to December than from June to October.

All the trees change their colours, and not a few of them are sadly thinned by the middle of the month, the time of leaf-falling depending much on the damp or aridity of the season. In some years, when the summer rainfall is above the average, we are recompensed for wet days and gloomy skies by the lengthened verdure of the trees, which revel in the moisture and fling out abundant masses of heavy leafage. In other years, when the rainfall is below the average, the leaves fall much sooner, and the autumn sets in earlier.

In the present year, for example, the middle of July found as great a change as is often seen in the beginning of October. The lengthened drought and the continued rays of the sun drained the earth of its moisture, and for a considerable depth below the surface the soil was little better than dust and stones. In the vicinity of my own dwelling this early failure of the leaves has been very prominent, for the house is placed on the summit of a rather lofty hill, and stands upon a very deep layer of gravel, so that any water which falls on the surface is at once drained away.

Towards the middle of July many of the lilacs were shrivelling up as if dying, the hornbeam and dogwood had become plentifully speckled with yellow, a deep brownish hue had begun to stain the elms, and the garden was thickly strewn with the fallen leaves of the maple and Spanish chestnut. As to grass, none was to be seen. There were large patches of short, crisp, yellow hay, which were thought to be lawns, but the soft green of the young blades had vanished.

In general, however, October sees the trees dressed in all their autumnal bravery, and though the quickly closing day reminds us of the waning year, and the chill breezes of the morning are the precursors of coming winter, we can but allow our eyes to linger upon the varied colours which deck the trees, and to admire with all our heart the rich, warm hues of the leaves that are so soon to fall.

Slightly variable as they are, the colours of each tree are tolerably constant, so that its species can be recognised at a distance by its colour alone. There is the plane, for example, whose broad leaves always assume a tawny hue, and whose trunk and branches are ever dappled by its custom of shedding great patches of bark. Both species of plane have this curious custom, and at the foot of the Oriental and Occidental plane may be seen large sheets of bark, which have peeled off and fallen to the ground, much to the discomfort of wood-lice innumerable, that had sheltered themselves behind the bark, and suddenly find themselves ousted from their premises.

The two brightest colours which reign in the autumn leaves are yellow and red, and these are mostly toned down with brown. There are, of course, exceptions, such as the bright leafage of the Virginia creeper, which clothes many a house with a scarlet robe, and almost redeems the vapid nonentity of modern builders' architecture. Yellow of a nearly unmixed hue may be seen in the hazel, and the maple, and the hornbeam, though in each plant the yellow is of a different quality, that of the hazel being darkish

yellow, that of the maple being pale yellow, and that of the hornbeam bright golden yellow. The ash, too, puts on a yellowish suit in October, the hue being that of a nearly ripe lemon.

A mixture of the two colours, red and yellow, is very common. The elm, for example, has autumnal leaves of an orange hue, which soon change to dull brown; and the sycamore becomes orange for a brief period, while passing from green into yellowish dun, and from that tint into scarlet. Reddish brown is even more common than orange, and may be seen on a variety of trees. The wild cherry, the dogwood, and the crab tree, are good examples of this hue, wherein the red predominates; and in most cases, as the leaves become older and dryer, the red fades out of them, like the fugitive colour it is, and the brown assumes the predominance.

Yellow and brown is a very common mixture, and is found in the oak and the hawthorn; these tints are peculiarly beautiful in the beech, which tree has the faculty of retaining its leaves for a long time, and will keep its mottled garments after the leaves of every other deciduary tree have strewn the ground.

Scarlet now becomes pre-eminent in the woods and hedgerows, and every wild rose is now plentifully besprinkled with its shining scarlet seed-cases, instead of only showing a few red dots here and there, as was the case last month.

The graceful mountain ash, the rowan of the Scotch, is now covered with fruit, the scarlet berries hanging in heavy clusters, and giving promise of a plentiful banquet to the missel-thrush. Let every one who loves a graceful tree, and can appreciate the song of birds, plant a few mountain ash plants near the house. He will be well rewarded for his trouble, for the tree is a quick grower, and shoots up wonderfully fast, so that in a few years the sapling becomes a respectable tree. Then the missel-thrush has a special liking for the scarlet fruit, and if he finds himself well supplied with food, will remain for several weeks beyond his usual time of migration, repaying his benefactor with his rich and mellow notes.

Although he goes away, other thrushes come to us, such as the redwing and the fieldfare, the latter bird making its appearance in large flocks, and being rather shy until the winter has fairly set in.

To return to our autumnal hues. There is scarlet everywhere—on the trees, on the ground, on the hedges, and under them. The "lords and ladies" have now exchanged their beautiful purple spikes for clusters of large scarlet berries, the fruit of the bittersweet nightshade hangs heavily on the delicate branches, and the glowing fruit of the bryony covers the hedges with its scarlet clusters. The deep bloomy purple of the blackberry now makes its appearance, especially after the first frost, and the ripe elderberries cluster thickly among the perishing leaves, ready to be gathered and made into that remarkable wine which is so great a favourite at Christmas-tide.

In October the fungi become luxuriant, and the round puff-ball, or white-capped mushroom, may be found in plenty. As to the latter edible, let it be searched for in fairy rings, especially where they cut low gorse bushes, such localities causing it to thrive wonderfully. Some of them are most singular in shape, and many are most beautiful in hue, among which the well-known fly agaric is pre-eminent, with its scarlet cap dotted with pearls. The lichens, too, come forward, and, indeed, the great season of the cryptogamic collector begins with the first of October.

Flowers now become very scarce, and, except in damp and sheltered spots, they almost wholly vanish. There is one noticeable little plant, growing in marshy lands, that flowers in this month—a flower hated by shepherds with the same unreasoning hate that is borne by mariners to the stormy petrel. This plant is the marsh pennywort, so called because it grows in marshes, and its leaves are round like the old pence. Shepherds call it sheep-rot, being under the impression that it causes the terrible foot-rot among their flocks, and, in consequence, they detest the plant. In reality they ought to be grateful to it, inasmuch as its tiny white flowrets afford a warning that the land is unfit for sheep, and is likely to produce the disease already mentioned. Sometimes the plant is called white-rot, in allusion to its white flowers.

Having disposed of the vegetable world, we turn to the animal kingdom.

Some of the birds have already been mentioned, and to them must be added certain others. Those who live in the south of England may now expect to see our friend the hooded crow back again. During the summer he has been northward, sojourning in Scotland and the cooler parts of our island; but he does not like too severe a cold, and is driven southward by the first heavy snows.

In this month the chaffinches begin to flock together after their fashion, and the snipe rises from the marshes, inviting the sportsman to the long-expected joys of pottering about in the puddles, sinking up to his knees in the quagmires, and walking about all day with the water "squishing" in his boots.

But, to the generality of British sportsmen, October is a much-loved month, because in it pheasant-shooting becomes a legal recreation, and during the first few weeks the beautiful birds are subjected to a process of slaughter which looks like extermination. But, after that time, the survivors have found out the meaning of men, dogs, and guns, and decline to be shot, without trouble and much toil.

Let not the artist, who really wishes to depict his subject aright, represent the pheasant-shooter as surrounded with the tender greens of May, or the full foliage of June, both of which errors are strangely rife among draughtsmen. Let the trees be thinned of their leafage, let the warm orange, the varied yellow, and the faded brown take the place of the vanished greens; let the half-withered seed-stalks stand where flowers lately waved their many-coloured petals, and let the sharply-outlined clouds cut the sky, as is their wont in mid-autumn.

In October the artist will find his best opportunities of studying the swine as they are in nature, and not as they appear when cooped up in the narrow dwellings which we seem to think good enough for them. Pigs are much more sensible animals than they are supposed to be, and whenever they can obtain an opportunity of developing both their instincts and their reasoning powers, they are sure to take advantage of it.

There are several forests still in England whither swine are taken to feed on the fallen acorns and beech-mast, and a very curious sight they present. Under the guidance of certain veterans, who have passed several seasons in the forest, they soon learn to come home at night, and to enter the comfortable pen where they can repose in safety. During the day they run about at will, but never travel very far from their pen, always remaining within hearing of the swineherd's horn, the sound of which they know to be a signal that food is near.

During this five or six weeks of vagrancy, the swine pick up instinctively the habits of wild life, and can hardly be recognised as the

same animals which had so lately been lying asleep in their sty, and only waking towards the feeding hour. In England this custom is dying out, owing to the destruction of many of our best forests, but in many parts of the Continent it flourishes in full vigour.

The fields and farmsteads are again busy with many labourers. In the fields are gangs of workers, some getting in the ripened crops, and others preparing the ground for the future harvest.

Potatoes are never very picturesque vegetables, even when in full flower, but the process of digging and removing them is eminently so.

In one part of the field are the sturdy labourers, most of them Irish, "illigant with the spade intirely," but using the fork in lieu of their favourite implement, and turning the tubers out of the soil. Others are busily employed at removing the haulm to leeward, where it is piled into heaps and burned, the white smoke careering fitfully over the ground, and sadly afflicting the eyes and nostrils of those who come within its scope. Gangs of women are hard at work at picking up the potatoes and gathering them into baskets ready for the approaching cart; and although every one must experience a feeling of regret that women should ever be put to field work at all, no one can deny that their rugged and scanty raiment is mightily picturesque.

In October, too, the more skilled labourers are working at the gates and fences, their rough and ready carpentry dispensing with a large stock of tools, and requiring only an axe, a beetle, a mallet, a saw, an auger, a mortice chisel, and a handful or two of large nails. Such are some of the sights of mid-autumn.

THE EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE AT THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WHEN an exhibition of sculpture was projected at the Horticultural Gardens for this season—Mr. Henry Cole having become their "manager," in the room of Dr. Lindley—there were, it will be remembered, certain terms on which the works were to be received that were extremely distasteful to the profession. It was proposed that the exhibited works should be labelled with the prices at which copies in bronze, terra cotta, or other material, would be sold to the public. This unusual and arbitrary condition was considered so offensive by the Institute of Sculptors, that a resolution was passed by that body, declining to contribute to the exhibition, and subsequently a second vote was passed confirmatory of the first. The result is that scarcely any of our first-class sculptors have sent works. That very objectionable article of the proposal—the labelling of the statues—does not seem to have been carried out. Whether it was rescinded or not before the placing of the works, we know not; there are, at present, no price labels attached to them. It was in nowise probable that men in the enjoyment of that distinction which has been achieved by our eminent sculptors, would submit to have their works ticketed in the manner intended. Such a proposition must have been put forth in entire ignorance of the spirit and feeling of the profession. In support of such a proceeding, it cannot be urged that the catalogues of certain exhibitions are priced,—the cases are not parallel. In the Gardens are placed upwards of ninety statues—but, in proportion to the number, there is a remarkable deficiency of excellence. It is clear that those artists who assist the project have not deemed it necessary to work for it. If anything has been executed expressly for the occasion, it has no conspicuous merit, though in many of the productions which have been familiar to us for years, and that have been

described in these columns, there is merit of a high order. It cannot be thought that the project was not intended to elicit new ideas; yet how has its pretension been met by the artists who have contributed? Many of the statues have been in existence for years; others, if more recent, still challenge the eye as having mingled in other assemblages. The grace and beauty of a piece of sculpture will outlive a thousand years; and if the real aim of this exhibition does not rise above the mercantile level, there are a few admirable statues really worthy of multiplication and circulation in bronze and terra cotta. But certain of the casts point directly to industrial, rather than fine, Art; and if, on surveying the collection, those sculptors who have declined the competition congratulate themselves that they are not represented, there are also some who have contributed who will not be proud of their associations. With whatever view the proposal has been made, its terms have at once been repudiated by an eminent section of the profession; and those by whom the conditions have been accepted have regarded it as likely to be productive of little professional advantage. To sculptors, the savour of South Kensington will be by no means sweet when their works are looked upon as wares, and themselves as, in the accepted sense, handicraftsmen. Of these sculptures, then, we say that with very many of them we have long had a nodding acquaintance. It is not, therefore, necessary to enter into any description of them. Some of the terra cotta statues show themselves at once as genuine; but others, exemplifying terra cotta, look like plaster coloured, and the effect of these will not promote the cause of terra cotta. In modern Italian baked earth, there is a statue of Galileo, by Boni, of Milan, of much merit, but the head is too small, and the resemblance is not after the best portraits at Florence. There are other works by the same artist. 'Cupid and a Dog,' by Marochetti, resembles in everything, as of course is intended, a Roman bronze. J. T. Wills sends a 'Comus' Vase; by W. Theed there is 'The Bard,' 'Innocence,' by Malempre; 'Andromeda,' J. Bell—the original is at Osborn—and by the same, 'Imogen entering the Cave,' 'Innocence,' M. de Bleser; 'Purity,' M. Noble; 'Thetis,' M. Barreau; 'Bacchus and Ino,' Malempre; 'Briseis,' E. W. Wyon; 'Lurline,' M. Bayley; 'Lalage,' J. Bell; 'Suzanne,' Destreez; 'The Mother's Kiss,' H. Weekes, R.A.; 'Lady A. C. Pole,' T. Thornycroft; 'Shakespeare between Tragedy and Comedy,' J. Bell, &c.

Near the entrance at the upper end of the Exhibition Road is placed a cast by Marochetti of a statue of the Prince Consort, coloured to give the effect of bronze. The Prince is seated, and wears the uniform of a field-marshal, over which is thrown the mantle of the Order of the Thistle. The right hand, holding a plumed hat, hangs down, while the left rests on the arm of the chair. The head and features are those of the Prince as he appeared ten or twelve years ago. The arcade under which the statue is placed is by no means favourable for the consideration of such a work. It is extremely difficult to conceive anything new as a representation of Prince Albert; this portrait has, however, the great merit of being a very striking resemblance, yet at the same time unlike all other portraits of the Prince that have preceded it. The sculptor has sacrificed much to impart to the figure that kind of motive which suggests the turn of its thought and language; but his success is signal. The head is slightly turned to the left, and all the faculties are alive—not in thought, but in argument; the figure insists on your hearing what it has to say. The chair is occupied as if it were a relief to sit; hence an ease unattainable in a studied attitude. Few artists would have ventured to dispose the legs as we find them here. The arrangement is not graceful, but their firmness contributes much to the earnestness of the head. There is generally something in the works of this sculptor contemptuous of the canons of composition: here it is the legs, but the purpose is obvious. The most cunning uses are made of the mantle, in alternating its folds with the inexorable sharpness of the ancient chair. This is the original cast for the statue of the Prince Consort which was inaugurated at Aberdeen by the Queen.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE, ITALY.

Engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.

BYRON and Turner appear to have regarded Italy with kindred minds; the memory of her past glories and her present loveliness animated the pencil of the one and the pen of the other: the poet never wrote more eloquent and expressive stanzas than those which this land called forth, and many of Turner's noblest pictures are derived from the same source. Italy is the country over which the painter's imagination revelled; it gave him ideas to mould into whatever form, and to invest with whatever colour, his genius might choose to impart to it. He saw beauty in her decayed palaces, and grandeur in her ruins of departed greatness; and he clothed them with a glory which might have belonged to her primitive state, and which is due to them how low soever she may now have fallen. He revived Italy, making her not so much what she is, as what it may be supposed she was when holding an exalted position among the nations of the earth; but he put his own peculiar stamp both on the present and the past. His reverence of the land may be inferred from the fact that all, or nearly all, his finest landscapes are associated with it either directly or indirectly; for his Carthaginian pictures seem to have a common nature with his Italian. He visited other countries, and saw what they had to show him; he knew his own native land well, with all her wealth of scenery, fresh and beautiful and varied; but these seem rarely to have stirred him to lavish his genius upon them in such a way as did that portion of Europe which lies south of the Alps.

And Byron, too, venerated Italy, and mourned over her desolate political condition:—

"Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs: and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay.
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all besides—decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was
free!"

And in what true poetic spirit he refers to her magnificent scenery in the following lines:—

"A land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be
The master-mind of Nature's heavenly hand.
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea,

"The commonwealth of kinds, the men of Rome!
And ever since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

It was from this latter stanza that Turner composed his picture; he adopted it as the motto to his work when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1832. There are several of his compositions which show more of architectural grandeur than the edifices introduced here, but none, perhaps, that conveys a more impressive idea of a glorious country in ruins—none that more completely seems to link the Italy of the present with the Italy of the past; as we look upon it the thoughts go back through whole centuries of years. On the summits of the lofty hills to the left are relics of temples which might have stood in the days of the Caesars; nearer to the spectator is a mass of buildings that may have been erected in the mediæval ages; in the foreground is a group of modern Italians enjoying what we must most unclassically and irreverently—considering the locality—call a "pic-nic," on a spot which overlooks the vast expanse of landscape, its ruins, its glorious river, and its long range of distant hills stretching far away to the horizon.

This noble composition has, unfortunately, lost much of the beauty of the original colouring; a result greatly to be deplored, for the picture is undoubtedly one of Turner's finest works.



W. H. P. 1850. R. A. PINX.

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CHARLES HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

1850

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HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXI.—Hogarth.—His early history.—His sets of pictures.—The *Harlot's Progress*.—The *Rake's Progress*.—The *Marriage à la mode*.—His other prints.—The *Analysis of Beauty*, and the persecution arising out of it.—His patronage by Lord Bute.—Caricature of the Times.—Attacks to which he was exposed by it, and which hastened his death.

On the 10th of November, 1697, William Hogarth was born in the city of London. His father, Richard Hogarth, was a London schoolmaster, who laboured to increase the income derived from his scholars by compiling books, but with no great success. From his childhood, as he tells us in his "Anecdotes" of himself, he displayed a taste for drawing, and especially for caricature; and, out of school, he appears to have been seldom without a pencil in his hand. The limited means of Richard Hogarth compelled him to take the boy from school at an early age, and bind him apprentice to a steel-plate engraver. But this occupation proved little to the taste of one whose ambition rose much higher; and when the term of his apprenticeship had expired, he applied himself to engraving on copper; and, setting up on his own account, did considerable amount of work, first in engraving arms and shop-bills, and afterwards in designing and engraving book illustrations, none of which displayed any superiority over the ordinary run of such productions. Towards 1728, Hogarth began to practise as a painter, and he subsequently attended the academy of Sir James Thornhill, in Covent Garden, where he became acquainted with that painter's only daughter, Jane. The result was a clandestine marriage in 1730, which met the disapproval and provoked the anger of the lady's father. Subsequently, however, Sir James became convinced of the genius of his son-in-law, and a reconciliation was effected through the medium of Lady Thornhill.

At this time Hogarth had already commenced that new style of design which was destined to raise him soon to a degree of fame as an artist few men have ever attained. In his "Anecdotes" of himself, the painter has given us an interesting account of the motives by which he was guided. "The reasons," he says, "which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were, that I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further hope that they will be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable. In these compositions, those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class. If the execution is difficult (though that is but a secondary merit), the author has claim to a higher degree of praise. If this be admitted, comedy, in painting as well as writing, ought to be allotted the first place, though *the sublime*, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes, and this has been attempted in the prints I have composed. Let the decision be left to every unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players dressed either for the sublime, for genteel comedy, or farce, for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer: my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a *dumb-show*."

The great series of pictures, indeed, which form the principal foundation of Hogarth's fame, are comedies rather than caricatures, and noble comedies they are. It is not by delicacy or excellence of drawing that he excels, for he often draws

incorrectly; but it is by his extraordinary and minute delineation of character, and by his wonderful skill in telling a story thoroughly. In each of his plates we see a whole act of a play, in which nothing is lost, nothing glossed over, and, I may add, nothing exaggerated. The most trifling object introduced into the picture is made to have such an intimate relationship with the whole, that it seems as if it would be imperfect without it. The art of producing this effect was that in which Hogarth excelled.

The first of Hogarth's great *suites* of prints was the '*Harlot's Progress*,' which was the work of the years 1733 and 1734. It tells a story which was then common in London, and was acted more openly than at the present day; and therefore the effect and consequent success were almost instantaneous. It had novelty, as well as excellence, to recommend it. This series of plates was followed, in 1735, by another, under the title of the '*Rake's Progress*.' In the former, Hogarth depicted the shame and ruin which attended a life of prostitution; in this, he represented the similar consequences which a life of profligacy entailed on the other sex. In many respects it is superior to the '*Harlot's Progress*,' and its details come more home to the feelings of people in general, because those of the prostitute's history are more veiled from the public gaze. The progress of the spendthrift in dissipation and riot, from the moment he becomes possessed of the fruits of paternal avarice, until his career ends in prison and madness, forms a marvellous drama, in which every



Fig. 1.—DESPAIR.

incident presents itself, and every agent performs his part, so naturally, that it seems almost beyond the power of acting. Perhaps no one ever pictured despair with greater perfection than it is shown in the face and bearing of the unhappy hero of this history, in the last plate but one of the series, where, thrown into prison for debt, he receives from the manager of a theatre the announcement that the play, which he had written in the hope of retrieving somewhat of his position—his last resource—has been refused. The returned manuscript and the manager's letter lie on the wretched table (cut No. 1); while on the one side his wife reproaches him heartlessly with the deprivations and sufferings which he has brought upon her, and on the other the jailer is reminding him of the fact that the fees exacted for the slight indulgence he has obtained in prison are unpaid, and even the pot-boy refuses to deliver him his beer without first receiving his money. It is but a step further to Bedlam, which, in the next plate, closes his unblest career.

Ten years almost from this time had passed away before Hogarth gave to the world his next grand series of what he called his "modern moral subjects." This was the '*Marriage à la mode*,' which was published in six plates in 1745, and which fully sustained the reputation built upon the '*Harlot's Progress*' and the '*Rake's Progress*.' Perhaps the best plate of the '*Marriage à la mode*,' is the fourth—the music scene, in which one principal group of figures especially arrests the attention. It is represented in our cut No. 2. William Hazlitt has justly remarked upon it that, "the preposterous, overstrained admiration of the

lady of quality; the sentimental, insipid, patient delight of the man with his hair in papers, and sipping his tea; the pert, smirking, concealed, half-distorted approbation of the figure next to him; the transition to the total insensibility of the round face in profile, and then to the wonder of the negro boy at the rapture of his mistress, form a perfect whole."



Fig. 2.—FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

In the interval between these three great monuments of his talent, Hogarth had published various other plates, belonging to much the same class of subjects, and displaying different degrees of excellence. His engraving of '*Southwark Fair*,' published in 1733, which immediately preceded the '*Harlot's Progress*,' may be regarded almost as an attempt to rival the fairs of Callot. The '*Midnight Modern Conversation*' appeared in the interval between the '*Harlot's Progress*' and the '*Rake's Progress*,' and three years after the series last mentioned, in 1738, the engraving, remarkable equally in design and execution, of the '*Strolling Actresses in a Barn*,' and the four plates of '*Morning*,' '*Noon*,' '*Evening*,' and '*Night*,' all full of choicest bits of humour. Such is the group of the old maid and her footboy in the first of this series (cut No. 3)—the former stiff and prudish, whose religion is evidently not that of charity; while the latter crawls after her, shrinking at the same time under the effects of cold and hunger. Among the humorous events which fill the plate of '*Noon*,' we may point to the disaster of the boy who has been sent to the baker's to fetch home the family dinner, and who, as represented in our cut No. 4, has broken his pie-dish, and spilt its contents on the ground; and it is difficult to say which is expressed with most fidelity to nature—the terror and shame of the unfortunate lad, or the feeling of enjoyment in the face of the little girl who is feasting on the fragments of the scattered meal. In 1741 appeared the plate of the '*Enraged Musician*.' During this period, Hogarth appears to have been hesitating between two subjects for his third grand pictorial drama.



Fig. 3.—AN OLD MAID AND HER PAGE.

Some unfinished sketches have been found, from which it would seem that, after depicting the miseries of a life of dissipation in either sex, he intended to represent the domestic happiness which resulted from a prudent and well-assorted marriage; but for some reason or other he abandoned this design, and gave the picture of wed-

lock in a less amiable light, in his 'Marriage à la mode.' In 1750 appeared the 'March to Finchley,' in many respects one of his best works. It is a striking exposure of the want of discipline, and the low *morale*, of the English army under George II. Many amusing groups fill this picture, the scene of which is laid in Tottenham Court Road, along which the Guards are supposed to be marching to encamp at Finchley, in consequence of rumours of the approach of the Pretender's army in the Rebellion of '45. The soldiers in front are moving on with some degree of order, but in the rear we see nothing but confusion, some reeling about under the effects



Fig. 4.—LOSS AND GAIN.

of liquor, and confounded by the cries of women and children, camp-followers, ballad singers, plunderers, and the like. One of the latter, as represented in our cut No. 5, is assisting a fallen soldier with an additional dose of liquor, while his pilfering propensities are betrayed by the hen screaming from his wallet, and by the chickens following distractedly the cries of their parent.

Hogarth presents a singular example of a satirist who suffered under the very punishment which he inflicted on others. He made many personal enemies in the course of his labours. He had begun his career with a well-known personal satire, entitled 'The Man of Taste,' which was a caricature on Pope, and the poet is said never to have forgiven it. Although the satire in his more celebrated works appears to us general, it told upon his contemporaries personally; for the figures which act their parts in them were so many portraits of individuals who moved in contemporary society, and who were known to everybody, and thus he provoked a



Fig. 5.—A BRAVE SOLDIER.

host of enemies. He was to an extraordinary degree vain of his own talent, and jealous of that of others in the same profession; and he spoke in terms of undisguised contempt of almost all artists, past or present. Thus the painter introduced into the print of 'Beer Street' is said to be a caricature upon John Stephen Liotard, one of the artists mentioned in the last chapter. He thus provoked the hostility of the greatest part of his contemporaries in his own profession, and in the sequel had to support the full weight of their anger. When George II., who had more taste for soldiers than pictures, saw the painting of the 'March to Finchley,' instead of admiring it as a work of Art, he is said to have expressed himself with anger at the insult which he believed was offered to his army; and Hogarth not only

revenged himself by dedicating his print to the king of Prussia, by which it did become a satire on the British army, but he threw himself into the faction of the Prince of Wales at Leicester House. The first occasion for the display of all these animosities was given in the year 1753, at the close of which he published his "Analysis of Beauty." Though far from being himself a successful painter of beauty, Hogarth undertook in this work to investigate the principles of beauty, which he referred to a waving or serpentine line, and this he termed the "line of beauty." Hogarth's manuscript was revised by his friend, Dr. Morell, the compiler of the "Thesaurus," whose name became thus associated with the book. This work exposed its author to a host of violent attacks, and to unbounded ridicule, especially from the whole tribe of offended artists. A great number of caricatures upon Hogarth and his line of beauty appeared during the year 1754, which show the bitterness of the hatred he had provoked; and to hold still further their terror over his head, most of them are inscribed with the words, "To be continued." Among the artists who especially signalled themselves by their zeal against him, was Paul Sandby, to whom we owe some of the best of these anti-Hogarthian caricatures. One of these is entitled 'A New Dunciad, done with a view of [fixing] the fluctuating ideas of taste.' In the principal group (which is given in our cut No. 6), Hogarth is represented playing with a *pantin*, or figure which was moved into activity by pulling a string, that here takes somewhat the form of the line of beauty, which is also drawn upon his palette. This figure is described underneath the picture as "a painter at the proper exercise of his taste." To his breast is attached a card (the knave of hearts), which is described by a very bad pun as "the fool of arts." On one side "his genius" is represented in the form of a black harlequin; while behind appears a rather jolly personage (intended, perhaps, for Dr. Morell), who, we are told, is one of his admirers. On the table are the foundations, or the remains, of "a house of cards." By him is Hogarth's favourite dog, named Trump, which

always accompanies him in these caricatures. Another caricature which appeared at this time represents Hogarth on the stage as a quack doctor, holding in his hand the line of beauty, and recommending its extraordinary qualities. This print is entitled 'A Mountebank Painter demonstrating to his admirers and subscribers that crookedness is ye most beautifull.' Lord Bute, whose patronage at Leicester House Hogarth now enjoyed, is



Fig. 6.—A PAINTER'S AMUSEMENTS.

represented fiddling, and the black harlequin serves as "his puff." In the front a crowd of deformed and hump-backed people are pressing forwards (see our cut No. 7), and the line of beauty fits them all admirably.

Much as this famous line of beauty was ridiculed, Hogarth was not allowed to retain the small honour which seemed to arise from it undisputed. It was said that he had stolen the idea from an Italian writer named Lomazzo, Latinised into



Fig. 7.—THE LINE OF BEAUTY EXEMPLIFIED.

Lomatius, who had enounced it in a treatise on the Fine Arts, published in the sixteenth century.* In another caricature by Paul Sandby, with a vulgar title which I will not repeat, Hogarth is visited, in the midst of his glory, by the ghost of Lomazzo, carrying in one hand his treatise on the Arts, and with his other holding up to view the line of beauty itself. In the inscriptions on the plate, the principal figure is described as "An author sinking under the weight of his saturnine analysis;" and, indeed, Hogarth's terror is broadly painted, while the volume of his Analysis is resting heavily upon "a strong support bent in the line of beauty by the mighty load upon it." Beside Hogarth stands "his faithful pug," and behind him "a friend of the author, endeavouring to prevent his sinking to his natural lowness." On the other side stands Dr. Morell, or, perhaps, Mr. Townley, the master of Merchant Taylors' School, who continued his service in preparing the book for the press after Morell's death, described as "the author's friend and corrector,"

astonished at the sight of the ghost. The ugly figure on the left hand of the picture is described as "Deformity weeping at the condition of her darling son," while the other dog is "a greyhound bemoaning his friend's condition." This group is represented in our cut No. 8. The other caricatures which appeared at this time were too numerous to allow us to give a particular description of them. The artist is usually represented, under the influence of his line of beauty, painting ugly pictures from deformed models, or attempting historical pictures in a style bordering on caricature, or, on one occasion, as locked up in a mad-house, and allowed only to exercise his skill upon the bare walls. One of these caricatures is entitled, in allusion to the title of one of his most popular prints, 'The Painter's March through Finchley, dedicated to the king of the gipsies, as an encourager of Arts, &c.' Hogarth appears in full flight through the village, closely pursued by women and children, and animals in great variety, and defended only by his favourite dog.

With the 'Marriage à la mode,' Hogarth may be considered as having reached his highest point of excellence. The set of 'Industry and Idleness' tells a good and useful moral story, but

* It was translated into English by Richard Haydocke, under the title of "The Artes of Curious Paintinge, Carvinge, Buildinge," fol. 1598. This is one of the earliest works on Art in the English language.

displays inferior talent in design. 'Beer Street' and 'Gin Lane' disgust us by their vulgarity, and the 'Four Stages of Cruelty' are equally repulsive to our feelings by the unveiled horrors of the scenes which are too coarsely depicted in them. In the four prints of the proceedings at an election, which are the last of his pictures of

this description, published in 1754, Hogarth rises again, and approaches in some degree to his former elevation.

In 1757, on the death of his brother-in-law, John Thornhill, the office of serjeant-painter of all his Majesty's works became vacant, and it was bestowed upon Hogarth, who, according to

garth became on this occasion greater than ever. Parodies on his own works, sneers at his personal appearance and manners, reflections upon his character, were all embodied in prints which bore such names as Hogg-ass, Hoggart, O'Garth, &c. Our cut No. 9 represents one of the caricature portraits of the artist. It is entitled "Wm. Hogarth, Esq., drawn from the Life." Hogarth wears the thistle on his hat, as the sign of his dependence on Lord Bute. At his breast hangs his palette, with the line of beauty inscribed upon it. He holds behind his back a roll of paper inscribed "Burlesque on L—d B—t." In his right hand he presents to view two pictures, 'The Times,' and the 'Portrait of Wilkes.' At the upper corner to the left is the figure of Bute, offering him in a bag a pension of "£300 per ann." Some of the allusions in this picture are now obscure, but they no doubt relate to anecdotes well known at the time. They receive some light from the



Fig. 8.—PIRACY EXPOSED.

his own account, received from it an income of about two hundred pounds a-year. This appointment caused another display of hostility towards him, and his enemies called him jeeringly the king's chief panel painter. It was at this moment that a plan for the establishment of an Academy of the Fine Arts was agitated, which, a few years later, came into existence as the Royal Academy, and Hogarth proclaimed so loud an opposition to this project, that the old cry was raised anew, that he was jealous and envious of all his profession, and that he sought to stand alone as superior to them all. It was the signal for a new onslaught of caricatures upon himself and his line of beauty. Hitherto his assailants had been found chiefly among the artists, but the time was now approaching when he was destined to thrust himself into the midst of a political struggle, where the attacks of a new class of enemies carried with them a more bitter sting.

George II. died on the 17th of October, 1760, and his grandson succeeded him on the throne as George III. It appears evident that before this time Hogarth had gained the favour of Lord Bute, who, by his interest with the Princess of Wales, was all-powerful in the household of the young prince. The painter had hitherto kept tolerably clear of politics in his prints, but now, unluckily for himself, he suddenly rushed into the arena of political caricature. It was generally said that Hogarth's object was, by displaying his zeal in the cause of his patron, Lord Bute, to obtain an increase in his pension; and he acknowledges himself that his object was gain. "This," he says, "being a period when war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind, prints were thrown into the background; and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing* [the italics are Hogarth's] to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income." Accordingly he determined to attack the great minister, Pitt, who had then recently been compelled to resign his office, and had gone over to the opposition. It is said that John Wilkes, who had previously been Hogarth's friend, having been privately informed of his design, went to the painter, expostulated with him, and, as he continued obstinate, threatened him with retaliation. In September, 1762, appeared the print entitled 'The Times, No. I,' indicating that it was to be followed by a second caricature. The principal features of the picture are these: Europe is represented in flames, which are communicating to Great Britain, but Lord Bute, with soldiers and sailors, and the assistance of Highlanders, is labouring to extinguish them, while Pitt is blowing the fire, and

the Duke of Newcastle brings a barrow-full of *Monitors* and *North Britons*, the violent journals of the popular party, to feed it. There is much detail in the print which it is not necessary to describe. In fulfilment of his threat, Wilkes, in the number of the *North Briton* published on the Saturday immediately following the publication of this print, attacked Hogarth with extraordinary bitterness, casting cruel reflections upon his domestic as well as his professional character. Hogarth, stung to the quick, retaliated by publishing the well-known caricature of Wilkes. Thereupon Churchill, the poet, Wilkes's friend, and formerly the friend of Hogarth also, published a bitter invective in verse against the painter, under the title "Epistle to William Hogarth." Hogarth retaliated again: "Having an old plate by me," he tells us, "with some parts ready, such as a background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear." The unfinished picture was intended to be a portrait of Hogarth himself; the canonical bear, which represented Churchill, held a pot of porter in one hand, and in the other a knotted club, each knot labelled "lie 1," "lie 2," &c. The painter exults over the pecuniary profit he derived from the extensive sale of these two prints.

The virulence of the caricaturists against Ho-



Fig. 9.—AN INDEPENDENT DRAUGHTSMAN.

following mock letters which are written at the foot of the plate:—

"Copy of a letter from Mr. Hog-garth to Lord Mucklemun, with his Lordship's Answer.

"My Lord,—The enclosed is a design I intend to publish; you are sensible it will not redound to your honour, as it will expose you to all the world in your proper colours. You likewise know what induced me to do this; but it is in y^r power to prevent it from appearing in publick, which I would have you do immediately. "WILLM. HOG-GARTH."

"Mair. Hog-garth,—By my saul, mon, I am sare troobled for what I have done; I did na ken y^r muckle merit till noow; say na mair about it; I'll mak au things easy to you, & gie you bock your Pension. "SAWNEY MUCKLEMON."

In an etching without a title, published at this time, and copied in our cut No. 10, the Hogarthian dog is represented barking from a cautious



Fig. 10.—BEAUTY AND THE BEAR.

distance at the canonical bear, who appears to be meditating further mischief. Pugg stands upon his master's palette and the line of beauty, while Bruin rests upon the "Epistle to Wm. Hogarth," with the pen and ink by its side. On the left-hand side, behind the dog, is a large frame, with the words "Pannel Painting" inscribed upon it. The article by Wilkes in the *North Briton*, and

Churchill's metrical epistle, irritated Hogarth more than all the hostile caricatures, and were generally believed to have broken his heart. He died on the 26th of October, 1764, little more than a year after the appearance of the attack by Wilkes, and with the taunts of his political as well as of his professional enemies still ringing in his ears.

MACLISE'S 'DEATH OF NELSON.'

IN proportion as Mr. Maclise's 'Death of Nelson' advances towards completion, so the public interest and curiosity increase, under the excitement of impressions derived from the painting already finished, 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo.' In connection with this subject, it is desirable to know whether water-glass painting fulfils its promise of fitness for our climate, and maintains thus far for our purposes its superiority over fresco; and especially it would be satisfactory to learn whether the picture does justice or not to the fame of the painter, and is worthy of our naval history, and the place which it occupies. Besides, it will not be impertinent here to state in how short a time a production of such rare pictorial excellence, and such unusual dimensions, has been painted. All the nice technicalities—as the rigging and upper gear—were disposed of before the figure aggroupments were touched; and the latter are in a state so forward, that nearly the whole of the composition may now be seen and understood. The proportion of the work completed may be set down as seven-eighths; but it will yet be another year before the whole is accomplished. During the progress of the picture up to this time, several important changes have been made in the arrangements as first determined in the smaller oil picture from which the artist works. Had it been otherwise, such an instance would, perhaps, have been singular. It certainly would have been so in the case of Mr. Maclise; the conception of some of his great works having received their most attractive features from the continuous suggestions of a most luxuriant fancy. But here he has advanced, step by step, strictly under the dictum, and according to the gauge, of indisputable authority, as far as that is accessible. The original cast of the subject appears in the small oil picture. Such preliminary essays are commonly called sketches, and in a great majority of the instances in which they are used, they are nothing else; but this is a picture as studiously finished as the great painting was intended to be, and as it is; and when the subject was thus dealt with on the canvas, the artist considered he had exhausted his theme—he believed there was not one thread of the tangled yarn that he had not taken up, having consulted every history of the great battle, and listened to the story of every living tongue that had anything to tell him about it; yet do gallant officers of the highest rank, saturated with the salt of every sea which bears the British pennant, stand before the picture, and contradict each other most absolutely as to the proprieties of the subject. On such occasions, the artist is not a peacemaker; on the contrary, he perhaps foment the quarrel by saying, "Pray, gentlemen, settle the matter; I tell you honestly, I shall be but too happy to give my adhesion to the winning side." It is not too much to say that the painter is working under a microscope,—the kind of criticism to which he is daily open, and which he courts, condescends from the building up of the masts of the *Victory*, to the splicing of a rope-yarn, and the stitching of the sailors' jerseys. When West painted the subject for George III., there was then living perhaps every man who had survived the battle; and all the material, gear, fittings, and appointments that had served at Trafalgar were still in existence. But West took no pains to determine truthful detail; his picture is, therefore, full of error. When the existing contracts were entered on, it was proposed to Mr. Maclise that his first subject should be taken from our early history; but as there was a question of Waterloo and Trafalgar, he very judiciously determined to treat these great themes first, as in beginning with another he would be removed ten years farther from the periods of the events which he was desirous of commemorating with all truth. Had he acquiesced in the suggestion, the difficulties of verification hereafter would have been proportionably augmented.

The length of the picture is forty-six feet, being equal in measurement to the quarter-deck of the *Victory*. The spot on which Lord Nelson has fallen is marked by a brass plate let into the planking of the deck, and bears the inscription, "Here Nelson fell." Six feet to the left of this

is the descent to the cockpit, and, perhaps at twice that distance, on the right, are the steps leading up to the poop. The group which formed immediately round the fallen chief, contained prominently Captain Hardy, Dr. Beattie, with others who were on the spot, as the commanding officer of marines, and some of the men. But this sorrowing circle is not yet carried out. It will be left till the last, being now gradually approached from the right, where a gun is being busily worked by its crew. The captain of the gun is a very striking figure; and supplementary to this disposition, are men and powder boys handing shot and cartridges, and others variously employed, but all active, either as combatants, or in aiding those that are so. On the proper right of the group round Lord Nelson, a wounded man is being carried down to the cockpit; and yet farther is a gun surrounded by the gunners, all distracted by grief at the fall of the admiral. On the extreme left lie some of the dead and wounded. One of the latter is tended by women, who wash his wound, and hand him a glass of spirits. From one end of the deck to the other, the effect of the mournful event is electric—brave hearts are instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and dismay; and then comes the vengeful reaction, the first impulse of which is to strike down the man that shot Nelson. It was at once ascertained that the fatal shot came from the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*, and the marines are already firing in that direction. At the extremity of the poop are two midshipmen, each with a musket in his hand, and earnestly looking up through the smoke. One represents Lieutenant Pollard: the name of the other, we believe, was Collingwood. The former is said to have killed the man who shot the admiral. Be that as it may, it is certain that the man could not have survived, for the top was promptly cleared. It was something for the boy Pollard to have done so much towards avenging the death of Nelson. He is now left drifting down the stream of years towards eighty, with his reward—Greenwich Hospital and a lieutenantancy; and in the upper ranks of the profession, there are those who will not believe that such a man either does, or ever did, exist. The *Redoubtable* lies so close alongside, that her mainyard, with the sail attached, has fallen aboard the *Victory*, being supported by the rigging; and over the poop hangs the wreck of a mizen topmast, which may be either that of the enemy, or of Nelson's ship, for both had been shot away. The presence and act of Pollard having come to the knowledge of Mr. Maclise subsequently to the completion of the working draught of the subject, the introduction of the two boys was one of the changes made: another was, the presence of women, and their ministering to the wounded, which, although authenticated beyond question, is nevertheless positively denied by officers holding the highest rank in the service.

In naval circles the picture has excited a stirring interest, not only from its merits as a grand work, but from its accuracy in the most minute details. Were it not as near as possible to perfection as a commemoration of the great battle and the shipboard fashions of the day in which it was fought, it would attract but little of the attention of men who are so painfully critical as sailors. But white-headed old officers come prepared to point out a hundred errors, having chafed themselves into captious intolerance, by what they regard as the presumption of any man painting the battle of Trafalgar who has not served at least twenty years of his life at sea. Such men inspect the whole of the circumstances and appointments, down to the run and thickness of every rope in the rigging. Mr. Maclise has been at great pains to verify the fact that the quarter-deck of the *Victory* was armed with twelve-pounder guns, and that these guns were fired with a lock having a cord attached. The guns are most carefully painted, and have passed without question until very recently, when the artist is authoritatively informed by an aged officer that the guns in that part of the ship were not twelve-pounders, but carronades working on a slide; by another he is informed that the firing was not effected by means of a lock, but by means of a match; and by another that Captain Hardy must appear in Hessian boots, a fashion common to naval officers of that time; but this suggestion and assertion, as far as Captain

Hardy is concerned, are set aside by history, wherein it is written that during the battle a portion of Captain Hardy's shoe-buckle was carried away by a splinter, whereon Lord Nelson remarked, "Warm work this, Hardy!" With respect to the guns, and the locks, if it can be established that they were carronades, the artist will certainly make the change, although the general feeling is that the guns were as they are painted, and fired with locks. Such are the difficulties that Mr. Maclise has had to combat from the beginning; and had he taken up the subject in no better spirit than West did, his task would have been hopeless. Such, however, is his solicitude for accuracy, that he has obtained from Greenwich the very coat and waistcoat in which Nelson was killed, and the present Lord Nelson has kindly consented to confide to him the stars and orders worn by the hero when he was stricken down. Curiously enough Lord Nelson has sketched the orders in charcoal on the hoarding, and there the sketch remains. This hoarding is the same that fenced the painter in when he was busied with his Waterloo picture, in the early progress of which the late Prince Consort suggested that a Polish lancer would assist the variety, and at once, with a piece of white chalk, drew the outline of a lancer's cap, which is still on the hoarding as the Prince left it, and there is the proposal duly carried out in the picture. These same deal boards bear a rough outline proposal for a new National Gallery by Lord E. Elcho, sketched by Lord Clarence Paget, and many other useful and interesting memoranda.

In former descriptions of the progress of this picture, it was stated to be painted in stereochrome (water-glass), the new method of mural painting, about which there exist many misconceptions, not only on the side of the public, but among artists themselves. It is simply a process of water-colour painting on a dry wall, and the work being finished, it is faced with silicate of potash. Whereas there are only four months in the year during which fresco painting can with certainty be prosecuted, stereochrome can be continued during the entire year, by day or night, gas of course being necessary in the latter case. To Mr. Maclise solely is due the honour of having introduced it into this country, his attention having been drawn to it by the late Prince Consort, at whose instance he went to Berlin, and there saw Kaulbach's wall pictures in stereochrome on the staircase of the New Museum. Not content with examining these magnificent works, and merely making himself acquainted with the theory of the method, he caused a piece of plaster ground to be prepared, on which he painted with perfect success, and the result of this experiment is still in his possession. He had, we believe, made some progress with his Waterloo picture as a fresco before going to Berlin, but on his return, so satisfied was he that the new method was the only kind of mural painting suitable for this country, that he effaced what he had done, and had the wall prepared for stereochrome; and so fully has the Waterloo picture satisfied every necessary condition, that this manner of painting has been adopted by Mr. Herbert in the Robing Room, and in the corridors of both Houses by Mr. Ward and Mr. Cope.

In another year the 'Death of Nelson' will be open to the public, who will then be enabled to estimate the rare professional qualifications necessary to the completion of such a task. But the glowing patriotism and Art-love which have stimulated the painter through his lengthened labour will not be in like manner discernible, as it will not be understood that any man could devote himself to a public work for one-third of the remuneration which he could command from private commissions. In grave sentiment, earnest and circumstantial truth, absence of theatrical display, indeed in every property essential to, and becoming a great historical narrative, this picture by Maclise stands among the most prominent of its time. We are a maritime power, but it is the only picture which we yet possess entirely worthy of our naval history.

Trafalgar and Waterloo are grand pages in our national annals; there are but few comparatively among us who remember the latter conflict, fewer still who heard the news of the former: but Maclise's pictures will, we trust, tell their stories to many generations.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DECORATION.

FROM DRAWINGS BY HOWARD HOPELEY.

CONVENTIONALISM in its most marked form is the chief characteristic of the decorative Art practised by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley. Highly cultivated and luxurious in their tastes, the Egyptians of the days of Moses set their faces against all change, and eschewed novelties as strenuously as do the modern Chinese or Japanese. Art, in any form, was with them a thing of rule and square; human figures were constructed geometrically, and all enrichment became monotony. As a natural consequence the most ancient works are the best, for after many hundred years the mind of the Egyptian decorator seems hardly equal to the duldest copying, and his hand has become merely mechanical.



The Pharaohs who troubled the Israelites commanded better Art than the Greek Ptolemies could obtain. One of the most important works of an ancient Egyptian was to construct during lifetime a sepulchre for himself and his family. A great incentive to this course of action lay undoubtedly in the current belief of those people concerning the immortality of the soul. The contemplation of death, and the condition of man in the hidden world beyond the tomb, held greater place, it would seem, in the every-day thought of society than with us in these times; so it became the business of the Egyptian earnestly to prepare for death, and organise an abode for the body—which he believed would one day become reanimated—such as should help best to insure his future well-being; it was meet, therefore, that the mansion of death should be fitly ordered for



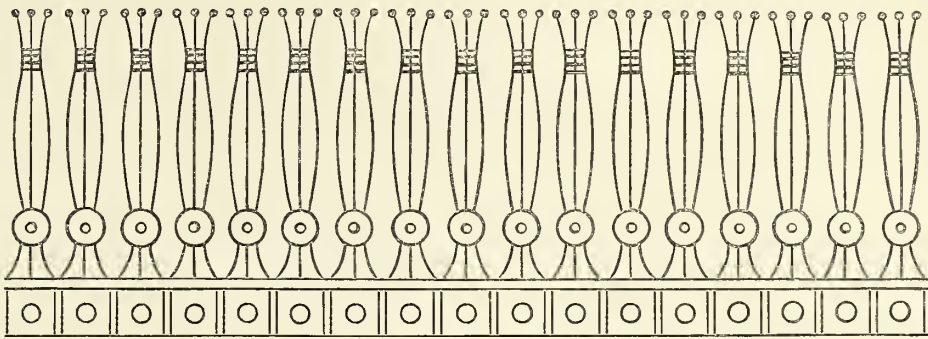
the reception of its guest. And so whatever the rock could furnish for stability, or Art could produce in the way of decoration, was lavishly bestowed in fashioning this mummy home, where, he fondly trusted, no intruder should enter until the awakening of the sleeper at the final call. The traveller of to-day finds the tomb little injured indeed as to outward circumstances, but its tenant has flitted, his mummied remains have been torn up to satisfy the cupidity of the priest or jewel seeker, or carried away northward to adorn some antiquarian collection. Thousands of these sepulchres are cut into the rocky mountain range that skirts the valley of the Nile, and the clear, dry air of Egypt has preserved the paintings on their walls almost uninjured through successive ages down to the present time, so that one may still behold and examine, in all its fresh-

ness of design and gorgeousness of colouring, the work of artists who were contemporary with Abraham and Moses.

The principal subjects which one sees portrayed here, are those that relate to the past life of the sleeper. Thus, in a farmer's tomb, we find depicted scenes of husbandry, ploughing, sowing, gathering in the harvest, and so on; in that of the merchant, his ships and merchandise; in that of the warrior, his battles. Around the

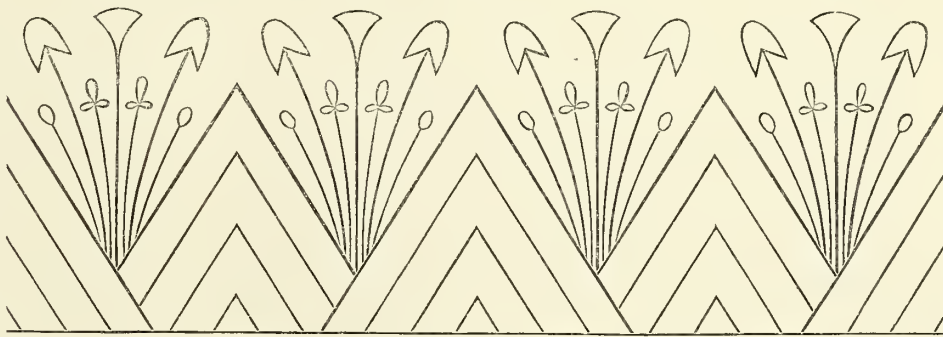
walls there is generally a painted cornice, while the ceiling is covered with some elaborate design—a combination of flowers or a conventional device; thus the *ensemble* of these corridors and chambers is very harmonious, the more so as the ancient Egyptians appear to have had great mastery over the arrangement of colours.

While travelling in Egypt somewhat recently, Howard Hopley, Esq., made a collection of sketches from the more ancient devices used in



the ornamentation of tombs, and he has permitted us to select from them such as are most characteristic in the way of designs for cornices and ceilings. The oldest examples were taken from a succession of grottoes in the eastern range of table mountains, near a deserted Arab town named Beni Hassan. You have to climb some distance up a craggy and precipitous footway to a kind of projecting stratum or ledge in the face

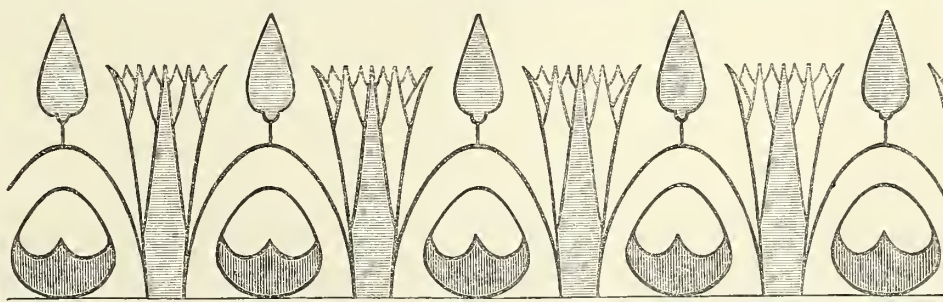
of this limestone rock—a landing-place running horizontally for some distance, and of sufficient width to be serviceable as a terrace. The pathway is difficult to climb, but the view from it is remarkably grand; the broad valley of the Nile far below, with its rich cornfields and palm groves fringing the stately river, whose waters reflect here and there a minaret or mosque rising out of some little white village which clusters around it; the



boundary of the yearly inundation being marked by the bright green verdure; beyond is the desert sand and arid mountains.

The rock immediately above this ledge is pierced with a series of openings, each one of which forms a portal going into a grotto, caverned more or less deeply and capaciously into the heart of the mountain. These tombs ordinarily consist of one chamber, mostly of an oblong form, having a

deep niche at the extremity, where one or more of the Egyptian deities are seated on their thrones, carved in high relief, while by their side deep pits have been sunk, or sometimes other niches hewn out, where the mummied sleepers of the family have in succession been placed. In one or two instances, slender columns, elegantly cut to resemble a bundle of lotus stems, support, or rather affect to support, the rock ceiling above;



the doorways are elaborately sculptured, and still show marks where massive bronze gates have swung on their hinges—the “gates of death.” The walls furnish the principal attraction to the visitor; on their broad surface he may read an epitome of Egyptian fashionable life; here are ladies playing at ball, gentlemen at chess, athletes going through their exercises, fishing and fowling scenes, the chase of antelopes and hippopotami, purloiners arraigned before the justice of the

peace, and punished with the bastinado, girls dancing to the sound of the timbrel and harp, and, what is a common subject to all these tombs, the master giving an entertainment to his friends, he and his wife portrayed with their arms lovingly entwined, and seated on a raised dais, while the guests hold festival around.

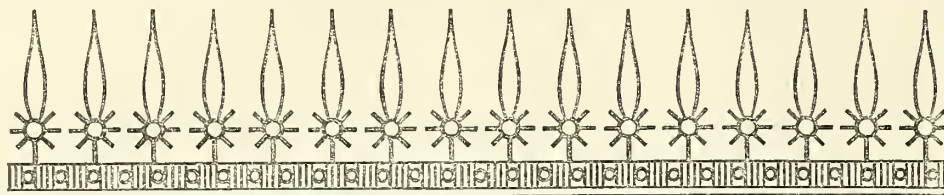
The device forming the first of our cornice series, occurs in a tomb which bears on the lintel of its door the name of Osirtasen, a king of the

eighteenth dynasty, who lived, according to lowest computation, upwards of two thousand years B.C. The other designs are principally taken from among the numberless tombs which honeycomb the lower ranges of the stately mountain that rises up from the western verge of the Theban plain. A precipitous and irregular hill of limestone, known under the name of *Abd-el-Goorneh*,

clinging after the fashion of a parasite on to the side of the loftier rock, seems to have been the principal burial-place. These sepulchres are of a more complicated disposition than those of Beni Hassan, and the traveller is apt at times to get confused among the involved passages and corridors appertaining to them; but on the surface of the walls are oftentimes to be found paint-

are the most ancient. The public works at Thebes, executed 2,000 years before Christ, are infinitely superior to all that succeeded them—the sculpture of the Ptolemaic era being the most debased. Where Art was so very conventional it may seem that this falling off in ability would be hardly possible; but in spite of the rigid character of Egyptian design, the hand of the artist appears in the stiffest early work in some grace of form or delicacy of manipulation; but in the later work we find only the heavy monotony of a mind and a hand deadened by long conventional labours.

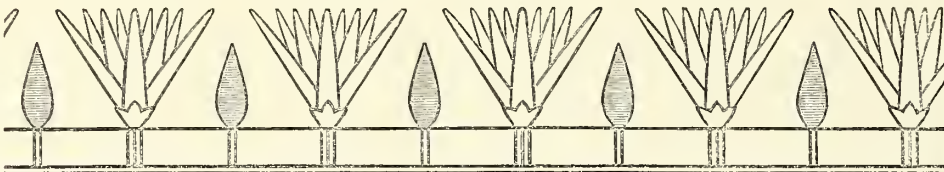
A curious fact, worth noting, when speaking of this very early Art at Thebes, is this: that whatever be the subject chosen by the ancient sculptor for the theme of his labour, it is clearly understood by the modern, as it was by the ancient,



ings and sculptures of surpassing beauty, upon which the visitor might reflect long and profitably, still finding new subjects of interest and for contemplation.

It is to be deplored that such small portions of these acres of wall-paintings have been copied, and in this manner placed beyond the reach of harm, on the shelves of our great libraries. To

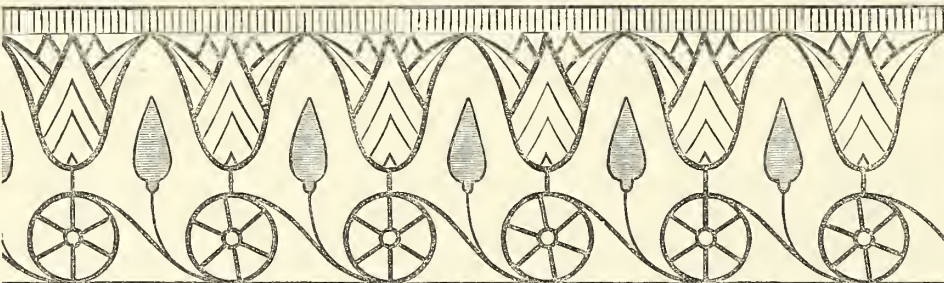
copy the surface of every tomb would certainly be a toil of no ordinary magnitude; and, unfortunately, as daylight reaches not most of them, photography is of no avail for the purpose. Moreover, there are material impediments in the way sometimes: masses of *débris* would have to be removed, in order to lay the walls bare; the ceilings are often so high, that it adds to the



difficulty of copying correctly, the miserable artificial light produced by bad candles and torches often only making "darkness visible."

It will be perceived that many of the designs we have engraved are based upon the study of flowers; they are treated so very conventionally, that it is not always possible to detect the plant or flower the artist had in view; but there is no

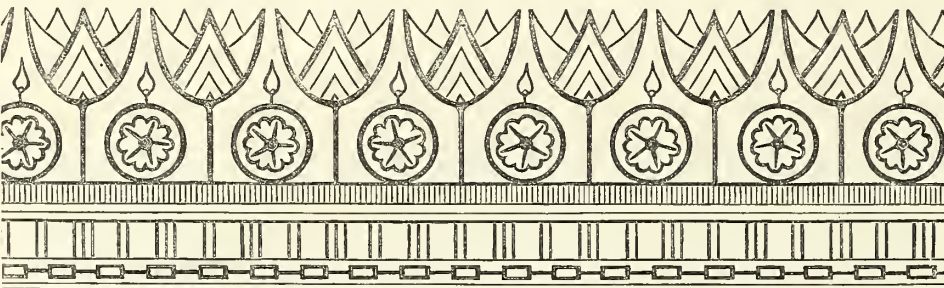
mistake about the national lotus, which appears more frequently than any other, and was adopted generally for the capitals of columns and other architectural forms. Our small supplemental cuts (selected from the sketch-book of another Nile traveller, F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.) exhibit an ingenious adaptation of the lotus flower and bud to a circular design, in a second instance curiously



combined with the Nile fish. The other small cuts which conclude the series are remarkable, as exhibiting the so-called Greek volute and meander, and are copied from the painted ceilings of the great tomb at Esioot, the capital of Upper Egypt, which Wilkinson dates 1600 years B.C.; it seems from this, as from many other instances, that Egypt was the prolific mother of the more grace-

ful Art which, untrammelled by self-imposed stringency, flourished among the Mediterranean Isles.

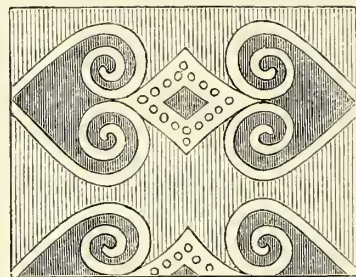
In studying these ancient designs it is impossible to avoid feeling their distinct nationality. They are the embodied ideas of a peculiar people, receiving the impress of a mode of thought as peculiar as themselves. Based on natural forms,



they resemble them as distantly as our mediæval heraldry resembles nature. It is only the early Art of a nation that bears this distinct and original character, and hence the modern decorator is unable to invent an original style, his mind being pre-occupied by so much that has gone before him. The modern Egyptian is equally unable to compose decorative enrichments, and he falls back on the Art of the nation

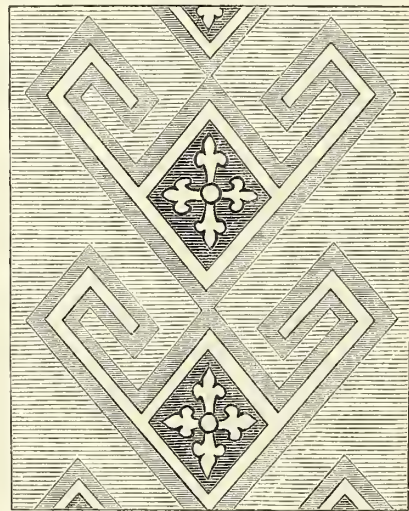
that seems to him the best or the easiest to imitate. Hence the fine old Art of the Arab rulers of Cairo has no influence with him, and he prefers and adopts bad imitations of European enrichment.

It is remarkable that this sort of decadence in architecture and sculpture marked the increase of luxury in the ancient as in the modern world. Thus the finest reliques on the banks of the Nile



Egyptian. They have no difficulty in comprehending many strange conventionalisms that puzzle an European; but they are in the same way puzzled by our pictures, whether devoted to landscape or figures, and are often literally unable to comprehend their meaning at all, so completely is the mind educated through the eye in both instances.

We have seen how Greek decoration arose out of this unpromising soil, and it is instructive to contemplate its origin; nothing can testify to the innate sense of beauty possessed by this wonderful people more strongly than this. Eminently suggestive, it has led to a series of exquisite inventions, and been adopted as the basis of all that is elegant in the enrichment of decorative Art by the nations who have succeeded them. Modern exigencies, however, occasionally demand the proper study and reproduction of a less pure and



elegant invention, and as we surround ourselves with the spoils of all nations, and desire the reproduction of their quaint imaginings to add to the picturesque of our own era, it becomes a necessity for the Art-manufacturer to study accurately what was done by his predecessor some thousands of years ago; hence these pages have their due value as facts amid the fancies of other styles, and may teach the student also that the study of nature was never forgotten in the imaginings of the ancient decorator, however strangely he may appear to have shadowed forth his knowledge of plants and flowers; his study seems indeed to have been *suggestive* rather than *positive*; for in very few instances do we find nature depicted in its reality, but in forms adapted to the wants of the artisan and the subject upon which he laboured.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

AMSTERDAM.—Art has just acquired another "local habitation" in the Amsterdam Industrial Palace, which was opened on the 16th of August. The building is entirely of glass and iron, and is intended to be to Holland what the Crystal Palace is to England. The grounds, however, are not yet laid out, for the land is still covered with hideous barrack buildings, which the Minister of War obstinately refuses to transfer to other localities. When completed, however, according to the plan of the architect, the edifice and grounds will doubtless constitute a most instructive and pleasing attraction in the capital of the Netherlands. The Amsterdam Industrial Palace was built at a cost of 1,500,000 florins, raised by shares; the architect is M. Cornelis Outshoorn, a native of Holland. The length of the principal division is 380 feet, its breadth 105 feet; in the centre, under the dome, 135 feet; from the basement to the dome is 180 feet. The building is considered a very beautiful development of the art of architecture. The pillars, windows, and towers—every detail—are in harmony, and the whole bears witness to the unwearied and unwearied study of the artist under whose superintendence it has been constructed.

BERLIN.—Herr von Kaulbach has returned to Munich, having finished his celebrated picture of the 'Reformation,' in fresco, upon the staircase wall of the new Museum in Berlin.

MUNICH.—The late appointment of Dr. Von Hefner Alteneck as Curator of the royal collection of engravings, has been followed by some important results; amongst these, the discovery of one hundred and seventy splendid original drawings relative to *old armour* is of great interest. They belong to the finest examples of an art which once flourished in Germany. These drawings and patterns were made for the armour of both man and horse, and in their completeness must have been intended for at least fifteen sets of splendid mail. All the drawings are of the size of the armour itself, and are drawn in such a manner that the makers, who were then called "*plattner*," had merely to place them on the plates of metal, and to cut the latter accordingly. Following the custom of those times, which embellished almost every object of practical utility with some imprint of Art, these sketches embrace an immense variety of the most graceful arabesques, with foliage, fantastic masks and monsters, combined with diminutive animals and human figures, scenes of mythology, fights, and historical figures. To these are yet to be added those convolutions of emblems, devices, and coats of arms, which were used in the times of the Renaissance. All these drawings are patterns of that embossed work with which armour was then ornamented, adding the most careful chasing and inlaying with gold. The sketches are mostly drawn with a bold pen, and slightly touched with Indian ink. A few are drawn with red chalk, and some with the common pencil; the latter are amongst the most spirited. All prove that these are not mere copies, but original sketches of German artists (*meister*) of the sixteenth century. Now arises the question, for whom were these splendid coats of mail intended? To this the collection affords an ample response. Among the sketches is a pattern for a coat of mail for a horse, on which the lilies of France and the letter F, surmounted by a crown, show that this splendid specimen of mediæval Art was destined for Francis I., King of France. This is an important item in the history of German Art, because even considering that similar works were then also executed in Italy and France, yet it appears that some of the finest specimens of coats of mail preserved in the armouries of Europe are of German origin. We know that the armourers of Augsburg were then celebrated over the whole world, as their names appear on splendid coats of mail in the collection of arms at Madrid. In Munich also great masters were then living, as the splendid sword (*Pracht Schwert*) of Charles V., preserved in the museum of Ambras, was laid in with gold and silver by the Munich goldsmith, Ambrosius Gammlich. Another centre of old German armourers was Innsbruck, which has been only lately made known by the researches of Ichönherr. He has found that Jörg Ieusenhofer, "armourer and harness maker" to the Emperor Ferdinand I., was engaged to make a coat of mail "for the old King of France," viz., Francis I., to be presented to him by the emperor. Ieusenhofer also worked for the kings of England and Portugal.

VERSAILLES.—A marble statue of the late King of Wurtemberg is to be executed by command of the Emperor, and placed in the gallery of the palace.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

With the exception of Shakspeare, and, perhaps, Sir Walter Scott, there is no writer whose works have been more assiduously studied by painters for pictorial subjects than Goldsmith. He has, moreover, another claim upon their consideration, in that he was connected with the Royal Academy at its first foundation, having been appointed Professor of Ancient History to the new institution, a post which has always been little else than honorary.

Novelist, poet, dramatist, essayist, historian, and naturalist—in each of these characters Goldsmith achieved a reputation; but it is in the first three of these especially that he is now most favourably known, and most extensively as a novelist, for there is scarcely a language of Europe into which his "*Vicar of Wakefield*" has not been translated. Goethe, after he had reached his eightieth year, declared that the book "had been his delight at twenty; that it formed part of his education, and influenced his tastes and feelings through life; and that he had recently read it again with renewed pleasure;" and Schegel pronounced it to be the "gem of European works of fiction." Macaulay, Scott, Rogers, with a host of other literary men of note, have given their testimony to this admirable work of fiction; and while his "*Deserted Village*" and "*The Traveller*" are among the best poems of the kind ever penned, so are "*She Stoops to Conquer*" and "*The Good-natured Man*" generally classed among the most finished comic dramas of modern times.

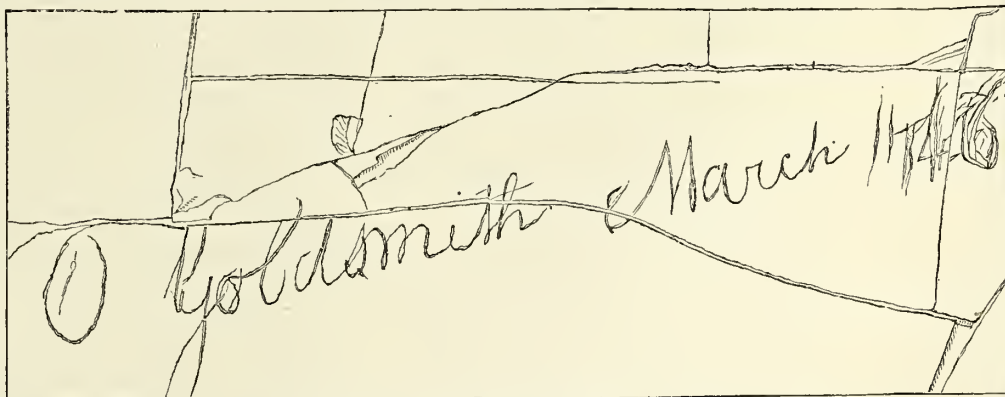
The versatility of Goldsmith's genius as an author—for his writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature—seems in some measure to be a reflex of his personal character: certain it is that there are numerous passages in his works which shadow forth his own history and experiences; and it appears strange that one who could think and write so philosophically, should himself have exhibited in his life and conduct so little true philosophy, except in bearing with equanimity the consequences of his own imprudence. The story of that life is like reading a romance; and in perusing it we can only wonder at the singular combination it affords of industry and idleness, vanity and weakness, amiability and benevolence, extravagance and recklessness. At no one period did he ever pursue resolutely a single object; even literature was followed with commercial views only—for the money it brought him, even more, perhaps, than

for the fame which naturally arises from success: he seems to have had no ambition beyond that of filling his purse that he might speedily empty it again at the gaming-table, on dress, and in acts of charity, real or fictitious; for "he was ever ready to yield to the impulse of the moment, and a piteous tale would so work upon his feelings, that for the relief of an applicant he would often not only give all in his possession, but even involve himself in debt." "Think of him," said Thackeray, "reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like; but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity." "Let not his frailties be remembered," said Dr. Johnson; "he was a very great man." "Let them be remembered," wrote Washington Irving, "since their tendency is to endear." "Let them be remembered in regretful love," says a more recent writer, "while we think with grateful admiration of his virtues and his genius; and acknowledge how surprisingly great he would have been with a more regulated mind and a stronger nature."

This last quotation is from a condensed biographical sketch of Goldsmith written by his countryman, Dr. Waller, in a loving, genial, and appreciative spirit, and which forms the introduction to the volume now lying before us. The life and writings of Goldsmith have engaged the attention of numerous biographers and commentators, among whom Prior, Washington Irving, and Foster, stand eminently conspicuous, and between them they have almost, if not quite, exhausted the subject. Dr. Waller does not attempt to throw any new light upon it: he says his "task has been chiefly that of condensation and selection;" but it requires no little skill and judgment to do this effectively from such ample materials as the history supplies.

The literary works of Goldsmith which have achieved the greatest popularity, either in the ranks of fiction or poetry, are those enumerated above. These, with a few of his principal minor poems, now make their appearance in a large and handsome volume, published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., who have been issuing it during several months past in penny numbers, weekly. The whole is now completed, and sold for a few shillings. It is illustrated with upwards of one hundred engravings, the style and character of which may be seen from the examples here introduced; but there are many others that are too large to suit our pages conveniently.

Dr. Waller gives the following summary of Goldsmith's literary merits:—"As a prose writer, he combined—with the graces of a style that charms by its elegance, its simplicity, and its



FAC-SIMILE OF PANE OF GLASS TAKEN FROM GOLDSMITH'S ROOM, IN TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

purity—sentiments refined without false delicacy, pathos that was never overwrought, and humour that was never forced—a moralist without hypocrisy, a teacher without pedantry, a reformer without intolerance, and a satirist without bitterness. As a poet we must assign him a higher place still, perhaps the highest in that class which he may be almost said to have created in England. In powers of description, whether it be the delineation of nature or of humanity, he is a master: his paintings are all portraits—true, vigorous, characteristic, and finished, with the most effective arrangement of light and shade, of warmth and

colour." This is perfectly true, and herein may be found the reason why the writings of Goldsmith, especially the "*Vicar of Wakefield*," are, and have been, so popular with our artists. The characters are already drawn to hand, as it were: they are life-like, whether in sorrow or in joy, whether pathetic or humorous, while the "situations" are varied, and full of incident. How much of the author's own character is reflected in portions of this charming narrative, it is not very difficult for those who know his history to discover. We see in it, says his present biographer, "the moral nature of Goldsmith more transparently than in anything else he has written—that thorough honest, unsophisticated nature, full of truth and hope and love and charity, unsordid and unselfish, improvident and resilient, rising ever with elastic

* THE WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Illustrated. Edited, with Introductions, and a Life of Goldsmith, by J. F. WALLER, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

rebound the moment that the pressure is removed from his spirit." But, in fact, in the story, in the poems of "The Deserted Village" and "The



THE FAMILY GOING TO CHURCH

Traveller," and in his comedies, may be traced abundant evidences of the strange, wayward life, and of the diversified experiences of the author.



THE VICAR RELIEVING THE POOR

Ninety years have elapsed since he was laid in his grave, in the burial-ground of the Temple Church, amid "the tears of Burke, the profound

sorrow of Reynolds, and the strong emotion that shook with grief the manly heart of Johnson; nor must we forget the crowd of more humble

mourners that surrounded the house in Brick Court on that solemn occasion—"women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no

friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."



"As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er."

Truly, whatever evil he did—and it was to his own hurt only, for he was enemy to none but himself—was buried with him, but the good was not "interred with his bones;" it yet lives after him.

A noble statue of Goldsmith, by his countryman, Foley, has recently been erected in front of

Trinity College, where the poor scholar wasted so many of the golden hours of his youth. The edition of his most popular writings which we now bring to the notice of our readers, is also



"The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love."

a fitting tribute to his genius; it must find its way into thousands of British homes. The illustrations speak for themselves. It will be evident that the artists employed on them have entered

thoroughly into the spirit of the text. The drawings in the "Vicar of Wakefield" are by Mr. Anerlay, those in "She Stoops to Conquer" by

Mr. Morten, and the others are by various artists. The picture of the old miser is from the pencil of Mr. Morgan, and that of the young lovers, both on this page, is by Miss Ellen Edwardes.

THE SECULAR CLERGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART I.

IN former papers we have given popular sketches of the *regular clergy* of the middle ages, that is to say, of the *monks*, the *military orders*, the *friars*, the *hermits* and *recluses*; the series would be incomplete without a similar sketch of the *secular clergy*, that is, the ordinary parish priests of the same period. We propose, therefore, to devote three papers to the subject; and we desire to say at the outset that it is not proposed to treat the subject from a religious point of view, and that controversial topics will be specially avoided. We shall resist, for the present, the temptation to dwell at length upon the official robes of the various orders, and the picturesque religious ceremonies which formed so important a part in the pageantry of mediæval life. Our object is not to present the clergy "*in pontificalibus*," but in their ordinary habit, as they lived in their houses and walked about among the people. To understand the social position of the beneficed secular clergy, it is necessary that we should sketch, however briefly, the origin of the parochial organisation of the Church of England.

The Church of England dates from the Council of Hertford, A.D. 673. Before that time the Saxon people were the subject of missionary operations, carried on by two independent bodies, the Italian mission, having its centre at Canterbury, and the Celtic mission, in Iona. The bishops who had been sent from one or other of these sources into the several kingdoms of the Heptarchy, gathered a body of clergy about them, with whom they lived in common at the cathedral town; thence they made missionary progresses through the towns and villages of the Saxon "bush;" returning always to the cathedral as their head-quarters and home. The national churches which sprang from these two sources were kept asunder by some differences of discipline and ceremonial rather than of doctrine. These differences were reconciled at the Council of Hertford, and all the churches recognised Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, as the Metropolitan of all England.

To the same archbishop we owe the establishment of the parochial organisation of the Church of England, which has ever since continued. He pointed out to the people the advantage of having the constant ministrations of a regular pastor, instead of the occasional visits of a missionary. He encouraged the thanes to provide a dwelling-house and a parcel of glebe for the clergyman; and permitted that the tithe of each manor—which the thane had hitherto paid into the common church-fund of the bishop—should henceforth be paid to the resident pastor, for his own maintenance and the support of his local hospitalities and charities; and lastly, he permitted each thane to select the pastor for his own manor out of the general body of the clergy. Thus naturally grew the whole establishment of the Church of England; thus each kingdom of the Heptarchy became, in ecclesiastical language, a diocese, each manor a parish; and thus the patronage of the benefices of England became vested in the lords of the manors.

At the same time that a rector was thus gradually settled in every parish, with rights and duties which soon became defined, and sanctioned by law, the bishop continued to keep a body of clergy about him in the cathedral, whose position also gradually became defined and settled.*

The number of clergy in the cathedral establishment became settled, and they acquired the name of canons; they were organised into a collegiate body, with a dean and other officers. The estates of the bishop were distinguished from those of the body of canons. Each canon had his own house within the walled space about the cathedral, which was called the Close, and a share in the common property of the Chapter. Besides the canons, thus limited in number, there gra-

dually arose a necessity for other clergymen to fulfil the various duties of a cathedral. These received stipends, and lodged where they could in the town; but in time these additional clergy also were organised into a corporation, and generally some benefactor was found to build them a quadrangle of little houses within, or hard by, the Close, and often to endow their corporation with lands and livings. The Vicars' Close at Wells is a very good and well-known example of these supplementary establishments. It is a long quadrangle, with little houses on each side, a hall at one end, and a library at the other, and a direct communication with the cathedral. There also arose in process of time many collegiate churches in the kingdom, which resembled the cathedral

establishments of secular canons in every respect, except that no bishop had his see within their church. Some of the churches of these colleges of secular canons were architecturally equal to the cathedrals. Southwell Minster, for example, is not even equalled by many of the cathedral churches. It would occupy too much space to enter into any details of the constitution of these establishments; we will only note that these canons may usually be recognised in pictures by their costume. The most characteristic features were the square cap and the furred amys. The amys was a fur cape worn over the shoulders, with a hood attached, and usually has a fringe of the tails of the fur, or sometimes of little bells, and two long ends in front. In the



accompanying very beautiful woodcut we have a semi-choir of secular canons, seated in their stalls in the cathedral, with the bishop in his stall at the west end. They are habited in surplices, ornamented with needlework, beneath which may be seen their robes, some pink, some blue in colour.* The one in the subsellæ who is nearly concealed behind a pillar, seems to have his furred amys thrown over the arm of his stall; his right-hand neighbour seems to have his hanging over his shoulder. He, and one in the upper stalls, have round skull caps; others have the hood on their heads, where it assumes a horned shape, which may be seen in other pictures of canons. The woodcut is part of a full page illumination of the interior of a church, in the Book of Hours of Richard II., in the British Museum (Domit. xvii.).

These powerful ecclesiastical establishments continued to flourish throughout the middle ages; their histories must be sought in Dugdale's "*Monasticon*," or Britton's "*Cathedrals*," or the histories of the several cathedrals. In the registers of the cathedrals there exists also a vast amount of unpublished matter, which would supply all the little life-like details that historians usually pass by, but which we need to enable us really to enter into the cathedral life of the middle ages. The world is indebted to Mr. Raine for the publication of such details from the registry of York, in the very interesting "*York Fabric Rolls*," which he edited for the Surtees Society.

To return to the Saxon rectors. By the end of the Saxon period of our history we find the whole kingdom divided into parishes, and in each a rector resident. Probably the rectors were often related to the lords of the manors, as is natural in the case of family livings; they were not a learned clergy; speaking generally they were a married clergy; in other respects, too, they resisted such asceticism as was characteristic of mediæval monkery as it is of modern

puritanism: they ate and drank like other people, farmed their own glebes, spent a good deal of their leisure in hawking and hunting, like their brothers, and cousins, and neighbours; but their interests were in the people and things of their own parishes, they seem to have performed their clerical functions fairly well, and they were bountiful to the poor; and, in short, they seem to have had the virtues and failings of the country rectors of a hundred years ago.

After the Norman conquest several causes concurred to deprive a large majority of the parishes of the advantage of the cure of a well-born, well-endowed rector, and to supply their places by ill-paid vicars and parochial chaplains. First among these causes we may mention the evil of impropriations, from which so many of our parishes are yet suffering, and of which this is a brief explanation. Just before the Norman conquest there was a great revival of the monastic principle; several new orders of monks had been founded, and the religious feeling of the age set in strongly in favour of these religious communities, which then, at least, were learned, industrious, and self-denying. The Normans founded many new monasteries in England, and not only endowed them with lands and manors, but introduced the custom of endowing them also with the rectories of which they were patrons. They gave the benefice to the convent, and the convent, as a religious corporation, took upon itself the office of rector, and provided a vicar to perform the spiritual duties of the cure. The apportionment of the temporalities of the benefice usually was, that the convent took the great tithe, which formed the far larger portion of the benefice, and gave the vicar the small tithe, and (if it were not too large) the rectory-house and glebe for his maintenance. The position of a poor vicar, it is easy to see, was very different in dignity and emolument and prestige, in the eyes of his parishioners, and in the means of conferring temporal benefits upon them, from that of the old rectors his predecessors in the cure. By the time of the Reformation, about half of the livings of England and Wales had thus become inappropriate to mo-

* Some of the English sees were set up in the monastic churches of monks of various orders; it is with the normal cathedral only that we are at present concerned.

* It will be shown hereafter that secular priests did ordinarily wear dresses of these gay colours, all the ecclesiastical canons to the contrary notwithstanding.

nasteries, cathedral chapters, corporations, guilds, &c.; and since the great tithe was not restored to the parishes at the dissolution of the religious houses, but granted to laymen, together with the abbey-lands, about half the parishes of England are still suffering from this perversion of the ancient Saxon endowments.

Another cause of the change in the condition of the parochial clergy was the custom of papal provisors. The popes, in the thirteenth century, gradually assumed a power of nominating to vacant benefices. Gregory IX. and Innocent IV., who ruled the church in the middle of this century, are said to have presented Italian priests to all the best benefices in England. Many of these foreigners, having preferment in their own country, never came near their cures, but employed parish chaplains to fulfil their duties, and sometimes neglected to do even that. Edward III. resisted this invasion of the rights of the patrons of English livings, and in the time of Richard II. it was finally stopped by the famous statute of *Præmunire* (A.D. 1392).

The custom of allowing one man to hold several livings was another means of depriving parishes of the advantage of a resident rector, and handing them over to the care of a curate. The extent to which the system was carried in the middle ages seems almost incredible; we even read of one man having from four to five hundred benefices.

Another less known cause was the custom of presenting to benefices men who had taken only the minor clerical orders. A glance at the lists of incumbents of benefices in any good county history will reveal the fact that rectors of parishes were often only deacons, sub-deacons, or acolytes.* It is clear that in many of these cases—probably in the majority of them—the men had taken a minor order only to qualify themselves for holding the temporalities of a benefice, and never proceeded to the priesthood at all; they employed a chaplain to perform their spiritual functions for them, while they enjoyed the fruits of the benefice as if it were a lay fee, the minor order which they had taken imposing no restraint upon their living an entirely secular life.† It is clear that a considerable number of priests were required to perform the duties of the numerous parishes whose rectors were absent or in minor orders, who seem to have been called parochial chaplains. The emolument and social position of these parochial chaplains was not such as to make the office a desirable one; and it would seem that the candidates for it were, to a great extent, drawn from the lower classes of the people. Chaucer tells us of his poor parson of a Town, whose description we give below, that

"With him there was a *ploughman* was his brother."

In the Norwich corporation records of the time of Henry VIII. (1521 A.D.), there is a copy of the examination of "Sir William Green," in whose sketch of his own life, though he was only a pretended priest, we have a curious history of the way in which many a poor man's son did really attain the priesthood. He was the son of a labouring man, learned grammar at the village grammar school for two years, and then went to day labour with his father. Afterwards removing to Boston, he lived with his aunt, partly labour-

ing for his living, and going to school as he had opportunity. Being evidently a clerkly lad, he was admitted to the minor orders, up to that of acolyte, at the hands of "Friar Graunt," who was a suffragan bishop in the diocese of Lincoln. After that he went to Cambridge, where, as at Boston, he partly earned a livelihood by his labour, and partly availed himself of the opportunities of learning which the university offered, getting his meat and drink of alms. At length, having an opportunity of going to Rome, with two monks of Whitby Abbey (perhaps in the capacity of attendant, one Edward Prentis being of the company, who was, perhaps, his fellow-servant to the two monks), he there endeavoured to obtain the order of the priesthood, which seems to have been conferred rather indiscriminately at Rome, and without a "title;" but in this he was unsuccessful. After his return to England, he laboured for his living, first with his brother in Essex, then at Cambridge, then at Boston, then in London. At last he went to Cambridge again, and by the influence of Mr. Coney, obtained of the Vice-Chancellor a licence under seal to collect subscriptions for one year towards an exhibition to complete his education in the schools, as was often done by poor scholars. Had he obtained money enough, completed his education, and obtained ordination in due course, it would have completed the story in a regular way. But here he fell into bad hands, forged first a new poor scholars' licence, and then letters of orders, and then wandered about begging alms as an unfortunate, destitute priest; he may furnish us with a type of the idle and vagabond priests, of whom there were only too many in the country, and of whom Sir Thomas More says, "the order is rebuked by the priests' begging and lewd living, which either is fain to walk at rovers, and live upon trentals (thirty days' masses), or worse, or to serve in a secular man's house."‡ The sketch is given at length in the note below.†

* "Dialogue on Heresies," book iii. c. 12.

† "Norwich Corporation Records." Sessions Book of 12th Henry VIII. Memorandum.—That on Thursday, Holyrood Eve, in the xijth of King Henry the VIII., Sir William Grene, being accused of being a spy, was examined before the mayor's deputy and others, and gave the following account of himself:—"The same Sir William saith that he was borne in Boston, in the countie of Lincoln, and about xvij yeres nowe paste or there about, he dwelld with Stephen 'at Grene, his father at Wantlet, in the saide countie of Lincoln, and lerned gramer by the space of ij yeres; after that by v or vi yeres used labour with his said father, sometime in husbandle and other wiles with the longe sawe; and after that dwelling in Boston at one Genet a Grene, his aunt, used labour and other wiles going to scole by the space of ij yeres, and in that time receyved benet and accolet [the first tonsure and acolytate] in the freres Austens in Boston of one frere Graunt ["Frere Graunt" was William Grant, titular Bishop of Pavada, in the province of Constantinople. He was Vicar of Redgewell, in Essex, and Suffragan of Ely, from 1516 to 1525.—*Stubbs's Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*], then beyng suffragan of the diocese of Lincoln; after that dwelling within Boston wt. one Mr. Williamson, merchaunt, half a yere, and after that dwelling in Cambridge by the space of half a yere, used labour by the day beryng of ale and pekyng of saffron, and sometime going to the colleges, and gate his mete and drynke of almes; and aft that the same Sir William, with ij monks of Whitby Abbey, and one Edward Prentis, went to Rome, to thentent for to have ben made p'st, to which order he could not be admitted; and after abiding in Larkington, in the countie of Essex, used labour for his levying wt. one Thom. Grene his broder; and after that the same Sr. Will. cam to Cambridge, and ther teried iij or v wekes, and gate his levying of almes; and after, dwelling in Boston, agen laboured with dyvs persones by vij or viij wekes; and after that dwelling in London, in Holborn, with one Rickerby, a fustian dyer, about iij wekes, and after that the same Will. resorted to Cambridge, and ther met agen wt. the said Edward Prentis; and at instance and labour of one Mr. Cony, of Cambridge, the same Will. Grene and Edward Prentis opteyned a licence for one year of Mr. Cappes, than being depute of the Chancellor of the said univ'sitie, under his seal of office, wherby the same Will. and Edward gathered togethe in Cambridgeshire releaff toward ther exhibicion to scole by the space of vij weks, and after that the said Edward departed from the company of the same William. And shortly after that, one Robert Draper, scoler, borne at Feltham, in the countie of Lincoln, accompanied wt. the same Will., and they forged and made a newe licence, and putte therein ther bothe names, and the same sealed wt. the seale of the other licence granted to the same Will. and Edward as is aforesaid, by which forged licence the same Will. and Robt. gathered in Cambridgeshire and other shires. At Coventre the same Will. and Robt. caused one Knolles, a tynker dwelling in Coventre, to make for them a case of tynne mete for a seale of a title which the same Robt. Draper holde of Makby Abbey. And after that the same Will. and Robt. cam to Cambridge, and ther met wt. one Sr. John Manthorp, the which hadde ben lately before at Rome, and ther was made a prest; and the same Robert Draper copied out the bulle of orders of deken, subdeken, and p'st hold for the same Will.; and the same Will. toke wake, and leyed and p'st it to the

Besides the rectors and vicars of parishes, there was another class of benefited clergymen in the middle ages, who gradually became very numerous, viz., the chantry priests. By the end of the ante-Reformation period, there was hardly a church in the kingdom which had not one or more chantries founded in it, and endowed for the perpetual maintenance of a chantry priest, to say mass daily for ever for the soul's health of the founder and his family. The churches of the large and wealthy towns had sometimes ten or twelve such chantries. The chantry chapel was sometimes built on to the parish church, and opening into it; sometimes it was only a corner of the church screened off from the rest of the area by open-work wooden screens. The chantry priest had sometimes a chantry-house to live in, and estates for his maintenance, sometimes he had only an annual income, charged on the estate of the founder. The chantries were suppressed, and their endowments confiscated, in the reign of Edward VI., but the chantry chapels still remain as part of our parish churches, and where the parclose screens have long since been removed, the traces of the chantry altar are still very frequently apparent to the eye of the ecclesiastical antiquary. Sometimes more than one priest was provided for by wealthy people. Richard III. commenced the foundation of a chantry of one hundred chaplains, to sing masses in the cathedral church of York. The chantry-house was begun, and six altars were erected in York Minster, when the king's death at Bosworth Field interrupted the completion of the magnificent design.*

We have next to add to our enumeration of the various classes of the mediæval clergy another class of chaplains, whose duties were very nearly akin to those of the chantry priests. These were the guild priests. It was the custom throughout the middle ages for men and women to associate themselves in religious guilds, partly for mutual assistance in temporal matters, but chiefly for mutual prayers for their welfare while living, and for their soul's health when dead. These guilds usually maintained a chaplain, whose duty it was to celebrate mass daily for the brethren and sisters of the guild. These guild priests must have been numerous, e.g., we learn from Blomfield's "Norfolk," that there were at the Reformation ten guilds in Windham Church, Norfolk, seven at Hingham, seven at Swaffham, seventeen at Yarmouth, &c. Moreover, a guild, like a chantry, had sometimes more than one guild priest. Leland tells us the guild of St. John's, in St. Botolph's Church, Boston, had ten priests, "living in a fayre house at the west end of the parish church yard." In St. Mary's Church, Lichfield, was a guild which had five priests.†

The rules of some of these religious guilds may be found in Stow's "Survey of London," e.g., of St. Barbara's guild, in the Church of St. Katherine, next the Tower of London, in Book ii. p. 7 of Hughes' Edition.

We find bequests to the guild priests, in common with other chaplains, in the ancient wills, e.g., in 1541, Henry Waller, of Richmond, leaves "to every gylde prest of thys town, vid. yt ar at my beryall."—*Richmond Wills*.

Dr. Rock ("Church of our Fathers," ii. 408, note) says, "Besides this, every guild priest had to go on Sundays and holy days, and help the priests in the parochial services of the church in which his guild kept their altar. All chantry priests were bidden by our old English canons to do the same." The brotherhood priest of the guild of the Holy Trinity, at St. Botolph's, in London, was required to be "meke and obedient unto the qu'er in alle divine mekyes duryng hys time, as custome is in the citey amonge alle other p'sts." Sometimes a chantry priest was specially required by his foundation deed to help in the cure of souls in the parish, as in the case of a chantry founded in

prynthe of the seale of the title that the said Robert had a Makby aforesaid, and led the same forged seale in the casse of tynne aforesaid, and with labels festned ye same to bis said forged bull. And sithen the same Will. hath gathered in dyvers shires, as Northampton, Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk, alway shewing and feynynge himself that he hadde ben at Rome, and ther was made preste, by whom whereof he hath receyved almes of dyvers and many persones."—*Norfolk Archaeology*, vol. iv. p. 342.

* York Fabric Rolls, p. 87, note.

† "Church of our Fathers," ii. 441.

* Here is a good example from Baker's "Northamptonshire":—

Broughton Rectory: Richard Meyreul, sub-deacon, presented in 1243. Peter de Vileston, deacon, presented in 1346-7; though still only a deacon, he had previously been rector of Cottisbrook from 1342 to 1345.

Matthew Paris tells us that, in 1252, the benefited clergy in the diocese of Lincoln were urgently persuaded and admonished by their bishop to allow themselves to be promoted to the grade of priesthood, but many of them refused.

The thirteenth Constitution of the second General Council of Lyons, held in 1274, ordered curates to reside and to take priests' orders within a year of their promotion; the lists above quoted show how inoperative was this attempt to remedy the practice against which it was directed.

† A writer in the "Christian Remembrancer" for July, 1856, says,—"During the fourteenth century it would seem that half the number of rectories throughout England were held by acolytes unable to administer the sacrament of the altar, to hear confessions, or even to baptise. Presented to a benefice often before of age to be ordained, the rector preferred to marry and to remain a layman, or at best a clerk in minor orders. . . . In short, during the time to which we refer rectories were looked upon and treated as lay fees."

St. Mary's, Maldon, and Little Bentley, Essex;* sometimes the chantry chapel was built in a hamlet at a distance from the parish church, and was intended to serve as a parish of ease, and the priest as an assistant curate, as at Foulness Island and Bitternay, both in Essex. But it is very doubtful whether the chantry priests generally considered themselves bound to take any share in the parochial work of the parish.†

In the absence of any cure of souls, the office of chantry or guild priest was easy, and often lucrative; and we find it a common subject of complaint, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, that it was preferred to a cure of souls, and that even they who were parochial incumbents were apt to leave their parishes in the hands of a parochial chaplain, and seek for themselves a chantry or guild, or one of the temporary engagements to celebrate annals, of which there were so many provided by the wills of which we shall shortly have to speak. Thus Chaucer reckons, among the virtues of his poore parson, that—

"He set not his benefice to hire,
And let his shepe accomber in the mire,
And runne to London to Saint Poule's,
To scken him a chauntrie for soules,
Or with a brotherhood to be with-held,
But dwelt at home, and kepte well his fold."

So also Piers Ploughman—

"Parsons and parishe preistes,
Pleynd hem to the bisshope,
That hire parishes weren povere
Sith the pestilence tyme,
To have a licence and leve
At London to dwelle,
And syngen ther for symonie,
For silver is swete."

And what satirical poets thus sing in popular verse, Archbishop Islip says in sober earnest, in his "Constitutions":—"We are certainly informed, by common fame and experience, that modern priests, through covetousness and love of ease, not content with reasonable salaries, demand excessive pay for their labours, and receive it; and do so despise labour and study pleasure, that they wholly refuse, as parish priests, to serve in churches or chapels, or to attend the cure of souls, though fitting salaries are offered them, that they may live in a leisurely manner, by celebrating annals for the quick and dead; and so parish churches and chapels remain unofficiated, destitute of parochial chaplains, and even proper curates, to the grievous danger of souls."

Besides the chantry priests and guild priests, there was a great crowd of priests who gained a livelihood by taking temporary engagements to say masses for the souls of the departed. Nearly every will of the period we are considering provides for the saying of masses for the soul of the testator. Sometimes it is only by ordering a fee to be paid to every priest who shall be present at the funeral, sometimes by ordering the executors to have a number of masses, varying from ten to ten thousand, said as speedily as may be; sometimes by directing that a priest shall be engaged to say mass for a certain period, varying from thirty days to forty or fifty years. These casual masses formed an irregular provision for a large number of priests, many of whom performed no other clerical function, and too often led a dissolute as well as an idle life.

Another numerous class of the clergy were the domestic chaplains. Every nobleman and gentleman had a private chapel in his own house, and an ecclesiastical establishment attached, proportionate to his own rank and wealth. In royal houses and those of the great nobles, this private establishment was not unfrequently a collegiate establishment, with a dean and canons, clerks, and singing men and boys, who had their church and quadrangle within the precincts of the castle, and were maintained by ample endowments. The establishment of the royal chapel of St. George, in Windsor Castle, is, perhaps, the only remaining example. The household book of the Earl of Northumberland gives us very full details of his chapel establishment, and of their duties, and of the emoluments which they received in money and kind. They consisted of a dean, who was to be a D.D. or LL.D. or B.D., and ten

other priests, and eleven gentlemen and six children, who composed the choir. But country gentlemen of wealth often maintained a considerable chapel establishment. Henry Machyn, in his diary,* tells us, in noticing the death of Sir Thomas Jarmyn, of Rushbrooke Hall, Suffolk, in 1552, that "he was the best housekeeper in the county of Suffolk, and kept a goodly chapel of singing men." Knights and gentlemen of less means, or less love of goodly singing men, were content with a single priest as chaplain. Even wealthy yeoman and tradesmen had their domestic chaplain. Sir Thomas More says,† there was "such a rabel (of priests), that every mean man must have a priest in his house to wait upon his wife, which no man almost lacketh now." The chapels of the great lords were often sumptuous buildings, erected within the precincts, of which St. George's, Windsor, and the chapel within the Tower of London may supply examples. Smaller chapels erected within the house were still handsome and ecclesiastically-designed buildings, of which examples may be found in nearly every old castle and manor house which still exists.‡ These chapels were thoroughly furnished with vessels, books, robes, and every usual ornament, and every object and appliance necessary for the performance of the offices of the church, with a splendour proportioned to the means of the master of the house. Minute catalogues and descriptions of the furniture of these domestic chapels may be found in the inventories attached to ancient wills.§

We shall give hereafter a picture of one of these domestic chaplains, viz., of Sir Roger, chaplain of the chapel of the Earl of Warwick at Flamstead. There is a picture of another chaplain of the Earl of Warwick in the Life of R. Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (Julius E. IV.), where the earl and his chaplain are represented sitting together at dinner.

Besides the clergy who were occupied in these various kinds of spiritual work, there was also a great number of priests engaged in secular occupations. Bishops were statesmen, generals, and ambassadors; employing suffragan bishops|| in the work of their dioceses. Priests were engaged in many ways in the king's service, and in that of noblemen and others. Piers Ploughman says:—

"Somme serven the kyng,
And his silver tellen,
In cheker and in chauncelrie,
Chalangen his dettes,
Of wardes and of wardemotes,
Weyves and theyeves.
And some serven as servantz,
Lordes and Ladies,
And in stede of stywardes,
Sitten and demen."

* Edited by Mr. Gough Nichols for the Camden Society.

† "Dialogue of Heresies," iii. c. 12.

‡ Mr. J. H. Parker read a paper at Peterborough in 1862, on the "Domestic Chapels of Northants."

§ From the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland, we gather that the chapel had three altars, and that my lord and my lady had each a closet, i.e., an oratory, in which there were other altars. The chapel was furnished with hangings, and had a pair of organs. There were four antiphoners and four grails—service books—which were so famous for their beauty, that, at the earl's death, Wolsey intimated his wish to have them. We find mention, too, of the suits of vestments and single vestments, and copes and surplices, and altar cloths for the five altars. All these things were under the care of the yeoman of the vestry, and were carried about with the earl at his removals from one to another of his houses. Of the inventories to be found in wills, we will give only two of the chapels of country gentlemen. Rudolph Adiray, Esq., of Colwick ("Testamenta Eboracensia," p. 30), Nottinghamshire, A.D. 1429, leaves to Alan de Cranwill, his chaplain, a little missal and another book, and to Elizabeth his wife "the chalice, vestment, with two candelabra of laton, and the little missal, with all other ornaments belonging to my chapel." In the inventories of the will of John Smith, Esq., of Blackmore, Essex, A.D. 1543, occur: "In the chappell chamber—Item a long sette joynted. In the chappell—Item one aulter of yoyner's worke. Item a table with two leaves of the passion gilt. Item a long sette of waynscott. Item a bell hanging over the chapel. Chappell stuff, copes, and vestments three. Aulter fronts foure. Corporall case one; and dyvers peeces of silk necessary for cussions v. Thomas Smith (to have) as moche as wyl serve his chappell, the resydue to be solde by myn executours." The plate and candlesticks of the chapel are not specially mentioned; they are probably included among the plate which is otherwise disposed of, and "the xiiij latyn candlestyckes of dyvers sorts," elsewhere mentioned.—*Essex Archaeological Society's Transactions*.

|| See the Rev. W. Stubbs's learned and laborious "Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum," which gives a list of all the suffragan (as well as the diocesan) bishops of the Church of England.

The domestic chaplains were usually employed more or less in secular duties. Thus, of the eleven priests in the chapel of the Earls of Northumberland, such services are regularly allotted to them; one was surveyor of my lord's lands, and another my lord's secretary. Mr. Christopher Pickering, in his will (A.D. 1542), leaves to "my sarvands John Dobson and Frances, xxs. a-pece, besydes ther wages; also I gyve unto Sir James Edwarde my sarvand," &c.; and one of the witnesses to the will is "Sir James Edwarde, preste," who was probably Mr. Pickering's chaplain.* Sir Thomas More says, every man has a priest to wait upon his wife, and in truth the chaplain seems to have often performed the duties of a superior gentleman usher. Nicholas Blackburn, a wealthy citizen of York, and twice Lord Mayor, leaves (A.D. 1431-2) a special bequest to his wife "to find her a gentlewoman, and a priest, and a servant."† Lady Elizabeth Hay leaves bequests in this order, to her son, her chaplain, her servant, and her maid.‡

It is necessary, to a complete sketch of the subject of the secular clergy, to notice, however briefly, the minor orders, which have so long been abolished in the reformed Church of England, that we have forgotten their very names. There were seven orders through which the clerk had to go, from the lowest to the highest step in the hierarchy. The Pontifical of Archbishop Egbert gives us the form of ordination for each order; and the ordination ceremonies and exhortations show us very fully what were the duties of the various orders, and by what costume and symbols of office we may recognise them. But these particulars are brought together more concisely in a document of much later date, viz., in the account of the degradation from the priesthood of Sir William Sawtre, for heresy, in the year 1400 A.D., and a transcript of it will suffice for our present purpose. The archbishop, assisted by several bishops, sitting on the bishop's throne in St. Paul's—Sir William Sawtre standing before him in priestly robes—proceeded to the degradation as follows:—"In the name, &c., we, Thomas, &c., degrade and depose you from the order of priests, and in token thereof we take from you the paten and the chalice, and deprive you of all power of celebrating mass; we also strip you of the chasuble, take from you the sacerdotal vestment, and deprive you altogether of the dignity of the priesthood. Thee also, the said William, dressed in the habit of a deacon, and having the book of the gospels in thy hands, do we degrade and depose from the order of deacons, as a condemned and relapsed heretic; and in token hereof we take from thee the book of the gospels, and the stole, and deprive thee of the power of reading the gospels. We degrade thee from the order of subdeacons, and in token thereof take from thee the albe and maniple. We degrade thee from the order of an acolyth, taking from thee in token thereof this small pitcher and taper staff. We degrade thee from the order of an exorcist, and take from thee in token thereof the book of exorcisms. We degrade thee from the order of reader, and take from thee in token thereof the book of divine lessons. Thee also, the said William Sawtre, vested in a surplice as an ostiary, do we degrade from that order, taking from thee the surplice and the keys of the church. Furthermore, as a sign of actual degradation, we have caused the crown and clerical tonsure to be shaved off in our presence, and to be entirely obliterated like a layman; we have also caused a woollen cap to be put upon thy head, as a secular layman."

The word *clericus*—clerk—was one of very wide and rather vague significance, and included not only the various grades of clerks in orders, of whom we have spoken, but also every man who followed any kind of occupation which involved the use of reading and writing; finally, every man who could read might claim the "benefit of clergy," the legal immunities of a clerk. The word is still used with the same comprehensiveness and vagueness of meaning. Clerk in orders is still the legal description of a clergyman; and men whose occupation is to use

* Newcourt's "Repertorium."

† Johnson's "Canons," ii. 421. Ang. Cath. Lib. Edition.

‡ Johnson's "Canons," ii. 421.

* "Richmondshire Wills," p. 34.

† "Test. Ebor." ii. 20.

‡ Ibid., p. 39.

the pen are still called clerks, as lawyer's clerks, merchant's clerks, &c. It will be noticed that our clerk has received the clerical tonsure, and was therefore probably in minor orders. In the following cut an abbot is presenting such a clerk



to the bishop for ordination. Clerks were often employed in secular occupations; for example, Alan Middleton, who was employed by the convent of St. Alban's to collect their rents, and who is represented in the accompanying picture, from



their "Catalogus Benefactorum" (Nero D. vii., British Museum). Chaucer gives us a charming picture of a poor clerk of Oxford, who seems to have been a candidate for holy orders, and is therefore germane to our subject:—

"A clerke there was of Oxforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo,
As lene was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not ryht fat, I undertake,
But looked holwe and thereto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtsey,*
For he hadde gotten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.†
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophe,
Yet hadde he but littel gold in cofre,
On all that he might of his frendes hente,‡
But bokes and on learning he it spente;
And besely gan for the soules praye
Of hem that yave him wherewith to scholaie,§
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede,
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Sounding in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

We give a typical representation of the class from one of the characters in a Dance of Death at the end of a Book of the Hours of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the British Museum. It is described beneath as "Un Clerc."

One of this class was employed by every parish to perform certain duties on behalf of the parishioners, and to assist the clergyman in certain functions of his office. The parish clerk is the

only one still remaining of all the inferior ecclesiastical officials who once peopled our parish churches. Many of our readers will probably be



surprised to hear that the office is an ancient one: we shall, therefore, give a few original extracts, which throw light on the subject.

In the wills he frequently has a legacy left, together with the clergy—e.g., "Item I leave to my parish vicar iij*s*. iij*d*. Item I leave to my parish clerk xij*d*. Item I leave to every chaplain present at my obsequies and mass [iii*s*. iij*d*." (Will of John Brompton, of Beverly, merchant, 1443.)* Elizabeth del Hay, in 1434, leaves to "every priest ministering at my obsequies vi*d*.; to every parish clerk iij*d*.; to minor clerks to each one ij*d*."† Hawisia Aske, of York, in 1450-1 A.D., leaves to "the parish chaplain of St. Michael iij*s*. iij*d*.; to every chaplain of the said church xx*d*.; to the parish clerk of the said church xx*d*.; to the sub-clerk of the same church x*d*."‡ John Clerk, formerly chaplain of the chapel of the Blessed Mary Magdalen, near York, in 1449, leaves to "the parish chaplain of St. Olave, in the suburbs of York, xij*d*.; to each of the two chaplains of the said church being present at my funeral and mass iij*d*.; to the parish clerk of the said church iij*d*.; to the sub-clerk of the said church ij*d*.; among the little boys of the said church wearing surplices iij*d*., to be distributed equally."§ These extracts serve to indicate the clerical staff of the several churches mentioned.

From other sources we learn what his duties were. In 1540 the parish of Milend, near Colchester, was presented to the archdeacon by the rector, because in the said church there was "nother clerke nor sexten to go withe him in tyme of visitacion [of the sick], nor to helpe him say masses, nor to ryng to service."|| And in 1543 the Vicar of Kelvedon, Essex, complains that there is not "caryed holy water,¶ nor ryngyng to evensonge accordyng as the clerke shuld do, with other dutees to him belongyng."** In the York presentations we find a similar complaint at Wyghton in 1472; they present that the parish clerk does not perform his offices as he ought, because when he ought to go with the vicar to visit the sick, the clerk absents himself, and sends a boy with the vicar.†† At St. Mary, Bishophill, York, the clerk might be a married man, for in 1416 Thomas Curtas, parish clerk of the parish of St. Thomas the Martyr, is presented, because with his wife he has hindered, and still hinders, the parish clerk of St. Mary [in which parish he seems to have lived] from entering his house on the Lord's days with holy water, as is the custom of the city. Also it is complained that the said Thomas and his wife refuse to come to hear divine service at their parish church, and withdraw their oblations.‡‡ At Wyghton, in 1510, they find "a faut with our parish clerk yt he hath not done his dewtee to ye kirk, yt is to say,

ryngyng of ye morne bell and ye evyn bell; and also another faut [which may explain the former one], he fyndes yt pour mene pays hym not his wages."* At Cawood, in 1510 A.D., we find it the duty of the parish clerk "to keepe ye klok and ryng corfer [curfew] at dew tymes appointed by ye parrish, and also to ryng ye day bell."† He had his desk in church near the clergyman, perhaps on the opposite side of the chancel, as we gather from a presentation from St. Maurice, York, in 1416, that the desks in the choir on both sides, especially where the parish chaplain and parish clerk are accustomed to sit, need repair.‡ A story in Matthew Paris§ tells us what his office was worth: "It happened that an agent of the pope met a petty clerk of a village carrying water in a little vessel, with a sprinkler and some bits of bread given him for having sprinkled some holy water, and to him the deceitful Roman thus addressed himself: 'How much does the profit yielded to you by this church amount to in a year?' To which the clerk, ignorant of the Roman's cunning, replied, 'To twenty shillings I think;' whereupon the agent demanded the per-centage the pope had just demanded on all ecclesiastical benefices. And to pay that small sum this poor man was compelled to hold schools for many days, and by selling his books in the precincts, to drag on a half-starved life." The parish clerks of London formed a guild, which used to exhibit miracle plays at its annual feast on the green, in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell. The parish clerks always took an important part in the conduct of the miracle plays; and it was natural that when they united their forces in such an exhibition on behalf of their guild the result should be an exhibition of unusual excellence. Stow tells us that in 1391 the guild performed before the king and queen and whole court three days successively, and that in 1409 they produced a play of the creation of the world, whose representation occupied eight successive days. Chaucer has not failed to give us, in his wonderful gallery of contemporary characters, a portrait of the parish clerk:—

"Now was ther of that churche a parish clerk,
The which that was ycleped Absolon.
Crulle was his here, and as the gold it shon,
And strouted as a fenne large and brode;
Ful streight and even lay his jolly shode.¶
His rode¶ was red, his eyen grey as goos,
With Poules windowes coven on his shoos.
In hosen red he went ful fetisly,**
Yclast he was ful smod and proprely,
All in a kirtle of a light waget,††
Ful faire and thicke ben the pointes set.
An' therupon he had a gay surpise,
As white as is the blossom upon the rose.
A mery child he was, so God me save,
Wel coude he laten blod, and clippe, and shave,
And make a chartre of lond and a quitanee;
In twenty manere coude he trip and dance,
(After the scole of Oxenforde tho')
And playen songes on a smal ribble,
Therho he song sometime a loud quible,
And as wel coude he play on a giterne.
In all the toun n'as breuhous ne taverne
That he ne visited with his solas,
Ther as that any galliard tapstere was.
This Absolon, that joly was and gay,
Goth with a censor on the holy day,
Censing the wives of the parish faste,‡‡
And many a lovely loke he in hem caste.

* Sometimes to shew his lightnesse and maistrie,
He placeth Herode on a scaffold hie."

We have incidentally mentioned so many things which are not creditable to the character of the mediæval clergy, that it seems only just that we should remind the reader that there were good and holy men among them; and we cannot better counterbalance the unfavourable impression produced by preceding extracts, than by quoting, in conclusion of this first part of our subject, Chaucer's beautiful description of the poor parson of a town, who was one of his immortal band of Canterbury Pilgrims:—

"A good man there was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk,
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Criste's gospel trewely wolde preche,
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche,
Benign he was and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient."

* "Test. Ebor.," vol. ii. p. 98.

† Ibid., vol. ii. p. 38.

‡ Ibid., vol. ii. p. 143.

§ Ibid., vol. ii. p. 149.

|| Archdeacon Hale's "Precedents in Criminal Causes," p. 113.

¶ From the duty of carrying holy water, mentioned here and in other extracts, the clerk derived the name of *aqua laynus*, by which he is often called, e.g., in many of the places in Archdeacon Hale's "Precedents in Criminal Causes."

** Ibid., p. 122.

†† York Fabric Rolls, p. 257.

‡‡ York Fabric Rolls, p. 248.

* York Fabric Rolls, p. 265. † Ibid., p. 266.

‡ Ibid., p. 248.

§ Hair.

** Neatly.

†† As the parish clerk of St. Mary, York, used to go to the people's houses with holy water on Sundays.

‡ Boln's Edition, ii., 388.

¶ Complexion.

‡‡ Watchet, a kind of cloth.

* Outer short cloak.

† Was not sufficiently a man of the world to be fit for a secular occupation.

‡ Obtain.

§ To pursue his studies.

A SPANISH LADY.

Velasquez, Painter. Leroux, Engraver.

From the Spanish peasants of Murillo, as exemplified in the engravings introduced into our two preceding numbers, to the Donnas of Velasquez, as typified in that of the Spanish Lady, there is a wide line of demarkation, though each is admirable in its way. The respective class of works may also be taken as examples characteristic of these great artists respectively. Murillo's genius never developed itself in the refined manner that pervades all the works of Velasquez, not even in his pictures of sacred Art; noble as these are in composition and colour, they are inferior in dignity of expression and in religious feeling to those of his elder contemporary, who was also his master; at least, Murillo was greatly indebted for counsel and advice to Velasquez, in whose studio he worked for a considerable time.

Certainly there is little or nothing in the face of the lady whose portrait is here given, that conveys the least idea of the personal beauty which distinguishes the females of Spain, especially those of the higher classes; the features, either separately or collectively, are not gracefully moulded, and the eyes are rather soft and languid than bright and fiery; but there is a quiet dignity about the whole figure that bespeaks the lady, and her costume is rich, becoming, and elegant. The name of the original has been lost, but there is no doubt of her having belonged to the aristocratic class of her country.

Velasquez's portraits are as fine as any age or school has produced; they are numerous in England, including several of his friend and patron Philip IV.; the best of the latter is that in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace; in this the king is represented standing, in a black dress trimmed with silver, and holding in his hand a paper on which is inscribed "Velasquez." In the collection of Mr. Wells, of Red-leaf, there was, before its dispersion in 1848, a noble full-length portrait of the Infant Don Baltazar Carlos, also habited in a rich black dress ornamented with silver; his right hand resting on the back of a chair, the left on the hilt of his sword.

We have also in England several of Velasquez's other works; conspicuous among which are his celebrated 'Water-seller of Seville,' in the gallery of the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House; the 'Boar-Hunt at the Pardo,' formerly in the Royal Gallery, Madrid, and presented by Ferdinand VII., to Lord Cowley, who sold it to the trustees of the National Gallery for £2,200. In the collection of the Duke of Sutherland is 'St. Francis Borgia arriving at the Jesuits' College,' a composition of eight life-size figures.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—We have received a pried list of the pictures sold at the late exhibition of the West of Scotland Academy; but the statement is not by any means promising. Sixty-three paintings and drawings met with a sale at an aggregate cost of about £566, or about £9 each. Two pictures only realised 25 gs. each. This result shows either that the exhibition was of an inferior character, or that the most important works could not find purchasers.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Society of Artists established in this town opened its annual exhibition on the 1st of September. The collection of works is exceedingly good, enriched as it is with many valuable contributions from the galleries of Mr. Gillott, Mr. S. Cartwright, Mr. T. Pemberton, Mr. T. Burnand, Miss Ryland, and other well-known collectors resident in the locality. As a matter of course, in these provincial exhibitions, not a few of the works hung here have been seen in the public galleries of London, and have, at intervals more or less long, passed out of the hands of the painters. The principal pictures in the various rooms include 'The Eve of the Deluge,' W. Linnell; 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A.; 'The First Scene of Sorrow,' J. Sant, A.R.A.; 'St. Valentine's Morning,' J. C. Horsley, A.R.A.; 'Milan Cathedral,' David Roberts, R.A.; 'An Autumnal Evening,' V. Cole; 'The Silken

Gown,' T. Faed, A.R.A.; 'Hogarth's Studio, 1739,' E. M. Ward, R.A.; 'Phœbus Rising from the Sea,' F. Danby, R.A.; 'Catalan Bay, Rock of Gibraltar,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'Roast Pig,' T. Webster, R.A.; 'Lady and Peacocks,' F. Leighton, A.R.A.; 'Street Scene in Cairo,' W. Muller; 'The Grape Gatherer,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A.; 'Idleness' and 'Industry,' C. W. Cope, R.A.; 'For the last Time,' and 'Half the World knows not how the other Half lives,' Miss E. Osborn; 'The Ledr Bridge,' T. Syer; 'View in Cumberland,' H. Moore; 'Pilgrims listening to the singing of the Anthem,' G. Cattermole; 'Gennaro,' G. F. Watts; 'The Breakwater of Porlock Weir, North Somerset,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'The Coquette and the Devotee,' C. Lucy; 'The Pathway to the Shrine,' J. A. Houston, R.S.A.; 'Carriage and Pair,' Miss E. Osborn; 'Doubtful Guides,' G. Cattermole; 'A French fishing Lugger off Portet,' E. Hayes, R.H.A.; 'Highland Loeh, Evening,' J. A. Houston, R.S.A.; 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' H. Tidey; 'Garibaldi's Landing in Sicily,' Carl Werner; 'Beeston Castle, Cheshire,' David Cox, Sen.; and a portion of the series of studies of pictures painted by G. Smith. The contributions by the local artists are highly creditable; Mr. Charles Burt has several specimens, the best of which is 'On the Mountains, Barmouth, North Wales.' Mr. H. Harris, Mr. Sebastian Evans, Mr. C. W. Radclyffe, Mr. Howard Harris, Mr. H. H. Horsley, Mr. P. Deakin, Mr. J. Steeple, and Mr. C. W. Bragg are among the principal contributors. Portrait pictures are well represented, but, as usual, of very unequal merit. We may, however, point out Mr. Rodin's 'Portrait of Professor Chamberlain,' and Mr. R. Buckner's portrait of 'The Lady Marian Alford.' Mr. Allen E. Everitt's skill in depicting "interiors" is manifested in several specimens, the most interesting and faithful of which are 'The Old Manor House at Stokesay, near Ludlow—Moonlight,' and 'Buddesley Clinton, Warwickshire,' the ancient ancestral hall of Mr. Marmion Farers, one of the co-heirs to the barony of Marmion. In the water-colour room Messrs. Martin and Chamberlain exhibit the "Design for the Albert Memorial, as approved by the committee, and now about to be erected in Birmingham."

BARNSELY.—A statue of the late Joseph Loeke, M.P., F.R.S., is to be erected in the Loeke Park, Barnsley, to which town he was a munificent benefactor. The work is in the hands of Baron Marchetti, who has recently paid a visit to the place, to select a suitable site for it.

HEREFORD.—The memorial statue of the late Right Hon. Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, M.P., by Baron Marchetti, placed in front of the Shire Hall in this city, was "inaugurated" with suitable ceremony on the 3rd of last month, Viscount Palmerston taking a prominent part in the proceedings. The figure is cast in bronze, and is of heroic size; it represents the statesman standing with his arms folded across his breast; the face is characterised by a calm, dignified expression, and the pose is easy and graceful. Few persons, it may be presumed, however they may be opposed to the political party to which Sir Cornewall Lewis adhered, will demur, generally, to the inscription placed on the pedestal, which records him to have been "a wise and honest statesman, a profound scholar, and a firm and kind friend."

LIVERPOOL.—The Liverpool Academy and the Society of the Fine Arts having now united their forces under the name of the Liverpool Institution of Fine Arts, opened their exhibition on the 3rd of September. We hear the collection of pictures is excellent, but must defer any report of it till next month.

MANCHESTER.—The annual exhibition of the Royal Manchester Institution opened last month with seven hundred and twenty paintings and drawings, and twenty-one examples of sculpture. Of the former, fifty-three works were lent by owners resident in the neighbourhood and elsewhere, Messrs. Worthington—honorary secretary of the Institution—Mr. Pender, Mrs. Leech, Mr. Siltzer, Mr. Tattersall, Mr. Entwistle, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Gambart, Messrs. Agnew and Sons, and others. These contributed pictures included 'The Critics,' by Decamps; 'Nuns leaving the Cloisters,' H. Leys; 'The Wayfarers,' E. Frère; 'The Coast at Scheveling,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'After a Storm,' and 'The Wreck Ashore,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'The Reception of the Emperor Napoleon III. at Genoa after the Italian Campaign,' the large painting by Gudin, belonging to the Emperor, and lately hung in the French Gallery, Pall Mall; 'Milking Time in the Highlands,' and 'Sheep and Cattle,' by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; 'Near Llanelly, South Wales,' W. Müller; 'The Pet Rabbits,' W. Collins, R.A.; 'Summer Time,' T. Creswick, R.A., and T. Faed, A.R.A.; 'The Harvest Field,' J. Linnell; 'Samson Betrayed,' F. R. Pickersgill, A.R.A.; 'Leisure Hours,' J. E. Millais, R.A.; 'A Salmon Cruive on the Awe, Argyleshire,' F. R.

Lee, R.A.; 'The Cathedral and Square of St. Mark's, Venice,' D. Roberts, R.A.; 'Football,' and 'The Draught Players,' T. Webster, R.A., &c. &c. Of the artists who contribute we notice only two names of high note, Mr. Elmore, R.A., whose 'Exeelsior' is here, but not for sale, and Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., who sends 'Venice, from the Armenian Convent,' but there are numerous good pictures by Messrs. Hayllar, Brodie, Boddington, Du Val, Sherwood, Niemann, A. Williams, Mrs. E. M. Wood, Messrs. Vickers, G. Smith, W. Callow, Hemsley, Macnee, R.S.A., Egley, J. Peel, W. Gale, and others, with some by foreign painters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REFORM IN SCHOOL OF ART MANAGEMENT.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—Your consistent advocacy of reforms in the management of Schools of Art has undoubtedly had its influence on the South Kensington stronghold. And more than other inquirers into the subject, you have discovered the cause of much of the mismanagement which has been so long characteristic of the Science and Art Department, viz., that instead of the Department being a branch of the public service administered impartially for public good, it has been a snug place for one man to fill with his personal friends and nominees, however unfit they may be for the work given them to do. The Secretary of the Department seems to have appointed and got rid of the South Kensington staff to suit his private ends. Inspectors are nominated who were never heard of before, and never will be in any other capacity than their official character; masters of the central Training Schools are deputed to educate and train young men as teachers whose own powers as masters have never been tested; in fact, of all the snug boroughs that have ever been brought under the purifying influence of parliamentary inquiry, South Kensington and its paternal government promises to display the most consistent system of abuses.

Your notice of the report of the select committee on Schools of Art in last month's *Art-Journal* had a note at the end of it, detailing the miseries of a School of Art committeeman, who had been tormented by incompetent masters turned out of the South Kensington Training Schools, and let loose on a provincial School of Art. It is more particularly on this subject of the management of the training class for masters that I wish now to address you.

The select committee recommend that the training class shall be continued, with a view of supplying good masters for provincial Schools of Art. If this is the object of public money spent at South Kensington in the Training School, the whole management from beginning to end will have to be entirely altered. As at present carried on, and as conducted during the past thirteen years (during which time it has been intimately known to the present writer in more than one capacity), the school fails miserably in attaining the end proposed to be accomplished; and no greater good can be performed for Art-instruction in England than by remodelling the school and putting it into proper hands.

In a school which proposes to teach the future teachers, one would naturally expect a high professional character in the professors—men, at least, who made Art-education a study, and the inculcation of the power of teaching a principal object. And seeing that the influence of the education there given has to be made felt through the length and breadth of the land, the means possessed by the school of imparting knowledge in every educational branch of Art, and of discovering success in its work, should be of a well thought-out and systematic character.

Now I wish it to be perfectly understood that, individually and collectively, I regard the South Kensington professors as very estimable gentlemen, whom I respect personally after long acquaintance, but who, I consider, are, with the exception of the lecturers appointed from their professional reputation outside the Department,



A SPANISH LADY.

ENGRAVED BY LEROUX. FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ

simply in the wrong place. Not one has distinguished himself either in the practice of Art, or in the work of Art-education; and, as a consequence, the character of the education given to the young training masters is not of a high class, the time of the students is not made the most of, and any machinery for the detection of faulty or successful teaching whilst they are being trained, or of discovering what is the amount of educational power possessed by them, simply does not exist. A better proof of the truth of this statement could not have been produced than the letter of your correspondent, stating that a provincial School of Art was successively supplied with three masters trained by the Department, all of whom were fatally deficient as masters, and who had to leave the school in consequence. This is no exceptional case; it is more frequently the rule. And lest any blame should be attached by ignorant persons to the masters who are thus found deficient, let it be remembered that the majority of them are young men possessed of considerable Art-power, who give up the profession of Art to undertake that of Art-master, placing themselves in the hands of the Department for periods of between two and seven years, expecting to be prepared for their future occupations, complying, as far as they can, with the Department's requirements and system so to prepare them. Where the system usually fails, then, it is more to be condemned than the men produced by it, who have personally to pay the penalty of comparative unfitness for their office, and limited incomes in consequence, in after years.

It will be of little use that immense sums of public money are annually spent on Schools of Art, unless something can be done to remedy the inefficiency of the Training School among other evils at head-quarters, so that if the money of the public be spent, some guarantee may be given that efficient masters are receiving it for services they are competent to discharge. If this is not done, all the money so spent will be diverted from its original purpose, through the existence of a radical deficiency at the fountain-head, recognised as an evil, and capable of very simple remedy. And all secondary reforms and amendment of detail in management will be beside the mark unless this root-evil be eradicated.

Let us look at the usual career of an Art-student who proposes to become a master, and is admitted to the Training School at South Kensington. He has probably studied in a provincial School of Art, or a district school in London, and distinguished himself in the local competition for medals, passing also the second grade examination in the most elementary subjects of drawing. This fits him for the position of a pupil-teacher in the school of Art in which he studied. As an assistant, he may then remain for a year or two in the school, teaching elementary drawing to the younger pupils in it, and also in parochial or National schools connected with the local School of Art. He then applies for admission to the Training Schools in London, and my lords admit him to them, giving him at the same time a personal allowance varying from five shillings to a pound per week for maintenance. Admitted a training master, he passes a simple general knowledge examination in English history, arithmetic, the first book of Euclid, and other easy subjects. His Art-work then begins by preparation for the first certificate examination, producing drawings in ten subjects of elementary art, and presenting himself for a paper examination at the end of the session in geometrical, perspective, model, mechanical, and architectural drawing. This usually occupies a year, during which time he draws in the schools, attends lectures on the above subjects of examination, and teaches in two or three parochial or National schools, giving one hour each week to every school. So far good, except that this elementary group of subjects need not occupy half the time allotted to it; for if a year be absorbed by this very elementary work, there must be either great inability in student and master, or total want of preparation before the training class is entered. After the first certificate is obtained, either five groups—consisting of 2nd, Historical Ornament, Elementary Design, and Painting from Nature; 3rd, Painting the Human Figure, and Anatomical Studies; 4th, Historical Ornament, Elementary Design, and

Ornamental Modelling; 5th, Drawing the Human Figure and Modelling it, and Anatomical Studies; 6th, Advanced Architectural or Mechanical Drawing—are open for the student, the head master of the Training School allotting to each student the group of subjects he is to study.

Thus directed, the student continues his studies for two, three, four, or even five years, during the latter part of his training assisting in the evening classes of some of the London district Art schools, and ceasing his labours in parochial schools. As he progresses in the taking of certificates, his personal maintenance allowance increases from the minimum of five shillings to the maximum of twenty shillings per week.

Many masters who have failed in provincial schools return to the training school, and continue their studies there until fresh appointments fall vacant, to which they are then recommended by the Department.

Among other mistakes in the conduct of the Training School, is the indefinite time to which students may prolong their period of study. The rule on this point has varied according to the supply of students and demand for masters in the provinces. At the commencement of the training class, some masters were sent out without even possessing the first certificate; afterwards many were appointed who held the first certificate alone. Many were appointed to provincial schools who had taken one or two certificates only, whilst there were students in the class who had been there long enough to have taken and actually possessed three or four. The advantage of staying in the class for a shorter or longer period depends entirely on the will of the Department, or the head master of the Training School, and not on any principle or course of study.

The Department professes to keep records of the result of the teaching of the masters, and makes use of them apparently to act in entire opposition to those results. School after school is put at the mercy of masters who have been proved to be unqualified for teaching and managing an Art school. During the whole period of training no test is applied to discover the general fitness of a student to teach large classes by means of lectures, except in the parochial schools, the most elementary of teaching; and thus a student may pass the examination, and obtain the whole five or six certificates, and discover at the end either that teaching is distasteful to him, or that put to give a lecture on an elementary subject in a provincial School of Art, he simply has not the power to give his lecture, or the knowledge so methodically to arrange his subject as to make it evident to his pupils. A great deal of this springs from the defective course of study in the Training School. As soon as a student obtains a certificate for a certain group of subjects, he goes on to the next, giving up his practice entirely in those branches he has passed, and very often forgets all about them in the subsequent three or four years he stays in the Training School. He probably "crams" for an examination, passes it, and then consigns it to oblivion, especially if it be an inartistic one, or an elementary one.

It seems to me that some improvement would take place in the training of our Art masters, if the present teachers at South Kensington were retained as elementary masters, and a staff of highly qualified men appointed for the various subjects of study, and as examiners, the teachers of the students having nothing whatever to do with their examination for certificates. And amongst other examiners should be one who has a reputation for a great experience in preparing men as teachers, apart from the special subject of Art, and whose business it would be to test the intellectual and general fitness of the students for teaching alone, both in *viva voce* examination, teaching in classes in presence of the examiner, and lecturing on special subjects.

The period of training should be defined, and instead of the present periodical examination in subjects which, when over, are allowed to be forgotten, these certificate examinations should only be allowed to reckon as the lecture examinations at the end of each session, and the certificate, when granted, to count towards the final examination at the end of the period of training. At the end of this period, which should be three years at least, the final examination for an Art master's

degree should take place, and embrace every subject studied during the whole period of training, the result of this final test, taken together with the number of certificates obtained, and the character of the student as a teacher in parochial and district Schools of Art, to be summed up and calculated towards the class of the degree granted to the student. And to make it possible to include all kinds of artistic and general knowledge, several voluntary subjects might be placed at the option of the students, so that great excellence or knowledge of any speciality of Art-manufactures or history might be made evident.

No master should be appointed to manage a School of Art, until he had passed this full and general examination. South Kensington and its Training School, managed as an Art university, and controlled by men whose names stand high in the world of Art, might then become as well known and celebrated for producing Art masters as your former correspondent seems to think it is notorious for producing bad teachers. As an Art university, let it regard certificates as little-goes, and grant a degree for the final examinations, as Oxford and Cambridge does. A.M., Art Master, may well be granted to a man who proves himself a master of Art, and Parliament, I doubt not, would willingly give a charter for granting these degrees. We should hear no more of the miseries of your correspondent, if this suggestion were adopted, for in some mesh of this Art-net the incompetent and unqualified would be caught, the boon to provincial Art-schools being as great as to the men themselves, whose future unsuccessful career as teachers would be prevented, and some more congenial occupation be undertaken by them. Afterwards, the degrees granted of a first and second class should be considered in appointments, no man being appointed to a head mastership who had not taken a degree of the first class, or who had not been for some years a successful second master under a head master possessing a degree of the first class. An opportunity should be given to second masters to pass a supplementary examination on their appointment to head masterships, by which the full Art-master degree could be granted; or after a certain number of years' experience in Art-education, a master might proceed to the degree of Art-master, as a graduate proceeds from the degree of B.A. to M.A. at our universities.

It must not be supposed that I regard a reform in the Training Schools as a panacea for all the ills of many years' mismanagement, but only as one among many features which should be reconsidered and reformed; with this distinction, that unless something be done in the controlling of so important a department of the School of Art system, other reforms and alterations will be useless, and the funds of the country appropriated to the advancement of Art through Art-schools will be comparatively thrown away.

The misappointment of masters was an erroneous feature of Schools of Design, the manufactures of a district not being considered when a master was selected for a provincial school. Care should in future be taken on this point, masters being selected on account of their practical acquaintance with the trade or manufacture of the district in which they are appointed. By recent regulations the local committee of Art-schools are responsible for appointing masters to them; but this hardly affects the question, inasmuch as the Department certificates are the only guides for local committees, and the only qualification recognised by the Department. When the Department fails, therefore, as it appears to have done, in pointing out even in the pet men of South Kensington as fit for masterships, it is evident some alterations are called for. Now is the time to consider these things, before a new lease of power to do good or evil be granted to the Science and Art Department. Parliament will have to consider both the recommendation of its select committee and the remedial suggestions of my lords, alias Mr. Henry Cole; and it would be well for the cause of Art, if artistic M.P.'s will give some attention to the subject before the parliamentary discussion finally settles the question.

A PROVINCIAL ART-MASTER.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

FLAXMAN.—A small alto-relievo bust of John Flaxman has been placed in one of the cases containing examples of Wedgwood ware, in the Loan Court at South Kensington. It is a front face, with something of the lively challenge of all front-face portraits modelled or painted by the artists themselves. The face is bony, having its principal features sharp and prominent, showing that some inward wearing malady denied to the visage its proper amplitude. The hair drops in limp scrolls on the shoulders, as did Milton's in his best time; and so well in this do the art and the nature go together, that it were enough to see only the hair to know with what consummate delicacy the face has been modelled. The nose looks large, and the mouth unduly wide, both being unsupported by the sunken cheeks. It suggests remembrance of many portraits painted by the subjects themselves—perhaps especially that of Turner; but the portrait of the great painter is a parade of the fashion of his time, whereas Flaxman presents himself in a manner wherein everything is as nothing, save the assertion of genius. It is easy to conceive that years would soften the angularity of these features, and round the head of which Watson has left a remembrance so faithful. Watson, by the way, was himself so like Flaxman, that, with some modification, his own head might have afforded a tolerable resemblance to that of his great master. The bust has been painted grey, and round it is the legend, "Hanc sui ipsius effigiem fecit Johannes Flaxman junior Artifex Statuarius (Statuarius) et Cœlator." In company with this is a small wax model of his sister, a child playing with a doll, made by him at the age of twelve years. There is a small printed label attached to the bust, in which we are told that the latter is dated 1728—an error which will mislead many who may not know the year of Flaxman's birth. There is no excuse for such a blunder, as the date is said to be given in the inscription. The date may be 1782, but at that time Flaxman was twenty-seven, and had either terminated his studentship, or was about to do so.

ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The Council of this Institution has put forth the following programme of prizes for the ensuing year:—a prize of £20 for the best, and one of £10 for the next best, carving of a Pulpit Panel in oak, the subject being "The Good Samaritan." A prize of £10 for the best, and one of five guineas—the latter offered by Mr. H. H. Bigg, of Wimpole Street—for the second best, reproduction in silver, on a reduced scale, of a cast in the Architectural Museum collection, representing a group of leaves. The special object of these prizes is to encourage hand-tooling or chasing. A prize of £10, offered by the Ecclesiological Society of London and Mr. Beresford-Hope, for a Rosette executed in transparent enamels on silver. A prize of £10, offered by Mr. Ruskin, for a Rosette, similar in size and pattern to the other, but executed in opaque panels on a ground of copper. In addition to the above prizes, certificates of merit will be given in deserving cases, and the Council of the Architectural Museum will, at its discretion, award the sum of one guinea or upwards, or a book, for objects showing particular merit, although it be not sufficient to secure a prize. The competitions are open to Art-workmen only, and whether members of the Architectural Museum or not. Candidates may obtain every information as to conditions, &c., by applying to Mr. Joseph Clarke, honorary secretary of the Museum, 13, Stratford Place, Oxford Street. The adjudication of the prizes for Enamels will be conducted by the Committee of the Ecclesiological Society jointly with Mr. Ruskin, Mr. J. C. Robinson, and Mr. W. Burgess.

THE NELSON LIONS.—Year after year has passed since the commission was entrusted to Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., and the only known result, as far as the public is concerned, has been an occasional inquiry, edged in by some honourable member in his seat in the House of Commons, during the parliamentary session, as to when the lions may be expected to take their position, and the usual official ambiguity or evasion. This has been so often repeated, that the accustomed laugh which

attended the query has long since ceased its echo. A sad rumour has been lately afloat, to the effect that the first and only model of the series in progress, through some unfortunate collapse consequent upon the giving way of a portion of the internal framework supporting the clay block (wood could no longer bear it, if flesh and blood might), is now in a sadly dilapidated condition, and much work will have to be renewed, ere the lion is again even in the transition state which has caused such frequent and anxious inquiries. There seems a fatality about government commissions specially devoted to those peculiar transactions, and which we hear of in none other. If a monument is to be erected by private means, and through the ordinary agencies, it is done promptly, and any delay beyond the stipulated time, or any advance beyond the stipulated price, would be an occasion almost without precedent; but in government commissions the violation of all stipulations, as to both time and cost, seems to have become chronic. This is to be regretted, as it engenders a feeling on the part of the public anything but complimentary to those under whose direction such works are placed—a feeling detrimental to all concerned, statesmen and artists alike.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.—There is shortly to be held at the Islington Agricultural Hall an exhibition of the industrial products of working men and women, and small masters, similar to that which was held last winter in Lambeth. The district to be represented is that portion of London extending northward from Holborn, and including Clerkenwell, Islington, St. Luke's, St. Pancras, and Hoxton. This measure is the result of a meeting convened in August at the Amwell Street Schoolrooms, whereat Mr. Winkworth, member of the Society of Arts, occupied the chair, and explained the objects of the meeting as a direct recognition of the merits of the skilled workman and workwoman. The establishment of such exhibitions is a collateral growth of those late grand occasions wherein the workman was ignored, and the honour won by his labours was conferred on his master. But then, as Mr. Winkworth observed, the master found the capital and ran the risk, and but for him these beautiful and ingenious works had never been seen. The success of the Lambeth experiment induces this North London exhibition; and should the latter be encouraged, it may be considered that these are the beginnings of a circle of most useful institutions.

Two STATUETTES, about twelve inches high, of Sardanapalus and his queen, have been recently modelled and produced in statuary porcelain, by Mr. Hays, of Elizabeth Street, Hans Place. They are modelled from one of the Nineveh marbles—the latest of these important treasures; but the original is a bas-relief, and the figures, although very exact copies, are necessarily compositions, without, however, either alterations or additions, except such as were needed to change the relief into the round. The forms, the features, the attitudes, and the draperies, have all been rendered with scrupulous fidelity. The result is a pair of figures of much and singular interest, valuable as fac-similes from the remotest antique of Art, and desirable as among the most agreeable of ornaments for the drawing-room and the boudoir. The date of the original bas-relief is, as we know, some six hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, yet they are of great merit as Art-works—such as the sculptor has scarcely surpassed in two thousand years. The poet, as well as the historian, has made the name of Sardanapalus familiar to readers; the subjects come before us, therefore, with a certain amount of recommendation; and we may safely anticipate a considerable degree of success for this experiment—the combination of rare remains of antiquity with the appliances of modern Art.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—The collection of paintings belonging to David Price, Esq., has been returned to the mansion of that gentleman in Regent's Park, after having, during the few months they were exhibited at the Crystal Palace, been visited by gratified thousands. The liberal example set by this gentleman was speedily followed by Mr. Henry Bicknell, of Clapham Common, who has lent for exhibition a large number of valuable paintings and drawings chosen

out of his own private collection, one which is especially rich in the works of Mr. David Roberts, R.A., who has himself added ten examples out of his own studio to those in the possession of Mr. Bicknell, his son-in-law. The admirers of this admirable artist have, therefore, now a rare opportunity of seeing a large and varied number of his productions. Besides these are the two great pictures by Turner, purchased by their present owner at the sale of his father's collection, 'Palestrina,' and 'Ivy Bridge, Devon,' with others by Stanfield, E. W. Cooke, F. Goodall, T. S. Cooper, Etty, Frost, L. Haghe, J. B. Pyne, C. Baxter, R. S. Lauder, S. Drummond, A. Johnston, Le Jeune, Sant, Jutsum, T. Phillips, A. Nasmyth, Miss Mutrie, Cropsey, John Gilbert, J. Wilson, Lance, Müller, and many more; the number of pictures hung in the room is one hundred and twelve. This collection will, we believe, remain at the Crystal Palace through the autumn, when we may hope to find it succeeded by another of equal interest. Gentlemen who are the fortunate possessors of well-furnished picture galleries confer a great benefit on the community by such acts of liberality, which at the same time reflect honour on themselves. One who is proud of his treasures must necessarily feel just pride in exhibiting them to others, no true lover of Art for its own sake can ever be a selfish man in this respect. The picture 'Calling to mind Old Times,' by the Belgian painter, De Bruycker, to which the first prize for foreign pictures was recently awarded, has been sold for the sum of £200. This is encouraging to picture exhibitors. We are given to understand that the sales of pictures at the Crystal Palace Gallery have already this year amounted to nearly six thousand pounds. This gratifying result is mainly owing to the indefatigable exertions of the curator, Mr. Waas.

MR. FOLEY'S WORKS.—Of the statue of the good Father Theobald Mathew, which is known to have been advancing for some time under the hand of Mr. Foley, the sculptor's part is complete, and it is now in the foundry, to be cast in bronze. It is to be erected in the City of Cork. The statue of the late Sir Charles Barry, for the Houses of Parliament, is advanced in the marble, but it will yet be twelve months or more before it can be finished. For the first time the 'Youth at a Stream' is put into marble the size of the original cast, and only now can the beauty and delicacy of the figure be perfectly felt in the material in which we now see it. As a pendant to the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, Mr. Foley is engaged on a statue of General Outram, also equestrian, and intended for erection at Calcutta. In comparison with this, the statue of Lord Hardinge is remarkably quiet. General Outram is represented as riding up a rocky pass, and the expression and action of the man and the horse bespeak an occasion that calls forth the best energies of both. It is the most spirited equestrian statue of our school, and it is only necessary to recall the character of the man so commemorated, to acknowledge that it is entirely characteristic. There is also in Mr. Foley's studio a plaster bust of the late Mr. Sheepshanks, worked out from a mask taken after death, assisted by the suggestions of Miss Sheepshanks. This is to be carved in marble, to be placed at South Kensington. For Birmingham there is a statue of the late Prince Consort, in the dress and robes of the Order of the Bath; also a statue of the late Mr. Fielden, M.P. for Todmorden, where the statue is to be placed. These are among the most remarkable of the public works on which this eminent artist is at present engaged.

THE DULWICH COLLECTION.—The plan of the new God's Gift College—to be erected according to designs submitted to, and accepted by, the Commissioners—does not propose the removal of the picture gallery, which is entirely disconnected from other buildings. The site proposed for the new buildings is near the Dulwich station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, where there is an available space of about forty acres, twenty-four of which will be occupied by the new college and playgrounds for 570 boys; that is, 320 in the upper school, and 250 in the lower. The chapel at present is sufficiently large for a congregation of 322 persons, but it will be enlarged so as to accommodate 752. The sum to

be expended is nearly £60,000, of which £40,000 will be required for the college.

THE ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS AT WORCESTER.—These works are now the property of a joint stock company, and are, as they have long been, under the able management of Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., to whom British Ceramic Art is very largely indebted for many improvements. He has aimed to give the productions of this establishment the highest character, and he has succeeded; the old fame of Worcester Art has thus been restored. It is gratifying to know that the company is also a "commercial success," the shareholders having just received 8 per cent.

ALLEGED VANDYKES.—Mr. Barratt, of 369, Strand, is in possession of two portraits which he attributes to Vandyke. The one is of Charles I., the other of Henrietta Maria. The queen is represented as St. Catherine, part of "the wheel" being shown in the portrait. They are half-lengths. If not by Vandyke, it is hard to say by whom they were painted; and they are certainly not copies, for there are no known "originals" at all resembling them. They should be examined by persons familiar with the subject.

STATUES AND FRESCOS FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A recent number of the *Builder* says:—"The greater part of the remnant of the once celebrated Farnese collection, belonging to the ex-King of Naples, is on its way to England, having been purchased, through Mr. Newton's agency, for the British Museum, for £4,000. The Pontifical Government courteously consented to allow the exportation of these works of Art without the usual duty of 20 per cent. *ad valorem*, which in the present case would have added £1,000 to the price, or taken a similar sum out of the king's pocket, as the contract might have been stipulated. The collection of ancient sculpture in the British Museum will be much enriched by this addition. The gem of the collection is a Mercury, similar to that in the Vatican, but with the hand and attributes complete."

Mr. O'Donerty, the young Irish sculptor, whose works have occasionally been noticed in our columns, has set out for Rome, that he may have the advantage of studying in this city, and also for the purpose of executing a group entitled 'The Martyr,' for which an Irish nobleman has given him a commission. He is an artist of much promise—a promise that we trust and believe will be kept.

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN THE PARK.—There are to be nine works in sculpture for the memorial, including the statue which is to be executed by the Baron Marochetti. The sculptors selected to produce the eight groups are—Foley, Macdowell, Calder Marshall, Weekes, Bell, Thornycroft, Theed, and Lawlor—certainly the list is a good one, although we miss two or three names of artists who have deserved and obtained fame. This will be the most glorious opportunity for British sculptors to show what they can really do; and we earnestly hope the result will be to their honour. The groups will be all in marble.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The Council by whom this enterprise is directed are at work in earnest. The latest move has been to appoint four "committees of advice": (1) for Machinery; (2) for Ceramic, Metallic, and Vitreous Manufactures; (3) for Miscellaneous Manufactures; (4) Fine Arts. The lists contain the names of nearly one hundred of the most eminent men in Ireland; no doubt many of them will be considered merely honorary members, but a large proportion will really work. It would have been well, we think, to have appointed a fifth committee—for Antiquities, of which there will be abundant contributions; and these cannot fail to add much to the instructive interest and value of the Exhibition.

THE SILVER USED IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—A series of papers addressed by MM. Davanne & Girard to the French Academy of Sciences, on the subject of photography, make some curious revelations with regard to the waste of the precious metals in the operation. The silver alone which is employed for photographs in Paris amounts to several millions of francs. Only 3 per cent. of this remains on the photograph, so that 97 per cent. will continue to be lost until some method be found for recovering it. MM. Davanne and Girard, who make this startling announcement,

propose that plates of copper be put into the argentiferous liquid, whereby in the course of three or four days the silver will be precipitated in a spongy state.

ARCHITECTURE in the city of London has been, and still is, making great progress; so far, that is, as results from the erection of important and striking edifices for warehouses, banking and insurance offices, shops, &c. A large and imposing building is now being erected for the New City Club; but it is, unfortunately, situated *up a court* or *yard*, behind the block of houses which forms one of the angles at the corner of Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street. This site will doubtless conduce to the comfort and convenience of the members of the club, who will thus be removed, in a great degree, from the noise of the crowded streets; but the building will be lost to the public. There is, however, a terrible blot in the Strand, called a "music hall," which we shall, ere long, pass under review.

ART IN A COURT OF LAW.—Mr. McLean, print publisher, in the Haymarket, recently brought an action against a Mr. Hall, of High Holborn, for infringing his copyright in an engraving entitled 'The Prisoner's Window,' photographs of which the defendant was selling in his shop. Mr. McLean stated in court that he had paid £700 for engraving the plate, and £150 to the painter of the picture for the copyright; and he alleged that the sale of the photographs seriously injured the sale of his print. He claimed £10 as damages, which the judge allowed him, together with costs, the whole amounting to nearly £50.

THE RECENT SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at Stratford has had a most unfortunate result, financially; this, however, is what, we believe, was generally anticipated by those who knew how the whole affair was managed. It appears from the accounts of the committee, which have now been made up, that there is a very large deficiency, amounting to £3,308 8s. 3d. We have seen an abstract of these accounts, but it is so confused that we cannot understand how the result is arrived at. One item of expenditure seems most extravagant, "refreshment for performers" is set down at £747 6s. 5d.!

THE MODEL OF A STATUE of Mr. John Robert Godley, founder of Canterbury Settlement, New Zealand, has lately been completed by Mr. Woolner. When cast in bronze, by the Coalbrook Dale Company, it will be forwarded to the colony to be erected there. The work is a commission from the inhabitants, who desire thus to testify their acknowledgment of the zeal, intelligence, and assiduity shown by Mr. Godley in promoting the welfare of the emigrants. The statue is said to be an excellent portrait of the individual, and though strictly of the naturalistic order as to costume, &c., is also an elegant work of Art.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Among the most recent additions to this gallery are two small crayon drawings by Mrs. Sharples; one a profile of Washington, and the other a three-quarter face of Dr. Priestly. At all crayon works we look with much suspicion, the material being the most fugitive in the colour catalogue. The tone of both heads seems much reduced, and that of Washington has been injured by damp. These two heads should be very carefully copied in oil, for they will inevitably perish. There has also been added an oil portrait of that Earl of Sandwich who was First Lord of the Admiralty at the time Captain Cook was prosecuting his discoveries in the Pacific.

Mr. Thornycroft has finished the two marble statues of James I. and Charles I., for the corridor of the House of Lords. The subjects have been treated with consummate skill, and are admirably executed. The series of British Sovereigns is now progressing satisfactorily towards completion. We recommend to some photographer the wisdom of publishing the collection.

THE GATHERING AT THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, at which the "public" was admitted free, numbered nearly 100,000; yet, according to the statement of Mr. Eyles, five shillings would pay for all the damage that was done. This is a very gratifying fact, and shows more than a written volume could do, the policy of admitting the people to exhibitions where so much of what is good may be learned.

REVIEWS.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE THERMÆ ROMANO-BRITANNICÆ; or, the Roman Baths found in Italy, Britain, France, Switzerland, &c. By R. WOLLASTON, M.D. Published by HARDWICKE, London.

Eminently characterised by sound sanitary regulations, the colonies of ancient Rome, wherever they were established, exhibited in some degree the prevailing features of refined life in that capital of the world. The most ancient works in the imperial city are those devoted to a supply of good water, and an ensurance of good drainage. The baths of Caracalla typify the very luxury of ablution, lavishly decorated as they were with costly marbles, statuary, and painting; yet such works do not deserve more admiration than the *cloaca maxima* which freed the busy city of all its impurities by tunnelled vaults that do their duty to the present day. Indeed, the Rome of the popes owes all that is good of its present sanitary state to the labour of the pagans.

It had become a popular saying with the ancients that "bread and the circus" (*panem et circense*) was all that the poor of Rome absolutely demanded; on that they could live and find amusement, and enjoy a sort of brutish content. But most certainly the bath was an equal necessity with either, and in justice ought to have been combined in the popular saying. In the bath the rich mingled in healthy enjoyment with the poor; hence the emperor courted popularity by constructing public works for bathing, of magnitude and splendour unknown before or since. Smaller towns and distant colonies followed the good example, nor were private villas without such therapeutic agencies; hence a large building is never exhumed without some traces of baths; but it must be borne in mind that in many of the smaller houses the remains of hypocausts and flues up the walls are not necessarily belonging to baths, though constantly described as such, but are, in reality, the means adopted for warming apartments in our inclement weather, which must have entailed great discomfort on our Italian visitors when Rome ruled in Britain.

Dr. Wollaston is very clear and decided on the value of warm bathing, and he speaks of the Eastern bath as the only true representative of the genuine Roman *sudatorium*. He also speaks honestly and fairly of the Turkish character in general, and does not join in the vulgar cry against it. It is pleasant to find a man of sense and experience, who has travelled and seen for himself, express himself thus honestly and clearly; and it is well when men whose studies take them into a peculiar branch of knowledge, enlarge their sphere and bring their experience to bear on other studies upon which they may be enabled to cast some new light. Thus Dr. Wollaston, in gathering so many instances of Roman bathing establishments, has brought his medical knowledge to his aid, and has thereby added greatly to the value of a very agreeable collection of archaeological facts.

THE POEMS OF WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. With a MEMOIR by the Rev. DERWENT COLERIDGE. Two Vols. Published by EDWARD MOXON & Co., London.

It is now some years since the really poet-publisher, Edward Moxon, passed away from the leading object and occupation of his life. He earnestly desired to perpetuate and adorn poetic literature, and his keen appreciation of the beautiful led him to send forth much for which we shall ever have reason to be grateful. The delicate, sensitive publisher (himself a poet of no mean order) is gone, but the "house" erected by his judgment and taste remains, and the mantle has descended upon the mysterious "Co."—who deserve our thanks for the shelter and publicity they give to the Muses.

The volumes now before us are a graceful monument to the genius of a man who would have been renowned as a poet if he had not been called to fulfil different, though we cannot say more important, duties. Mr. Praed has been accused of tampering and trifling with poetry, when he might have soared as high as many of his competitors; certainly, he never surpassed the brilliancy of those early contributions to the *Etonian* which promised a wonderful future for the Eton boy. But his health was always fluctuating, if not feeble. "His scholarship, when he exchanged Eton for Cambridge, was," says the reverend gentleman who has furnished the memoir to these volumes, "pre-eminently of the Etonian east, as it was commonly exhibited in that day—elegant, refined, and tasteful, characterised by an unconscious, and, as it were, living sympathy with the graces and proprieties of diction, rather than by

a minute analysis of its laws, or careful collation of its facts. . . . His epigrams are, perhaps, the most scholar-like of his productions in classic verse."

Literature, after all, was not Mackworth Praed's vocation; it was a pastime he revelled in and loved; and though he was tempted by the literary veteran still among us, Mr. Charles Knight, to contribute—with Macaulay, and other men of after note—to "Knight's Quarterly," the earnest youth had other and far different aspirations. He worked hard at law, was called to the bar, but soon was moved into a seat in Parliament, where he devoted his energies, and certainly sacrificed his life, to the zealous performance of his duties. Thus the wonder is not that he did not fulfil the rich poetic promise of his youth, but that he did so much during his brief life, while he was ever struggling against the inroads of a disease that insidiously persecuted him from his cradle to his grave. Though we have, strictly speaking, only to do with his poems, we feel the homage we owe to the man who, in addition to the duties of his position, and the tender yearning he felt for the love of his youth—the sweet poesy—which he never forsook, could devote so much time, with Mr. Acland, Mr. Mathison, Mr. H. N. Coleridge, and others, in preparing a scheme of education for the children of the labouring classes! We wish Mr. Coleridge's memoir had been somewhat extended; it is brief and pithy, and no doubt faithful, but it wants geniality. We would have known more of the man to whom, in our early days, we were indebted for many sunny hours.

It is enough to say that the volumes are "got up" in the usual "Moxon" style, perfect in type and bindings, and that they must take their place among works of the loftier poets of the century.

A MEMORIAL OF THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AND H.R.H. ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF DENMARK. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. The Various Events and the Bridal Gifts Illustrated by ROBERT DUDLEY. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

Whatever Messrs. Day undertake to do in the way of decorative printing and "getting up," is sure to be the very best work of its class, whether such be only an ornamental trade-circular or a gorgeous volume like that whose title appears above. The artists engaged in the establishment in Gate Street are the most skilful, the workmen the most cunning, that judgment and enterprise can select and direct; the result, therefore, of these combined efforts cannot but be successful. Within the last twenty years, certainly, no public event has excited so much national interest as the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales; consequently it is not surprising to find the whole proceedings connected with the celebration of the ceremony made the subject of illustration, and in a manner which will serve as a valuable historic record of the event. It is from somewhat analogous productions—the works of the old artists and illuminators—that we derive so much of our information concerning the pageants in which our forefathers took part, and the costumes in which they were arrayed; and centuries hence the antiquarian of the period may be examining in the British Museum—unless in the interim Macaulay's New Zealander shall have arrived to survey the ruins of our mighty metropolis—this book to see how royal marriages were conducted in our day.

As may be gathered from the title, it gives a descriptive account—from the pen of Dr. Russell, the well-known Crimean correspondent of the *Times*—of the whole proceedings in question, commencing with a short historic sketch of the marriages of former Princes of Wales, and also by short biographic sketches of the present Prince and Princess. Then follows the whole story of the arrival of the royal lady at Gravesend, her progress through London and to Windsor, and of the ceremony in St. George's Chapel. As a matter of course, the narrative is painted, as such a subject should be, *couleur de rose*, and it loses nothing in the writer's well trained and skilful hand. The illustrations begin with full-length portraits, in plain lithography, of the royal bride and bridegroom, the former picture doing but scant justice to the original; and these are succeeded by coloured views of the procession through London, seen at the most attractive points, as on London Bridge, at the Mansion House, Temple Bar, Hyde Park, &c. &c. Then follow several views of the interior of Windsor Castle, where those who took part in the wedding ceremony assembled; and lastly, the performance of the marriage. As a kind of supplement to the whole, numerous chromo-lithographs, and several well-executed woodcuts of the principal wedding presents are introduced, with descriptions of them. By no means the least interesting pages in this resplendent volume are those which

show the marriage attestation deed, with fac-similes of all the royal and noble signatures attached to it.

Though the event itself is among the things which have been, and is now almost forgotten, this record of the "doings" brings vividly to mind much of what actually took place, and it will be of especial interest to all who took part in the proceedings; to those who only witnessed them in fragments, as it were, it will be a pleasant reminder; but its chief value, as we have intimated, is its historic character. It has evidently been "got up" at very considerable cost, but the list of subscribers was, we believe, a long one.

MUSICAL EDUCATION. By J. BORSCHILZKY. Published by J. E. BORSCHILZKY, 32, Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square.

Mr. Borschilzky's desire is that vocal music should become a regular, and instrumental music a higher branch of education, instead of being treated as an accomplishment. With this end in view he has written an introductory pamphlet, and produced a number of elementary instructions for vocal and instrumental practice. Mr. Borschilzky has been a teacher of music since the year 1836, when he received his certificate as chorister at St. Nicholas, in Prague, and has taught what he calls "the international system of music" in this country during the last six years.

This journal does not profess to combine music with pictorial and industrial Art, though fully aware of its influence and advantage as a cultivator of our best sympathies and affections; all we can do, therefore, is to direct our readers' attention to Mr. Borschilzky's very ingenious theories, which profess to simplify the art of acquiring both vocal and instrumental music. Such a *desideratum* is of too much importance to be lightly treated, and will, no doubt, meet with the attention it so decidedly deserves.

HEROINES OF THE HOUSEHOLD. By the Author of "The Heavenward Path," and "Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church." With Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Published by HOGG AND SONS, London.

"Lovely and pleasant to contemplate are the Heroines of the Household whom," says the author, "we have enshrined in the little volume, meant to be a kind of Gallery of Good Women." The period over which the record extends is long, from the fourth century down to our own, but the personages are few in number—Monica, mother of St. Augustine; Olympia Morata, of Ferrara, a "Star of the Reformation;" Lady Brilliana Harley, a Puritan heroine; Grisell Hunne; Lady Baillie, of Jerviswoode, a Scottish covenanter; Madame de Chantal, and two other founders of sisterhoods; Caroline Perthes, wife of the famous Hamburg bookseller, whom many still living knew; Mrs. Schemmelpenninck; the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses; and Miss Marsh, in her labours among the "navvies." The gallery of portraits is, as we have said, small, but the pictures are pleasantly and truthfully painted; the subjects, pure-minded, unselfish women, whose lives, whether passed in their own households or in the outer world, evidenced the power of religion over their hearts and actions and, through their example, influenced the lives of others. The book is written for the young, and deserves to be read and "inwardly digested" by them.

WASHINGTON IRVING AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS AT SUNNYSIDE. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW, from the Picture by F. O. C. DARLEY. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., London.

Though this is an English print and is published by an English firm, it is only reasonable to suppose it has been produced chiefly for the American market. The author of the "Sketch Book" and of "Bracebridge Hall," with many of those by whom he is surrounded, is almost as well known in this country, through their writings, as in their own; yet the men themselves belong to the literary history of America, and, of course, have a greater personal popularity there than here. The group assembled in the library at Sunnyside contains fifteen figures; seated by a table in the centre is Irving, with his thin, intellectual face almost in profile. Prescott, the historian, sits at right angles with him; and the poet Longfellow stands behind in an easy attitude, leaning on the back of Irving's antique chair. The remainder of the *tableaux* is made up of George Bancroft, historian, and Secretary of the Navy of the United States under the presidency of Mr. Polk; Paulding, novelist and poet; Ralph W. Emerson, essayist and journalist; J. P. Kennedy, novelist; Cullen Bryant, poet; Halleck, also a poet; Hawthorne, of the "House with the Two Gables" and

"The Scarlet Letter," &c. &c., whose recent death at Liverpool has caused much regret in our own literary circles; Holmes, poet, essayist, and physician; Willis, he of the "Pencilings by the Way," &c. &c.; Simms, novelist; and Tuckerman, a miscellaneous writer. Such is the gallery of modern literary celebrities of America which Mr. Darley, an American painter, has placed on the canvas in a manner most agreeable and artistic, considering the subject as one not very easy to render interesting beyond the portraits themselves. The picture, by the way, was—perhaps now is—to be seen at the house of Messrs. Sampson, Low, & Co., the American booksellers on Ludgate Hill.

Mr. Barlow's well-executed engraving will, doubtless, find many admirers here as well as on the other side of the Atlantic, for there are among us not a few who will be pleased to see the faces of those with whose works we are more or less acquainted. It would have been well, however, to have had a key to the figures engraved on the plate, to enable the spectator to distinguish them. Were the persons well known to us, it would be quite unnecessary, but they are not.

A GUIDE TO THE DANISH LANGUAGE, DESIGNED FOR ENGLISH STUDENTS. By MRS. MARIA BOJESSEN. Published by TRUBNER & Co.

English scholars complain of inadequate means afforded them for the study of the Scandinavian tongues, and unless this want is supplied, those who desire to visit a country to which we are bound anew by a very strong tie, will find themselves at fault. Mrs. Bojesen, a Danish literary lady of considerable reputation, has compiled with great care "A Guide to the Danish Language," which seems to us clear, comprehensive, and intelligent.

It is arranged in very simple form, and cannot fail to be of great use to those who visit Denmark, as a ready help in cases of need, inasmuch as the preliminary chapters contain the words and sentences most likely to be required, accompanied by a vocabulary and a grammar. The book is, however, small and of little cost. "Mrs." Bojesen has thus conferred an obligation on many to whom she may, and no doubt often will, prove a true friend.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ARCHITECTURAL AND ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DURHAM AND NORTHUMBRIA. Published by J. MASTERS.

There are two or three good papers in this publication; one of them particularly so, a treatise on Mediaeval Embroidery, read before the society, by Mr. G. E. Street, F.S.A., a subject in which the treatment of ecclesiastical vestments of all kinds, with altar-cloths, funeral palls, &c., is discussed in a learned and most interesting way. Mr. Street winds up his essay with a recommendation which deserves attention from all who "ply the needle" for mere amusement, though it was offered especially to the "women of Durham," who, he hopes, "will attempt to emulate the beautiful works which were done by women in old times, and to which so many of the ladies in the South of England have of late years devoted much of their time, their enthusiasm, and their skill." The paper on Barnard Castle will interest the archaeologist.

THE RUINED CASTLES OF NORTH WALES. With Photographic Illustrations. Published by A. W. BENNETT, Bishopsgate Street Without.

A charming little book—a "gem" for a drawing-room table. The photographic illustrations are in the best style, by Bedford, Sedgfield, and Ambrose, and we can testify to their fidelity. The letterpress owes its interest to extensive quotations from William Howitt's "Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain," and the volume closes with Mary Howitt's pleasant account of the Eisteddfod. The author (?) has the somewhat rare merit of honesty, for he acknowledges the source from whence he draws his information. The work should be followed by the Ruined Castles of South Wales, such as Raglan, Pembroke, and Carew.

MARY HOWITT'S SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

These little poems, in various shapes and forms, have passed through eight editions. This fact, and another—that they are from the pen, or rather from the head and heart, of one of the best women and best writers of whom the age can boast—is sufficient recommendation to our readers without a word from us.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1864.

ON FRESCO PAINTING
AS APPLIED TO THE
DECORATION OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



THE term fresco I shall use simply in its generic sense, as including the great family of plaster or wall paintings, devoted in distant ages, and among diverse peoples, to the adorning of temples, churches, palaces, and private dwellings. I shall endeavour to enunciate the laws which have governed, and must in all coming times continue to regulate, the fellowship subsisting between painting, an art comparatively facile, and the severe, stately, noble science of construction. These regulating laws, for the sake of conciseness and clearness, we will distribute under three generic heads.

First, we will indicate the subjects best suited to mural paintings, whether sacred, historic, or poetic.

Second, we will treat of the special styles of pictorial composition, which, by their prescribed severity, symmetry, and dignity, may best comport with corresponding architectural attributes.

Third, we shall speak of mural painting as a medium of colour, as a means by which construction, without the surrender of its distinctive lines or the confusion of its proportions, may be enhanced in beauty and rendered more emphatic in expression.

Let us proceed at once to the first division, the choice of a suitable theme. It may seem little better than a truism to declare that the purpose for which a building is designed must regulate the character of the pictorial subjects employed in its decoration. It will at once be evident that a church for worship, a hall for legislation, and a house for domestic uses, will each call forth distinct and appropriate trains of thought, which, like visions, may be emblazoned on the walls. The devotee of the middle ages knelt in a side chapel of the Florentine church of La Trinità, in the presence of a fresco picture representing the death of the holy St. Francis. Again, the podestà, or chief magistrate of the Tuscan republic, we are told by Vasari, was surrounded in his hall of state with a grand composition by Giotto, depicting the figure of the Commune seated in the character of a judge, with a sceptre in the hand, and scales equally poised over the head, to indicate befitting rectitude in his decisions. And then if we turn from the solemnity of the church and the dignity of the state, and enter within the sphere of domestic life, we

find that Agostino Chigi, the Roman banker of the sixteenth century, called to his aid Raphael, Giulio Romano, and Giovanni da Udine, to adorn the stanze and loggia of his palace, now called the Farnesina, with the poetry and romance of the Grecian Parnassus, so that visitors walking in at the garden door were greeted by Venus, Psyche, Cupid, and the Graces; and guests seated at the table might gaze at Galatea floating in her shell, drawn by sportive dolphins. Thus in three illustrious examples—the death of a saint, the impersonation of civil government, and the classic phantoms of imagination—do we see with what distinct yet appropriate subjects the Italians of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were accustomed to adorn the altar of a church, the palace of a republic, and the villa of a private citizen. To quote the words of Sir Charles Eastlake, in a report presented to the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, monumental painting takes for its theme “Religion, Patriotism, and Poetry. Its purpose is to edify, by the highest examples and the highest associations, to stimulate the love of national glory, and to minister to the pleasures of the mind.”

Of the subjects chosen by painters for the decoration of architecture, the boldest, the grandest, and the most imaginative, are perhaps Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine, and Correggio's frescoes in the domed churches of Parma. Michael Angelo treads with giant step across the ages of eternity; infinite time is within his ken: infinite space rests in the hollow of the painter's hand. In contrast, the treatment of Correggio in his fresco filling the cupola of the Duomo at Parma—the Assumption of the Virgin, attended by the heavenly host—approaches that facile and decorative manner of the decadence which was speedily to overtake and overthrow fresco painting in common with the allied arts. The themes handled by Correggio and Michael Angelo are ambitious—much too ambitious, indeed, for the spaces usually allowed by architects for pictorial decoration, or for the funds generally at the command of fraternities and building committees. The topics, however, which the sacred Scriptures suggest to the painter, like the truths of our religion, while they fill the heavens with their glory, are at the same time humble as the daily walks of life. Giotto, for example, painted with all the simplicity belonging to the early years of the fourteenth century such subjects as the following, taken from the usual and prescribed Biblical series:—‘The Young Christ in the Temple,’ ‘The Baptism of Christ,’ ‘The Marriage in Cana,’ ‘The Raising of Lazarus,’ and ‘The Entry into Jerusalem.’ We all well know that the earliest Christian Art is simple, and in sentiment pure and impressive. And subjects treated with like singleness of aim need present little difficulty even to tyros, who in the present day may be willing to revive in its purity a practice which, like religion itself, has been too often overlaid with complexity and corruption by its professors.

Then came an epoch or stage of development, when Art was the instructor of the people. The subjects chosen, whether executed in fresco or mosaic, formed a consecutive narrative, as in the decorated vaults of St. Mark, where the unlettered multitude saw, as it were, laid open the pages of what has aptly been termed the pictorial Bible for the people. Then followed a time when Art, like religion, ceasing to be militant, sought to be triumphant. The fetters which had bound in seemingly subjection were broken; painting was no longer a mere symbol of faith, a simple instrument by which a saving

truth might be spoken; before long she became reared as a spangled banner, flaunting across the sky to lead a proud church on its triumph. Then followed a fall—the ignominy of an Art rolling in revelry. The lessons which this recital should teach us are these—that the simplest of subjects often embody the noblest truths of the Gospel; that compositions which present the least difficulty to the draughtsman frequently attain consummate power and expression; that mural paintings which are to serve as aids to faith and instruments for instructing the people, have usually been lucid and emphatic as the Bible narrative itself; and lastly, as we shall more expressly show in the sequel, that this simplicity, earnestness, and emphasis, can alone make fresco painting the seemly companion of an architecture which is severe, symmetrical, and noble in its breadth.

The subjects suitable for mural decoration, which we have recounted, are taken exclusively from a foreign land. That the Italian Church should enjoy this monopoly even to the present moment, is on the part of England not only a misfortune but a fault. How to bring our English Church within the pale of these fresco decorations is a problem which should claim the anxious thought both of ecclesiastics and of artists. No reason can be assigned why the walls of our parish churches should not be covered with paintings economic in cost, correct as works of Art, and sound in theologic teaching. It is an error to suppose that the best subjects are worn out, or have become irredeemably perverted from their original truth. Goodness and beauty, even in a picture-world, can never die; and the law would seem to hold constant in Art no less than in nature, that in the midst of individual aberration the primal type of the true and the beautiful preserves its integrity. Christian Art, notwithstanding the tainted body which it may sometimes be doomed to bear, remains as indestructible as religion herself, and we are all glad in our own land to recognise within the last few years, the revival of a life which had become nearly extinct. The churches of All Saints, Margaret Street, of St. Alban, Holborn, and of St. James the Less, Westminster, have, within recent date, received fresco paintings. But the amount of bare wall surface throughout our land, which yet calls aloud for decoration, and the number of subjects ready to take their place along vacant naves, aisles, and choirs, almost exceed the power of calculation. The themes which might be suggested for church pictures are endless. The Bible, indeed, will probably be found as inexhaustible in topics for painting, as it has already proved in texts for sermons. Repetition of prescriptive pictorial forms might be permissible even as we all admit the reiteration of accepted truths. The discourse which is most edifying to a mixed congregation, has not always the boldest originality; and the pictures which it might be profitable for the rustics of a village to look at, need not be free from plagiarism. Thus I can see no objection to the repetition of Raphael's cartoons along the walls of a country church, and I know of no reason why the artist who had succeeded in making a broad and bold translation of these compositions for one building might not be employed in the multiplication of the same works, until every county should possess one church or more so adorned. The practice of this mural decoration being once instituted, monotony might easily be made to give place to variety. Leading Academicians should be engaged in the design of original compositions. But frescoes executed by our chief artists would necessarily be costly. The

difficulty is to render mural paintings popular and widely diffused, economic in cost and excellent in style. For this end it would be desirable that several series of subjects should be designed by the best artists of the day; these drawings might become, through purchase or premium, the common property of the profession and the country, and so be disseminated as cartoons which merely manipulative artists could transfer to the walls of a sacred edifice. One such series should be the life of Christ, commencing with the Nativity, and closing with the Crucifixion or Ascension. Other groups of subjects would follow: for instance, "The Miracles" might form a distinct theme; "The Parables;" again, would readily be cast into pictorial sequence and unity; and the Sermon on the Mount could be given in illustration of the Christian virtues. It were desirable that the treatment adopted should become even traditional and prescriptive, as with the mosaic workers of Byzantium, and the painters on plaster and the carvers in stone of the middle ages. This prescription or tradition, however, must not be that known to the antiquary, but rather the generalisation grasped by the man of science, and the axiomatic formulas which grow from positive knowledge. In all monumental painting, it must be ever remembered, that to leave out is a faculty to be desired more even than the facility of putting in, that short cuts are to be sought for, and that the artist who, with fewest touches, fewest colours, and fewest figures, can tell his story, is best qualified for the task of mural decoration.

What has already been said of the subjects suited to a church, will, in great degree, supersede the necessity of adding much on the secular side of the question. The importance, however, of this department is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the Prince Consort, Lords Lansdowne, Russell, Morpeth, Mahon, Macaulay, and Mr. Hallam, were appointed as a special committee to select subjects in painting and sculpture, suited to the decoration of the palace at Westminster. "In our halls of Parliament," writes Mr. Hallam to this committee, "let us behold the images of famous men: of sovereigns, by whom the two Houses of Peers and Commons have been in successive ages called together; of statesmen and orators to whom they owed the greatest part of their lustre, and whose memory, now hallowed by time, we cherish with a more unanimous respect than contemporary passions always afford." Mr. Gally Knight proposed, before the same committee, a series of resolutions commencing with the following prelude:—"That in the decorations of a great national building raised at the public expense, and which is to be thrown open at proper times to public inspection, it should be sought not only to encourage the Arts, but also to instruct the people, by inspiring them with veneration for the higher qualities of the head and the heart."

Little space remains for the discussion of subordinate details. What may be said of a national palace will stand good for a municipal town hall. In provincial edifices the essential principles already prescribed remain unchanged, though the scale and dignity of the works to be executed may be reduced. The difference between the subjects suited for the Palace at Westminster, or for the Town Halls of Preston and Northampton, are differences less of kind than of degree. In the chief building of a provincial city national themes naturally give place to local chronicles, and hence the topics most to be sought after are those which have conferred honour on the locality, or which record the virtues of illustrious citizens. Again, the interval between a municipal building and a

private dwelling may be wide, yet the essential principles which lie at the foundation of all mural decoration, whatever be its sphere of application, are subject to little change, and, indeed, may be pronounced all but immutable. Of private mansions we may safely declare, that just in proportion as the mural paintings have less of state and historic import, so may they enter upon realms of poetry, and usurp the regions of imagination. Reception and banquetting halls should be festive and sumptuous, and I know of no scenes which respond more warmly to hospitality and good cheer, than those which the Italian painters borrowed from ancient mythology. To these our English artists might further add illustrations drawn from our modern poets. It is the less needful, however, that we should enlarge on this division, inasmuch as we fear the time is still far distant when our English noblemen shall emulate the example of the princes of Italy. We trust, however, that ere long painting, sculpture, and architecture, may receive from the universities the recognition which will make those centres of learning critical schools of Art. Then may we hope that when the graduate returns to his ancestral domains, he will carry with him knowledge which shall direct and inspire the village Phidias and Apelles. The power of original creation may be wanting, yet cunning hands will not fail at least for the transfer of figures from a Greek vase, or for the adaptation to a frieze or panel of the designs of Flaxman. Surely our country gentlemen would give better proof of genius, or at least of taste, in the patronage of such choice, but at present, exceptional decoration, than in the purchase of a paper-hanging newly imported from Paris.

I have been led almost unconsciously into a somewhat discursive treatment of one single topic—the choice of a subject. But to sum up the whole matter in brief, I would say let the topic chosen commend itself by its simplicity and dignity; cast out from it every figure, incident, or detail, which militates against grandeur of effect or singleness of aim, let the facts expressed have the stability of the structure they adorn, and, above all, let the style, removed above ordinary nature and commonplace, severe and even stern, reach to a generic type, and be redeemed by an elevated truth and beauty. Thus, and thus only, can painting aspire to become the equal and honoured associate of architecture.

The subject having been chosen for its fitness, we will next, in brief, consider the conditions which should govern its composition and treatment. Mural decorations too often, in utter disregard of their specific position or locality, differ in nothing but in the materials used, from easel or movable pictures. Even the series of wall-paintings executed by Giotto in the Arena Chapel, Padua, though in most respects worthy of all the admiration they have received, are certainly open to the objection that they form little else than a picture gallery, and hold no direct relation to the architectural chamber, which serves, indeed, but as a rectangular box, into which some forty paintings have been closely and safely packed. Several of the grand compositions by Raphael even, in the Vatican, are subject to this same objection, that they are mere pictures hung, as it were, against the wall, and grow into no organic unity with the surrounding architecture. For the same reason the frescoes executed at Westminster must receive censure; they maintain with the surrounding architecture just the same connection that an oil painting holds with its gilt frame; they fit into and fill a given space consisting of so many square feet, and that is all. These

examples will serve to show how monumental painting has forgotten the offices it was called upon to perform, and how widely it has wandered away, and broken loose from that service and subjection that are the only terms upon which it can be tolerated by architecture, jealous of her dignity and worth. A style of painting may be great and triumphant, such as that of Rubens, and yet prove wholly incapable of structural conformity. Architecture, indeed, I feel has reason to complain of the injury she has received at the hands of her sister, Painting. Architectural lines and proportions have been but too often violated for the sake of a florid display of colours, and a rampant assemblage of pictorial forms. These are abuses which, to chastened taste, are abhorrent; and the question that now claims our earnest consideration is, how a pure and holy alliance may be maintained between painting on the one hand, and architecture on the other—an alliance and allegiance which shall prove equally for the honour and welfare of each. In the interest of this amicable union, mutual concessions must be made; each art must approach the other half way, so that the two may meet at a middle point for reconciliation. On the one hand, painting must learn to be monumental; and on the other, architecture must submit to be decorative. For this end painting will have to throw off the lawlessness of the liberty in which she often delights, and must be subject to the restraints imposed by simplicity, symmetry, breadth, and distinctness. Thus may she attain to needed power and grandeur. We shall show how these several elements blend, and indeed lead, the one into the other—how simplicity is allied to symmetry, how symmetry conduces to breadth and distinctness, and how from these qualities arises majesty as the consummation. Such is the basis of that union which shall enable architecture and painting each to aid and enhance the value of its associate.

Simplicity of subject has already claimed our notice; simplicity of treatment is so closely allied thereto, as scarcely to call for separate consideration. Simplicity, of course, is the opposite to complexity; in simplicity all Art takes its origin, in complexity in the end every Art reaches confusion and corruption. Pictorial simplicity is, indeed, often but the outward exponent of mental, moral, and childlike truth, each is alike single in its aim, steadfast in its purpose, downright and unsophisticate in the means employed. Such simplicity belongs to the early days of a nation's purity; it is the charm of youth ripening into manhood, and when still preserved as years advance and knowledge augments, the character of an individual mind or of a collective people grows into well-balanced proportion, little short of matured perfection. This is the æsthetic side of the question, but there remains also a technical. Simplicity in pictorial treatment depends chiefly in laying strong hold on the master thought, and in bringing into prominent view, and even by preserving in isolation the central idea, the figure or group, which, by right, commands the governing position,

"Fair in the front, in all the blaze of light,
The Hero of thy piece should meet the sight,
Supreme in beauty."

And just in proportion to the pre-eminence prescribed to the hero, must be the subordination thrown around his attendants. Simplicity, indeed, consists not only in the selection of what is greatest and best, but is equally dependent on the rejection of every figure, incident, and detail, which does not add purpose and power to the composition. And it is this straightforward dealing with one or two isolated figures, which imparts to the Roman and Byzantine mosaics, crowning

the apses of churches ranging from the sixth to the thirteenth century, their impressive dignity and command. Simplicity, then, as a secure foundation, lies as the groundwork of all pure and right-minded mural decoration.

But, as I have said, simplicity clings to symmetry with the close embrace of parent and child. Simplicity of parts conduces to symmetry of proportion, and in like manner symmetry in composition almost of necessity preserves simplicity in the component elements. Architecture, as we have seen, is the art of building with symmetry, balance, order, and proportion, and so beauty and harmony are evolved; and the painting which presumes to be monumental must partake of the like characters. The two arts, in their intermingling relations, must be composed after the same or cognate principles. The geometric construction of an arch should suggest, or rather impose, a corresponding arrangement of the picture, which it surrounds as with a frame. And herein have we at once the key to the leading generic or geometric compositions which best consort with architectural construction; such, for example, as the pyramidal, the circular, and last, and, at the same time, the least to be recommended, the rectangular. A survey of the mural paintings executed by the great Italian masters—the ceiling of the Sistine by Michael Angelo, the Bible of Raphael in the Loggia of the Vatican, and the ceiling painted by Annibale Carracci in the Palazzo Farnese—will show how a pictorial composition may be arranged on any one of these geometric formulas, and how it becomes symmetric, and therefore architectonic, by conformity with these fundamental principles. Our English frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, for the most part, utterly ignore these structural conditions. With commendation, however, we may enumerate 'Justice' and 'Chivalry,' by Maclise, 'Lear and Cordelia,' by Herbert, and 'The Rivers of England,' by Armitage, as examples of mural decorations consorting with architectural surroundings.

Did space permit, it would be fitting here to speak of the modification which each separate style of architecture imposes upon its subsidiary pictorial decorations. A pointed arch, a round arch, and a flat lintel, will demand, of course, each a distinct play of line, and a different disposition in the masses. Classic, mediæval, and renaissance architecture severally suggest and require a like distinction in pictorial subject and treatment. Still I would strongly resist the doctrine that painting, even when subject to architecture, must be bound down by mere archæologic precedent. A picture is not a compilation made by the hand of the antiquary; it should be no servile reproduction of classic, mediæval, or renaissance modes or methods. Our artists must not dig among the dust and bones of antiquity, but rather live in the midst of actual nature. How that nature shall best be translated into Art is indeed a question most difficult wisely to determine—a problem wherein the practice of the great artists of all times may aid the solution. And after mature deliberation, we feel persuaded that the mastery over this perplexed point will be found, not so much in a reversion to any one stereotyped period or style, as in subjection to those primal laws of symmetry, simplicity, and geometric proportion, which have moulded the truest Art the world has known into monumental grandeur and power. The literal transcript of prescriptive forms is an art petrified and dead; the guidance of living principles gives to all the arts organic development. Nature, as we have admitted, needs treatment to make her fitted to architectural service—a treatment which shall eliminate

common elements and accidental blemishes, which shall bring into emphasis and precision generic truths, which shall seek after a conventionalism that exalts every created form of man, animal, flower, leaf, and fruit, into its original type of essential beauty and goodness.

I have incidentally introduced the word conventionalism, and would that it were possible to speak more at large on this important point. How far nature shall be transcribed in the liberty and the detail of her growth, or, on the other hand, to what extent, and after what fashion, she must be brought into training, and service, and subjection to architecture, as a lord and master, is one of the subtlest questions that can tax the ingenuity and judgment of the designer. This conventional treatment of nature, however, pertains to foliated and floreated decoration, rather than to monumental painting, wherein the human figure is dominant. Yet the perplexed problem of the bas-relief treatment, a point not distant in analogy from conventionalism, cannot wholly escape the anxious care of the artist who paints on an architectural field. Bas-relief stands at the transition point of sculpture into painting, and certain it is that pictorial art, as it emerged into a separate and independent existence, retained either from tradition or through essential fitness, some of the chief characteristics of basso-relievo. These distinguishing traits are, first, the restricting of the subject, both in figures and action, to the one plane of the foreground; second, the consequent abstaining from effects of perspective and distance; third, the preference of the profile to the full view; and lastly, the avoidance of attitudes which demand foreshortening. Such is the strict bas-relief of the Greeks, a style preserved in great degree in the monochrome designs on Greek vases. Now I will not say that the same treatment is in monumental painting imperative, or in its singleness and austerity desirable or even possible. This, in the words of Sir Charles Eastlake, were an "extreme doctrine." Yet I cannot but think that the bas-relief practice, when used with discretion and moderation, possesses singular advantages; the solidity and substance of the architectural structure are thus in no danger of being transmuted into an illusive vista, distinctness of outline and consequent perspicuity are in less peril of becoming lost in the lures of perspective, and by a unity which discards perplexing variety, dignity and force are not put in jeopardy. Still, as a striking instance of the difficulty and danger of dogmatizing, it is sufficient, as direct contrasts to paintings after the manner of bas-reliefs, to adduce the eminently successful frescoes by Correggio which fill the domes of the churches in Parma. It is often objected that ceilings and cupolas are stations unsuited to pictures. But to whatever torture the neck of the gazer may be put, these elevated regions are glorious abodes for triumphant imagination. A critic, indeed, must be a prejudiced purist, who shall pretend to denounce the creations with which Correggio fills boundless space. Therefore it is not safe nor wise to set up impassable barriers to impede the free practice of the fresco art. Perhaps all that can be said is, that each school has special advantages. The bas-relief treatment is certainly most strict; the pictorial manner is undoubtedly, to the populace, the most pleasing. And this at least have we a right to demand, that whatever style be adopted, the work executed shall be good of its kind, pre-eminent in those qualities in which the specific school excels.

The preceding exposition of simplicity and symmetry has included, at least by impli-

cation, the remaining qualities, breadth, distinctness, power, and grandeur. In simplicity and symmetry are resultant breadth, to breadth inheres distinctness or perspicuity, and through these united constituents are obtained power and grandeur, the noblest attributes of architecture and painting, whether as arts separate or combined. Paintings in which these principles are dominant, rise to the monumental in the best sense of the term; they are strong in that essential truth, they are admirable for that unfading beauty, which would outlive, were it possible, the tenements they adorn. This is the grand style, so much talked of, and so little understood, for lack of which not only architecture in its separate sphere, but even the whole world of Art, suffer loss.

Thirdly and lastly, I will lay down some of the leading principles for the use of fresco-painting as a means of colour. Colour has often proved to architecture a snare. Rich marbles, gold, and other glittering and precious materials, have frequently corrupted purity of form, and given in exchange but barbarity of grandeur. To escape this abuse, colour must be employed in strict subjection to structural fitness. It must serve to build up, not seek to undermine, the edifice to which it should cling as an ally, not attack as a foe. For this end it must assist to develop form, it must enhance light and shade. Unless, in short, colour be applied on the definite bases of symmetry, simplicity, breadth, distinctness, and balanced harmony, supreme unity will inevitably be sacrificed to the vagaries of the painter's brush, and confusion must follow the bewildered sense lost in intemperate delight.

Above all, isolated patches or blotches are to be avoided. There is, indeed, a harmony of difference as well as a concord of analogy; colours can be brought out by contrast, and opposing and complimentary hues may each in juxtaposition give value to the other. Piquancy, and spice, and pungent flavour can be imparted by a few spots of unmitigated red, yellow, or blue, which shine with prismatic lustre, and dazzle as gems or burnished gold. Yet in every architectural interior concord must prevail over discord, repose in the mass must quiet agitation in the detail, and pleasure, as a last issue, will be thus made to survive any transient pain. After this manner marbles, precious woods, metals, and fresco pictures, planned and built up for unity, make together an architectural concord, in which the worshipper in his church, the senator and judge in his hall of justice and legislation, and the private citizen in his well-ordered home, may alike rejoice.

Such are the general laws which frescoes as coloured compositions must obey. But over and beyond these circumscribed conditions, considerable variety and liberty may be indulged. I need scarcely say that the uses to which a building will be put should decide in great measure the colours employed in its decoration. A museum of science should be clear in light and tone as the intellect it serves. On the other hand, a church may be given over to a dim hue, fervid as devotion. But above all these laws, there remains a liberty that genius ever reserves as a right, and which she alone knows how to exercise with discretion. It has been justly said that where rules end genius begins; and among all the component elements of Art, we may place colour in a certain non-natural sphere, wherein imagination is permitted to revel in wayward fantasy. That genius, even in these its transcendental manifestations, obeys laws known perhaps only to itself, no one will deny who has obtained any insight into the science of the human mind. Yet the artist painting with

the intuitions of a Titian, a Veronese, or even of a Rubens, can scarcely submit to weigh in scales, or to mete by measure the colours which fancy and passion fuse. But the light of the sun is not more sure, or the gold of autumn more glorious, than the steadfastness and the beauty of the laws which a Titian obeys. Nevertheless, by way of caution, would I say, that paintings such as those which have rendered Venice and other cities of Italy resplendent, cannot be put together like an ingenious puzzle or a scientific problem, as some writers would teach. Colours are crude when they come from the stores of the intellect: they burn with celestial harmony only as they flow in red hot lava from the emotions. The highest end to which colour, in common with all other attributes of Art, can attain, is mental expression—the unfolding, the enforcing, and the adorning, of a noble idea. This alone will raise polychromy from the comparatively low level of a decoration, which shall delight the sense, to the sphere of a language which may speak to the soul. Colour has verily its symbolism, its correspondence with fact and truth in the outward world, and with emotion in the inner realm of mind. And to reach to this mental expression or aspiration, I believe the positive and primary colours which have often been rude but powerful instruments in the hands of barbarism, must give place to broken and blended tones, grateful to cultured consciousness. The intense yellows and reds in Turner's maddest pictures shock the eye; repose and refined enjoyment are sought among his quiet and sober greys. And so let the interior of a building with its fresco decorations forsake the gaudy, garish show which pierces the eye as a dagger the heart, or a drum and a fife the ear. Let the dissipation of incontinent variety be renounced. In its stead it were well to retain some affection for a quiet monotone, even such as the breaking of morning light, or the blushing hue of sunset in the evening sky, stealing with stillness upon the poetic sense, and awakening our better thoughts to "a holy calm delight."

In the present article we have traversed a wide space, and brought into focus a vast diversity of objects. And now, in the end, it is chiefly to be desired that in this variety a unity shall be attained; and then again that out from central unity may be seen to radiate variety. From three successive stations have we surveyed the broad expanse of fresco painting. We have scanned its subject thought, scrutinised its composing form, dilated on its decorative colour. And these manifold phases we are able to unite into oneness of manifestation; these scattered elements we concentrate into the fulness and the force of architectural and pictorial expression, one and indivisible. The subject chosen for the picture we have seen must be in keeping with the plan and purpose of the building it adorns; the composition of that subject must be in harmony with the constructive and the decorative lines of the architecture it subserves; and lastly, colour comes as the clothing and enrichment of both subject and composition, resolving the whole work into rhapsody of beauty. Thus variety, which too often proves confusion, is brought, as we have seen, into concord. And thus—as in the skilfully concerted orchestra, wherein every individual instrument contributes to the elaborated melody—does each touch of the brush, each stroke of the sculptor's chisel, consorting with every line laid down by the rule and compass of the architect, enrich the central idea, echo the dominant expression, till, in fine, the building, fitly fashioned and adorned from corner-stone to key-stone, rises as a palace to the united Arts.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.,
PRESTON.

THE GLEANER.

P. F. Poole, R.A., Painter. J. C. Armitage, Engraver.

HALF a century back, an artist sitting down to a subject of this kind would, in all probability, have taken for his model one of those half-rustic, half-town-bred, maidens who form the ordinary rural population of the theatrical stage: young ladies with short red petticoats, blue, white, or chequed gowns, gracefully hooked up behind, neat little straw hats—some, by way of variety, with broad brims—on their heads, and large rush baskets in their hands. Such is the type of rustic characters painted by Stodart, Westall, and others, and presenting the same ideal as the poets of the last century expressed in their verse. Take, for example, Thomson's description of harvest:—

"Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripened fields the reapers stand,
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy."

To both poets and painters must be permitted certain licenses of thought and expression, but neither should deviate far from fact, especially when dealing with what is within everybody's observation; and, unquestionably, Thomson's verbal picture of a harvest-field existed rather in the mind of the writer than in any sight he had ever witnessed throughout the broad acres of England, when

"The sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripened by the summer's heat,"

was falling before the sickle of the husbandman.

By way of relaxation, it may be presumed, from his more arduous labours, Mr. Poole has frequently placed before the public little gems of pictures similar to this; rustic figures, of the young especially, engaged in the various amusements or occupations of a country life. These works are not of the order to which reference has just been made; they belong far more to the naturalistic school; sometimes, perhaps, a little too refined for the pure rustic *genus*, as we see it ordinarily growing and flourishing in the fields and lanes with the wild flowers of the natural world; and yet, on the other hand, not so coarse as to be vulgar in appearance, nor so clownish as to seem a reproach to their humanity. The head of this young "gleaner," for instance, is bright enough, intelligent and beautiful enough, to be that of the daughter of some noble house; and we would not have it otherwise, though she be only a peasant's child, for personal beauty and attractiveness are not limited to birth and blood, and the artist in so rendering it has indulged in no false sentimentality or unwarrantable freedom in representing the uncultivated grace of a true child of nature. The pensive attitude in which the figure is placed, the picturesque arrangement of the homely dress, the easy, life-like action of the hands, carelessly holding her diminutive sheaf of gathered wheat-ears, the sweet expression of the face—sweet in its very thoughtfulness—combine with the rich warm colouring of the picture to make it one of the most charming works of the kind within our recollection.

The application, within the last few years, of the modern discoveries of science to husbandry of almost every kind must be obvious to all who reside in, or visit, the agricultural districts of England. The steam-engine is at work not only in the fields, but almost within the precincts of the farmyard, where the barn oftentimes no longer echoes the dull "thud" of the labourer's flail in the autumn and winter months. Whatever aid the farmer receives from the locomotive, it certainly is not a picturesque object in the field or stack-yard.

THE FRESCOS

OF

WILLIAM DYCE, R.A.,

IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MARGARET STREET.

A FEW years after the completion of the frescoes in All Saints' Church, it became known that they were already showing symptoms of the same affliction which has destroyed the paintings in the Upper Waiting Hall of the House of Lords. The evil extended so rapidly, that the final dissolution of the works could not be doubted; yet it was determined that they should not perish without an effort being put forth for their preservation. The re-painting, therefore, of the injured parts was confided to Mr. Armitage, who has executed the task rather in the spirit of a labour of love than as a professional exercise.

These frescoes fill the wall behind the altar up to the apsidal span of the roof, immediately under which our Saviour is represented surrounded by saints in glory. Below this there are two central compositions, flanked on each side by saints, evangelists, and martyrs. Hence the lower pictures stand, as it were, in two rows, one above the other. The subject of the upper centre-piece is the Crucifixion, with two weeping figures at the foot of the cross—the Virgin and the beloved disciple; and above the cross are seen the sun and moon, obscured according to the description of the evangelists. In the lower centre appears the infant Saviour, on the lap of the Virgin, amid a circle of figures in adoration. These two centres are flanked by martyrs, three on each side, whereby the arrangement is simply completed. With respect to the value and the preservation of these pictures, a few words may be said. It is impossible to estimate too highly the drawing and the draping of the figures; the variety of disposition, the arrangement of quantity and line in every one is a triumph of Art, inasmuch as to render it a matter of high importance that they should be preserved either by lithography or any other eligible means. Mr. Armitage, speaking of the condition in which he found them, says, in his letter to the *Times*, "First of all, there is the superficial coating of dust, which may be easily removed by rubbing the surface with bread. Below this deposit will be found a most disagreeable, greasy, dark film, which sticks pretty close, but which will yield to soap and water." Thus, independently of the constitutional ills that beset fresco, here is a cause of rapid obscuration, which must, in a brief course of years, render these works invisible—a result which will again necessitate the application of soap and water, though this, Mr. Armitage says, would be innocuous, provided, as we understand him, earth colours only have been used.

In the present state of uncertainty as to the fitness or unfitness of fresco for our climate, we have, in this letter, a valuable aid towards the solution of the question. Considering the expected duration of fresco work, the injury which these pictures have suffered has been unusually premature and rapid. Mr. Armitage says that in the upper portion of the work the mischief was partial, the greater part being in a sound state; but where the corrosion had set in, the ruin was complete. In one of the principal figures the drapery, which was green, had entirely disappeared, the colour having turned to "a dirty grey dust." The lower frescoes were in a similar condition, having had, besides, "damp to contend with." The upper frescoes were finished in May, 1854, the lower ones little more than six years ago; and the description given by this artist of the state in which he found them, applies also to the frescoes in the Upper Waiting Hall of the House of Lords; for they also are crumbling into "dirty grey dust," though they have resisted longer than Mr. Dyce's the malign influences under which both have suffered. The re-painting of the damaged passages of these works by Mr. Armitage must be regarded as meeting, in some measure, certain of the requisitions necessary to the settlement of the fresco question. The only condition wanting establishment is the state of the lime used for the wall surface. It is certain that for the frescoes hanging in piteous rags in the Houses of Parliament, the



P. F. POOLF R.A. PINXT

J. C. ARMYTAGE SCULPT

THE CLEANER.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF J. W. B. MURRAY, ESQ., LONDON.

ON THE WALL OF THE MUSEUM.

causticity of much of the lime could not have been subdued, and hence one certain source of destruction. The lamented death of Mr. Dyce has destroyed the hope of the only authentic opinion that could have been had with regard to this, and we cannot doubt that, in his earnestness and enthusiasm, he would have spoken ingenuously. Mr. Armitage mentions damp as an actively destructive agent. Of this there can be no doubt; to this cause was attributed years ago very much of the injury sustained by the pictures in the Houses of Parliament, on the ground that much of the "dirty grey dust" into which the surfaces were crumbling appeared to be oxide. Mr. Armitage expresses an opinion that in our climate fresco may be made permanent. As far as opinions based on experience have been heard among us, we believe that Mr. Armitage stands almost alone in this impression; but from the very nature of his late experience, his views are more entitled to respect than those of artists whose works have perished from having been assumedly worked according to a practice different from that now proposed.

Mr. Armitage says that fresco painted with the simplest natural colours will endure. "The artist must restrict himself to four or five colours, and these must be natural earths." Supposing the wall to have been properly prepared, if anything could secure the painting, this certainly would; and we understand from Mr. Armitage's letter that this is the formula to which he has restricted himself in the "restoration" of these works; all, therefore, that is now necessary to test this is the lapse of a few years. The palette of the ancient Italian painters was very limited, but scarcely so severe. Mr. Armitage allows only the ochres and umbers, with Oxford ochre for the best yellow, and light red as the brightest red. The blue must be factitious; ultramarine is permanent, it will resist damp, but not the acid that exists in our atmosphere. There are factitious colours that might with great advantage be used in the fresco palette. The green drapery, which Mr. Armitage says had quite disappeared, was undoubtedly painted with some artificial pigment, destructible either by damp or the causticity of the lime. Had Mr. Dyce used for this drapery the green oxide of chromium, the opaque colour used in the potteries, he would have had a material entirely indestructible either by fire or water: if tried by fire, it comes out the green oxide of chromium; if tried by water, its constitution is still unchanged. The much vaunted blue of the Egyptian temples is only copper and silex; but it has lived, favoured by the dryness of a climate where even that most disreputable of all colours, red lead, would have also survived in its utmost brilliancy, hermetically sealed from the effects of damp, whereas in our climate it becomes a dirty oxide.

The colours used by Mr. Dyce have been simply red, blue, green, and yellow, and the scale of his red and yellow might have been satisfied with the earthy colours; but he seems to have used vermilion and lake, neither of which will stand in fresco as the painter leaves them. The former is permanent enough, when locked up in oil and varnish, but will not endure when used in fresco to sharpen the folds of drapery, and imposed upon the carbonate pellicle under which lies a first painting. All the wood lakes are fugitive, but having once settled to a hue and a tone, they are permanent, but not as the colour intended by the painter. The blue used by Mr. Dyce may have been French ultramarine; the colour seems to have saddened, as that preparation commonly does. This, like the proper ultramarine, is affected by acid; and if it be this colour, it must eventually yield to the sulphurous acid generated, in a degree however minute, in the church, if it has been used for retouching.

The figures and pictures are all niched in high relief Gothic mouldings, an arrangement which it cannot be believed was according to Mr. Dyce's wish, for the shades gathered by the fretwork and the divisions entirely supersede the markings of the figures, and render the figures comparatively shadowy and indistinct. But for the relief of the pictures Mr. Armitage has done everything, in substituting for the dead diaper background a light opal field, studded with coloured squares and diamonds. This is the kind of background

that Dr. Salviati should have employed for the relief of his group in St. Paul's, which will soon be as indistinct as were the pictures of which we now speak.

There is yet one cause of destruction to mention—an ill, medicable by no cunning of the painter; this is the inevitable absorption of damp by the wall itself, to an extent which may in nowise affect its construction, though sufficient to operate injuriously on a surface painting; and a remedy for this in a church, or in a large public building, is simply an impossibility.

With respect to Mr. Armitage's observation as to the effect of damp, there is much reason to believe that he is right. If the paintings in the corridors of the Houses of Parliament remain perfect, that will be, in some degree, an answer to the question of damp; for these are not mural paintings, having been painted on slabs of slate, and placed in the wall, leaving an interval for the passage of air behind.

Whatever be the issue of Mr. Armitage's labours and suggestions, he cannot be too highly complimented on the frank and disinterested manner in which he states his views; the subject is one of signal importance, and this proceeding on the part of a painter so well qualified to try the question must be regarded as the first actual step towards advisedly determining the fitness of fresco for our atmosphere.

If artists who are competent to the task, and can write of what they know, as the result of study and experience, would more frequently strive to enlighten the public by works of the pen, they would essentially promote the best interests of the profession. It is to be lamented that they generally shrink from a labour that should be regarded in the light of a duty.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"CYCLOPEAN" ARCHITECTURE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

SIR,—Allow me in your Journal to enter a protest against the frequent misapplication of the term Cyclopean, applied to every stylo of masonry with stones of large dimensions. In an article in your last Journal, it is applied to the walls of Fiesole and Volterra, with which it has no connection. I have also seen the term applied to the walls of ancient Irish churches, merely because they were built with large stones. I here give an enumeration of the different styles of masonry, according to the best authorities. The term Cyclopean can be applied alone to masonry composed of unhewn masses, rudely piled up, with no further adjustment than the insertion of small blocks in the interstices. It is so described by Pausanias. The most remarkable specimen of this style is to be found in the Citadel of Tiryns. The second style (also misnamed Cyclopean) is the Polygonal, generally called Pelasgian, and is a natural and obvious improvement of the former. The improvement consists in fitting the sides of the polygonal blocks to each other, so that exteriorly the walls may present a smooth and solid surface. Specimens of this style may be seen in the Etruscan cities of Cosa and Saturnia, and in the walls of Alatri and Arpino. A most perfect specimen is to be found in the walls of Cadyanda in Lycia. The third style is generally named the Horizontal, and sometimes Etruscan, from its being the prevailing style in Etruria. In this style the courses are horizontal, with more or less irregularity; the vertical joints are generally accurately fitted. Cement was not employed in any of these walls; the massiveness of the parts rendered it unnecessary. An approximation to this style is visible at Mycenæ, but is seen in perfection in the cities of Etruria, many of which now retain their ancient walls. I may name Fiesole, Volterra, Cortona, Populonia, Roselle, and others. The Nurhags, mentioned in the same article, are now generally allowed to be tombs. They are built of excellent horizontal masonry, in regular courses, to which the term Cyclopean cannot be applied.

HODDER M. WESTROPP.

AN ARTIST

AT THE

SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.*

MY DEAR SIR,—In reply to your request that I should give a few notes of my journey in the East (during which I made drawings of the cities of the Seven Churches in Asia Minor), I herewith forward a few memoranda of the country as I saw it.

No doubt, since the Crimean war, travelling in Asia Minor is much easier and safer than it was; but I found that little regard was paid to Musulman law in the outlying provinces of Turkey, and, by a singular chance, from the time that I left Naples, I was surrounded at every place I visited by cholera, plague, or fever, but, fortunately, without suffering from any sickness myself. I had determined to land at Smyrna, but on inquiring about a number of huts built in the water, yet close to the shore of the bay, I found that every person had left the city who had the means of doing so, on account of the plague; and, subsequently, I must confess to feeling a shudder on arriving at Constantinople, to find that mysterious and terrible disease existing there to an extent that had not been known for many years previously.

It was a great drawback, therefore, to the pleasure of seeing this beautiful city, to find that, however one might be able to forget for a time the prevalence of this awful scourge in the examination of some peculiar or picturesque object, the recollection that we were in the city of the plague was constantly forced on the mind, by the precautions exercised by Jews, Armenians, Greeks, &c.; for all persons, excepting the Turks, carry sticks, to prevent the touch of any portion of the garments of another; and it was with a mixture of laughter and alarm that I found, on presenting my letter of credit to an English banker, that he, so far from coming near me, would not receive *even the paper* from my hands, but with a *pair of tongs*.

That there was cause for these precautions was soon made apparent. A fellow-traveller, whom I had seen one morning shaving opposite to my wooden lodgings (called an hotel at Pera), was in the evening taken to the plague hospital, and I never heard of him more. A friend of my own was taken ill, no one would go near him; the owner of the hotel put on a very serious face. I informed an eminent medical man (the late Dr. Mullingen, to whom I had letters of introduction) of the case; he kindly offered to see him, but it was only after many inquiries, and making the patient count his own pulse, that he consented to touch, or to go near him, at the same time giving the welcome assurance that it was not the forerunner of the plague. Besides being continually reminded of the ravages of the pestilence, there were special cases that are most memorable—as the clothes of an admiral's son hanging out in the yard of the consulate, where the poor fellow had died, raving mad, of this awful visitation, and the long wail of the Greek woman who had lost a husband or a brother. I was even haunted on the banks of the Bosphorus, whither I had moved for comparative safety, or while exploring the beauties of the scenery, by coming at a sudden turn of the way on a plague encampment, high above the village, and overlooking the castle of Asia, with a few friends conversing at a distance with those of the family who had yet health to attend on their relatives.

These scenes, combining so much of the terrible and beautiful, could not fail to make a vivid and lasting impression; and it was without regret that I at length bade adieu to the city of the Sultan, and stepped on board a caïque to cross the Sea of Marmora. I had joined an English

* We have, as our readers are aware, published in the *Art-Journal* a series of engravings from views of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, from the pencil of the eminent and accomplished artist and architect, Thomas Allom, Esq., with historical and descriptive letter-press by the Rev. J. M. Pellew. It seemed desirable to obtain from Mr. Allom some account of his tour to these famous places. It was obvious that he must have encountered difficulties of no common order, and that his "visits" must have been full of interest. Under that impression we applied to him for some account of his personal adventures, and we are sure our readers will thank us for making them acquainted with the Author as well as with the Artist.—ED. A.-J.

gentleman and a German baron in the hire of the vessel, and while we lighted our pipes on that moonlight night, with Mount Olympus dimly seen on the opposite shore, we all confessed to a feeling of relief at passing away from the infected neighbourhood.

On landing the next day, horses were provided, according to an order from the government (carefully carried by each person), and about six hours brought us to Brussa, the ancient capital of the Turks before the taking of Constantinople. There are some celebrated hot baths here; the springs rise from the foot of Mount Olympus, and are said to be hot enough to boil an egg. The water is certainly brought into the buildings called the Roman Baths at a high temperature, and the Turkish youth delight in plunging into the hot water first, and afterwards taking another plunge into the cold water near at hand. Every part of Asia Minor is interesting, not only on account of its historical associations, but also from the real beauty of the country, and the fertility of its soil. What the country might be under good government was apparent at every village, though these are few and far between, and immense tracts lie waste for the mere want of cultivation. After visiting the bazaars and the many curious and beautiful mosques or tombs of the sultans at Brussa, with shawls of fabulous value thrown over each of the coffin-like monuments within, we prepared to ascend Mount Olympus at an early hour of the morning.

To leave the neighbourhood of Brussa without visiting the fabled abode of the gods was quite out of the question; so we started before day-break for that purpose. As, however, it is said that *bears* have had the good taste to choose this classic locality for a settlement, we went well armed. As we ascended the richly-wooded tracks, the upper ridges of dark forests soon shone out in the morning sun; and as our little cavalcade wound among the rocky passes, the scene was one of the most picturesque and beautiful that can be imagined. To me the middle heights of great mountains are always most impressive—for the mind is engaged and struck by vast height and vast depth, and can realise both—while the view from the summit fails to impress one with all the magnitude of the huge bulk beneath us.

The shoulder of the mountain was reached by noon, and we dismounted to climb to the rugged summit. The prospect was very fine, but the effect was not new to those who have been accustomed to climb high mountains; and I think, after having seen the hills from below, I could have sketched the whole with the help of a map. However, once on the small plateau which forms the crest of the mountain, some Greek wine, with ice chopped from the ravines, was to us as real nectar. Certainly Jupiter never enjoyed his draught from the hand of Hebe more than I did from the hand of my Greek attendant. The tempting beverage was offered to Mahomed, our guide, who turned from it with disdain; but Mustapha (an old janissary who had escaped the massacre of Mahmoud), while his countryman turned away, took a hearty pull at the wine-cup, evidently without any qualms of conscience for drinking with the infidels.

On my way to the more immediate object of my journey, viz., the cities of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, an incident occurred to show the kind of travelling that must sometimes be expected in this beautiful country. We had found the journey very hot during the day, and had determined to rest for a time at the first shed or cabaret we came to on the track, which is here called a road, and proposed to travel during the night. Coffee was brought in the usual small cup, like an egg-cup, and as we lay on the ground, the coffee-coolies informed us that about three hours (nine miles) further on, and in the very road that we intended to take, a village had been plundered by robbers, who had beaten the men, and cut off the head of the chief. In a little time a number of people gathered around us, but there was no visible habitation near whence they came; and knowing the respect these men have for English fire-arms, we took care to examine our pistols in their presence. Their own pistols, it is said, go off once out of three times the trigger is drawn. The road we travelled that night was through dense masses of forest, as dark as Erebus, with

occasional open glades, in the Salvator Rosa style. In one of these glades we saw a group of men round a fire, but whether they were robbers or honest men we did not stay to inquire.

Whenever we came to habitations, the greatest fertility was observable, and many times we were presented with large bunches of grapes by the people who were then gathering them. At last we struck the valley of the Hermus, on every side bounded by mountains, the plains extending in some parts from ten to fifteen miles. The citadel of Pergamos was the first object that met our view, its outlines illumined by the setting sun. As we entered the town a large mass of building was pointed out as the primitive church of St. John; but in the gloom of the evening I did not venture any opinion on the architecture. In the morning, however, I was greatly puzzled by seeing two huge circular buildings on each side of what I supposed to be the body of the church, with a minaret at the angle. It was gravely explained that the Turks, after taking possession of the city, had used the Christian church as a mosque, and had built the customary minaret to call the faithful to prayer; but one night the door (which ought to be towards Mecca) was placed by the devil on the opposite side, since which time it had ceased to be used for any religious purpose. The building is the largest remaining ruin of Christian architecture, if, indeed, it was originally Christian. It is evidently of great antiquity, but its construction is an architectural puzzle. I thought it desirable to make several careful sketches of some of the ruins of the Acropolis, which are in a very high style of Art. The governor gave us a large house to lodge in, of which we availed ourselves during two nights. On our starting again, he prohibited us from going by a certain road, saying that he was responsible for our safety, and that he feared we might be robbed.

The next journey brought us to Magnesia, situated at the foot of Mount Syphelus, and here we lodged at the metropolis, as it is called, that is, the palace of the Greek bishop, with the understanding that we were to move out on the arrival of the bishop, who was absent. After two days we were informed that the caravan was in sight, and we took up our abode in a more humble lodging belonging to a Greek.

As the bishop entered the town, with a long line of laden camels and attendants, he raised his hands in benediction in return to our European salute of uncovering—which, by-the-by, is not always understood by the people, for they have, as a matter of politeness, to ask permission to uncover the head—a thing not to be wondered at, as they look much better in the turban than with their partly-shaven heads; and, indeed, they appear conscious of this, by calling the turban the crown of the Osmanlie. The next day we witnessed the inauguration of the new bishop, which was somewhat imposing, the ceremonial robes being truly magnificent.

As my friends had not the same object in view as I had, we parted here, and I proceeded to Thyatira, at which place there is no vestige of the ancient church, and, on the road to Sardis, came on the banks of the Gygean Lake, with the tumulus of Halyattes before me, rising far higher than other tumuli. The Turks call this the Place of a Thousand Tombs. The solemn grandeur of the place was enhanced by the gloom of evening. There lay the last memorials of the kings of Lydia, obscured by the gloom of ages, and only dimly lighted by the father of history. One mighty mound, astonishing even to Herodotus, marks the last resting-place of Halyattes, the father of Cræsus; it was erected, as the old historian informs us, principally by the women of Sardis.

While I passed on, with the shores of the silent lake on one side, and these monuments of former greatness before me, I could not help dwelling on the history of that monster of ingratitude who gave his name to those silent waters. Were his traitorous bones laid under one of those tumuli? Did they rest with the honoured dust of the kings of Lydia? Perhaps I was then treading the same ground that the great lawgiver, Solon, had done, while rebuking the vanity of Cræsus. These thoughts were, however, quickly dispelled by suddenly seeing

the lake apparently on fire, sparkling from end to end, and myriads of water-fowl rose from its previously tranquil surface. As might have been expected, darkness overtook me long before reaching Sardis, where accommodation was found—if four walls, of some sort of construction, with bare earth for the floor, could be called by that name. I was awake in the night by the dripping of water on my face, which I avoided by putting my horsehair mattress on one side. On opening my eyes in the morning, the bright blue vault of the heavens was seen through large openings in the roof. My lodging was the dilapidated barn of a poor Greek miller. In half-an-hour I was in the palace of Cræsus—in ruins of course, with the golden Pactolus flowing at my feet, though with nothing to be seen in it *now* but the golden rays of the sun—and then I went to the ancient church, and was horrified, as an architect, to find that the primitive Christians had been such barbarians as to build some exquisite ornamental friezes into the walls as mere stone, having covered up the beautiful sculptures. I employed myself for an hour picking out the rubbish, and exposing a portion of one, for the benefit of future travellers. Then to the theatre, and to the temple of the Sybil, and to the Acropolis, so celebrated in history, rising far above the other ruins, crowned at last by the mighty masses of Tmolus.

Had there been a comfortable hotel in which a touch of the bell would bring attentive waiters, hot coffee, ham and eggs, toast and butter, with the well-aided *Times*, one could have spent a very pleasant week at Sardis. But what a bell *might* do, no opportunity is offered for judging, as the sound of one is never heard in the land of the East.

It would have been delightful to follow the winding course of that river which made the ancient monarch of the place rich to a proverb of the present time, or to rest on the glossy verdure of its citadel, the view from which is very grand, its ruins being on rocks that rise nearly perpendicularly towards the south for hundreds of feet, and whence the eagle, as he swoops below, appears as a brown speck against the blue mountains on one side, or the sunny plain on the other. Of whatever luxury Sardis might boast in its bygone days, it can boast of none now. Hunger and hard beds, or rather no beds at all, subdue one's enthusiasm for heroes of antiquity and the picturesque. Harassed by the discomforts of the place, in an evil moment, like the fish in the frying-pan, I determined to change my position. I was told that a small cabaret, in the track of the caravans, a few miles farther on, would afford me a better shelter than exposure to the dangerous effects of sleeping in the open air. On reaching this resting-place, and looking back, the clear, sharp points of the Acropolis of Sardis rose darkly against the setting sun, and the glorious range of Mount Tmolus had its ridges tipped with gold. The plain was still light—sufficiently so, indeed, to see here and there a lively tortoise making his way in the world, at a respectable pace; *not* the dull, inanimate creature we see in our cold climate, but a living thing, ready to make love or fight a rival at any moment, like a gay cavalier. In the foreground were a number of camels, relieved of their burdens, and lying down chewing the cud, with their large languishing eyes betraying no surprise or disgust at having *their* portraits painted, as their Mahometan masters are wont to do, but behaving as citizens of the world, courteously alike to infidel and believer.

The daylight was spent when I was somewhat disagreeably reminded that in this country I was considered the infidel, by a request, conveyed through my interpreter, with oriental apologies, that I would move some short distance farther on the road, as some Mussulmen of consequence, to whom the camels belonged, intended to pass the night there; "It was only a very little distance"—"I should be there in half an hour," &c. All these apologies veiled, I well knew, nothing more nor less than the old antipathy of the Mahometan to the Christian. At first it is a startling thing to meet the fierce eyes of men armed to the teeth muttering, or rather growling, "Giaour" (infidel); but I had learned their bark was always worse than their bite, and with a good pair of English pistols in my belt, and an

amount of bullying that I should have been ashamed of in my own country, I found that I could hold my own pretty well with the semi-barbarous population of the outlying provinces, and had often occasion to remark the respectful behaviour that followed a determined manner, which a more gentle bearing failed to produce. However, in this instance, my right to a night's lodging was given up under the impression that I ought not to make a grey-headed old man uncomfortable in his own country, even if it was only for one night; so the horses were ordered again to be saddled, and away we went in the gloom of the evening, and on the far-spreading plains of the Hermus.

Darker and darker still came on the night, but no place of human habitation could be found. Fortunately the surrogate, or guide (a guide only in name), rode a white horse, which in the deep darkness was just discernible enough for me to follow. That we had lost our way, or been deceived by the bland representation of the *cafeegée*, was evident, for the time had long since passed for the termination of the journey, and the prospect (if there *can* be a prospect without seeing an inch beyond the nose) of a night's wandering over this dreary tract became anything but cheering. At length the sudden bark of a dog—the key-note to a perfect Babel of canine voices, far and near, round and about, proclaimed unmistakably our entrance into a Turkish village.

Some huge dusky forms lie on the ground, but it is difficult to say if they are animate or inanimate things. They move—no, it is only the imagination. Yes—a grunt, and a rush—with maledictions in all languages from my interpreter, who has fallen among a number of sleeping buffaloes. These animals, something like a cross between an ox and a rhinoceros, are used for drawing the heavy wains of the country; coarse, slow, harmless, patient, and silent; they seldom utter a sound unless under such extraordinary circumstances as having their rest broken in this unceremonious manner.

Poor Demetrius having gathered himself up, horse and all, as best he could, I handed him my *teskeræe*, or passport, to go and find the chief of the village; he returned with the intimation that as it was after sundown it could not be read (these officials are not bound to supply candles), and therefore no accommodation could be afforded; but, with a touch of barbarous politeness, gave permission for my location in a shed, open on all sides, which was evidently intended for the shelter of camels.

Fever was prevalent in all parts of the country, and applications for medicine were frequently made, which I was enabled to dispense from my small store—(I hope I did not kill any one)—the country people having an idea that all Franks are *hakims*, or doctors. I declined acceptance of such accommodation, and the order was given to keep moving somewhere or other during the night, rather than be exposed to almost certain fever by sleeping in the open air. If I could have seen my Greek's face, there is no doubt it was longer than usual at these orders. But soon after this we met another Greek, who said he would guide us to a resting-place for the remainder of the night.

As we entered a low mud-hut to which we were conducted, the red glare of the fire used for making coffee fell on several men armed with yataghans and enormous pistols, all of them stuck into shawls or girdles encircling the waist, but from their magnitude and projection from the chest giving the idea of a pedlar showing his wares. Their turbans were worn high, with hanging fringe falling not ungracefully round the head, the usual short embroidered jacket, with full trousers and naked legs. I think my Greek had had his nerves shaken as well as his body by his unwelcome visit to the buffaloes, for as we passed through the door he whispered in English, "Very bad mans, sir." However, after giving the customary salute of placing the hand on the left side and then raising it to the head, there was nothing for it but to make myself at home as well as I could. I drank my coffee, stole a sketch of the group, and smoked my *ehibouk* (or pipe), and wished myself back at the ruined barn of Sardis; and after a time, as not one of the guests appeared inclined to move, we laid

ourselves down in one corner, with pistols ready to the hand if needed. To sleep was impossible. The jargon of bastard Arabic spoken by these men was perfectly unintelligible to me; but they seemed to have a jolly night of it, and a little while before daybreak they arose and departed.

My horsehair mattress was of the smallest dimensions and of the thinnest material, for it had to be carried with every other sort of provision on the back of one of the animals; it is therefore not surprising that a feeling of having a great many bones in the body which wanted oiling should be the prevailing sensation generally in the morning, for the best kind of lodging only provided stretchers and hard boards. But once mounted, and feeling as free as the wind to course over the plains or dash through the sparkling river, whose very water seemed to dance with joy in the sunny morning as it plashed against the horse's flanks—all aches, pains, and discomforts of the previous night were speedily forgotten in the surrounding loveliness of the scene and the balmy effects of the atmosphere.

On arriving at the city of Philadelphia, an invitation from the bey, or governor, was sent, of which I gladly availed myself. Within a courtyard a long flight of steps, or rather wooden stairs, with an ornamental covering, led to a large saloon, in which the bey received me. Several subordinate officers were present, and seated on a divan, or sofa, opposite to the governor, I answered his questions, among which were many concerning our Queen, by which I discovered his ideas were not very clear as to how the great English nation could be governed by any other than one of the lords of the creation. Such total ignorance of the power of the ladies was of course amusing enough, for, if all tales be true, he might have gained that knowledge even in his own country. He was interested in every bit of information on Western customs, admired my sketches—some upside down—the neatness of my firearms, and the spring bayonettes concealed in them; and after refreshments of coffee and sweetmeats, with the everlasting *chibouk*, gave orders that I should be attended round the city the next day. Some ruins were shown as the remains of the primitive church, but they are probably of much later date, and are situated near the centre mosque.

The country about Laodicea had the character for being rather dangerous, and at the end of the next day's journey, on presenting my *teskeræe* at the gateway of the so-called governor's palace, a discussion ensued among a lounging set of idlers, with turbans of every fashion, as to lodging me. I was told the governor was away, of the truth of which I had my own opinion. I insisted, through Demetrius, of my right to proper accommodation; one fellow mustered sufficient English to say, "Sultan Mahmoud no force;" by this of course meaning they did not care a rush for the order of the sultan. I had never found this disrespect to the sovereign before, and it confirmed the bad character of this particular part of the country. At last I found that an old man, with a long grey beard, and turban as white as snow, had consented to conduct me to some kind of lodging. We arrived at the gateway of rather a large building, surrounded by a high wall. The old man entered, and in five minutes after I heard the sound of female voices; one above the rest (an old woman, I think) was evidently in a terrible fury. Occasionally a mild young voice in remonstrating tones was heard, but it was of no use. The old man at length issued from the gateway, and with some mortification shown in his countenance, confessed that his women objected to my being lodged within the walls of his house.

Now here was a thorough knock-down blow to all my vanity. They must surely have seen me through the jealousies, and was I so repulsive to their very eyesight that the idea of my being located under the same roof was really intolerable? How should I ever hold my head up after this among the sunny smiles of my own countrywomen? After mature consideration, however, I settled it as an undoubted fact that the loud voice belonged to an old hag of a woman, and that the soft remonstrating voice as certainly came from a blooming, black-eyed young houri.

But what was to be done? The horses had been taken away during the altercation, leaving the baggage at the gate. It was a lonely place, evidently on the outskirts of the town. My Greek was sent to find another resting-place, while I remained alone as guard over my pack-saddle. The time seemed very long, but at last Demetrius reappeared, followed by another man who was to be my guide to the only lodgings to be had. The latter conducted me through long lanes with high walls on both sides, which, in the gloom of the evening, seemed interminable. At last we stopped before some massive wooden gates, and the man made signs for me to enter. Demetrius had been left behind to bring on the baggage, and it is scarcely surprising that in a locality so obviously hostile to a foreigner the idea should cross my mind that I had been entrapped. Before me stood a dark building, of which I could see nothing but the outline against the sky. The man laid hold of my left hand, for I instinctively put my right to the pistol in my belt. He led me to a dark aperture, and the next instant I found myself on a frail wooden structure; by the flicker of the twilight I perceived that water was below me. Groping our way carefully step by step we at last came to an opening on the other side of the building, which was comparatively light; still I could see no signs of a living being, and no house to lodge at. The man stopped, turned round, looked full in my face, and pointed upwards to a hole in the wall, some twelve feet above me, to which there was a broken ladder. My dark friend again made signs to go up. There was no alternative; if it was a trap, I determined to have a fight for it, so scrambled up as best I could. On entering, the light of a fire somewhat reassured me; two men were squatting on the floor. Saluting them, I also squatted down, taking care to place my back to the wall, the dim light of the fire showing me every movement of the inmates; beyond this all was darkness.

Yet, from one end I heard a strange noise rising from the floor, like the long breathing of some living thing. What place I had got into was to me a perfect mystery, and I wished for my interpreter more and more. At last a light broke in upon my bewilderment. A gentle tapping is heard on the other side; one of the men rises and appears to throw back the obstruction to a small opening; a soft female voice is heard, and after some conversation, which I can only guess at from the tone, a child is handed through the aperture, and brought to the stranger. Pronouncing that sacred word which is supposed to counteract the effect of the evil eye, and which at once sets every mother's anxious heart at rest as regards her darling, the little one and I soon become friends. My interpreter comes in with the baggage, which I ransack to find some trifle pleasing to the child, and he is soon after returned through the hole in the wall to his prattling and delighted mother. The place was a kind of water-mill; the noises below proceeded from the very horses we had been riding on throughout the day, and I was then lodged in the loft above the stables. So much for the hospitality of the East.

I believe it may be said that generally the people are particularly honest; at all events, they are not addicted to pilfering, for during the whole journey I only lost a pair of Turkish slippers, and those I afterwards found had been put into the wrong baggage, when leaving my friends at Magnesia, and to my great surprise were restored to me in London; but, as in all other countries, there are robberies, and when they happen, are on a very complete scale, for they make a clean sweep of everything. Now, as the Greek was in the habit of talking rather large about me, and thinking I might by possibility become a tempting object to some of the unscrupulous inhabitants for the increase of their means at my expense, I persuaded Demetrius that money was becoming a scarce article with me, although at the same time conscious that a band of gold pieces encircled my waist, which were literally shelled out in private when required. It has never been quite clear that this little bit of *finesse* was not met by a counter-piece of eun-ning, for, having started long before daylight for Laodicea, I found myself amongst its ruins without anything to eat or drink.

In the early dawn, and before things were quite

visible, I had passed through a roving band of Turkomans going from one pasturage to another, driving their flocks and herds before them, and it was impossible to look on them without realising the description of the Father of Israel given in the Bible. These, however, were the only living beings met with during the day, for, arriving at Laodicea about ten A.M., and preparing to take my breakfast on a huge block of masonry for a table, the information that there was nothing to eat or drink took me rather aback. I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the Greek as he reminded me of my declaration as to want of money. If my suspicions were correct, however, he fell with me into his own trap, for neither of us got bit or drop until the following night. In the deep solitude of the ruined city there was ample evidence of the most refined architectural taste, and had I not been so confoundedly hungry, I should have enjoyed the beauty of the carving on a fallen entablature, or the proportions of its columns, and every moulding refined by the Greek manner, and enriched by the Roman luxuriance of style before the latter degenerated into the florid. Sketching in the sun produced, after a time, an intense thirst; before me sparkled a small stream of water, but undrinkable from the peculiar pungency of its flavour; in fact, whichever way the water took I found it petrified every object leaving a crust over the surface which often assumed the most grotesque forms. Some of the ruins of the city are composed of very large masses of masonry, resembling that called Cyclopean architecture, but the joints of which are so shaken by earthquakes that the arm might be thrust into some of them. On looking at the engraving from my picture, published last year in the *Art-Journal*, it will be seen that the theatre is very well defined, while a very great number of tombs (nearly all opened) are scattered round the outer portion of the city, but there is no vestige of the ancient church.*

OBITUARY.

MR. HENRY BERTHOUD.

It is with very sincere feelings of deep regret that we record the death, at the end of September, of this gentleman, who, almost from the first establishment of the *Art-Journal*, has performed the duties of our Paris correspondent, and with earnestness, fidelity, and independence. He was of a Swiss family, but born in England; and though he was induced to pass the greater part of his life in Paris, though he spoke the language like a native, and his name betrayed his foreign origin, he gloried in styling himself an Englishman, and his warmest sympathies and feelings were with our country. By profession, Mr. Berthoud was both painter and engraver, and in his early years studied at the Royal Academy. Some of his pictures have hung, and, we believe, some are now hanging, in the Gallery of the Crystal Palace; but his love of the Art was far greater than his ability to realise his conceptions. He practised it, therefore, more by way of filling up spare time, and for amusement, than with much, if any, hope of turning it to profitable account. He succeeded better with subjects of "still life," than in any higher class, though he sometimes allowed his ambition to soar rather loftily. For example, at his death he left on his easel an unfinished canvas of considerable dimensions—an attempt to illustrate the Shaksperian line—

"Roll on, gentle Avon."

Under a blunt and somewhat rough manner, he possessed a warm and sympathising heart, that prompted him to acts of kindness and liberality, not unfrequently beyond what, in justice to himself, he should have withheld. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and possessed true Christian principles; his honesty and uprightness gaining for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him; and though he had passed threescore years and ten, he maintained his industrious habits, till a disease of the brain terminated his labours and his life, after an illness of about three weeks.

* To be continued.

OLD RHENISH POTTERY.

At a time like the present, when a knowledge of the beauty of ancient fictile Art has widely spread, and collectors increase with increased information, when prices that exceed the wildest calculations of a few years past are readily paid for works of beauty or rarity, it would be no subject for surprise that the minor labours of the potteries, when they exhibit the influence of Art, should be sought for, and rise in value with the rest. A small fortune may be easily sunk in a few good specimens of the works of Sèvres and Dresden; the earlier works of the Italian potteries cost hundreds each; and the collector who would desire a few fine examples of our own Wedgwood must be prepared to part with a thousand pounds at least.

The earlier fictile work of Italy and France,—the so-called "Raffaello-ware," the pottery of Urbino, and the productions known as "Henri Deux," and Palissy,—is in fact "*poterie de luxe*," and, from its nature, could never be cheap or common; but at the same time inferior wares, of coarser clay and bolder design, were fabricated for general use; and often exhibit a simple beauty, or boldness of conception, that gives them a real value in the eyes of true connoisseurs. This was particularly the case with the stoneware produced in the South-German and Rhenish towns at the close of the sixteenth century. It was largely manufactured at Mayence and Cologne, and still more extensively in Flanders; the convenience of exportation by way of Holland giving great facilities to the manufacturer, and ultimately spreading his works over Europe.

There is a mythic tale that attributes the origin of this ware to the famous Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault and Holland, after her abdication in 1433, and retirement to the castle of Teylingen, near Leyden. The tale continues to say that the Countess was in the habit of casting the best works into the muddy Rhine as it flowed past her home, in order that they might some day be recovered and pass for antiques. This tale would be little worth narrating except as a popular instance, among so many, of the love of the marvellous which infests all history, and makes fiction supersede fact, though the latter generally is by far less difficult to believe.

The finest collection of "Gres-de-Flandres" at present in England, and probably the best ever formed, is at present in the possession of M. Gambart, so well known among us for his connection with art and artists as a picture dealer. This collection was formed with scrupulous care, and had great continental celebrity before he became its possessor. As large, or even larger collections have been made; but for quality, and importance in size, this must take the first place. There are about one hundred and fifty specimens, but they are all such works as must have been esteemed by their makers as specimens of their best ability. In very many instances they are the largest works executed by them, some of the vases and drinking vessels being three feet in height, and all remarkable either for quaintness of form or elaboration of decoration.

M. D'Huyvetter, of Ghent, who formed in his house a very singular collection of Flemish antiquities, appears to have been the first collector of any importance who included these early stoneware productions in their museums. It is much to be regretted that on the death of this eminent and tasteful collector, the whole of his gatherings should have been scattered by auction. There should have been enough of patriotism in the Low Countries to have secured the whole for the great public Museums of Antwerp or Brussels. The larger portion of the fine works in stoneware were brought to England by a dealer who well knew how to appreciate them; but they were at that time little understood or appreciated by others; and they were very slow of sale; ultimately they were parted with singly or in small numbers, and now it would not be easy to trace their resting-place. Fifteen years ago, Ceramics and their history was scarcely cared for; certainly we are now better educated, and it is not too much to say that a similar collection must be grossly mismanaged in its mode of sale, to meet the same unlucky result.

The "severe" critic who can only be satisfied by the classic outlines of the early Greek potters, must lay aside his prejudices, and look upon these productions of the Low Countries in connection with the tastes and education of the men who fabricated them. This is but just, as we cannot expect Greek taste in the troubled lowlands of Europe during the seventeenth century; yet we occasionally find a true classic feeling for form, and a knowledge of *renaissance* decoration in the style adopted by the German and Flemish potter. We also find a very original desire for striking effect, which gives these works a quaint originality peculiarly their own, and has always rendered them covetable to the artist, who is never tired of depicting their somewhat *bizarre* outline, and the brilliant blue and brown enamels on their grey surface; Ostade and Teniers, as well as our own *Lance*, knew full the value of these pleasant colours and striking forms, when introduced in their pictures, and their brethren in Art have been equally glad to avail themselves of this pottery.

The quaint character of design which distinguishes these works we have already alluded to; it is peculiarly national, and before the "classic" connoisseur condemns it, it will be well for him to consider how rare originality in design at all times is, and that here at least we find it. The *PICTURESQUE* is an eminent qualification it possesses, and occasionally the surface decoration is modelled with much taste, and a good conception of the value of classic Art. In many instances the ornament is a direct application of antique ideas, and the Virtues, the gods of the days, and other members of the pagan Pantheon, grace the beer-jugs of the Rhenish burghers. More frequently we find bas-reliefs connected with their peculiar history, the arms of the cities, or of their great generals in the sanguinary thirty years' war, that secured the blessings of Protestantism by an outflow of the blood of the best men in the land. Hence we find one of the most widely-spread and popular of these wares was a jug made to ridicule the portly figure and stolid face of the famous enemy of Protestantism, Cardinal Bellarmine; sometimes the jug had the head alone, with the broad beard (then indicative of a churchman) spread over its surface; hence they were termed "Bellarmines" and "grey beards," the latter name being still used to distinguish large rotund vessels, long after its original significance has been forgotten.

It will be seen that there is something of history, as well as Art, to be met with in the study of these old vessels. Their strength, as well as their highly decorative character, gave them great popularity, and their comparative cheapness made them acceptable wherever they were sent. Consequently the potters of the Low Countries, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, monopolised the common trade of Europe. None could vie with them. Heavy and clumsy their work might occasionally be, but "stoneware" was all but indestructible; and though its decoration might frequently be rude, it suited ordinary tastes sufficiently well, and it was always possible to get works of this kind really good and fine in character, if the outlay was sufficient. The city of Delft ultimately monopolised the whole of the trade, but their wares were always inferior in strength and beauty to the earlier brown "Cologne-ware" and the "Gres-de-Flandres;" while their potters, in endeavouring to rival the brighter tints of Italian majolica, too often produced the vilest caricatures.

It is, however, a fact well worth a manufacturer's remembrance, that this ware, by its solid excellence of fabric, appealing as it did to all utilitarians, gave a new and extensive impulse to the native country of its potters, and secured the whole world for its market.

On the decay of the Delft trade, artisans rose up in the minor potteries of France and England, to laudably endeavour to supply the home consumer by the labour of the home manufacturer. How they succeeded and triumphed it is not our province here to show; but we may point to M. Gambart's collection as a most instructive and curious exposition of the potter's art in Northern Europe when it flourished as an original and distinct school of "Art-manufacture."

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: 1865.

THIS enterprise proceeds in a manner that promises very satisfactory results, not only as regards Ireland, but as concerns England and Scotland also, for its success cannot fail to greatly benefit both countries. In Ireland there has been, of late years, a large increase of wealth, and, as a consequence, an augmented desire to obtain the elegancies and the luxuries of life; for these, "customers" to England are now comparatively numerous, and British producers will certainly "find their account" in closer relationship with the sister country. There are, however, more elevated reasons why intercourse between the two should be, by all possible means, promoted. They are gradually becoming one; prejudices have, in a great degree, ceased; there is a growing, if not yet a confirmed, conviction, that the interests of the one are emphatically the interests of the other, and that Ireland and England are in reality no more two countries than are Devon and York.

We desire, at the outset of these remarks, to induce a belief that Manufacturers, in aiding to disseminate knowledge of Art and purity of taste in Ireland, are directly promoting and advancing their own prosperity.

Twelve years ago there was an International Exhibition in Dublin. At that period, there, as here, much had to be learned; "officials" had to be trained into duties; the undertaking partook more of a private than a public character; for nearly the whole financial responsibility rested on the shoulders of a liberal citizen, Mr. Dargan—to whom be all honour as the originator of a great work, nine-tenths of the glory of which appertains to him—and the machinery was, to say the least, inadequate and imperfect. Experience has, since that time, however, been taught and learned. A very large proportion of the higher and the commercial classes of the Irish capital are engaged to forward, and carry to a successful issue, the International Exhibition of 1865. The exhibition will take place in a building that involves little or no expenditure; it is sufficiently large for all requirements; at once convenient and elegant; it is, indeed, conspicuous for much architectural beauty. But its purpose is to supply to the Irish capital a structure greatly needed there—a Music Hall, a hall for meetings and lectures, meeting rooms for societies and committees, picture galleries, and, above all, a winter garden.

The foundations have certainly been judiciously laid; the money for erecting the building is the result of a joint-stock Company, nearly all the better orders of the tradesmen of Dublin being shareholders, as well as a considerable number of the upper classes, members of the learned professions, and merchants. There is, however, no reckless expenditure, and there is almost a surety of the company being a commercial success.

The Executive Committee of the Exhibition have made advantageous arrangements with this "Winter Gardens Company" for the occupancy of the whole of the extensive building during the period of the Exhibition, from the commencement to the close. Already there has been a careful selection of experienced persons to preside over the several departments, and to be in charge of the various objects exhibited. The formal inauguration of the building (now nearly completed) will be the International Exhibition, to be opened early in May, 1865, no doubt by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Of the International Exhibition Committee

"Ireland's only Duke" is the President, the Vice-President being Benjamin Lee Guinness—he who has expended more than a hundred thousand pounds to restore the venerable cathedral of St. Patrick—and the Committee consists of some twenty of the leading "men of business" in Dublin, the chairman of the Executive Committee being Gilbert Sanders, Esq., chairman of the Art-Exhibition, 1861, the success of which led to the construction of the Winter Gardens Company and the International Exhibition for 1865. They have received the cordial support of Government, and their arrangements with foreign countries have been made under its sanction. Ireland, we may be sure, will be well represented as far as its manufactures go; that country is proverbially rich in "raw materials;" the Exhibition will supply evidence of its natural wealth.

But the International Exhibition will necessarily look for much aid from England. We have strong faith that such aid will be largely and liberally given. We are well aware that many of our Art-producers are weary of these periodical "shows;" the annoyances to which they were needlessly subjected in 1862 have not yet faded out; and it was by no means always that the cost of a display was met by a corresponding advantage, in a pecuniary sense, although frequently the reputation thus acquired secured a substantial reward to the exhibitor.

We are quite sure that an exhibition in Dublin will open up avenues of trade to many producers, from which they have been hitherto excluded, and that those who contribute to form it will obtain a celebrity in Ireland that will, in a word, *pay*; those who are wise in their generation will not be absentees.

In order that all arrangements to contribute may be as easy as possible, the Dublin Committee have formed an auxiliary Committee in London—"a Committee of Advice." They meet at the House of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, the honorary secretary being Mr. P. Le Neve Foster, secretary to the Society. Applications will be in due course made to all persons whose co-operation is desirable, and those who require information may obtain it by communicating as above.

The following is the London Committee:—

J. ANDERSON, Esq.	W. HAWES, Esq.
T. BATTAM, Esq., F.S.A.	R. HUDSON, Esq., F.R.S.
PROF. BENTLEY, F.L.S.	OWEN JONES, Esq.
R. K. BOWLEY, Esq.	LORD H. LENNOX, M.P.
E. A. BOWRING, Esq., C.B.	C. MANBY, Esq., F.R.S.
ANTONIO BRADY, Esq.	P. C. OWEN, Esq.
SIR DAVID BREWSTER, F.R.S.	HON. B. F. PRIMROSE.
H. COLE, Esq., C.B.	S. REDGRAVE, Esq.
SIR C. W. DILKE, BART.	SIR C. P. RONEY.
THOS. FAIRBAIRN, Esq.	MR. ALD. ROSE, M.P.
F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A.	SIR F. R. SANDFORD.
J. H. FOLEY, Esq., R.A.	THE LORD MAYOR.
BRANDRETH GIBBS, Esq.	R. A. THOMPSON, Esq.
G. GODWIN, Esq., F.R.S.	T. B. WARING, Esq.
PETER GRAHAM, Esq.	E. WATERTON, Esq.
G. GROVE, Esq.	H. S. WAY, Esq.
S. C. HALL, Esq., F.S.A.	G. WILSON, Esq., F.R.S.
	T. WINKWORTH, Esq.
	M. DIGBY WYATT, Esq.
	P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Esq., M.A., <i>Hon. Sec.</i>
	J. F. ISELIN, Esq., <i>Assist. Sec.</i>

One of the earliest resolutions passed is the following:—

"That the members of this Committee will individually exert their personal interest, and use their best endeavours, to secure the co-operation of exhibitors."

The Committee has undertaken this task in full consciousness of the responsibility they incur; failure would be discreditable to them; they must, and we are sure will, *personally exert themselves* to carry this project to a prosperous issue. That is not to be

done—and they know it—by merely sending out circulars and passing through formalities; the Committee must personally communicate with the parties who are able to aid the project, and who will aid it if the case be properly put before them. Of the members of the Committee there are many who have much power; they express an earnest desire to exert it to the utmost.

It is to be expected that many articles with which a portion of the public was familiar in 1862 will be among the contributions sent to Dublin; that is to be desired. There they will be better seen than they were in London. At South Kensington they were not unfrequently "lost in a crowd;" in Dublin their merits will be more rightly estimated. We are fully sure that a considerable portion of such examples of Art-manufacture will, at the close of 1865, find permanent homes in Ireland. We put it therefore strongly to English and Scottish manufacturers—the policy of contributing to the Irish International Exhibition; we believe that to do so will fully answer their purpose; that it will lead to extensive sales, while extending the fame of the producer. Honourable publicity rarely fails to be a source of profit. The best of all advertisements is the actual evidence of merit.

No doubt the occasion will be taken advantage of by many to visit Ireland, and make a tour of that interesting country. We might say much of the inducements to such a tour, but we prefer to any words of our own those we find in a leading article in the *Times* during the summer of the present year:—

"There is nothing in these isles more beautiful and more picturesque than the south and west of Ireland. They who know the fairest portions of Europe still find in Ireland that which they have seen nowhere else, and which has charms all its own. . . . The whole coast, west and south, indeed all round the island, has beauties that many a travelled Englishman has not the least conception of. The time will come when the annual stream of tourists will lead the way, and when wealthy Englishmen, one after another, in rapid succession, will seize the fairest spots, and fix here their summer quarters. They will not be practically further from London than the many seats of our nobility in the North Midland counties were thirty years ago. Eighteen hours will even now take the Londoner to the Atlantic shore, and twenty will soon carry him to the farthest promontory of the island. There are those who will not welcome such a change upon the spirit of that scene. But if we see in the beauty of Ireland even a surer heritage than in hidden mine or fertile soil, why may we not hope that it will again cover her land with pleasant homes and a busy, contented, and increasing people, such as we see in many other regions with nothing but their beauty and salubrity to recommend them."

May we not then reasonably infer that when manufacturers and producers in England, Scotland, and Wales, are making arrangements to contribute to the International Exhibition in Dublin, they will arrange also to make their summer and autumn Tour in that interesting and richly endowed country. There will be all-beautiful Killarney; the world's wonder, the Giant's Causeway; the picturesque magnificence of wild Connemara; the sylvan scenes and desolate grandeur mingled in Wicklow county. Dublin and its neighbouring localities have abundant attractions; in short, there is no part of the island that will not largely recompense the Tourist. The "Stranger" is proverbially welcome in Ireland; whatever domestic "squabbles" there may be, they never annoy him. It is indeed the safest, as well as the pleasantest country of the world, in which to travel.

S. C. HALL.

THE
WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

It is somewhat singular that two editions of the writings of Goldsmith, identical in the manner in which they are offered to the public, should have made their appearance almost, if not quite, simultaneously. Such a competition for popular favour is sure to work advantageously for the public, because it puts the publishers of both on their mettle, each striving, of course, to produce the most attractive volume, and to secure the

largest share of support. One of these two editions we noticed last month. The other has since come into our hands, and demands from us similar attention.

Wood engraving, like painting, has entered on a new phase in the hands of some, within the last very few years; opinions may, and do differ, as to whether the change be for the better or not, but the fact of the change itself is discernible enough. Without any manifest reduction of labour, and certainly without any of skill, artists who draw on wood are less desirous of making their work appear like highly-finished engravings

on steel or copper than was their aim ten or fifteen years ago. Freedom and boldness of line, and forcible, striking effects, have taken the place of the minute and delicate handling which was formerly considered the very perfection of the art, both by draughtsmen and engravers. The Brothers Dalziel, by means of the artists whose assistance they have secured, such as Messrs. Millais, R.A., Tenniel, Watson, Pinwell, and others, as well as by their own method of employing the graver's tools, have taken a leading part in this revolutionary movement. We have only to compare the edition of "The Pilgrim's



"As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,"
Threnodia Augustalis.

Progress," published by Messrs. Dalziel in 1850, the illustrations designed by Mr. W. Harvey, with their latest works, "Parables of our Lord," "The Arabian Nights," and this volume of Goldsmith's writings, to see how different a manner is now adopted to that previously practised. The germ of the later style is traceable in the earlier, but it is only a well-practised eye that can discern

* DALZIEL'S ILLUSTRATED GOLDSMITH. Also a Sketch of the Life of Oliver Goldsmith, by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With One Hundred Pictures drawn by G. J. PINWELL, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by Ward and Lock, London.

it; to any other the two must appear totally distinct.

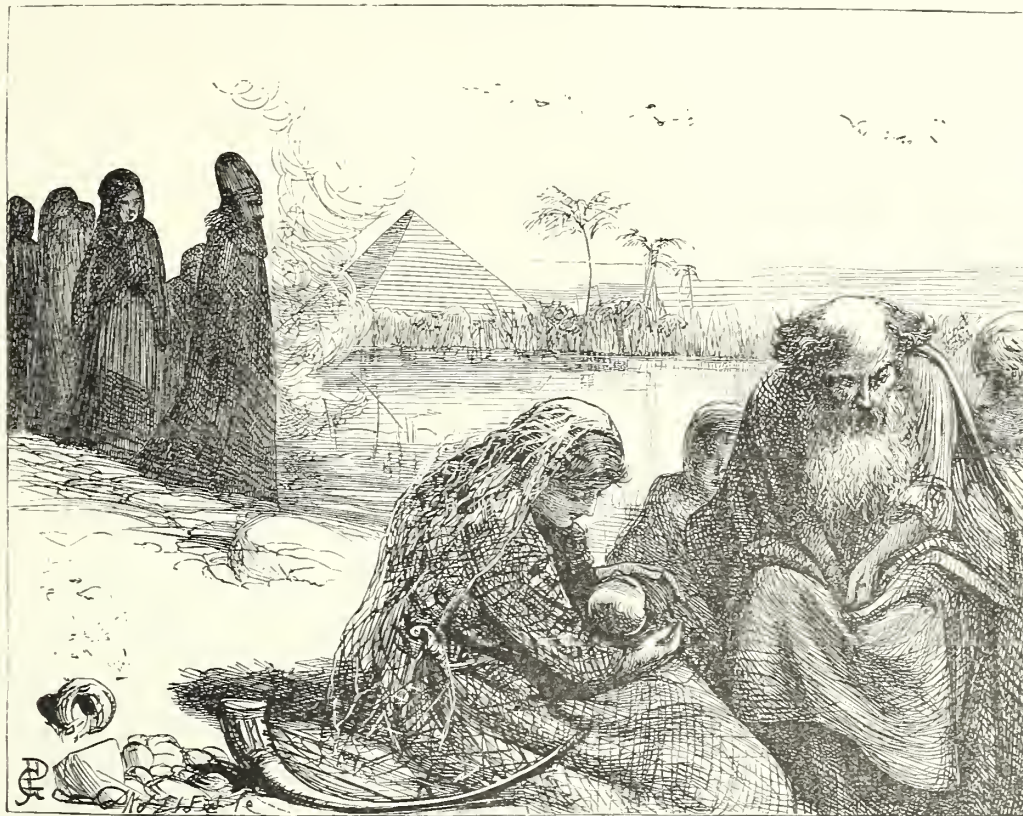
In his selection of subjects for illustrating this edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," &c. &c., Mr. Pinwell has chosen nearly the whole of the most striking scenes and situations furnished by the author, and he has treated them in a manner which cannot fail to commend itself as well to those who are judges of Art as to those who only look for attractive pictures. The frontispiece, Goldsmith seated in his ill-furnished room in the

Temple, forms a suitable and characteristic introduction to the other illustrations, which amount to one hundred in number. Of these, the first that will assuredly fix the attention of the reader is Dr. Primrose hanging his wife's epitaph, framed and glazed, over the mantel-piece; the worthy woman regarding the act with complacency, and some of the children looking on with no small degree of interest. There is a remarkable amount of truth in this clever drawing, as there is also in another which follows it at no great distance, Farmer Flamborough and the blind piper spending an evening with the Vicar

and his family. Mr. Burchell and Sophia in the hayfield is an effective and very pleasant picture, and the Squire introducing his two female acquaintances to the Vicar, though a little stiff, is full of character. Capital is the expression given

to the whole of the figures in the scene of the "green spectacles" purchase, and to the two disputants in the famous Whistonian controversy. As a picturesque composition there is scarcely anything in the volume superior to the illustra-

tion of the Vicar's migratory eldest son playing on the flute to a family of Flemish peasants; the light and shade in this is admirably managed. The arrest of the Vicar is another very clever drawing, especially in the arrangement and action



"Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs."
The Captivity.

of the figures; and the same remark may be applied to that which represents the Vicar in prison receiving intelligence of the abduction of his daughter, as well as to many of the others."

Our space forbids any particular reference to the designs illustrative of the other writings included in this volume: it is the less necessary we

should allude to them as the specimens which appear on this and the preceding page are selected from these sources, preference being given to them only from the fact that in our notice of



"The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove."
The Deserted Village.

Messrs. Cassell's edition the examples brought forward were taken from the "Vicar of Wakefield" alone. Designs from the pencil of one artist, and engraved by the hands, or under the direct superintendence, of one firm, must have a general

uniformity of style and character; our readers may judge of the whole from the portion here presented to them, and the verdict of those capable

of judging cannot but be highly favourable. The volume is excellently printed, at Messrs. Dalziel's own press, in a large, bold type, is handsomely bound, and, like the other, sells at a price within the reach of almost everybody.



NOVEMBER.

1	Tu.	<i>All Saints.</i> —National Gallery opens.
2	W.	Michaelmas Term begins.
3	Th.	
4	F.	
5	S.	[Moon's First Quarter. 11h. 52m. P.M.]
6	S.	<i>Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.</i> —
7	M.	
8	Tu.	
9	W.	
10	Th.	
11	F.	<i>St. Martin.</i>
12	S.	[Moon. 5h. 33m. P.M.]
13	S.	<i>Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i> —Full
14	M.	



Designed by W. Harvey.

15	Tu.	
16	W.	
17	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
18	F.	
19	S.	
20	S.	<i>Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
21	M.	Moon's Last Quarter. 7h. 16m. A.M.
22	Tu.	<i>St. Cecilia.</i>
23	W.	
24	Th.	
25	F.	Michaelmas Term ends.
26	S.	
27	S.	<i>First Sunday in Advent.</i>
28	M.	
29	Tu.	New Moon. 7h. 17m. A.M.
30	W.	<i>St. Andrew.</i>



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.]

ART-WORK IN NOVEMBER.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

SOME of my readers will probably remember a certain illustration in a certain French journal, purporting to convey an idea of the British insular during the month of November.

Drawn with the curiously mingled exaggeration, coarseness, and power which characterise such illustrations, it represented a view of a bridge, supposed to be that of London (which, to the general Parisian mind, is the only bridge which crosses the Thames), enveloped in a heavy fog, and furnished with a vast number of supplementary lamps. Pendent from every lamp-post was a figure, supposed to be that of a Briton, who had committed his customary November suicide, while the air was thick with black objects, which a closer inspection showed to be other Britons of both sexes, casting themselves in crowds from the parapet.

Such is their popular notion of a British November, and perhaps it is not entirely without foundation, seeing that our own writers have given the world to understand that in this month the United Kingdom is enveloped in perpetual fog, and that the inhabitants of the two islands can find nothing better to do than to escape out of so unpromising an existence.

Certainly, November is not the most agreeable of months. The mornings are bitterly cold, and the evenings are colder, and the days are ever darkening and shortening, and the mists are continually enveloping the earth in their wreathed clouds. It is wet and dreary and dispiriting, for the mid-winter has not arrived, and there is an uneasy feeling that the worst is yet to come. Still, November has its beauties, peculiar to itself, and to the artist it can supply material for charming pictures, provided he will only study them on the spot, and make his sketches of November in that month.

Fox-hunting, for example, is in full vogue. The earth is still soft, and not hardened by frosts, so that the horses are in no danger of unexpected ice, or of battering their delicate hoofs against the stony and irregular ground: and though the air be full of moisture, and the trees dripping with wet, and the skies drizzling with rain, a thorough fox-hunter seems to like his sport all the better, to revel in a coat and boots full of water, and to enjoy himself completely under circumstances that would render ordinary mortals peculiarly uncomfortable.

So, when the artist depicts the varied scenes of a hunting day, let him consider the time of year, and be careful not to cover the trees with green foliage, nor the earth with succulent verdure, nor the banks with flowers and blossoms. The horses and riders, too, must be shown as they are in the field, all dishevelled and splashed, and by no means looking as if the horse had just come out of the stable, and the rider out of a tailor's shop. The trees, too, should be nearly denuded of their leaves, and some judgment is required to suit the amount of foliage to the particular tree.

As to the order in which the leaves fall, the walnut is the first tree to cast its foliage, and the lime, the sycamore, the ash, and the chestnut come soon afterwards. The beech retains its leaves for a very long time, and the oak is generally the last to cast its leaves, as it was the last to assume them. The plane has at this time a curious aspect, on account of the pendulous seed-vessels; and the cones of the fir tribe are now most beautiful, in all their varied colours of scarlet, pink, orange,

yellow, and purple. There are some trees to which the old leaves cling with a wonderful tenacity, especially those which are polled, and wherever they retain their hold after the end of November, they generally remain upon the branches until thrust off by the young leaves of the next spring.

Usually, however, a tree is a tree in the mind of the draughtsman, who thinks little of the wonderful individuality which each species presents, even in the general contour of the branches, and the exterior of the trunk, as well as in the furcations of the twigs, and other minor details. Any one who has even a slight acquaintance with trees, can distinguish the different species in the winter as easily as in the summer; and there is really no reason why artists should not mark this individuality in their sketches. At the present day, moreover, when the photograph and stereoscope can present such absolutely accurate views of trees and their forms, no one ought to make a drawing of a country scene, in which the characters of the trees are not marked. We have long ago cast off conventionality in the representation of men and animals, and we are now beginning to do the same by trees.

There have not been many paintings of a picturesque November scene connected with the fox-hunt—namely, the earth-stopper at his work, whether he be proceeding to the scene of operations, laden with mattock, and bill, and spade, and lantern, or whether he be actually engaged in labour, stopping up the retreats of the fox with earth, stones, and sticks. Of course, in either case the scene must be laid at night, for the earth-stopper must do his work while the fox is abroad in search of food.

In November the owners of decoys are hard at work at their task of entrapping wild ducks. The flat fen country in which the decoys are mostly placed, is in itself anything but picturesque, and but for the accessories, could hardly find place in an artist's sketch-book. But the tree-surrounded ponds, if represented at eventide, when the long shadows fall across the water, mixed with the rich colours reflected from the clouds of twilight, and the long line of approaching ducks cuts the sky with a dark and sharply-defined outline, are picturesque enough, only they must be seen to be comprehended, and must be enjoyed before they can be rightly drawn.

As for games, November has plenty of them, some affording great scope for our artist's pencil, if he understands the game, and can play it himself.

There is football, for instance, a game common enough and simple enough, and yet there is scarcely a drawing in which the game is depicted correctly. Now, in this, as in other such sports, the reality, with all its spirit and life and energy, is sure to be far more picturesque than the mere product of an artist's imagination. I have now before me three woodcuts, purporting to represent football, and all of them entirely and hopelessly wrong. A Frenchman's idea of cricket is not more mistaken than the notions which these three artists have entertained of the much simpler game of football.

Perhaps even in cricket itself, our artists contrive to be as wrong as they possibly can, both in the disposition and the attitude of their players. Some time ago a number of illustrations of cricket were made and engraved on the strength of the artist's name, and when they came to be inserted, they were all so utterly wrong, that they were simply given as "shocking examples," illustrating the attitudes and positions which were specially to be avoided.

In every case of football the players are

represented as charging at the ball in two columns, perhaps four wide and twenty or thirty deep, all rushing as fast as their legs will carry them, although none but those in the front ranks can see the ball. There is no organisation, no leader, no goal-keepers, and no goals, and all the object of the game seems to be the running violently about without any definite purpose, the artists being evidently ignorant of the fact that the game is won as much by economy of strength as by its expenditure.

Then there is hockey, another excellent November game, which artists never seem to understand. In this case the players are always depicted as running about in a wild and distracted manner, without the least regard to the side on which they are playing, and flourishing their hooked sticks over their heads as if the object of hockey were that each player should break the skull of the nearest man, whether he be friend or foe. Now in hockey the arrangement of the players is most careful, each being obliged to be on his own side of the ball, and none being allowed to raise the stick above the head. In fact, a good player keeps the head of his stick close to the ground, and taps rather than strikes the ball towards the goals.

Prisoner's base, or prison-bars, is another game much played in November, and affording great scope to an artist who happens to be skilled in its stratagems. There may be good drawings of this game, but I have never seen one yet, although there are few sports which offer such varied and ever-changing aspects. The two captains at their "homes" giving their orders, and full of excitement; the train of players, each trying to touch the one in front of him, and to escape from the one behind; the anxious prisoners in their jail, holding hands, and stretching themselves out as far as possible towards their deliverers; the doubtful moment when the prisoners are not quite certain whether they will be freed or another captive added to their number: the fortunate captor who has just returned home, and is leaning against the wall with panting breast and frequent gasps; and the reserve players, ready to obey the command of the captains. Let but an artist see this game well played, and he will no longer have to cudgel his brain for subjects.

In the farm, affairs are conducted much as in the past month, except that the work which was then begun is now finished, and that the sheep are gathered in from the pastures, and fenced among the turnips, or fed by the shepherd. I have rather a liking for the feeding of sheep on turnips, having many a time warmed myself, saved the shepherd's time and labour, and gratified the sheep, by taking a turn at a turnip-cutting machine on a cold November morning, when the drizzly rain was slowly falling, and the cold wind was sweeping over the ground.

November is truly a curious month, for in the midst of all the cold, and fog, and rain, and sleet, a few days will occasionally burst out in which the air is warm and serene, the wind soft and gentle, the sunbeams are bright, and the sky is clear. The suddenness of the change is sometimes startling. I remember on one occasion, while at college, going to chapel at eight A.M., through a bitterly cold atmosphere, and heartily glad to get into the warmer temperature within. At 8.40 we issued from the western end of the chapel, and, to our astonishment, seemed to have walked into a soft, pleasant April day, the fog gone, the sky blue, the air warm and balmy, and every grass blade and every twig and spider web glittering with the gem-like drops left by the departing mist.

I have had some hesitation whether to

mention one popular observance which takes place in November, or to pass it by. If I do mention it now, it is only for the purpose of asking artists not to do anything that will perpetuate the memory of that worse than senseless festival held on the fifth of this month, and in which the younger population rejoices simply because it gives them a holiday, and affords them unlimited opportunities of making a noise and creating a blaze. Not one in a thousand really knows who "Guy Fox," as they call him, was, nor what he did, nor why he did it; and if they did know, it is just the reason why they should let his effigy alone. As it is, this annual Saturnalian festival has descended to the "roughs," and is made a means of popular demonstration against some one who happens to be unpopular at the time. We have at last rid ourselves of the annual service, and we may hope to put an end to the annual riot.

In this month we may look for many of our winter birds, such as the golden plover, and various ducks of all sizes, shapes, and colours. The snipe, too, is busy about the marshy ground, probing the soft wet soil with its long beak, and drawing out various mud-loving creatures which dwell below. Being so shy a bird, its proceedings are not easily watched, except by means of a good telescope, and yet when aided by that instrument the observer must be exceedingly cautious in his approach. It is not an easy bird to see, even when its locality is known, for the brown-green colour of its plumage harmonises so well with that of the soil, the eye may actually rest on the bird without discovering it.

As to the plants of the month, they are so few as hardly to be worth mention. The purple and scarlet berries of many trees and shrubs still keep their places until devoured by the birds, and an occasional flower, such as the primrose, may be seen under the sunny side of damp hedgerows.

BRUCCIANI'S GALLERIA DELLE BELLE ARTI.

To the various and deeply interesting contents of this collection but scant justice could be done in our paragraph notice of August. Indeed, any one of the illustrious antiques here presented in plaster might claim a chapter to itself, and to some, with their antecedents, associations, and traditions, a volume would not be too much. The establishment of Mr. Brucciani is in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where the business of which he is proprietor has been established forty years, during which time the collection has been in process of formation, always with the view of increasing the catalogue and obtaining the best casts of the most celebrated works. The new gallery that Mr. Brucciani has had built is a hundred feet long by twenty-five wide, extremely well lighted, and full, even to the ceiling, of casts and copies of all the finest statuary in existence. A few visits to such a collection is a valuable preparation for the contemplation of the inestimable sculptural treasures of Rome, Naples, and others of the Italian cities, in any one of the Art museums of which twelve months' undivided study would not help the visitor to a full and just appreciation of their contents. On entering the gallery of Mr. Brucciani, the visitor is struck with the arrangement and order of the place: he finds himself in an atmosphere much purer than that of the abodes of the *gessa* he may have seen in Italy; and it is at once felt that the selection has been made with infinite knowledge and taste, and also that the perfection of the casts is a result due only to the skill of an artist. Thus the cast of the Medicean 'Venus' is as perfect a cast as can be; the famous gem of the Tribune at Florence could not be better represented; the same may be

said of all; and notwithstanding a throng of works, for the consideration of which a lifetime would not be too long, the famous antiques have been placed with due regard to the display of their beauties, as far as the space will allow. If we turn to the 'Antinous' of the Vatican, we cannot deny it the palm as the most beautiful and perfectly proportioned male statue in existence. If we examine the famous 'Apollo' we acknowledge at once that it has all the lightness and elasticity, all the quick thought and movement with which the artist intended to endow it. Every ancient statue of repute is here, and conspicuous in the crowd are the Venus of Milo from the Louvre, also the Venus Genetrix, our own Townley Venus, and even the hidden Venus from Naples, the only cast we believe from this statue; 'Diana Robing' (Louvre), 'Aristides' (Naples), 'Cupid and Psyche' (Rome), 'Euterpe' (Louvre), 'Laocoon,' 'Farnese Hercules,' 'The Fighting Gladiator,' and the 'Dying Gladiator,' the 'Dancing Faun,' &c.; and these, with those of all the ancient sculptures, are warranted special casts. If we turn to the modern schools, we meet at every step Canova, Thorwaldsen, Michael Angelo, Gian Bologna, Gibson, Baily, Westmacott, Dannecker, Danton, Schwanthaler, Flaxman, &c. There are two Venuses by Canova, that in the Pitti Palace and the other at Woburn, both beautiful, though we feel that in neither has Canova accomplished what he aimed at; and turning from them to Baily's 'Eve,' it must be felt as a matter of some surprise that this should ever have been attributed to Canova. Not far from these is Thorwaldsen's 'Mercury,' seated with a jaunty ease well becoming the character, and contrasting with the sad and silent 'Shepherd Boy,' also by Thorwaldsen, whose face always strikes us as having been modelled from that of a girl. Very minute in its execution is a small marble copy of Canova's 'Cupid and Psyche,' that group in which, Cupid stooping over Psyche, she draws his head gently down to her face. The large marble is, we believe, at Como. The carving of this group has been, perhaps, as difficult as that of any example of modern sculpture. There is also Canova's 'Perseus,' the idea of which seems to have been taken from that of Gian Bologna in the Piazza del Popolo at Florence; and prominent among animals is the famous boar of the Cinghiale Fountain at Florence, so carefully studied from the animal that the dogs of the sculptor used to attack the model in good earnest. This is perhaps the only copy existing from the Boar Fountain. Many of the marble copies, cabinet size, are very successful, as the famous 'Sleeping Cupid,' and others both modern and ancient; and prominent among the crowd of mixed statuettes are all the best things of Pradier, who, like one of the fallen angels, is supreme in the flesh—more fleshly than all his brethren. There is his 'Medea,' 'Bacchante,' 'Evening Star,' 'Morning,' 'Hebe,' 'Melpomene,' &c.; Dannecker's 'Ariadne,' Kiss's 'Amazon,' Canova's 'Dansatrice,' Baily's 'Eve,' Gibson's 'Ganymede,' Michael Angelo's 'Moses,' also 'Night,' by the same; Schwanthaler's 'Nymph,' but enough of these works have been catalogued to show the riches of the collection.

Mr. Brucciani, besides his private engagements, has the appointment of Formatore to the British Museum, having under his care the large collection of moulds, including statues from the Pediments of the Parthenon, the Metopes, &c., and a number of slabs of the Assyrian sculptures, and is now occupied in moulding from the sculptures of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. It is at this establishment also where are procurable models for both private and public drawing schools, as appointed on January 30, 1859, by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. We find, accordingly, casts from every kind of animal and vegetable nature, down even to a branch of blackberries, certainly one of the most difficult subjects that ever was placed in the hands of a moulder. In short, Brucciani's Gallery is a capital refresher to the memory of the scattered sculptures of the Continent, and a useful preparatory school to those who purpose seeing them.

These world-famed works are here brought home to all who may desire to know more of the most precious Art-treasures than can be learned elsewhere.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

COLOGNE, FROM THE RIVER.

Engraved by A. Willmore.

THIS engraving is from a drawing in the possession of Mr. Windus, of Tottenham; but the finest picture Turner ever made of the famous old city was in the possession of the late Mr. Wadmore, of Stamford Hill. At the sale of this gentleman's collection in 1854, the painting was bought for Mr. Naylor, of Liverpool, by Mr. Grundy, of Manchester, who paid two thousand guineas for it. Mr. Windus's drawing is a comparatively early work of Turner, who made it, according to Mr. Wornum, for Tomkinson, the pianoforte manufacturer, one of the artist's first patrons. The view is taken from the Deutz side of the Rhine; this suburb of Cologne is now united with the city by means of a bridge of boats, which was not in existence when Turner's sketch was made. The strong tower on the left of the picture forms a portion of the ancient fortification of the city; it is a striking and effective object in the composition. In the distance is seen the cathedral, with numerous other edifices of interest. The general treatment of the subject is more naturalistic than poetic; Turner seems to have aimed at little more than a truthful representation of the place as it existed in his time.

Cologne abounds with picturesque "bits" of architecture, independent of its more prominent buildings, most of which have of late years been sought out by our artists, and have made their appearance in our public galleries on canvas or paper. Its origin is traced back to a very distant period: it was a Roman station, and afterwards a colony called *Colonia Claudia Agrippinensis*, from the Emperor Cladius and his wife Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus and mother of Nero. The empress was born here, and the city was adorned by her with an amphitheatre, temples, aqueducts, &c., the ruins of which may still be traced. For two or three centuries in the middle ages, Cologne was the most flourishing city of northern Europe, and the most powerful and wealthy of the Hansiatic League, being able to furnish and equip an army of thirty thousand men. The arts and sciences were also much cultivated, and it had a university second to none in Germany. The existing remains of architecture, stained glass, sculpture, and painting, testify to the excellence these arts had reached. Its commercial importance may be inferred from the fact that Henry IV. granted to the Merchants of Cologne the exclusive use of the Guildhall in London.

To the archaeologist, and to all interested in the fine arts, the celebrated cathedral, considered by some as the most magnificent example of Gothic architecture in Europe, will prove more attractive than any other object in the city. The building was commenced by Archbishop Conrad, of Hockstenden, in 1284, yet has never been finished; it "has remained up to the present time in a condition between a fragment and a ruin," though within the last forty years large sums of money have been expended in carrying on the work of completion, under the patronage and with the aid of the Prussian government. Here, in a small chapel behind the high altar, is the famous shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne, or Magi, who, tradition says, came from the East with the offerings to the Infant Christ. The tomb is still richly adorned with gold and precious stones, though many of the most valuable gems were lost or stolen during the wars arising out of the French Revolution.

Rubens, whose parents had fled from Antwerp to Cologne in consequence of the political disturbances prevailing in the Netherlands, was born in the latter city. In the church of St. Peter is his great altar-piece of the crucifixion of that saint, with the head downwards; the painter was baptised in the church, and the picture was a gift from him. Reynolds says, "Many parts of it are so feebly drawn, and with so tame a pencil, that I cannot help suspecting Rubens died before he had completed it, and that it was finished by some of his scholars." It is well known that the work was painted a short time only before the death of the artist.



J. M. W. TURNER. R.A. PINXIT.

COLOGNE FROM THE RIVER.

FROM THE ENGRAVING IN THE COLLECTION OF H. G. WINSTON, ESQ.

A WILLMOFF SCUTTER

THE SECULAR CLERGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART II.

HAVING in a former paper* given a sketch of the various orders and classes of the secular clergy of the middle ages—the bishops, and cathedral and collegiate clergy; the rectors, vicars, and parochial chaplains; the chantry and guild priests, and priests who lived “at rovers, on trentals, or worse;” the domestic chaplains; and the deacons, subdeacons, acolytes, readers, exorcists, ostiaries, and parish clerks—we go on to say something about their costume; first about the official costume which they wore when performing the public functions of their order, and next the ordinary costume in which they walked about their parishes and took part in the daily affairs of the mediæval society of which they formed so large and important a part. The first branch of this subject is one of considerable magnitude; it can hardly be altogether omitted in such a series of papers as this, but our limited space requires that we should deal with it as briefly as may be.

Representations of the pope occur not unfrequently in ancient paintings. His costume is that of an archbishop, only that instead of the usual mitre he wears a conical tiara. In later times a cross with three crossbars has been used by artists as a symbol of the pope, one with two crossbars of a patriarch, and with one crossbar of an archbishop; but Dr. Rock assures us that the pope never had a pastoral staff of this shape, but of one crossbar only; that patriarchs of the Eastern Church used the cross of two bars, but never those of the Western Church; and that the example of Thomas-à-Becket with a cross of two bars, in Queen Mary's Psalter, (Royal, 2 B. vii.) is a unique example (and possibly an error of the artist's). A representation of Pope Leo III. from a contemporary picture is engraved in the “*Annales Archæologiques*,” vol. viii. p. 257; another very complete and clear representation of the pontifical costume of the time of Innocent III. is engraved by Dr. Rock (“*Church of our Fathers*,” i. 467) from a fresco painting at

and his conical tiara has one crown round the base. Beside him stands a bishop in the same costume, except that he wears the mitre and holds a crook. We give a woodcut of the fifteenth century, from a MS. life of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the British Museum (Julius E. iv. f. 207), which brings into one view a pope, cardinal, and bishop; the subject is the presentation of the pilgrim earl to the pope, and it enables us to bring into one view the costumes of pope, cardinal, and bishop. A later picture of considerable artistic merit may be found in Hans Burgmair's “*Der Weise König*,” where the pope is habited in a chasuble, and has the three crowns on his tiara.

The *cardinalate* is not an ecclesiastical order. Originally the name was applied to the priests of the chief churches of Rome, who formed the chapter of the Bishop of Rome. In later times they were the princes of the papal sovereignty, and the dignity was conferred not only upon the highest order of the hierarchy, but upon priests, deacons,* and even upon men who had only taken minor orders to qualify themselves for holding office in the papal kingdom. The red hat, which became their distinctive symbol, is said to have been given them first by Innocent VI. at the Council of Lyons in 1245; and De Curbio says they first wore it in 1246, at the interview between the pope and Louis IX. of France. A representation of it may be seen in the MS. Royal, 16 G. vi., which is engraved in the “*Pictorial History of England*,” vol. i. 869. Another very clear and good representation of the costume of a cardinal is in the plate in Hans Burgmair's “*Der Weise König*,” already mentioned; a group of them is on the right side of the drawing, each with a fur-lined hood on his head, and his hat over the hood. It is not the hat which is peculiar to cardinals, but the colour of it, and the number of its tassels. Other ecclesiastics wore the hat of the same shape, but only a cardinal wears it of scarlet. Moreover, a priest wore only one tassel to each string, a bishop three, a cardinal seven. It was not the cardinal's hat only which was scarlet. Wolsey, we read, was in the habit of dressing entirely in scarlet for his ordinary costume.

The archbishop wore the habit of a bishop, his differences being in the crosier and pall. His crosier had a cross head instead of a curved head like the bishop's. Over the chasuble he wore the pall, which was a flat circular band, or collar, placed loosely round the shoulders, with long ends hanging down behind and before, made of lambs' wool, and marked with a number of crosses. Dr. Rock has engraved† two remarkably interesting early representations of archbishops of Ravenna, in which the earliest form of the pontifical garments is given, viz., the sandals, alb, stole, tunic, chasuble, pall, and tonsure. They are not represented with either mitre or staff. Other representations of archbishops may be found of the eleventh century in the Bayeux tapestry, and of the thirteenth in the Royal MS., 2 B. vii.

The bishop wore the same habit as the priest, with the addition of sandals, gloves, a ring, the pastoral staff with a curved head, and the mitre. The chasuble was only worn when celebrating the Holy Communion; on any other ceremonial occasion the cope was worn, e.g., when in choir, as in our woodcut in the former paper; or when preaching, as in a picture in the Harl. MS. 1319, engraved in the “*Pictorial History of England*,” vol. i. 806; or when attending parliament. In illuminated MSS. bishops are very commonly represented dressed in alb and cope only, and this seems to have been their most usual habit. We find two representations of a bishop in what we may suppose was his ordinary unofficial costume; he wears a blue-grey robe and hood with empty falling sleeves, through which appear the blue sleeves of his under robe; it is the ordinary civil and clerical costume of the period, but he is marked out as a bishop by a white mitre. Both representations occur in the same early fourteenth century MS. (Royal, 14 E. iii, at ff. 16 and 25). If the bishop were a monk or friar he wore the cope over the robe proper to his order.

* Cardinal Otho, the papal legate in England in the time of Henry III., was a deacon (Matthew Paris, Sub. Ann. 1237); Cardinal Pandolph, in King John's time, was a sub-deacon (R. Wendover, Sub. Ann. 1212).

† “*Church of our Fathers*,” i. 319.

The earliest form of the mitre was that of a simple cap, like a scull-cap, of which there is a representation, giving in many respects a clear and elaborate picture of the episcopal robes, in a woodcut of St. Dunstan in the MS. Cotton, Claudius A. iii.* In this early shape it has already the infule—two narrow bands hanging down behind. In the twelfth century it is in the form of a large cap, with a depression in the middle, which produces two blunt horns at the sides of the head. There is a good representation of this in the MS. Cotton, Nero C. iv. f. 34, which has been engraved by Strutt, Shaw, and Dr. Rock.

In the Harl. MS. 5102, f. 17, is a picture of the entombment of an archbishop, in which is well shown the transition shape of the mitre from the twelfth century, already described, to the cleft and pointed shape which was used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The depression is here deepened into a partial cleft, and the mitre is put on so that the horns come before and behind, instead of at the sides, but the horns are still blunt and rounded. The archbishop's gloves in this picture are white, like the mitre, and like mittens, i.e., not divided into fingers.

The shape in the thirteenth and fourteenth century presented a stiff low triangle in front and behind, with a gap between them. It is well shown in a MS. of the close of the twelfth century, Harl. 2800, f. 6, and, in a shape a little further developed, in the pictures in the Royal MS., 2 B. vii., already noticed. In the fifteenth century the mitre began to be made taller, and with curved sides, as seen in the beautiful woodcut of a bishop and his canons in choir given in our last paper. The latest example in the English Church is in the brass of Archbishop Harsnett, in Chigwell church, in which also occur the latest examples of the alb, stole, dalmatic, and cope.

The pastoral staff also varied in shape at different times. The earliest examples of it are in the representations of St. Mark and St. Luke;† in the “*Gospels of MacDurnan*,” in the Lambeth Library, a work of the middle of the ninth century. St. Luke's staff is short, St. Mark's longer than himself; in both cases the staff terminates with a plain, slightly reflexed curve of about three-fourths of a circle. Some actual examples of the metal heads of these Celtic pastoral staves remain; one is engraved in the “*Archæologia Scotica*,” vol. ii., another is in the British Museum; that of the abbots of Clonmacnoise, and that of the ancient bishops of Waterford, are in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. They were all brought together last year in the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington. One of the earliest English representations of the staff is in the picture of the consecration of a church, in a MS. of the ninth century, in the Rouen Library, engraved in the “*Archæologia*,” vol. xxv. p. 17, in the “*Pictorial History of England*,” and by Dr. Rock, ii. p. 24. Here the staff is about the length of an ordinary walking-stick, and is terminated by a round knob.

Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, is represented on his great seal with a short staff, with a tau-cross or crutch head. An actually existing staff of this shape, which belonged to Gerard, Bishop of Limoges, who died in 1022, is engraved in the “*Annales Archæologiques*,” vol. x. p. 176. The staves represented in illuminations of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries have usually a plain spiral curve of rather more than a circle; ‡ in later times they were ornamented with foliage, and sometimes with statuettes, and were enamelled and jewelled. Numerous representations and actual examples exist. From early in the fourteenth century downward, a napkin of linen or silk is often found attached by one corner to the head of the staff, whose origin and meaning seem to be undetermined.

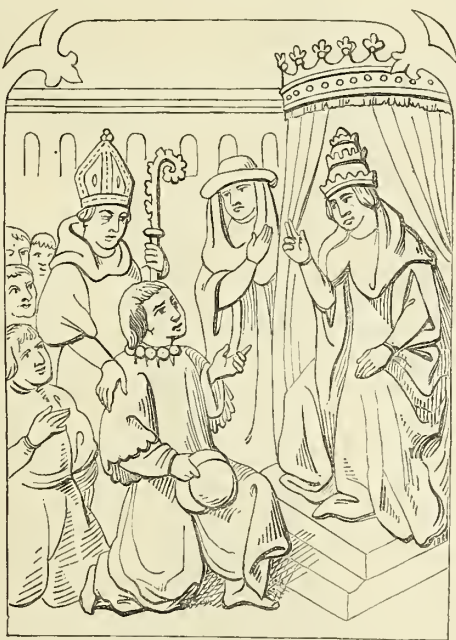
The official costume of the remaining orders, together with the symbols significant of their several offices, are well brought out in the degradation of W. Sawtre, which we gave in our former paper for the sake of showing at a glance the names and offices of the inferior clergy.

Some of the vestments there mentioned may

* Engraved by Dr. Rock, ii. 97.

† Engraved in the “*Archæological Journal*,” vii. 17 and 19.

‡ A plain straight staff is sometimes seen in illuminations being put into a bishop's grave; such staves have been actually found in the coffins of bishops.



POPE, CARDINAL, AND BISHOP.

Subiaco, near Rome. Another representation, of late thirteenth century date, is given in the famous MS. called the “*Psalter of Queen Mary*,” in the British Museum (Royal, 2 B. vii.); there the pope is in nothing more than ordinary episcopal costume—alb, tunic, chasuble, without the pall—and holds his cross-staff of only one bar in his right hand,

* *Art-Journal*, October, 1864, p. 308.

need a few words of explanation. The alb was a kind of long coat with close fitting sleeves made of white linen, and usually, at least during the celebration of divine service, ornamented with four to six square pieces of cloth of gold, or other rich stuff, or of goldsmith's work, which were placed on the skirt before and behind, on the wrist of each sleeve, and on the back and breast. The dalmatic of the deacon was a kind of tunic, reaching generally a little below the knees, and slit some way up the sides, and with short, broad sleeves; it was usually ornamented with a broad hem, which passed round the side slits. The sub-deacon's tunic was like the dalmatic, but rather shorter, and less ornamented. The cope was a kind of cloak, usually of rich material, fastened across the chest by a large brooch; it was worn by priests in choir and in processions, and on other occasions of state and ceremony. The chasuble was the Eucharistic vestment; originally it was a circle of rich cloth with a slit in the middle, through which the head was passed, and then it fell in ample folds all round the figure. Gradually it was made oval in shape, continually decreasing in width, so as to leave less of the garment to encumber the arms. Its modern shape is a long straight slip falling before and behind. The ancient inventories of cathedrals, abbeys, and churches show us that these two robes were made in every colour, of every rich material, and sometimes embroidered and jewelled. Indeed, all the official robes of the clergy were of the costliest material and most beautiful workmanship which could be obtained. England was celebrated for its skill in the arts employed in their production, and an anecdote of the time of Henry III. shows us that the English ecclesiastical vestments excited admiration and cupidity even at Rome. Their richness had nothing to do with personal pride or luxury on the part of the priests. They were not the property of the clergy, but were generally presented to the churches, to which they belonged in perpetuity; and they were made thus costly on the principle of honouring the divine worship; as men gave their costliest material and noblest Art to erect the place in which it was offered, so also for the appliances used in its ministration, and the robes of the ministrants.

In full sacerdotal habit the priests wore the appalled alb and stole, and over that the dalmatic, and either the cope or the chasuble over all, with the amys thrown like a hood back over the cope or chasuble. Representations of priests in pontificalibus abound in illuminated MSS., and in their monumental effigies, to such an extent that we need hardly quote any particular examples. Representations of the inferior orders are comparatively rare. Examples of deacons may be found engraved in Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers," i. 376, 378, 379, 443, and 444. Two others of early fourteenth-century date may be found in the Add. MS. 10294, f. 72, one wearing a dalmatic of cloth of gold, the other of scarlet, over the alb. Two others of the latter part of the fourteenth century are seen in King Richard II.'s Book of Hours (Dom. A. xvii., f. 176), one in blue dalmatic embroidered with gold, the other red embroidered with gold. A monumental effigy of a deacon under a mural arch at Avon Dassett, Warwickshire, was referred to by Mr. M. H. Bloxam, in a recent lecture at the Architectural Museum, South Kensington. The effigy, which is of the thirteenth century, is in alb, stole, and dalmatic. We are indebted to Mr. Bloxam for a note of another mutilated effigy of a deacon of the fourteenth century among the ruins of Furness Abbey; he is habited in the alb only, with a girdle round the middle, whose tasselled knobs hang down in front. The stole is passed across the body from the left shoulder, and is fastened together at the right hip.

Dr. Rock, vol. i. p. 384, engraves a very good representation of a ninth-century subdeacon in his tunic, holding a pitcher in one hand and an empty chalice in the other; and in vol. ii. p. 89, an acolyte, in what seems to be a surplice, with a scarlet hood—part of his ordinary costume—over it, the date of the drawing being *cir.* 1395 A.D. In the illuminations we frequently find an inferior minister attending upon a priest when engaged in his office, but in many cases it is difficult to determine whether he is deacon, sub-deacon, or acolyte, *e.g.*—in the early fourteenth-century MS., Add.

10294, at f. 72, is a priest officiating at a funeral, attended by a minister, who is habited in a pink under robe—his ordinary dress—and over it a short white garment with wide loose sleeves, which may be either a deacon's dalmatic, or a sub-deacon's tunic, or an acolyte's surplice. In the Add. MS. 10293, at f. 154, is a representation of a priest celebrating mass in a hermitage, with a minister kneeling behind him, habited in a white alb only, holding a lighted taper. Again, in the MS. Royal, 14 E. iii. f. 86, is a picture of a prior dressed like some of the canons in our woodcut from Richard II.'s Book of Hours, in a blue under robe, white surplice, and red stole crossed over the breast, and his furred hood on his head; he is baptising a heathen king, and an attendant minister, who is dressed in the ordinary secular habit of the time, stands beside, holding the chrismatory. In the same history of Richard Earl of Warwick, which we have already quoted, there is at f. 213 *verso*, a boy in a short surplice with a censer. In the early fourteenth-century MS., Royal, 14 E. iii. at f. 84 *verso*, is a picture of a bishop anointing a king; an attendant minister, who carries a holy water vessel and aspersoir, is dressed in a surplice over a pink tunic.

The accompanying woodcut from Col. Johnes's Froissart, vol. i. p. 635, representing the coronation procession of Charles V. of France, will help us to exhibit some of the orders of the clergy with their proper costume and symbols. First

goes the aquabajulus, in alb, sprinkling holy water; then a deacon cross-bearer, in dalmatic; then two priests, in cope and amys; then follows a canon in his cap, with his furred amys over his arm.

But the clergy wore these robes only when actually engaged in some official act. What their ordinary costume was is a part of our subject about which little is generally known, and it is in that part of the subject that we are especially interested in these papers. From the earliest times of the English Church downwards it was considered by the rulers of the Church that clergymen ought to be distinguished from laymen not only by the tonsure, but also by their dress. We do not find that any uniform habit was prescribed to them, such as distinguished the regular orders of monks and friars from the laity, and from one another; but we gather from the canons of synods, and the injunctions of bishops, that the clergy were expected to wear their clothes not too gay in colour, and not too fashionably cut; that they were to abstain from wearing ornaments or carrying arms; and that their horse furniture was to be in the same severe style. We also gather from the frequent repetition of canons on the subject, and the growing earnestness of their tone, that these injunctions were very generally disregarded. We need not take the reader through the whole series of authorities which may be found in the various collections of councils; a single quotation



CORONATION PROCESSION OF CHARLES V. OF FRANCE.

from the injunctions of John (Stratford) Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 1342, will suffice to give us a comprehensive sketch of the general contents of the whole series.

"The external costume often shows the internal character and condition of persons; and though the behaviour of clerks ought to be an example and pattern of the laity, yet the abuse of clerks, which has gained ground more than usually in these days in tonsures, in garments, in horse trappings, and other things, has now generated an abominable scandal among the people, while persons holding ecclesiastical dignities, rectories, honourable prebends, and benefices with cure of souls, even when ordained to holy orders, scorn to wear the crown (which is the token of the heavenly kingdom and of perfection), and, using the distinction of hair extended almost to the shoulders like effeminate persons, walk about clothed in a military rather than a clerical outer habit, viz., short, or notably scant, and with excessively wide sleeves, which do not cover the elbows, but hang down, lined, or, as they say, turned up with fur or silk, and hoods with tippets of wonderful length, and with long beards; and rashly dare, contrary to the canonical sanctions, to use rings indifferently on their fingers; and to be girt with zones, studded with precious stones of wonderful size, with purses engraved with various figures, enamelled and gilt, and attached to them (*i.e.* to the girdle), with knives, hanging after the fashion of swords, also with buskins red and even checked,

green shoes and peaked and cut* in many ways, with eruppers (*croperis*) to their saddles, and horns hanging to their necks, capes and cloaks furred openly at the edges to such an extent, that little or no distinction appears of clerks from laymen, whereby they render themselves, through their demerits, unworthy of the privilege of their order and profession.

"We therefore, wishing henceforward to prevent such errors, &c., command and ordain, that whoever obtain ecclesiastical benefices in our province, especially if ordained to holy orders, wear clerical garments and tonsure suitable to their status; but if any clerks of our province go publicly in an outer garment short, or notably scant, or in one with long or excessively wide sleeves, not touching the elbow round about, but hanging, with untoussured hair and long beard, or publicly wear their rings on their fingers, &c., if, on admonition, they do not reform within six months, they shall be suspended, and shall only be absolved by their diocesan, and then only on condition that they pay one-fifth of a year's income to the poor of the place through the diocesan," &c., &c.

The authorities tried to get these canons observed. Grosstete sent back a curate who came to him for ordination "dressed in rings and scarlet like a courtier."† Some of the vicars of York

* *Incis*, cut and slashed so as to show the lining.

† Monumenta Franciscana, lxxxix. Master of the Rolls' publications.

Cathedral* were presented in 1362 A.D. for being in the habit of going through the city in short tunics, ornamentally trimmed, with knives and baselards† hanging at their girdles. But the evidence before us seems to prove that it was not only the acolyte-rectors, and worldly-minded clerics, who indulged in unclerical fashions, but that the secular clergy generally resisted these endeavours to impose upon them anything approaching to a regular habit like those worn by the monks and friars, and persisted in refusing to wear sad colours, or to cut their coats differently from other people, or to abstain from wearing a gold ring or an ornamented girdle. In the drawings of the secular clergy in the illuminated MSS., we constantly find them in the ordinary civil costume. Even in representations of the different orders and ranks of the secular clergy drawn by friendly hands, and intended to represent them *comme il faut*, we find them dressed in violation of the canons. And, in the evidence which they themselves afford us in their wills, we find them constantly bequeathing uncanonical habits and ornaments, without giving us any reason to suppose that they felt at all ashamed of having possessed them.

We have already had occasion to notice a bishop in a blue-grey gown and hood, over a blue under robe; and a prior performing a royal baptism, and canons performing service under the presidency of their bishop, with the blue and red robes of every-day life under their ritual surplices. The MSS. furnish us with an abundance of other examples, e.g.—In the early fourteenth-century MS., Add. 10293, at f. 131 *verso*, is a picture showing "how the priests read before the barony the letter which the false queen sent to Arthur." One of the persons thus described as priests has a blue gown and hood and black shoes, the other a claret gown and hood and red shoes.

But our best examples are those in the book (Cott. Nero D. vii.) before quoted, in which the grateful monks of St. Alban's have recorded the names and good deeds of those who presented gifts or had done services to the convent. In many cases the scribe has given us a portrait of the benefactor in the margin of the record; and these portraits supply us with an authentic gallery of typical portraits of the various orders of society of the time at which they were executed. From these we have taken the three examples we here present to the reader. On f. 100 *verso* is a portrait of one Lawrence, a clerk, who is dressed in a brown robe; another clerk, William by name, is in a scarlet robe and hood; on f. 93 *verso*, Leofric, a deacon, is in a blue robe and hood. The accompanying woodcut, from folio 105, is



DNS. RICARDUS DE THRETON, PRIEST.

Dns. Ricardus de Threton, sacerdos,—Sir Richard de Threton, priest,—who was executor of Sir Robert de Thorp, knight, formerly chancellor of

the king, and who gave twenty marks to the convent. Our woodcut gives only the outlines of his full-length portrait. In the original the robe and hood are of full bright blue, lined with white, the under sleeves, which appear at the wrists, are of the same colour, and the shoes are red. At f. 106 *verso* is Dns. Bartholomeus de Wendone, rector of the church of Thakreston, and the cha-



DNS. BARTH. LE WENDONE, RECTOR.

acter of the face leads us to think that it may have been intended for a portrait. His robe and hood and sleeves are scarlet, with black shoes. Another rector, Dns. Johannes Rodland (at f. 105), rector of the church of Todyngton, has a green robe and scarlet hood. Still another rector, of the church of Little Waltham, is represented half-length in pink gown and purple hood. On f. 108 *verso*, is the full-length portrait which is here represented. It is of Dns. Rogerus, chaplain of the chapel of



DNS. ROGERUS, CAPELLANUS.

the Earl of Warwick, at Flamsted. Over a scarlet gown, of the same fashion as those in the preceding pictures, is a pink cloak lined with blue; the hood is scarlet, of the same suit as the gown; the buttons at the shoulder of the cloak are white, the shoes red. It will be seen also that all three of these clergymen wear the moustache and beard.

Dominus Robertus de Walsham, precentor of Sarum (f. 104 *verso*), is in his choir habit, a white surplice, and over it is a fur amys fastened at the throat with a brooch. Dns. Robertus de Hereforde, Dean of Sarum (f. 101), has a lilac robe and hood fastened by a gold brooch. There is another dean, Magister Johannes Appleby, Dean of St. Paul's, at f. 105, whose costume is not very distinctly drawn. It may be necessary to assure some of our readers, that the colours here described were not given at the caprice of the limner who wished to make his page look gay. The portraits were perhaps imaginary, but the personages are habited in the costume proper to their rank and order. The series of Benedictine abbots and monks in the same book are in black robes; other monks introduced are in the proper habit of their order; a king in his royal robes; a knight some-

times in the civil costume of his rank, with a sword by his side, and a chaplet round his flowing hair; a lady in the fashionable dress of the time; a burgher in his proper habit, with his hair cut short. And so the clergy are represented in the dress which they usually wore; and, for our purpose, the pictures are more valuable than if they were actual portraits of individual peculiarities of costume, because we are the more sure that they give us the usual and recognised costume of the several characters. Indeed, it is a rule, which has very rare exceptions, that the mediæval illuminators represented contemporary subjects with scrupulous accuracy. We give another representation from the picture of John Ball, the priest who was concerned in Wat Tyler's rebellion, taken from a MS. of Froissart's Chronicle, in the Bibliothèque



JOHN BALL, PRIEST.

Impériale at Paris. The whole picture is interesting: the background is a church, in whose churchyard are three tall crosses. Ball is preaching from the pulpit of his saddle to the crowd of insurgents who occupy the left side of the picture.

The author of Piers Ploughman, carping at the clergy in the latter half of the fourteenth century, says it would be better

"If many a priest bare
For their baselards and their brooches,
A pair of beads in their hand,
And a book under their arm,
Sire* John and Sir Geoffrey
Hath a girdle of silver,
A baselard and a knife,
With botons overgilt."

A little later, he speaks of proud priests habited in patlocks,—a short jacket worn by laymen,—with peaked shoes and large knives or daggers. And in the poems of John Audelay, in the fifteenth century, a parish priest is described in

"His girdle harnesched with silver, his baselard hangs by."

In the wills of the clergy they themselves describe their "togas" of gay colours, trimmed with various furs, and their ornamented girdles and purses, and make no secret of the objectionable knives and baselards. In the Bury Wills Adam de Stanton, a chaplain, A.D. 1370, bequeaths one girdle, with purse and knife, valued at 5s.—a rather large sum of money in those days. In the York wills, John Wynd-hill, Rector of Arnecliffe, A.D. 1431, bequeaths a pair of amber beads, such as Piers Ploughman says a priest ought "to bear in his hand, and a book under his arm;" and, curiously enough, in the next sentence he leaves "an English

* The honorary title of Sire was given to priests down to a late period. A law of Canute declared a priest to rank with the second order of Thanes—i.e. with the landed gentry. "By the laws, armorial, civil, and of arms, a priest in his place in civil conversation is always before any esquire, as being a knight's fellow by his holy orders, and the third of the three Sires which only were in request of old (no baron, viscount, earl, nor marquis, being then in use), to wit, Sir King, Sir Knight, and Sir Priest. * * * But afterwards Sir in English was restrained to these four,—Sir Knight, Sir Priest, Sir Graduate, and, in common speech, Sir Esquire; so always, since distinction of titles were, Sir Priest was ever the second."—A Decacordon of Quodlibetical Questions concerning Religion and State, quoted in Knight's Shakespeare, Vol. I. of Comedies, note to Sc. I, Act I. of "Merry Wives of Windsor." In Shakespeare's characters we have Sir Hugh Evans and Sir Oliver Martext, and, at a later period still, "Sir John" was the popular name for a priest.

* York Fabric Rolls, p. 243.

† This word, which will frequently occur, means a kind of ornamented dagger, which was worn hanging at the girdle in front by civilians, and knights when out of armour.

book of Piers Ploughman;" but he does not seem to have been much influenced by the popular poet's invectives, for he goes on to bequeath two green gowns and one of murrey and one of sanguine colour, besides two of black, all trimmed with various furs; also, one girdle of sanguine silk, ornamented with silver and gilded, and another zone of green and white, ornamented with silver and gilded; and he also leaves behind him—*proh pudor*—his best silver girdle, and a baselard with ivory and silver handle. John Gilby, Rector of Knesale, 1434-5, leaves a red toga, furred with byce, a black zone of silk with gilt bars, and a zone ornamented with silver. J. Bagule, Rector of All Saints, York, A.D. 1438, leaves a little baselard, with a zone harnessed with silver, to Sir T. Astell, a chaplain. W. Duffield, a chantry priest at York, A.D. 1443, leaves a black zone silvered, a purse called a "gipsione," and a white purse of "Burdenx." W. Siverd, chaplain, leaves to H. Hobshot a hawk-bag; and to W. Day, parochial chaplain of Calton, a pair of hawk-bag rings; and to J. Sarle, chaplain, "my ruby zone, silvered, and my toga, furred with 'bevers';" and to the wife of J. Bridlington, a ruby purse of satin." R. Rolleston, provost of the church of Beverley, A.D. 1450, leaves a "toga lunata" with a red hood, a toga and hood of violet, a long toga and hood of black, trimmed with martons, and a toga and hood of violet. J. Clyft, chaplain, A.D. 1455, leaves a zone of silk, ornamented with silver. J. Tidman, chaplain, A.D. 1458, a toga of violet and one of meld. C. Lassels, chaplain, A.D. 1461, a green toga and a white zone, silvered. T. Horneby, rector of Stokesley, A.D. 1464, a red toga and hood; and, among the Richmondshire Wills, we find that of Sir Henry Halled, Lady-priest of the parish of Kirby-in-Kendal, in 1542 A.D. (four years before the suppression of the chantries, who leaves a short gown and a long gown, whose colour is not specified, but was probably black, which seems by this time to have been the most usual clerical wear.

The accompanying woodcut will admirably illustrate the ornamented girdle, purse, and knife,



A PRIEST CONFESSING A LADY.

of which we have been reading. It is from a MS. of Chaucer's poem of the Romaunt of the Rose (Harl. 4425, f. 143), and represents a priest confessing a lady in a church. The characters in the scene are, like the whole poem, allegorical. The priest is Genius, and the lady is Dame Nature, but it is not the less an accurate picture of a confessional scene of the latter part of the fourteenth century. The priest is habited in a robe of purple, with a black cap and black liripipe attached to it, brought over the shoulder to the front, and falling over the arm. The tab, peeping from beneath the cap above the ear, is red; the girdle, purse, and knife, are very clearly represented. In another picture of the same person, at f. 106, the black girdle is represented as ornamented with little circles of gold.

Many of these clergymen had one black toga with hood *en suite*—not for constant use in divine service, for, as we have already seen, they are constantly represented in the illuminations with coloured "togas" under their surplices,—but,

perhaps, for wear on mourning occasions. Thus, in the presentations of York Cathedral, A.D. 1519, "We thynke it were convenient that whene we fetch a corse to the churche, that we shulde be in our blak abettes [habits] mornyngly, w^t our hodes of the same of our hedes, as is used in many other places."*

At the time of the Reformation, when the English clergy abandoned the mediæval official robes, they also desisted from wearing the tonsure, which had for many centuries been the distinguishing mark of a cleric, and began to wear the beard and moustache like other men. When they abandoned the sacerdotal dress they seem generally to have fallen back upon the academical, for the model both of their official and their ordinary dress. The Puritan clergy adopted a costume which differed little, if at all, from that of the laity of the same school. But it is curious that this question of clerical dress continued to be one of complaint on one side, and resistance on the other, down to the end of our ecclesiastical legislation. The 74th canon of 1603 is as rhetorical in form, and as querulous in tone, and as minute in its description of the way in which ecclesiastical persons should, and the way in which they should not, dress, as is the Injunction of 1342, which we have already quoted. "The true, ancient, and flourishing churches of Christ, being ever desirous that their prelacy and clergy might be had as well in outward reverence, as otherwise regarded for the worthiness of their ministry, did think it fit, by a prescript form of decent and comely apparel, to have them known to the people, and thereby to receive the honour and estimation due to the special messengers and ministers of Almighty God: we, therefore, following their grave judgment and the ancient custom of the Church of England, and hoping that in time new fangleness of apparel in some factious persons will die of itself, do constitute and appoint, that the archbishops and bishops shall not intermit to use the accustomed apparel of their degree. Likewise, all deans, masters of colleges, archdeacons, and prebendaries, in cathedral and collegiate churches (being priests or deacons), doctors in divinity, law, and physic, bachelors in divinity, masters of arts, and bachelors of law, having any ecclesiastical living, shall wear gowns with standing collars, and sleeves straight at the hands, or wide sleeves, as is used in the universities, with hoods or tippets of silk or sarcenet, and square caps; and that all other ministers admitted, or to be admitted, into that function, shall also usually wear the like apparel as is aforesaid, except tippets only. We do further in like manner ordain, that all the said ecclesiastical persons above mentioned shall usually wear on their journeys cloaks with sleeves, commonly called Priests' Cloaks, without guards, welts, long buttons, or cuts. And no ecclesiastical person shall wear any coif, or wrought night-cap, but only plain night-caps of black silk, satin, or velvet. In all which particulars concerning the apparel here prescribed, our meaning is not to attribute any holiness or special worthiness to the said garments, but for decency, gravity, and order, as is before specified. In private houses and in their studies the said persons ecclesiastical may use any comely and scholarlike apparel, provided that it be not cut or pinkt; and that in public they go not in their doublet and hose without coats or cassocks; and that they wear not any light-coloured stockings. Likewise, poor beneficed men and curates (not being able to provide themselves long gowns) may go in short gowns of the fashion aforesaid."

The portraits prefixed to the folio works of the great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have made us familiar with the fact, that at the time of the Reformation, the clergy began to wear the beard and moustache. They continued to wear the cassock and gown as their ordinary out-door costume, until, as late as the time of George II., but in the shape of doublet and hose, hats, shoes, and hair, they followed the fashion of other gentlemen. Mr. Fairholt, in his *Costume in England*, p. 327, gives us a woodcut from a print of 1680 A.D., which admirably illustrates the ordinary out-door dress of a clergyman of the time of William and Mary.

* York Fabric Rolls, p. 268.

DUTCH PICTURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

ONE of the rooms lately occupied by the works of Mulready now contains a collection of cabinet pictures, principally of the Low Country schools, the property of John Walter, Esq., M.P., who has generously lent them for exhibition as public instructors. They are in number fifty-six, all in perfect condition, and representing the best time of the schools to which they belong. English painters look at the diversions of the Dutch and Flemish painters with a claim of consanguinity, for the stars among the latter have been, as it were, like themselves, orphans as to their Art-parentage; and those for whom an apprenticeship has been claimed have done no reverence to the instruction they secured, but have generally, in some novel divergence, far outdone those said to have been their masters. There are in this collection two remarkable portrait studies, one by Lucas Cranach of two girls richly dressed, and a head by Albert Dürer, most probably a portrait of himself. In Ruysdael's 'Bentheim Castle,' painted in 1653, we see one of the freshest and most matter-of-fact scenes he ever painted—a summer picture, extremely limited in colour, but unsparingly worked up by that untiring flirting of the brush whereby he so well represented foliage. With this are two others by Ruysdael, but painted later; one is a graceful little composition, with more poetry than is usually found in his pictures; the other is a variation of his 'Waterfall.' A 'Nativity,' by Adrian Ostade, is a charming picture, brilliant and deep, and remarkable for that partiality for blue that Ostade shows in all his pictures.

By Du Jardin there is a landscape and figures, painted with the fine taste he acquired in Italy. His forms, like those of "summer-even" Both (of whose art there is a fine example here), are extremely elegant; they instore a refinement which neither Ruysdael nor Hobbema had the instinct to attain; it is indeed a matter of surprise that Ruysdael, with the heavy, opaque masses of the foliage of his market pictures, should ever have acquired the reputation that attaches to his name. But when his works left his easel they cannot have been as black as they now are. A wooded landscape by Hobbema, like the kind of subjects painted by Vanderneer, is not one of the best specimens of this painter; the masses of the trees look as if they had been forced by a dark glaze, which really has the appearance of not having been done by the painter himself. Equal to any of these men was our own Nasmyth, who, like them, was a painter of localities. 'A Garden Scene,' by P. de Hooze, is a very perfect picture of a small Dutch villa, with some of its inhabitants, painted undoubtedly for the proprietor. 'A Ticklish Subject,' Ochtervelde, 'A Milkmaid,' N. Maas, and 'A Lady pouring out Wine,' are three domestic subjects of that class which has given a character to the every-day subject-matter of every modern school. The Mierises were princes among the painters of this class. There is a 'Druggist's Shop' by William, called Young Mieris, of which the supreme finish is something that we never see in modern paintings. There is also by the elder Mieris (Francis) a small portrait, supposed to be of himself, with all the grand personal maintenance which Diego Velasquez, and "that Antonio Vandyke," were wont to attribute to themselves. By Gonzales Coques there is a picture called 'A Picnic,' but it is a composition of family portraits in a garden: this man was called the Little Vandyke. A 'Marriage at Cana,' by Jan Steen, is much more carefully worked out than his later tavern subjects; and by Berghem there are two, 'A Frost Scene,' and a 'Landscape and Figures,' both admirable, but the latter a fine example of his feeling for composition, and of the spirit which he threw into his figures. The surprising freshness of a 'Landscape and an old Pollard,' by Wynants, instances how entirely under certain conditions oil pictures retain their perfection. This has been painted with the simplest materials, and has always been in the possession of persons who have known its value. There are also works by Van Stry, Paul Potter, P. Wouvermann, and others, forming in the whole a valuable and highly interesting collection.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

ROME.—For the moment all political questions—when the French garrison is to be withdrawn, the state of the Pope's health, what the Emperor intends to do next, and such like—which have occupied the mind of the Roman public for so long, are merged in the one absorbing subject of interest—the discovery of a magnificent bronze statue, richly gilt, and of colossal size, at the Palazzo Biscione, in the Campo de Fiore, on the site of Pompey's theatre. The Cavaliere Pietro Righetti, formerly Under-Secretary of State under Count Pellegrino Rossi, to whom the Palazzo Biscione belongs, is the fortunate possessor. He had lately commenced some additional buildings in the courtyard of the palace, when the workmen came upon the statue at a depth of twenty-seven feet, while digging to obtain a firm foundation, among the accumulated debris of ten and more centuries. The statue, as far as can yet be determined—for the feet are still buried—is perfect, in a high state of preservation, and promises to be one of the most valuable discoveries of antique sculpture made for many years; and should it prove to be a veritable Greek work, as there seems every reason to expect, we may find restored to us in it one of those masterpieces which were all supposed to have long since perished. Of course, lying as it does on its back at so great a depth, and thickly encrusted in many parts with dirt, which cannot yet be safely removed, it is impossible to form a just opinion of its merits, but sufficient can be seen to show, on the one hand, that it is no common work, while, on the other, it proves to have been hidden, and purposely hidden, with great care, in the place where it has been found, and in all probability by the senate's order, in anticipation of one of the Gothic invasions, for it lies in a walled chamber of brickwork of the imperial period, carefully closed over with immense blocks of travertine, twelve inches thick, and supported at both ends on triangular slabs, so as to form a kind of arch over the statue; and on that at the head are cut the letters FCS, which are supposed to mean either *Faciundum Curavit Senatus*, or *Fieri Curavit Senatus*, or *Factum Curā Senatus*. A statue to be hidden with such care shows that it must have been held in great value at that period, a time when Rome was rich in masterpieces brought away from Greece, and hence there are fair grounds for hoping this is one of them. We know that Hercules was a favourite subject with the Greeks; but while all the sculptors who have seen it unanimously incline to this opinion, the antiquarians are as unanimous in believing it to be either the colossal bronze statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar fell, in which case the Spada Pompey will turn out to be a mistake; or that it is a statue of Domitian, or some other emperor, represented in the character of Hercules; but the face is too decidedly the Greek type of Hercules to leave much ground for supposing this conjecture right. For myself I decidedly incline to the opinion of my brethren; but it is idle to attempt to form any further conjectures till the statue has been raised, and this the Cavaliere hopes to succeed in accomplishing in the course of another fortnight. It was on the 31st of August when the thumb of the left hand, the first part discovered, was laid bare, and this was unfortunately broken with the pickaxe. The statue is from twelve to thirteen feet in height. The gilding is of the very richest kind, and has been laid on in thick plates. For the moment, this discovery forms the one topic of conversation from the café to the palace. The Palazzo Biscione is besieged with crowds of people of all ranks of life equally anxious to get a look at it, and to stand at the brink of this deep pit and see the men busy excavating. The colossal statue at the bottom brings most vividly before one the ancient Rome that lies buried under our feet, and the treasures that enterprise might still restore to us. I succeeded in obtaining permission to descend the excavation that I might examine the statue more closely, but, as I said, it is impossible to form a correct judgment till it is raised and freed from the incrustations, when I shall send you a further account of it.

SHAKSPERE WOOD.

BAYONNE has had an Art-exhibition during the autumn months. About seven hundred works of all kinds were contributed, the most noticeable of which were sculptures by Pradier, Clesinger, Ondine, Fremiet, Protheau, Mdle. Rosa Bonheur, Isidore Bonheur, and Van Clef. Other productions of special interest were some sketches in water-colours by Delacroix, a remarkable series of engravings of Spanish monuments, published by the government of Spain, a collection of medals by L. Merley, the pupil of Pradier and David d'Angers, and a large number of photographs from Seville, Saragossa, and the Pyrenees.

BERLIN.—The statue of Rauch, for which the late King of Prussia gave a commission to M. Drake at the inauguration of the distinguished sculptor's monument of Frederick the Great, has been completed. The figure is in Carrara marble, and though habited in modern costume, has a fine and dignified appearance.

MAESYCK.—This small town on the banks of the Maes, the birthplace of the brothers Van Eyck, the presumed discoverers of painting in oils, has just received a marble monumental group erected in honour of the artists. The work is by M. Wienet, who has represented John Van Eyck showing his first picture in the new medium to his brother John. The monument was unveiled in the presence of King Leopold and the Count of Flanders; the former testified his approbation of the work by decorating the sculptor with the Order of Leopold.

MUNICH.—Professor Widmann has completed a life-like statuette of the late King Maximilian II., to whom a grand monument is to be erected. The public subscription for a memorial of the king has reached 204,000 florins; of this sum 100,000 florins is to be expended on the monument, and the remainder to endow a new Art-institution to be called the *Maximilianum*. The same sculptor is engaged on a marble statue of the late Grand-Duchess Matilda of Hesse-Darmstadt.

PARIS.—Several of the principal sculptors of this city are engaged in sculpturing a large collection of beasts and animals, intended for the gardens of the Harem at Constantinople. The creed of the Turk forbids images of the human figure, so those of the lower creation are to take their place as ornaments in the pleasure-grounds of the Houri.

PESTH.—The New Hungarian Academy, which is now in course of erection from the designs of M. Stüler, architect to the King of Prussia, is about to be ornamented with a series of statues in terracotta. Five of these—Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, Galileo, and Raffaele—are by Berlin artists.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The collection of works of Art located in the Imperial Palace of L'Eremitage, is one of great importance; among its curiosities some gold ornaments from the ancient graves of the Crimea (Chersonesus) are unique. Formerly the gallery was divided into two great departments, each with a separate director. This arrangement has always been considered inadvisable, and it is to the credit of the Maréchal Count Schuwalow, under whose superintendence are the collections of the Eremitage, that the whole has now been placed under the care of M. Gedeonow, an Art-critic of known talent. The whole will be newly arranged, in which work the aid of Professor Waagen has been obtained, who has compiled a greatly improved catalogue. By these changes the intention of the emperor, "that this Art-museum act *ethically* on the great public," will be easily accomplished. The collections of the Imperial Palace are now open to the public, and there have been days when six hundred people visited them.

VIENNA.—A statue of Field-Marshal Radetzky, by Greinwald, of Munich, is to be placed in the Imperial Museum of Arms at Vienna.—A statue of another warrior, Tilly, has been ordered by the Emperor of Austria for the Arsenal at Vienna. Grobner, of Munich, is engaged upon it.

LIVERPOOL ART-EXHIBITIONS.

THE expectations we had formed, and which we have formerly expressed with almost the certainty of fulfilment, that the divisions of the Art-Societies of Liverpool were healed and a general union was about to take place, have not, we regret to say, been realised: so far from that being the case, there seems to be even less unanimity than ever, for three exhibitions have actually been opened in the town during the autumn—the Liverpool Academy, the Liverpool Institution of Fine Arts, and the Liverpool Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, the last a new one, with Mr. W. G. Herdman, who was formerly a member of the Academy, as *Manager*.

It will doubtless be in the recollection of our readers who have seen the subject discussed in the pages of our Journal, that last year the amateurs and friends of Art combined, and arranged to have only one exhibition instead of the two which had previously been held—that of the Academy and that of the Society of Fine Arts. One society was formed which received the title of the Liverpool Institution of Fine Arts, and the first exhibition was opened in the rooms at Old Post

Office Place, the lease of which was made over to the committee by its owners, the *Academy*, who were unable to retain it any longer. The new Institution, composed of artists and lay members, invited the co-operation of the Academy and of the Bold Street Society, offering to them equal rights, and to elect three from each body as members of the Committee of Management. The Academy refused, with the exception of its Secretary, Mr. Eglington, who accepted the same post in the new Society. What the members of the Academy intended to do for the future was then uncertain, but it now appears that they purpose retaining their isolated position as long as they can, inasmuch as they have got up an exhibition at Griffith's Gallery. The collection is very limited in extent, 165 works of all kinds, and, if we except a few pictures, on loan, by the heads of the Pre-Raffaellite school—which school has been the rock whereon the Academy has suffered shipwreck—is of a very mediocre character generally. Among the pictures lent is J. F. Lewis's 'Fakcer at the Door of a Mosque in Constantinople,' Holman Hunt's 'Hireling Shepherd,' Millais's 'Huguenot refusing to wear the Roman Catholic Badge on St. Bartholomew's Day,' 'Order of Release,' and two smaller works; Sandys' (of Norwich) 'Morgan la Fay,' and 'Vivien,' J. Linnell's 'Gravel Pits,' 'Burd Helen,' by W. L. Windus, and several works by F. Smallfield and C. Rositter. Other contributors are W. S. Burton, who exhibits 'The Two Teachers,' Mark Anthony, 'The Silver Spring,' E. Hughes, 'A Frolic in Papa's Studio,' V. C. Prinsep, 'Whispering Tongues can poison Truth,' W. Gale, 'Poland, 1863,' W. H. Marks, 'Mendicants—a Street Scene in the Sixteenth Century,' H. Moore, 'Watering the Horse,' J. Gilbert, 'The Old English Gentleman.' Most of these pictures have been seen in London, and all are of a high character, constituting the gems of the exhibition.

The number of works in the Gallery of the Institution reached 1173; of which about one-fourth represents the French, Belgian, Dutch, and German schools. The difficulty of obtaining first-class contributions from the most distinguished British artists, owing to the speedy sale they have, renders it almost indispensable to introduce foreign pictures to form a really attractive gallery, independent of the advantage arising from the examination of them, both to the public and the artists of Liverpool. The most important of these foreign contributions are:—'Left out in the Cold,' by C. Verlat; 'The Apple-Seller,' 'The Greengrocer,' 'The Vegetable Market,' 'Fair in the Grand Place, Buda,' by Van Schendel, of *candlelight* notoriety; 'Enid,' by M. Ludovici; 'Roman Towers at Grenada,' F. Bossuet; 'The Cradle,' L. Tuerlinck; 'The Consoling Friend,' and 'The Escaped Bird,' Carl Hubner; 'Cromwell refusing the Crown,' F. Schex; 'Lake Wallenstadt, Switzerland,' C. Jungheim; 'The Young Convalescent,' — Caraud; 'The Finding of Moses,' C. Bewer, of Dusseldorf; 'The Eve of St. Bartholomew,' C. Hue; 'Piazza at Venice,' Van Moer; 'Prayer,' and 'The Pet Canary,' Schlesinger; 'Entrance to Prague,' F. Stroobart, of Antwerp; 'The Tired Musician,' Hagelstein, also of Antwerp; 'The Martyr,' Slingenever; 'Job and his Friends,' by Julius Muhr, of Munich; 'The Environs of Gascoyne,' K. Girardet; 'Flowers and Fruit,' D. De Noter; 'The First Step,' G. Jundt; 'Before the Storm,' H. Steinike, of Dusseldorf; 'Jacques Montgomery and his Son,' V. Comte; 'The Collision of the Sleighs,' N. Swerktekhov; 'View of the Valley of the Acheron, Victoria,' and 'The Fall of the Wetherbord Creek,' Eugene de Guerard; 'Battle of Magenta,' and 'The Retreat,' H. Bellange; 'The Halt of the Zouaves,' E. Bellange; 'He comes, he comes!' Eugene de Block; 'The Two Emperors,' Vanden Bussche; 'View in the Ardennes,' Verbecq; 'The Village of Kermis,' C. Veneman; 'The Chess Players,' E. Hammon; 'Draughts,' L. Ruiperez. The exhibition is particularly strong in foreign pictures, of which there are many more deserving of special record, did space permit.

Considering the difficulty, as we have already remarked, of getting pictures from our own painters of note, there is a very excellent display; and moreover, with five or six exceptions at most, they are all *bonâ fide* contributions of the

artists. Among the most prominent British works are, F. Leighton's 'Jezebel and Ahab,' Le Jeune's 'Girl at a Stile,' Millais's 'Lady playing on a Piano,' Creswick's 'The Water Signal,' Dobson's 'Rebecca,' E. Armitage's 'Samson grinding in Prison,' Sant's 'Musing,' J. Philip's 'Spanish Wake,' P. F. Poole's 'Galatea and Polyphemus,' G. Patten's 'Youthful Apollo,' T. F. Marshall's 'Signal Lights,' Jacob Thompson's 'Downfall of Pride,' and 'The Height of Ambition,' 'La Reine Malheureuse,' W. F. Yeames; 'Day Dreams,' L. W. Desanges; 'Of course she said Yes,' Miss E. Osborne; 'The Birthday,' Mrs. E. M. Ward; 'Storm and Sunshine,' J. Mogford; 'Searching for the Will,' G. Smith; 'Sunrise: View of Tynemouth Abbey,' J. Danby; 'The Love Letters,' Mrs. Lee Bridell; 'The Letter from India,' W. W. Nicol; 'Sunshine and Shade,' D. Macree, R.S.A.; 'The Spinning Girl,' and 'The Box Girl,' A. Solomon; 'Old Mill of Treves,' G. C. Stanfield; 'And often after sunset, Sir,' B. W. Leader; 'The River in Flood,' J. W. Oakes; 'Say Ta,' G. D. Leslie; 'Bernard Palissy taken by his Townsmen for a Coiner,' T. Heaphy; 'Henry Esmonde's Welcome at Walcote,' Miss R. Solomon; 'Miranda's First Sight of Ferdinand,' W. M. Egle; 'The Refectory,' Louis Haghe; 'The Carrier's Cart,' E. J. Cobbett; 'The Return,' W. Cave Thomas; 'Angels at the Sepulchre,' W. S. Burton. To these must be added many other excellent pictures, whose titles we have not room to specify, by C. Stewart, H. Johnson, W. Anderson, F. Underhill, F. Holl, jun., J. Syer, G. Chester, G. W. Horlor, R. Collinson, W. Hemsley, R. Gavin, A.R.S.A., E. J. Niemann, D. Munro, R.S.A., H. J. Boddington, J. B. Burgess, J. Peel, H. Tidey, C. H. Weigall, W. J. Grant, J. Callow, O. Oakley, E. Vacher, W. Carpenter, F. Dillon, C. R. Stanley, G. Cole, C. Dukes, and others. The gallery contains several examples of Sculpture, conspicuous among which are 'David playing on his Harp,' and 'A Child smelling a Rose,' by G. Fontana; 'Spring,' by E. Ambrose; 'Nymph with a Shell,' by Sopen, of Antwerp; and 'Cupid Caught Flying,' by E. Davis.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Institution was held prior to the opening of the exhibition. We gather from the report, read by the honorary secretary, Mr. Squarey, that the results of last year's exhibition—the only one that was opened—were most satisfactory: it was visited by nearly 20,000 persons, while the balance of receipts to the credit of the society was upwards of £182; of this sum, however, rather more than £111 accrued from the Art-Union then established. In moving the adoption of the report, the chairman, Mr. J. Torr, made some strong remarks on the disunion that still existed among the artists of Liverpool, and stated that so long as it continued Art could not be expected to flourish among them: it was a discredit to the artists, and to some extent a discredit to the town, and it was certainly damaging to the encouragement and support that would otherwise be given to works of Art. Mr. A. Baruchson, in seconding the motion, animadverted upon the conduct of the Academy, whom, he said, "they might call Pre-Raffaellite artists: these gentlemen had made it distinctly known that no one had a right to teach Art except themselves; that whatever prices collectors might pay, they had no right to pay for any other pictures than those produced by those artists,—what they thought proper to provide for them, not only to look at, but even to purchase." The subject has so frequently been discussed in our columns that it is needless to reopen it; but we cannot too strongly condemn the folly and madness of those whose conduct acts so prejudicially to the best interests of Art in Liverpool; who stand not only in their own light, but in that of others also. It is no wonder to find many standing aloof from all parties, who would under other circumstances give substantial aid to native talent by their patronage and countenance.

The third exhibition, at the Derby Galleries, Slater Street, contains nearly 600 works, including sculptures; it is under the management of Mr. Herdman, who was formerly a member of the Liverpool Academy, and subsequently connected with the Bold Street Society, and Secretary of the Liverpool Art-Union; the latter post he still

holds. It may be presumed that this exhibition is a private speculation, but whether of Mr. Herdman's or not, we are unable to tell: it is certain, however, that on the catalogue there appear no names of committee or council to direct and superintend its affairs; and rumours are afloat alleging bad faith on the part of some connected with the matter. The fact of the subscribers to the Art-Union being permitted to select their prizes from this gallery as well as others, naturally leads to the inference that the collection has been got together with a special view to that object. But the fact of its existence is to be deplored, as dividing, and thereby weakening, the general interests of Art in the place, and instituting what can only be termed a rival exhibition. On looking over the catalogue we do not see a single work by any of our principal artists, though there are a few by some who are well known. Among these are W. J. Grant's 'Token of Flight to Robert the Bruce,' A. Gilbert's 'Autumnal Evening near Beddgelert,' W. H. Fisk's 'Roman Catholics rescued by a Puritan Family from the Mob at the Great Fire of 1666,' S. R. Percy's 'Llyn Idwell, North Wales,' H. L. Smith's 'Widow of Zarephath,' and 'The Brazen Serpent,' J. Tennant's 'Scene on the Banks of the Thames, Erith Church and Belvedere in the distance,' 'Life on the Heath,' by A. W. Williams; T. Jones Barker's 'Treu und Fest,' Professor Julius Schrader contributes a large work, 'Milton dictating his "Paradise Lost,"' and the room appropriated to water-colours has examples of the pencils of Fahey, W. Callow, Mrs. L. Oliver, Mrs. Harrison, Bouvier, Oakley, Mrs. Criddle, Absolon, A. Penley, and others.

We hope, though confessing to little expectation of such a result after what has occurred, that in our next report of Art-proceedings in Liverpool with respect to the exhibitions, we shall find that such injurious and unwise conduct as marks the present year will have given place to a united and progressive course of action.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—A very favourable report reaches us concerning a statue of 'A Roman Dancing-Girl,' just completed by Mr. John Hutchison of this city. The figure is resting her right arm on a monumental relief, such as is commonly found in the Roman States; the left arm hangs by her side, holding lightly a tambourine in her hand. The attitude is stated to be most graceful, and the figure well modelled.

CORK.—Mr. Foley's statue of Father Mathew was inaugurated on the 10th of last month, the anniversary of the birthday of the "Apostle of Temperance," who is represented in the act of administering the "pledge," holding in his left hand a medal, and stretching out his right in the attitude of benediction. The statue stands at the north end of Patrick Street.

BIRMINGHAM.—Sir Francis Scott's bequest of Limoges and other enamels to the Midland Institute has been placed here. The collection comprises twenty-one specimens.—A permanent local Art-gallery for the exhibition of paintings, &c., will be opened early next year at the rooms of the Society of Artists.

BRIGHTON.—The Art-society of this town opened its annual exhibition, at the Pavilion, towards the end of September. The collection consists almost entirely of the works of local artists, together with a few pictures from the Sheepshanks Collection at South Kensington:—Redgrave's 'School Teacher,' E. W. Cooke's 'Mending the Bait-Nets,' C. Landseer's 'Maria,' G. Clint's 'La Palermitana,' C. W. Cope's 'The Hawthorn Bush,' the sketch of Leslie's 'Portrait of Her Majesty in her Coronation Robes,' Sir E. Landseer's 'The Eagle Nest,' and E. W. Cooke's 'Antiquary's Cell.' The artists whose works attract most notice in the local journals are—A. Donaldson, Miss Domett, W. H. Mason, W. Bowness, D. T. Lee, P. Hoyall, S. M. Bowkett, Miss Heard, J. M. Bowkett, W. A. Atkinson, Van Bever, Reuben Sayers, A. A. Hunt, R. Fox, J. R. Powell, E. Kennedy, H. Garland, G. Lara, J. W. Cole, and others.

BURSLUM.—A meeting was held on September 24th to receive the report of the committee of the proposed Wedgwood Institute. The only portion of the document to which we now deem it necessary to refer, is the financial statement. In round numbers the amount of subscriptions and donations already

received was £2,500, of which there had been expended in the purchase of site and the foundation of buildings about £2,200. That left a balance at the bank of £300. They had good subscriptions promised, but which were not yet collected, amounting to £1,100; they had £450 to be received for two years' rates, at one penny in the pound; there was £500 to be received from the Committee of Council, and a sum of £800 had been placed at the disposal of the committee by the trustees of the Free School, which would make their available resources amount to £3,200. When the committee had opened the tenders which had been sent in, they found that the lowest of the number was about £1,000 in excess of the amount for which they expected the building could be completed and furnished; and now the liabilities which they would have to provide against were as follows:—Tender for the erection of the building £3,360, decoration £1,000, heating apparatus £140, gas and water fittings, &c., £100, architect's commission and extras, calculated at about 10 per cent., £350, clerk of the works £100, furnishing £450, making a total of £5,500, so that the actual deficiency would be about £2,300. Of the £1,000 which was set aside for the decorative part, only £250 was absolutely required for present purposes, and they could, therefore, postpone the expenditure of the additional £750 until other funds were available. Taking all these facts carefully into consideration, the committee deliberated whether to accept the tenders at all. But they felt, if they came before the meeting and recommended the deferring of the building to a more convenient opportunity, they were apprehensive of the question being shelved for ever. We cannot anticipate such a result as this; the wealthy potters of Staffordshire have it in their power to prevent it; but the Wedgwood Institute, though designed for local purposes, is intended to commemorate a man who did good service to his country, and it ought therefore to have the support of all who honour genius and industry.

CAMBRIDGE.—An abstract of the sixth annual report of the Committee of the School of Art in this town has reached us. It sets forth the progress made during the last sessional year by the pupils, and especially alludes to the distribution of prizes by the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the Horticultural Fête, in the grounds of St. John's College, in June. Of the receipts for admission to view this ceremony, the sum of £296 was paid to the school; a portion of this has been applied to furnish a room for a modelling class, and to purchase costumes, vases, &c., for the use of students. The regulations of the Revised Code have not ceased to receive the attention of the committee; the report explains the action of those gentlemen on the matter, who say, "there is ground for hope that the thirteen recommendations of the Select Parliamentary Committee, accompanied and checked by the urgent representations of Schools of Art from all parts of the country, may lead to a modification or withdrawal of the most obnoxious provisions of the Revised Code." The balance-sheet of the school looks well: there is a sum of nearly £48 in the hands of the treasurer, and £225 have been vested in consols.

HALIFAX.—The equestrian statue of the Prince Consort, cast in bronze by Messrs. Elkington from the model by Mr. Thornycroft, was formally inaugurated in the month of September. It stands upon a pedestal of unpolished Aberdeen granite, the height of the whole being eighteen feet from the ground. The horse was modelled from one named Nimrod, in her Majesty's stud.

READING.—The medals and other prizes awarded to the pupils of the Reading School of Art, were presented, on the evening of the 22nd of September, to the successful competitors by Mr. D. H. D. Burr, of Aldermaston Park, in the presence of a numerous company assembled to witness the proceedings. The number of pupils attending the classes during the past sessional year was 64, but, including the branch school at Henley, 661 pupils of all grades have received instruction in elementary or advanced drawing. The chairman complimented Mr. Havell, head-master, and his assistant, Mr. Bastin, on the satisfactory progress made by the school, which was evidenced by the success attending the examinations.

SALFORD.—It was long since determined to erect a memorial statue of the Prince Consort in Peel Park, as a companion statue to that of the Queen already placed there. Mr. Matthew Noble, the sculptor, is preparing the statue. It is of white Sicilian marble, and represents the Prince in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The site selected is a spot exactly opposite the statue of the Queen. The pedestal will be of grey granite, and it has been determined by the committee having the arrangement of the matter, as the pedestal of the Queen's statue, which is of white marble, requires to be taken down and refixed, to have it also faced with grey granite, to match with the other.

THE EARLY POTTERIES OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF SOME OF THE
CELTIC, ROMANO-BRITISH, ANGLO-SAXON, MEDIEVAL,
AND OTHER FICTILE PRODUCTIONS OF THE
POTTERY DISTRICT.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

THE early fictile history of the important district now known as the "Staffordshire Potteries" is naturally, like that of every place or seat of manufacture, involved in mystery. That mystery, however, happily is not altogether impenetrable. By the constant labours of the antiquary, and the discoveries which from time to time he is enabled to make, a light is every now and then thrown on the productions of the early inhabitants of the place; and thus new links in the chain which connects the present with the past are continually being formed. It is indeed an occupation of intense interest to examine these links as they appear, and by following their ramifications back to the most remote time, take up the thread of history, and connect the early efforts of primeval man, with his rude and clumsy vessels of coarse clay, with those of his successors at the present day, with their wondrous and marvellously fine productions in earthenware and porcelain. It is always interesting to trace out the gradual progress of an art, whatever that art may be; but in the case of pottery that interest is increased an hundredfold. The art of pot making is essentially a homely one; its vessels are for the "people," and for every occupation of the people, and therefore tell more of their manners and customs, their occupations and their inner or home life, than anything else does or can. I know but few things which so well and effectively illustrate the progress of a nation or a race than its pottery; and there is certainly nothing that better shows the gradual development of its civilisation, and of its "mind," than does a chronologically arranged series of its fictile productions. It is of course not necessary here to write at length on the history of pottery in general, but I have thought a few words might well be thrown together on the fictile productions of Staffordshire at different periods, so as to assist the collector in understanding the progress and development of that particular manufacture for which it is so "world-famous."

That pottery has been made in the district from a very early period there can be no doubt, and that in course of time a continuous chain of examples, from the most remote period down to the present time, might with care and attention be still got together, is equally certain. This collection would be of great advantage to the district, and not only to it but to the country at large; and I trust in the new Wedgwood Institute and Museum, at Burslem, to see this suggestion fully carried out. In my present notes I purpose speaking of some of the characteristics of the pottery of Staffordshire of different periods, so as to enable such a collection to be formed, and to assist the collector in appropriating whatever examples may fall into his hands.

The four great divisions into which the history of the Ceramic Art of this country are to be divided (leaving out the modern manufactures) are, of course, those of the *Celtic*, or ancient British, the *Romano-British*, the *Anglo-Saxon*, and the *Medieval* periods. To each of these periods a separate paper, to do the subject even a shadow of justice, ought to be devoted. As my present purpose, however, is only to glance at their principal characteristics, and to illustrate them, as far as may be, by Staffordshire examples, I shall confine myself to very brief notices of some of their leading features.

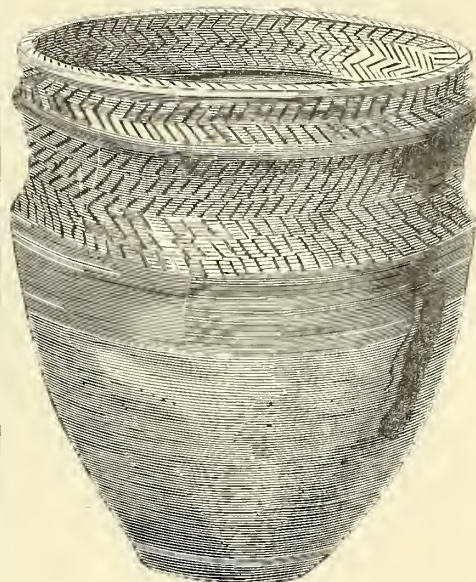
In the *CELTIC*, or ancient British period, the pottery consists mainly of cinerary, or sepulchral urns, drinking-cups, food-vessels, and incense-cups. These were undoubtedly made on the

spot, or near the spot, where found. They were the handiwork, I have no doubt, of the females of the tribe, and occasionally exhibit no little elegance of form and no small degree of ornamentation. They are formed of the coarse common clay of the place where made, occasionally mixed with small pebbles and gravel. They are entirely wrought by hand, without the assistance of the wheel, and are, the larger vessels especially, extremely thick. From their imperfect firing, the vessels of this period are usually called "sun-baked," or "sun-dried." This, however, is a grave error, as any one who will take the trouble to examine an example will easily perceive. If the vessels were "sun-baked" only, their burial in the earth—in the barrows wherein they were deposited, and where they have remained for a couple of thousands of years—would soon soften them, and they would, ages ago, have returned to their old consistency. As it is, they bear evidence of the action of fire, and are indeed sometimes sufficiently burned for the clay to have attained a red colour. They are mostly of an earthy-brown colour outside, and almost black in fracture; and many of the cinerary urns bear internal evidence of having been filled, while of a glowing and intense heat, by the burnt bones and ashes of the deceased.

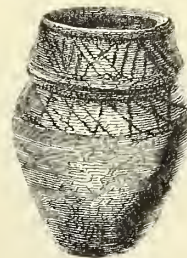
The *Cinerary Urns*—i.e. such urns as have contained, either inverted or otherwise, the burnt bones and ashes of the deceased—of Staffordshire, like those of Derbyshire, vary considerably in form from those of many other districts. Their principal characteristic is a broad or deep overlapping border or rim. They vary in size from nine or ten up to sixteen or eighteen inches in height; and their ornamentation, always produced by indenting twisted thongs into the pliant clay, or by simple incision, is frequently very elaborate. This ornamentation usually consists of diagonal lines, or of "herring-bone" or zig-zag lines, arranged in different ways, and producing a remarkably good effect. Of these interesting vessels some excellent examples have been found in Staffordshire, and these were, without doubt, made on the spot. They are, therefore, the very earliest examples which can be produced of Staffordshire pottery. Of these I engrave the three excellent specimens here given.

The first is a remarkably fine cinerary urn, discovered in a barrow, along with other pottery

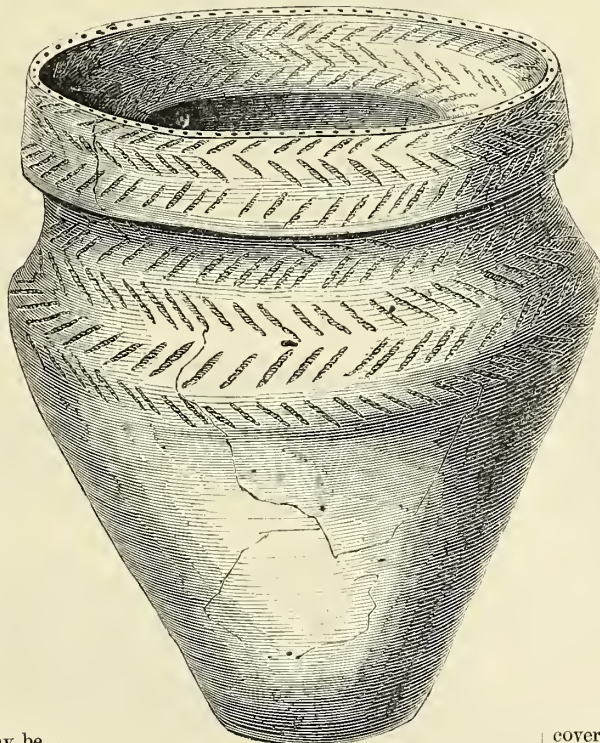
it was discovered some years ago. It is, as will be seen, a fine urn, and is well ornamented with incised lines. Like the Trentham urn, this one



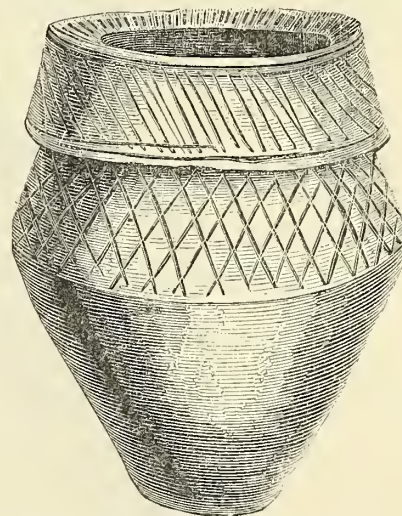
was filled with burnt bones when found. The third one was discovered, in fragments, by Mr. Redfern, the historian of Uttoxeter, at Toot Hill,



near that town. It is ornamented with indented twisted thongs in the usual manner. It is interesting to note that besides the urns here engraved, several discoveries of similar kinds of pottery have been made in various parts of the county; and that even in the very centre of the potteries—at Shelton—while digging the foundations of the Shelton Blast Ironworks, which are now blasting the health and happiness of the inhabitants so efficiently, a barrow containing an urn, unfortunately not preserved, was dis-



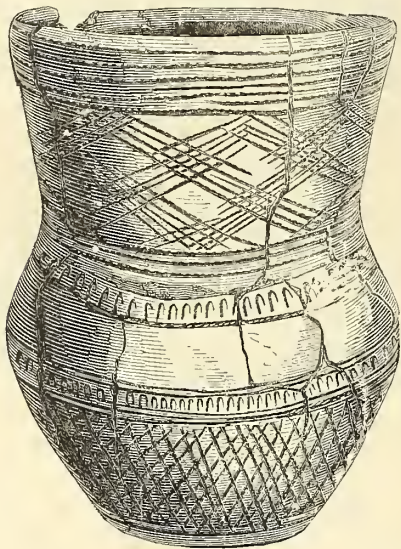
to be hereafter noticed, at Trentham. It is richly ornamented in the usual manner, with lines formed by indented twisted thongs, and is of remarkably good form. It is in the possession of my friend, Dr. J. Barnard Davis, F.S.A. The next example which I give is from Stone, where



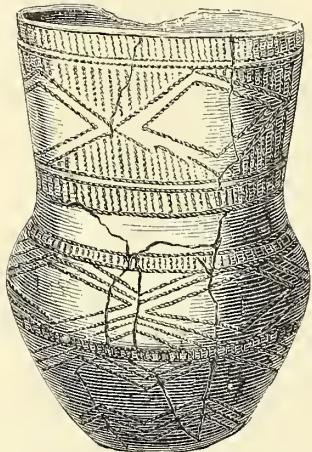
covered. An excellent example from the adjoining county, Derbyshire, is here shown.

The *Celtic drinking-vessels* found in the Staffordshire and Derbyshire barrows are usually from about six to nine inches in height, tall in form, contracted in the middle, globular in their lower half, and expanding at the mouth. They are usually very richly ornamented with indented

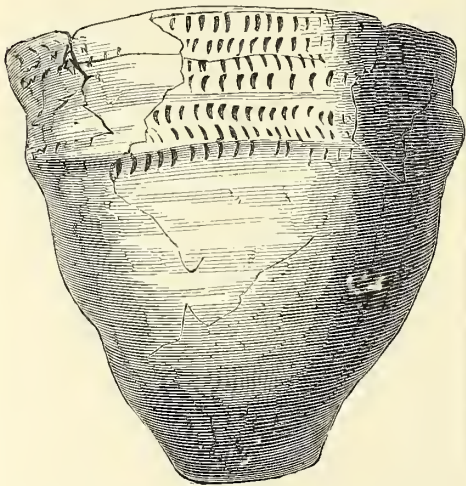
lines in different patterns; are carefully formed by hand, of fine and well-tempered clay, mixed with fine sand, and are well fired. They are the finest and best productions of Celtic fictile Art. Two examples, from barrows in the adjoining



county, Derbyshire, will show the form of the "drinking-cup" of this district.

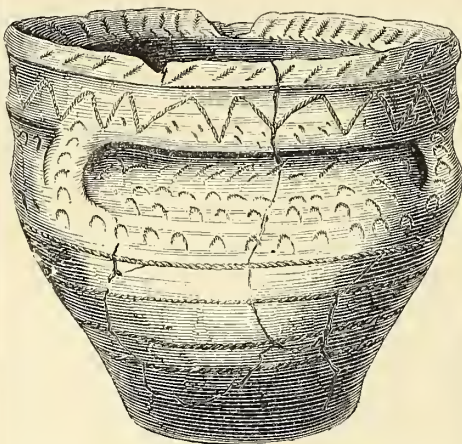


The *food-vessels*—small urns so called because they were apparently intended to contain an offering of food—vary very considerably both in form and in character of decoration, from the rudest to the most elaborate. These are usually



wide at the mouth, tapering gradually downwards, until quite small at the bottom. They are formed of clay of much the same quality as the cinerary urns, and are baked to about the same degree of hardness. A very plain and rude

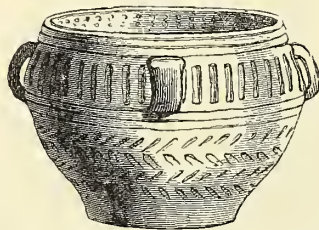
example from Trentham is given in the preceding column; and for the sake of comparison I here



give two elaborately ornamented examples from



Derbyshire barrows, viz., Hitter Hill* and



Monsal Dale, and one from Wetton, Staffordshire, with loops at its sides.

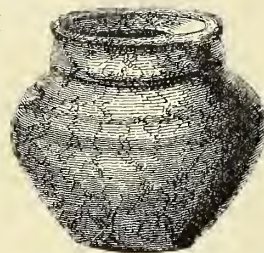
The *incense-cups* of Staffordshire, like those of Derbyshire, vary in form and in style of decoration. They are very small vessels, not more than from an inch and a half to three inches in height. The ornaments are, as in the other remains of

this period, incised or indented lines. Their usual forms are seen in the accompanying engravings.

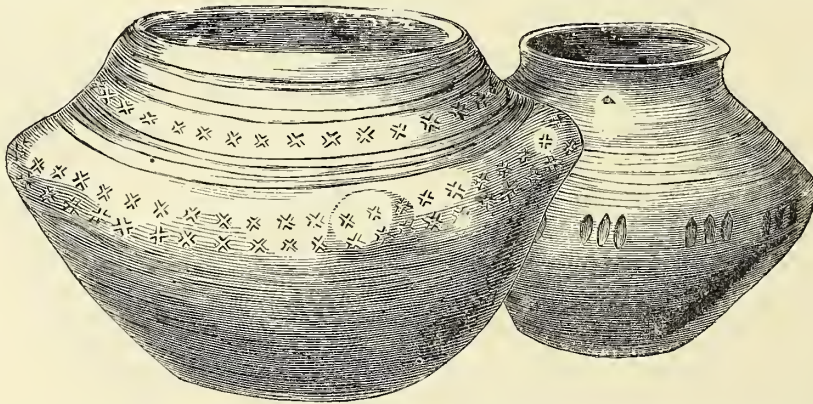


In the next great division into which I have divided the subject of this paper—the ROMANO-BRITISH period—although it is tolerably certain that wares of some kind or other were made in this district, there is no positive evidence of such being the case. I am not aware of any authenticated Roman kilns having been discovered, though it is generally believed that some of the interesting remains exhumed many years ago at Fenton and other localities are to be ascribed to that period. Certain it is that kilns bearing the characteristics of Roman use are recorded as having been exhumed; and equally certain is it that vessels, and fragments of vessels, of undoubted Roman workmanship, have frequently been dug up in the neighbourhood. It must also be borne in mind that in the adjoining county of Salop a considerable pottery existed, and that the clays of Staffordshire must have been well known to the Romans. Chesterton, by Newcastle-under-Lyme, was a Roman station, and a Roman road traversed the district of the present potteries. On this line of road fragments of the different wares of that people have frequently been found; and, as I have just stated, there can be but little doubt that many of them were made on the spot. I am inclined to believe that at least some of the finer kind of red ware, commonly known as "English Samian," were made in Staffordshire. At all events, the clay would produce that ware, and many remains of it have from time to time been found in the district.

At Caudon, at Wetton, and in many other parts of Staffordshire, Romano-British pottery has from time to time been found, some at least of which there is reason to believe was made in the district. The accompanying engraving shows an urn from the neighbourhood of Uttoxeter.



The pottery of the ANGLO-SAXON period—the



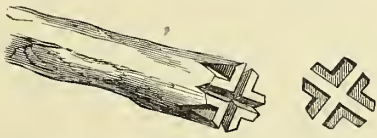
next great division of my subject—was undoubtedly, like that of the ancient Britons, made near

the places where the remains have been discovered. The pottery of this period consists almost entirely of cinerary urns, and their form is somewhat peculiar. Instead of being wide at the mouth, like the Celtic ones, they are contracted, and have a kind of neck instead of overhanging lip or rim.

* For an account of this discovery see the "Reliquary, Quarterly Archaeological Journal and Review," vol. iii. p. 159.

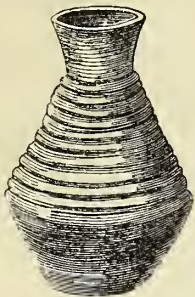
Their general form will be best understood by reference to the engraving in the preceding page. The pottery of this period is usually of a dark coloured clay, sometimes nearly black; at others dark brown, and occasionally of a slate or greenish tint. The vessels appear to be hand-made (*i.e.* without the use of the wheel), and are tolerably well baked.

The ornaments usually consist of encircling incised lines in bands or otherwise, and vertical or zig-zag lines, arranged in a variety of ways, and not unfrequently knobs or protuberances are to be seen around the urns. Sometimes also they present evident attempts at imitation of the Roman egg-and-tongue ornament. The marked features of the pottery of this period is the frequency of small punctured ornaments introduced along with the lines and bands, with very good effect. These ornaments are evidently produced by the end of a stick cut and notched across in different directions, so as to produce crosses and other patterns. This novel and early mode of decorating pottery will be best understood by the accompanying engraving, which shows one of



the indented patterns produced by pressing the notched stick into the pliant clay, and a notched stick "punch," such as I have reason to believe was used for the purpose. In some districts the vessels are ornamented by small patterns painted on the surface in white; but those of the midland counties, so far as my knowledge goes, do not possess this peculiarity.

Among the Anglo-Saxons the bowls were principally of metal or wood (generally of ash), and the drinking-vessels of horn and glass.* These two essentials, the food-bowls and the drinking-cups, being of wood or metal and of glass, left but little for which clay could be used, except the funeral urns which I have just described. For culinary purposes the Anglo-Saxons seem to have had a dislike to the use of clay; but nevertheless some other varieties of their pottery occasionally occur, and show that the wheel was sometimes used. One of their forms I here show, and



others approaching in shape the basins and unhandled cups of our own day have been found.

Of pottery of the NORMAN period I am not at present aware that any authenticated examples have been found in Staffordshire, though I have no doubt that in that period the Norman potters worked the clays of the district, and produced vessels for various uses. These consisted principally of bowls or basins, pitchers and dishes; the bowls or basins being used for drinking purposes, as well as for placing the cooked meats in, and the pitchers for holding and carrying the wines, ale, mead, water, and other liquors, to the table. In the neighbouring county, Derbyshire, a most interesting discovery of a Norman pot-work has recently been made by myself,† and one or two of the forms of vessels therein found

* These were the origin of our "tumblers;" the glasses then made being rounded at the bottom, so that they must be filled while held, and could not be set down until emptied, without spilling.

† This pot-work is the only one either of the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman periods which has ever been discovered, and is therefore of great interest and importance. A notice of the discovery will be found in the "Reliquary," vol. ii. p. 216.

are given, for comparison, in the accompanying engravings. The clay is usually of a coarse kind, and the vessels in some, or rather in most in-



stances, bear evidence of the wheel having been used. In colour the vessels are sometimes of a reddish-brown, at other times of a tolerably good red, and at others nearly black; and one great peculiarity is, that many of the pitchers, or jugs, are covered with a green glaze. They are usually devoid of ornament, with the exception of having the ends of the handles rudely foliated by the pressure of the fingers of the workman. On one large vessel which I had the good fortune to exhume, however, were the horse shoes, &c., the badges of the Ferrars family, laid on in slip, and a kind of herring-bone ornament scratched into the soft clay. On other examples heads were rudely formed, as were also, occasionally, figures of horses and men.

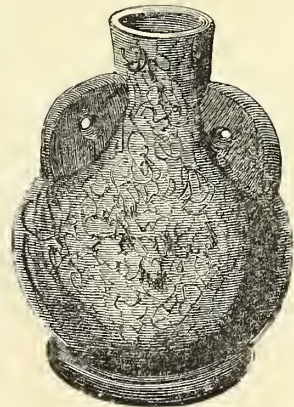
Kilns for the manufacture of tiles existed in Staffordshire from an early period, and the name of Telwright, or Tilewright, is one connected with the pottery district for many centuries. At Great Saredon, a few years ago, a kiln, where tiles had been made, was exhumed.

The MEDIEVAL vessels made in Staffordshire, like those of other districts, were chiefly confined to pitchers and jugs, of much the same form as those just given, and to costrels and other similar productions. Dr. Shaw, in his history of the potteries, says, "there exist documents which imply that during many centuries considerable quantities of common culinary articles were made from a mixture of different clays found in most parts of the district." It is certain that throughout the whole of the middle ages, as in the earlier and later periods, the potter's art was practised in this district; and examples of different periods are in existence, showing the progress of that art from one time to another.

In the account of expenses of Sir John Howard, in 1466, is the following entry, which shows somewhat curiously the cost of "potes" in those days:—"Watekin, bocher of Stoke, delyvered of my mony to on of the poteres of Horkeley iij. viid. to pay hemselfe and is felawes for xi dozen potes," *i.e.* about 4½d. per dozen.

The pottery of the Tudor period—so far as is

known of English make—for it must be remembered that the greater part of the wares in use were imported—consisted of costrels (one of which, for the sake of showing the form, I give on the accompanying engraving), and other ves-



sels for ordinary use. They were coarse in material, but generally thickly coated with glaze, and the surfaces well mottled. Ornaments were not often introduced, but occasionally heads, grotesquely formed, decorated the handles; and other equally rude devices were laid on in different clays. Some excellent examples of this period have come under my notice, and are worthy of illustration.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "Tygs," with one, two, three, or four handles, were made, and examples are not of unfrequent occurrence at the present time. Of these I shall have more to say presently. In the seventeenth century large coarse dishes and other vessels were made at Burslem and the surrounding places, and are now and then to be met with in the hands of



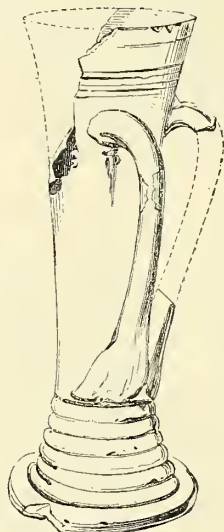
collectors. The material is a coarse reddish or buff-coloured clay, and the ornaments are laid on in different coloured clays, and then the whole

is glazed thickly over. One of these large dishes, now in the Museum of Practical Geology, is shown on the accompanying engraving. The

body is of buff-coloured clay, with the ornaments laid on in relief in light and dark brown. The border is trellised, and in the centre is a lion rampant, crowned. On the rim beneath the lion is the name of the maker, THOMAS TOFT. In the same museum is a fragment of another similar dish, with the lion and unicorn. A very fine dish of a similar kind, and by the same maker, is preserved in the museum of my late friend, Mr. Bateman, at Lomerdale House. It is twenty-two inches in diameter, and bears a fine half-length figure of King Charles II., and has the name, as above, THOMAS TOFT. Another dish of this kind is in the possession of Mr. Mills, of Norwich, to whose collection I have before referred. The dish, of which I shall give an engraving in my next chapter, is nineteen inches in diameter. It bears three heads in ovals, with foliage, &c., and the name RALPHOFT, or Ralph Toft, the H and T being apparently conjoined. The ground is buff, and the ornaments are laid on in dark and light brown clay. Another maker

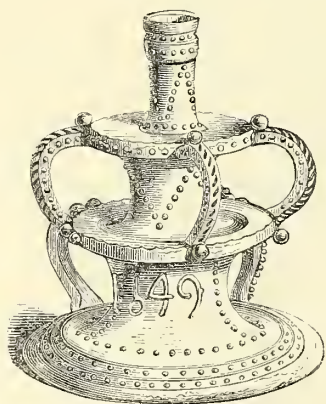
of this period, whose name occurs in the same manner as those just described, was WILLIAM SANS. Of the maker of these dishes, it is interesting to observe that Toft is an old name connected with the pottery district, and that members of the family are still potters in the neighbourhood. It is also an old Derbyshire name, being connected with Youghreave and other places in that neighbouring county.

The "Tygs," of which I have before spoken, appear to have been made in considerable numbers, and, indeed, to have constituted one of the staple manufactures of the potters of that day. They were the ordinary drinking-cups of the period, and were made with one, two, three, four, or more handles. The two-handled ones are said to have been "parting cups," and those with three or four handles "loving cups," being so arranged that three or four persons drinking out of one, and each using a different handle, brought their lips to different parts of the rim. Examples of some of the forms of these tygs are here shown. The



third of these tygs has three handles and a spout, and is ornamented with bosses of a lighter colour, bearing a swan, a flower and a spread eagle. It is in the Museum of Practical Geology.

A curious candlestick, here represented, said to be of Staffordshire make, is preserved in the



Museum of Practical Geology. It is of much the same kind of ware as the tygs, and has its ornaments in white clay. It bears the date 1649, and the initials E. M.

The manufacture of BUTTER POTS was an im-

portant branch of the potter's art at Burslem at an early period, and I may be allowed to say a word upon them, for the purpose of exploding an opinion which I believe has gained very general credence, that, till the time of Josiah Wedgwood, none but these coarse vessels were made in the potteries. Nothing could possibly be further from the truth than this, and I trust my present series of papers will prove that the potters had a far higher aim in their art than the production only of such rude but useful utensils. Butter pots had been made long anterior to the year 1670, in which year the attention of Government was called to the frauds carried on by means of the pots not being of an uniform size and thickness. An act was accordingly passed, compelling the Burslem potters to make their pots of a size to hold 14 lbs. of butter, and sufficiently hard not to imbibe moisture; for it appears that, by being porous, the dealers soaked them in water, and thus the buyer did not get nearly his proper weight of butter.

In 1686, Dr. Plot published his "Staffordshire," and thus spoke of the butter pots then made,* after stating that the London cheesemongers had set up a factory at Uttoxeter for butter and cheese:—

"The butter they buy by the pot, of a long cylindrical form, made at Burslem, in this county, of a certain size, so as not to weigh above 6 lb at most,

and yet to contain at least 14 lb of butter, according to an act of parliament made about fourteen or sixteen years ago, for regulating the abuse of this trade in the make of the pots, and false packing of the butter, which before was laid good for a little depth at the top and bad at the bottom, and sometimes set in rolls, only touching at the top, and standing hollow below at a great distance from the sides of the pot. To prevent these little country moorlandish cheats (than whom no people whatever are esteemed more subtle), the factors keep a surveyor all the summer here, who, if he have any ground to suspect any of the pots, tries them with an instrument of iron made like a cheesetaster."

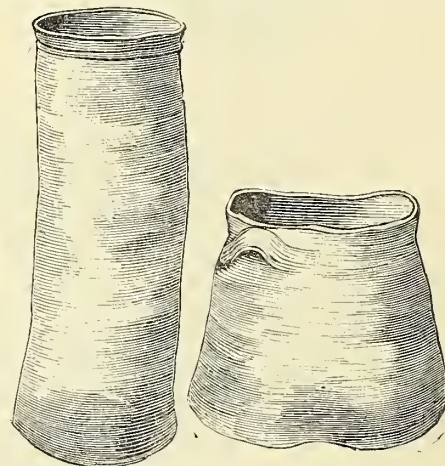
In reference to this, Mr. Redfern, the historian of Uttoxeter, says:—

"Butter pots are mentioned in the parochial records of the town forty years before Dr. Plot wrote; for five pots of butter were sent from Uttoxeter to the garrison of Tutbury Castle, and had been bought at the sum of 12s. As this was seventeen years before the act of parliament for the regulation of the sale of butter in pots, it is difficult from this to judge of the exact price of butter per pound at Uttoxeter at that remote period. And yet it may be reasonably inferred that the pots of 1644 were of the size of those manufactured after 1661; for it appears the act was passed more for the prevention of any irregularity in the size of the pots, and the mode of packing butter in them, than for any actual alteration of the size the pots were understood to be. If so, butter then at Uttoxeter was worth but about twopence a pound, supposing the five pots of butter sent to Tutbury, costing 12s., contained fourteen pounds of butter each. About fifty years before butter was retailed throughout the kingdom at sevenpence per pound; but this was regarded as an enormous price, which, Stowe says, 'was a judgment for their sins.' It is highly probable, therefore, that the pots contained fourteen pounds of butter, which consequently was twopence per pound at Uttoxeter, when the five pots were bought, especially as it corresponds with the price of cheese at that time in the town, as to which the old parochial accounts have preserved very distinct information, the sum of £7 15s. 10d. having been paid for 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 7 lbs., which was also for the besieged at Tutbury."

The following entries I for the first time now print, for the illustration of this interesting subject:—

	<i>c. q. lb.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
1644. May 7. For 8 2 7 of cheese to Tutbury	7 15 10	
For 5 pots of butter to ditto	0 12 0	
1645. June 25. Bread, beer, cheese, a pot of butter, and a fitch of bacon, for Lieut.-Col. Watson's men quartered at Blunts Hall	2 5 6	

The butter pots were tall, cylindrical vessels, of coarse clay, and very imperfectly baked. They are now of great rarity, but specimens may be seen in the Hanley Museum, and in the Museum of Practical Geology. Their form will be understood by the accompanying engraving, exhibiting



one example from each of these museums. It is worthy of remark that even yet, as it was in Shaw's days, Irish or Dutch butter, which is generally imported in casks, and is in most places known as "tub butter," is, in the potteries, usually called "pot butter."*

* Probably written about ten years before printed.

* To be continued.

A NEW PROCESS OF
PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.

THE nature of photography and the uncertainty with which all its operations are conducted, have always kept the practitioner in a state of preparation for the announcement of improvement. But it cannot be said that in a period of twenty years, during which time it has occupied the attention of thousands, the advance of the art has borne any considerable ratio to its defaults, or to the extent of the uses to which it has been applied. The majority of the professors of photography have not turned to the practice with a resolution to "do or die" in the path of discovery, although there are many who have devoted themselves enthusiastically to the philosophy of the subject, in the hope of aiding the conversion into a royal road of the tortuous by-ways which all are fain to pursue who seek to arrive at common results. The photographic literature of the last ten years teems with suggestions to facilitate practice. Many of these lessons have, under certain conditions, been found useful, but are at length laid aside, having been superseded by others. And although so arbitrary are the general conditions under which prints are produced, it is remarkable that there are very few photographers who work according to identical formulæ.

The new printing process that we are now about to describe is the discovery of Herr Wothly, of Aix-la-Chapelle, who has been some time experimenting with uranium, with a view to its substitution for the nitrate of silver. Like many great and useful discoveries, that of Herr Wothly seems to have lain close to the surface, but it has been missed by very diligent scientific explorers, who have essayed even the nitrate of uranium whence much was vainly expected, and a multitude of other preparations which it would be useless to name, as they have turned out of no value. The public will recognise only one of the merits of this new agent in photography,—that is truly its great glory,—the perfection and beauty with which it renders all surfaces; but to the photographer it is moreover an economy of time and money. Such are the eccentricities of the nitrate of silver, that a dozen plates may be taken under conditions as nearly alike as can be determined, yet no two of these plates shall yield precisely similar prints. Whereas, for the working of this salt of uranium there is a formula according to which available results are certain.

Herr Wothly has achieved his wonderful success by the absolute substitution of the salt of uranium for nitrate of silver, and of collodion for albumen. According to present practice the preparation of the albumen surface on the paper for the reception of the image is effected by floating for a few minutes on a solution of nitrate of silver; whereas, according to the Wothly method, the paper is prepared by being washed over with collodion sensitised with this salt. And here is one of the chief advantages of the discovery. Whereas paper prepared with nitrate of silver, though most jealously guarded from light, rapidly deteriorates; while, on the other hand, we have seen paper, that had been sent from Aix-la-Chapelle, in perfect condition at the end of three weeks, with the prospect of its being equally good at the end of a month.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Colonel Stuart Wortley for permission to examine some prints obtained by the Wothly process, of which it is saying nothing, to state that they are far beyond the cunning of any known manipulative process. One is es-

pecially interesting from the variety of textures it repeats. It is a piece of garden ornament taken in Italy by Colonel Stuart Wortley himself two years ago, and the phenomena in connection with it are its harmonious breadth, its gradations of tone in foliage, its depth and faithful repetition of subdued light in dark passages, and, not less valuable than these, its perfect maintenance of texture in every degree of light. In landscape photography nitrate of silver renders near foliage heavy, massive, and opaque. The subject described may not be sufficient to enable us to determine signally in this direction in favour of the salt of uranium, but it would appear that it repeats with perfect fidelity the natural scale of tone indispensable to form and lightness. The portraiture we have had an opportunity of examining is also in the possession of Colonel Stuart Wortley. The figures would, in full length, measure about nine inches, a size extremely trying to obtain presentable by the silver process.

A head and bust of a lady, taken by, perhaps, a large Voigtlander lens, presented a surface as soft as ivory, perfectly spotless, and with features so regularly shaded as to look as if they would yield to the touch. Of some of these portraits there were two prints, one on a collodionised paper, and another on a plain paper without gloss, resembling in this respect a silver print on salted paper, but in every other respect equal to that on the collodion. The latter is for colouring. It will be at once understood by both artists and photographers that, inasmuch as the salted paper receives colour more "kindly" than the albumenised, so this plain paper is, for colouring, for the same reason preferable to the collodionised. It is enough here to allude to the extreme difficulty, even under every favourable circumstance, of obtaining anything like a perfect figure of the size of nine inches, by means of silver. The very best photographs of this size have some defects that must be remedied by touching; but in the figures of which we speak there is no point to which a brush could be applied without ruin to the print. In one of the portraits, that also of a lady, the figure had moved, but in a degree so minute as to be discovered by the eye only of a practised photographer. The effect of this, with most perfect definition, was a softness enchanting to a painter—a kind of accident which twenty attempts might be made in vain to reproduce.

Colonel Stuart Wortley explained and showed the manner of working in an experiment on paper supplied to him without any especial recommendation; and this was the first trial made with this paper. Any good paper, indeed, will serve the purpose. The paper was laid flat upon a piece of thin board sufficiently large to hold it without overlapping; the sensitised collodion was then poured on, and the board was rocked much in the manner that a plate is coated, the surplus being returned to the bottle. If this be properly done, the paper will have a very even, glossy surface, not unlike that of albumen. This, it will be understood, must be done in an operating room, well guarded against the admission of white light. The paper must be perfectly dry before being placed in the printing frame. An hour is the minimum necessary for the drying of the paper. The printing is subject to the same conditions as that of paper prepared with albumen and silver; but it is quicker by perhaps twenty per cent. In stating that it is not necessary to print one shade deeper than is required for the finished print, we come to a point which will relieve the practice of photography of one of its greatest anxieties, as hereby is secured at once and easily that equality of

tone which can only be hoped for in silver printing, perhaps in one out of every third print. When the necessary definition and depth have been obtained, the photograph was placed in an acid bath for a few minutes, in order that the uranium may be dissolved out; and the washing after this is to a photographer as surprising as any part of the procedure. The print was placed on a tilted glass slab under a tap, and rubbed with a sponge back and front, until the acid in its turn was entirely washed out. It was then transferred to what is commonly called the toning bath, although the tone is constant from first to last. In this bath the operator has a perfect command of the colour of the print, which first assumes that of a clear and beautiful engraving, and may be stopped at this, or carried on to a light grey, and thence to a blue, and further, we believe, to a brown; at any of which tints of this chameleon-like series of changes it may be arrested. In this bath the process ends, for there is no separate hyposulphite fixing. The bath preferred by Colonel Wortley is a gold bath, although platinum or palladium may be used.

The salt which is thus about to revolutionise photographic printing is not known to chemists. The discovery was made by Herr Wothly in the course of experiment, and Colonel Stuart Wortley showed it to be a salt. The patent for this country has been secured by a company (of which Colonel Wortley is chairman), that proposes granting licences on easy terms to amateurs and professional photographers, and it cannot be doubted that, such is the superiority of this collodionised over the silvered albumen, that the latter must, from its incurable caprices, be entirely superseded.

"WHAT HAVE OUR SCHOOLS OF
ART DONE?"

"Mr. Cole, on being asked what evidence he could produce to show the effects of the schools, referred your Committee to the opinions of a number of English manufacturers, which are collected in the Appendix to the tenth Report of the Department of Science and Art."—*Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons on Schools of Art.*

It is our present purpose to place before our readers an answer to the question, "What have our Schools of Art done?" that is to say, we propose now to apply the practical test of their results to these Schools of Art, as evidence both of their positive merits, and also of the degree in which their merits are in proportion to their means and in harmony with their object. We frame our estimate of their powers and their means of successful action from that estimate which has been formed by themselves; and from the pages of the "Report of the Science and Art Department" (the "Tenth Report," issued in 1863) in a great measure we derive those "results" which constitute the reply that would be given by our Schools of Art to any inquirer who might ask them what they themselves had done.

But very little need be said on the present occasion concerning the aim, the object, and purpose of our Schools of Art. We all distinctly understand them to have been established with this twofold view: on the one hand, to meet and to make good a deplorable inferiority in the arts of design; while, on the other hand, as far as possible they might cultivate the public taste, and raise it to a higher and purer standard. Even so recently as the year 1851, the first of the Great Exhibitions demonstrated beyond all question the urgent requirement of such a system of national Art-education as might enable our

own industries to compete on something approaching to equal terms with the works of foreign producers. A most powerful impulse was thus brought to bear upon our public "Department of Art;" and our Schools of Art we were taught to regard as the practical exponents of the aroused Departmental energies.

In like manner it is a matter of public notoriety that our Schools of Art have always enjoyed, and that they still enjoy, all the peculiar advantages which are inseparable from national recognition, from grants of public money, government countenance and support, and patronage, together with the somewhat indefinite, but not the less effectual, influence of a special "Department." And further, on the other hand, these schools entered upon their career with the current of public opinion in their favour. They were expressly designed to supply a want universally admitted and painfully felt, and so they were popular by anticipation. And again, their own direct resources, derived from the Government and from Parliament, were to be applied in such a manner as would elicit the still stronger support of public subscriptions and students' fees. And so, if these Schools of Art were good in their aim, they were confessedly powerful through the means at their disposal.

When the question was put to the master spirit of these Schools of Art by a committee of the House of Commons, "What have your schools done, and what evidence in the shape of results have you to show in their favour?" it might naturally have been supposed that the answer would have resembled the "*circumspice*" of the architect of St. Paul's, or that it would have been given in some such form as a reply would assume when the questioner had modestly inquired of what use and advantage the shining of the sun might be. Mr. Henry Cole, on behalf of the Schools of Art, has preferred to base the claims of those schools on Parliament and the Nation upon the last printed "Report" of the "Science and Art Department." "Do you ask what the Schools of Art have done?—read the 'Report.'" "Do you require evidence of their success and proof of their worth and their value?—turn to the 'Report;' in its 'Appendix N' is recorded the evidence you require."

We have turned to the "Report," and "Appendix N" we have carefully studied; and such as now follows is the answer that we thus have obtained to our question, "*What have our Schools of Art done?*"

This "Appendix N" to the "Tenth Report of the Science and Art Department" (A.D. 1863) describes itself in the words following:—"Appendix N. Report on the Employment of Students of Schools of Art in the Production of various Works of Ornamental Manufactures, exhibited by Producers and Manufacturers of the United Kingdom in the International Exhibition, 1862."

The object of the inquiry was stated to be, to ascertain how far the Exhibition of 1862 would afford evidence that the "Art-instruction imparted in the various Schools of Art in the United Kingdom had been rendered directly useful," by having been applied to exhibited examples of ornamental manufactures and to objects of industry; and information was requested to be furnished on these three separate heads:—

1. The principal objects exhibited, in the production of which *any students* of Schools of Art had been employed.

2. The names of such students employed as designers, draughtsmen, modellers, chasers, painters, or in *any other* artistic or industrial capacity.

3. General remarks as to the practical

value of the Art-instruction given in Schools of Art as bearing upon each particular industry.

The total number of these circulars sent out was 383. Of these 222 (three-fifths of the whole number) were returned by the producers to whom they had been addressed. Some of this assemblage of 222 returned circulars "were simply signed, without any remarks;" if they had nothing to say against the schools, they also had nothing to say in their favour. Others contained certain "general remarks only," such as opinions (and very conflicting opinions too) upon the "influence of the instruction imparted in the schools on public taste" in relation to particular industries: and these same documents occasionally bore testimony to the practical usefulness of the Art-collections at the South Kensington Museum. Less than one-half of the 222 returned circulars, that is, 104 of that number (less than two-sevenths of the total number of circulars sent out), specified the number of students who had been engaged in the production of works exhibited, and recorded their names, occupations, &c. The number of the students thus returned was 339, the number of their employers being, as we have said, 104.

Now, let us distinctly understand what is the significance to be attached to the *employment of students*, or this phraseology may lead to erroneous inferences. If the operations of the schools and of the manufactories were altogether distinct and independent of each other, and acted upon different bodies, if the manufacturers also had sought assistance from the schools by engaging "students" trained and taught in them, transferring their services to their own works, and engrafting them upon their own staffs of working hands, satisfactory evidence would have been given that there was faith in the power of the schools to render efficient help.

But such is not the fact—the case stands simply thus: the "students" engaged upon the labour referred to were so engaged in the ordinary routine of their duty, being artisans employed upon the manufactories, and the accident of their being "students" at the schools in no way influenced the engagement, but was subsequent to it, and generally consequent upon it.

These "students" were "students" *because they were engaged upon the manufactories*, and not engaged upon the manufactories *because they were "students."* The attendance at the schools is chiefly restricted to apprentices, male and female, and to young people employed in the manufactories; and the facilities and inducements afforded by many of the employers are such, and the task itself one, in most instances, so preferable to the ordinary labour of the factories, that it is remarkable how small are the comparative numbers of those persons who avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered to them.

In many instances, especially in those of some of the principal manufacturers who have been desirous to assist the operations of the schools, these "students" have been sent to the schools at the expense of their employers, who have paid their fees, and also for the time lost at their work by attendance at the schools, so that taking numbers thus obtained (even had they been considerable) as necessarily demonstrative of the estimate in which the tuition is held, would be altogether a fallacy.

With very few exceptions, the skilled adult workman stands aloof. The very class whose tuition, under competent and judicious direction, would have rapidly matured into palpable and valuable results, saw the hopelessness of the system, through the inef-

ficiency of the means by which it was to be applied.

The "experts" of the manufactories found there was no sympathy with their position and their need in the direction of the educational programme. Every special manufacture has its peculiar practical technicalities, to which even Art, however essential, must be adapted, and indifference or inattention to these requirements renders its application either useless or impracticable.

Of porcelain and earthenware manufactures there were 35 exhibitors, of whom 16 recorded the employment by them of 72 students. The Messrs. Minton have given the names of 12 students, but they add that "fully two-thirds of the numerous painters, gilders, and modellers employed by them either are, or have been, students of the Schools of Art." Then, on the other hand, the Messrs. Wedgwood return three names only, and they add that "it would be difficult to draw any general conclusions from the three instances named." The firm of Sir James Duke returns six students, without any accompanying remark. Seven students are named by the proprietors of the Royal Porcelain Works, and six by those of the Royal China Works, both at Worcester. In terra-cotta Mr. Blashfield names *one* student, and the Messrs. Maw five students. These are favourable examples of positive numbers; we should like to know how many persons were employed on ceramic works for the Exhibition of 1862 who *never were students*—how many by the Wedgwoods, in addition to their *five* students, and how many by Sir James Duke, by Kerr and Binns, by Granger, by Blashfield, and by Maw, with their respective little groups of student-workmen. If we estimate the total number of the workmen employed in this great industry at about 2,000, we shall thus have for each single student-workman, at least 27 of his fellow-workers for whom the Schools of Art had "done" nothing whatever.

Ten exhibitors of works in glass employed 30 students, but 21 other exhibitors either made no returns or named no students. Messrs. Pellatt returned a *single* student: the "Report" is silent as to the number of the non-students employed upon the exhibited works of the same great establishment. It appears that of the 30 students employed upon manufactures in glass, 25 were producers of stained glass for windows; the six employers, however, are by no means unanimous in their estimate of the Schools of Art, so that at best theirs must be regarded as conflicting testimony.

Six manufacturers only out of 25 recorded the fact of their having availed themselves of the students of the Schools of Art in the production of works in the precious metals and jewellery. The number of the students was 24. Nine of these students were employed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell; while Messrs. Elkington state, "None of the objects exhibited by us have been designed or modelled by students of the School of Art."

Comment on the last two paragraphs would be altogether superfluous. The evidence contained in them is peculiarly significant, and it tells its own tale with emphatic impressiveness.

The producers of manufactures in iron and brass who received circulars were 30 in number; thirteen of them reported having 62 students, and of these the names of 21 students were returned by the Coalbrookdale Company. It will be understood that the School of Art has been established at Coalbrookdale for the special benefit of that "Company;" indeed, with the exception of the ceramic works of the Messrs. Maw (and also the porcelain manufactory at Coalport,

whence no return is made), we are not aware of the existence of any other Art-manufactory in the locality.

Furniture and miscellaneous decorations, 65 exhibitors; 19 exhibitors who employed students, and 47 students. Four students from Messrs. Holland, two from Messrs. Gil- low, and one from Messrs. Trollope.

Carpets and floor-cloths, 36 exhibitors; six producers employed 21 students.

Silk manufactures, 24 exhibitors; 11 producers employed 20 students. *From Manchester only a single return* was made, recording the names of two students.

Lace manufactures, 35 exhibitors; seven producers employed 18 students.

Shawls and mixed fabrics, 16 exhibitors; seven producers employed 21 students.

Printed fabrics, 31 exhibitors; three producers employed 10 students.

Linen damasks, 12 exhibitors; one producer employed two students.

Cotton manufactures, nine exhibitors; two producers employed five students.

Harness and saddlery; Mr. Middlemore, of Birmingham, the only exhibitor who received a circular, returned the names of two students, and he spoke of the schools in terms of approval.

In ornamental bookbinding, lithography, &c., there were 23 exhibitors; but the name of one solitary student was returned.

Two producers of objects exhibited for architectural beauty returned the names of five students; and, finally, two producers of weapons made returns of the names of four students who had been engaged in the decoration of swords and fowling-pieces by them exhibited.

One other piece of numerical evidence the "Report" places before us. This is the fact, that while 118 producers made returns showing that they employed no students, 34 of this number "expressed very decided opinions in favour of the influence of the Art-instruction imparted in the schools as regards its effects on ornamental industries, and the general improvement of the public taste evidenced in the choice of patterns by consumers." Hence we learn that, in addition to 104 exhibitors who, in 1862, had employed students of the Schools of Art, 34 (and only 34) other exhibitors recorded their general favourable opinion of those schools. The favourable opinion of those 34 is indeed a feeble testimony, and ominously eloquent is the silence of the 84 who recorded no opinion whatever.

The "Report" does not quote any of the recorded opinions of the 34 exhibitors who approved of the schools, but who did not employ the students; but the opinions of many of the employers of students are set forth. There is evidence to be had out of these opinions. They differ on many essential points from one another; their general tone expresses more of hope than of gratitude—more of anticipation of possible advantages yet to be realised than of the enjoyment of advantages already acquired; they gladly recognise the principle of Schools of Art, and they are disposed to think favourably of these Schools of Art. They believe these Schools of Art to be doing some good, and they believe also that they might do a much greater amount of good: they cannot pronounce the schools popular with either the students or the workmen in general, and still less are they able to adduce any decided popularity enjoyed by the schools with the public at large. One impression is eminently conspicuous from the fact that it is not produced by these favourable opinions of the Schools of Art—this is the total absence of anything resembling enthusiasm in their cause. Mr. Henry Cole may be a genuine

enthusiast in the matter of his Schools of Art, and it is equally natural that the holders of pleasant appointments on Mr. Henry Cole's School of Art staff should share his enthusiasm. But here the sentiment ceases; Mr. Cole can appeal to no enthusiastic students, to no enthusiastic employers of students, to no enthusiastic expression of public sympathy. On the contrary, Mr. Cole has to defend his schools as he best may; and, indeed, it is but a sorry defence that he makes, as appears from his own showing.

Again: the "Report" is significantly silent upon the *Art-character* of the works produced by the students of the Schools of Art. We have the evidence, such as we have shown it to be, of the *numbers* of the students employed by the exhibitors of 1862, but we have no evidence based upon the *merits of their productions*. Very small is the number of the employed students, when compared with the numbers of the non-students; what would be the effect of a corresponding comparison of the several works produced? At any rate, there is the negative evidence of almost absolute silence in the "Report." Mr. Cole does not direct the Committee of the House of Commons to a record of triumphant achievements in Art, embalmed in the official pages of the Departmental "Report." Nor is any such record elsewhere in existence. Nor can the Schools of Art vindicate their own reputation by any appeal to the masterly productions of their students. We do not now assume the works of the students to be inferior, but we seek in vain for any indications of their superiority. There exists no wide-spread spontaneous tribute to the superiority of students' works, simply because they are students' works.

Such is an analysis of what this "Report" sets forth relating to the numbers of the students who were employed in the various departments of British industry represented in the second International Exhibition held in London. It would have been both curious and instructive to have been enabled to associate these numbers, in each instance, with the numbers of the workers who had never studied in any School of Art; it would not be very difficult, however, to form an approximate estimate of these numbers, the small array of the students being a known quantity, and the vast extent of the operations of so many of their employers being also equally well understood.

It is difficult to determine upon what ground the officials of the Department claim the amount of credit they do, in the advancement which has of late years been effected in English industrial Art. We do not hold, unexceptionably, with the adage that "practice makes perfect;" but that practice is essential to perfection there can be no doubt, and those wholly engaged in the practice of an Art must of necessity, with every year of its operation, achieve some additional facility in its execution. The manufactory is the school in which such advance is surely made. There can be no doubt that the schools have rendered some assistance; but that this has been so trifling, relatively to their cost and their promise, is wholly and solely the consequence of *mistaken direction*. The Report informs us that "Seven manufacturers stated a decided conviction that the instruction had in no way been of use in their pursuits." We know not what their "pursuits" were, but assume they must have been of such a nature as could have been benefited by a knowledge of Art, and we therefore hesitate to accept their declaration as to the instruction of the schools (imperfect as it is) being of "no use;" and those who argue thus only give additional emphasis to the fact

of their necessity. They have not only to satisfy a want of Art-alliance, but they have also in a considerable degree to awaken the sense of manufacturers to its existence. Opinions upon this subject must not merely be estimated numerically. They are simply valuable in relation to the capabilities for judgment possessed by their exponents, and if we were to submit these opinions to such a test, how many would be found worthless?

For the great improvement in the Art-value of English manufactures during the last ten years we are mainly indebted to two sources combined—British enterprise and foreign talent. Our manufacturers have awakened to the commercial value of an alliance with Art; and, by holding out sufficient pecuniary inducements, they have secured the co-operation of many of the chief continental artists connected with their special branches of manufacture. It is the blindness of either wilfulness or ignorance that does not discern this fact, but would seek to trace this improvement to the operations of the Schools of Art. Would that such were the case! we might then proudly and gladly acknowledge our self-dependence; but we should only help to prolong the present reign of misrule under which the value of the schools is so seriously and perilously minimized did we hesitate to expose a fallacy fraught with such mischief.

Foreigners are very keenly alive to the consequence of this abstraction of their best artists, and in the Report of the French Jurors we find the following remark:—"It may not be useless to add here that England is in another respect our competitor by carrying off our designers. For many years her manufactories have attracted them by the very high wages with which their services are remunerated. But it is a very remarkable fact, that these artists have often lost, after sojourning some time on the other side of the Channel, the superiority of taste by which they were previously distinguished. It is easy to understand, however, that this loss diminishes, day by day, according as public taste in England improves." The first statement in this extract is incontrovertible; the latter we can only admit subject to exceptions, which it is not our present purpose to consider.

The necessity for *special practical direction* in the tuition of the Schools of Art was acknowledged and enforced at their foundation. The official formula, signed upon the introduction of a pupil, distinctly requires notification as to the branch of manufacture in reference to which the instruction was to be directed; thus proving that the plan was intended to work practically. But to what agents was its operation entrusted?

In nearly every instance the *masters* appointed had no *practical knowledge* of the specialities of the manufactures in connection with which they were to direct the studies of their pupils. Indeed, by a seemingly wanton perversity, those masters who did possess some insight into the processes of particular branches of industrial Art were located in the seats of manufactures having totally different requirements of which they knew nothing.

There must be something palpably wrong in the direction of an institution so powerful in the *prestige* of its position, and so strong in the necessity for its action, that such apathy can now exist towards it. Our Art-workmen are sufficiently alive to the value of any instruction which, by elevating them in the scale of labour, would also enhance the money return attaching to its execution. Had the teaching of the schools but been sufficiently practical, had the services of those who had attended their classes been, from this fact, more eagerly sought by employers, and more

liberally remunerated (which must have resulted had it been successful), who can doubt the influence that such results would have had in drawing the working population within their ranks? No prejudice or indifference could have withstood influences so encouraging and so conclusive. There are courses of instruction, to the study of which it is difficult to enlist the general sympathy of the working classes, as being purely instructive and non-productive as to monetary considerations; but here was a necessary, and, above all, a remunerative task; this tuition was offered with the strongest of all inducements—personal profit. It boasted a money value in the labour market; it became essentially a *pocket question*, and, as such, ensured consideration. Watchful eyes, whose scrutiny was sharpened by self-interest, were directed to the advantages resulting to those who entered the lists of the educational arena, and after a vigilance extending over nearly a quarter of a century, what do they see? the Schools of Art *standing upon their defence*, and the judgment of the country strangely balanced between acquittal and condemnation!

With the strong and widely prevalent predisposition that existed in their favour, with their vast resources and still more powerful influence, our Schools of Art, had they been rightly and consistently administered, must have rendered all inquiries into what they had accomplished simply absurd. They might have accomplished exactly what they have failed to accomplish—they might have established themselves in the hearts of the entire community at home, and they might at the same time have proved to all foreign competitors that first-rate teaching of Art had made both first-rate students and first-rate workers. From whatever quarter we derive our evidence upon the working and the results of our Schools of Art, we have brought before us the existence of a certain degree of hopeful belief that the Schools have already proved of much value and done much good, coupled with a still more decided conviction that their useful and beneficial capabilities admit of far greater development under an improved system of administration. Such an estimate of our Schools of Art would have been sufficiently satisfactory, because it would have been most decidedly encouraging, fifteen (or, perhaps, even ten) years ago; but now we look for something much more substantial than the highest possible encouragement, when we ask, or when we are asked, "What our Schools of Art have done?" Our present answer to this question in plain fact amounts to an admission that these schools, through the pernicious influences of their direction and management, have signally failed.

In this notice we have restricted our comments to an examination of the results of the past; reserving for another occasion a detail of our views as to such modifications in the future direction of Schools of Art as, we believe, would work out the object for which they were established. We know that Schools of Art are most necessary and all important. We are convinced that they may be made pre-eminently popular. We possess schools that only require correct, judicious, attractive, and earnest working. Our course lies open plainly, therefore, before us. One of the things that our Schools of Art have done, is to show us that we must re-model them with a strong hand, and that their eventual complete success depends upon the wisdom and the energy with which in time to come they may be governed and directed.

We have faith and hope in the course that Parliament will be called upon to adopt during the next session, and willingly abide the issue.

THE GENIUS OF COMMERCE.

FROM THE STATUE BY G. FONTANA.

SCULPTURE, from its very nature, is less suited to allegory than painting. The absolute simplicity of treatment required by the former art leaves but little margin, so to speak—and especially in the representation of some subjects—for anything beyond the merest symbolism. Ornamental accessories to any extent, and other accompaniments, such as groups of figures, which would be perfectly legitimate in an allegorical picture, are entirely out of place in a piece of sculpture, unless it be a frieze or a *relievo* of any kind, and then they should be introduced but sparingly, so as not to interfere with the simplicity and dignity of the work. And because the sculptor is thus limited in his means and appliances, and is restricted within the very narrowest allowed to Art, he has the more difficult task to perform when he undertakes such a production.

Certain moral virtues, as they are ordinarily termed, and some of the then known sciences, were probably made the subjects of treatment by ancient sculptors, but their works were principally confined to the representation of their deities, their heroes, and rulers. Commerce in the cities where Art flourished most, was comparatively but a small and indifferent item in the social economy of the people. The Greeks and Romans held in far greater esteem the galleys that bore them against the enemy, than the ships which carried to them the rich merchandise of the world. In the middle ages Genoa and Venice were the great commercial depots of Europe; but we have no evidence that the Italian sculptors of that period made its maritime importance the subject of their chisels. It remained for this our age and country of "industries" to personify at least one of its characteristics in marble, and an Italian sculptor has accomplished the task in the 'Genius of Commerce,' which appears in the accompanying engraving.

Though Signor Fontana is a native of Italy, he has been long domiciled among us; and, influenced by what must so constantly meet his sight in the vast trading port of London, we cannot be surprised to find it has suggested a subject for his art. Though the introduction of steam has somewhat changed the appearance of the "Pool" of the Thames since Thomson described it and its banks and streets on either side, the poet's lines may still be applied to them:—

"Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; * and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the belying sheet between
Possessed the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steered sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Rowed, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretched its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increased; whence, ribbed with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rushed into the main."

We have intimated that there are some allegorical subjects difficult to embody in sculpture to render them intelligible, and this is one of them; but the sculptor has given to the figure a significant meaning. The 'Genius of Commerce' is represented as a boy, symbolical of growth and expanding powers; with wings, which may be an allusion to the sails of a ship, or to show that commerce takes the range of the whole world. In one hand he holds a purse of gold, the object of the merchant's speculation; in the other a scroll, which may be taken for a bill of lading or an invoice. The pedestal supporting the figure is intended for a roll or bale of merchandise; while the expression of the boy's face, coupled with his clutch of the gold, is indisputable evidence of the commercial venture having proved profitable. Signor Fontana has produced a very pleasing statue out of a subject that could scarcely promise so much.*

* If Thomson had lived in our day, how much more reason would he have found for expressing himself thus.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXII.—The lesser caricaturists of the reign of George III.—Paul Sandby.—Collet; the Disaster, and Father Paul in his Cups.—James Sayer; his caricatures in support of Pitt, and his reward.—Carlo Khan's Triumph.—Bunbury; his caricatures on horsemanship.—Woodward; General Complaint.—Rowlandson's influence on the style of those whose designs he etched.

THE school of caricature which had grown amid the political agitation of the reigns of the two first Georges, gave birth to a number of men of still greater talent in the same branch of Art, who carried it to its highest degree of perfection during that of George III. Among them are the three great names of Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank, and a few who, though second in rank to these, are still well remembered for the talent displayed in their works, or with the effect they produced on contemporaries. Among these the principal were Paul Sandby, John Collet, Sayer, Bunbury, and Woodward.

Sandby has been spoken of in the last chapter. He was not by profession a caricaturist, but he was one of those rising artists who were offended by the sneering terms in which Hogarth spoke of all artists but himself, and he was foremost among those who turned their satire against him. Examples of his caricatures upon Hogarth have already been given, sufficient to show that they display skill in composition as well as a large amount of wit and humour. After his death, they were republished collectively, under the title, "Retrospective Art, from the Collection of the late Paul Sandby, Esq., R.A." Sandby was, indeed, one of the original members of the Royal Academy. He was an artist much admired in his time, but is now chiefly remembered as a topographical draughtsman. He was a native of Nottingham, where he was born in 1732, and he died on the 7th November, 1809.

John Collet, who also has been mentioned in a previous chapter, was born in London in 1725, and died there in 1780. Collet is said to have been a pupil of Hogarth, and there is a large amount of Hogarthian character in all his designs, and few artists have been more industrious and produced a greater number of engravings. He worked chiefly for Carrington Bowles, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and for Robert Sayers, at 53, Fleet Street. Those published by Bowles were engraved generally in mezzotint, and highly coloured for sale; while those published by Sayers were usually line engravings, and sometimes remarkably well executed. Collet chose for his field of labour that to which Hogarth had given the title of comedy in Art, but he did not possess Hogarth's power of delineating whole acts and scenes in one picture, and he contented himself with bits of detail and groups of characters only.



Fig. 1.—A DISASTER.

His caricatures are rarely political—they are aimed at social manners and social vanities and weaknesses, and altogether they form a singularly



ENGRAVED BY G. H. BAKER FROM THE STATUE BY A. DONATI

curious picture of society during an important period of the last century. The first example I give is taken from a line engraving, published by Sayers in 1776. At this time the natural adornments of the person in both sexes had so far yielded to artificial ornament, that even women cut off their own hair in order to replace it by an ornamental *peruque*, supporting a head-dress, which varied from time to time in form and in extravagance. Collet has here introduced to us a lady who, encountering a sudden and violent wind, has lost all her upper coverings, and wig, cap, and hat are caught by her footman behind. The lady is evidently suffering under the feeling of shame; and hard by, a cottager and his wife, at their door, are laughing at her discomfiture.



Fig. 2.—FATHER PAUL IN HIS CUPS.

jects of devotion, the abbess of St. Ursuline and the blue-eyed nun of St. Catherine's. The "blue-eyed nun" is, perhaps, the lady seen through the window, and the patron saint of her convent is represented in one of the pictures on the wall. There is great spirit in this picture, which is entitled 'Father Paul in his Cups, or the Private Devotions of a Convent.' It is accompanied with the following lines:—

"See with these friars how religion thrives,
Who love good living better than good lives;
Paul, the superior father, rules the roast,
His god's the glass, the blue-eyed nun his toast.
Thus priests consume what fearful fools bestow,
And saints' donations make the bumpers flow.
The butler sleeps—the cellar door is free—
This is a modern cloister's piety."

From Collet to Sayer we rush into the heat—I may say into the bitterness—of politics, for James Sayer is known, with very trifling exceptions, as a political caricaturist. He was the son of a captain of a merchant ship at Great Yarmouth, but was himself put to the profession of an attorney. As, however, he was possessed of a moderate independence, and appears to have had no great taste for the law, he neglected his business, and, with considerable talent for satire and caricature, he threw himself into the political strife of the day. Sayer was a bad draughtsman, and his pictures are produced more by labour than by skill in drawing, but they possess a considerable amount of humour, and were sufficiently severe to obtain popularity at a time when this latter character excused worse drawing even than that of Sayer. He made the acquaintance and gained the favour of William Pitt, when that statesman was aspiring to power, and he began his career as a caricaturist by attacking the Rockingham ministry in 1782—of course in the interest of Pitt. Sayer's earliest productions which are now known, are a series of caricature portraits of the Rockingham administration, that appear to have been given to the public in instalments, at the several dates of April 6, May 14, June 17, and July 3, 1782, and bear the name of C. Bretherton as publisher. He published his first veritable caricature on the occasion of the ministerial changes which followed the death of Lord Rockingham, when Lord Shelburne was placed at the head of the cabinet, and Fox and Burke retired, while Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer. This caricature, which bears the title of 'Paradise Lost,' and is, in fact,

A bill fixed against a neighbouring wall announces "A Lecture upon Heads."

At this time the "no-papery" feeling ran very high. Four years afterwards it broke out violently in the celebrated Lord Gordon riots. It was this feeling which contributed greatly to the success of Sheridan's comedy of "The Duenna," brought out in 1775. Collet drew several pictures founded upon scenes in this play, one of which is given in our cut No. 2. It forms one of Carrington Bowles's rather numerous series of prints from designs by Collet, and represents the well-known drinking scene in the convent, in the fifth scene of the third act of "The Duenna." The scene, it will be remembered, is "a room in the priory," and the excited monks are toasting, among other ob-

a parody upon Milton, represents the once happy pair, Fox and Burke, turned out of their paradise, the Treasury, the arch of the gate of which is ornamented with the heads of Shelburne, the prime minister, and Dunning and Barré, two of his staunch supporters, who were considered to be especially obnoxious to Fox and Burke. Between these three heads appear the faces of two mocking fiends, and groups of pistols, daggers, and swords. Beneath are inscribed the well-known lines of Milton—

"To the eastern side
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms!
Some natural tears they drop, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and providence their guide,
They, arm in arm, with wand'ring steps, and slow,
Thro' Eden took their solitary way."

Nothing can be more lugubrious than the air of the two friends, Fox and Burke, as they walk away, arm in arm, from the gate of the ministerial



Fig. 3.—A CONTRAST.

paradise. From this time Sayer, who adopted all Pitt's virulence towards Fox, made the latter a continual subject of his satire. Nor did this

zeal pass unrewarded, for Pitt, in power, gave the caricaturist the not un lucrative offices of marshal of the Court of Exchequer, receiver of the sixpenny duties, and cursitor. Sayer was, in fact, Pitt's caricaturist, and was employed by him in attacking successively the coalition under Fox and North, Fox's India Bill, and even, at a later period, Warren Hastings on his trial.

I have already remarked that Sayer was almost exclusively a political caricaturist. The exceptions are a few prints on theatrical subjects, in which contemporary actors and actresses are caricatured, and a single subject from fashionable life. A copy of the latter forms our cut Fig. 3. It has no title in the original, but in a copy in my possession a contemporary has written on the margin in pencil that the lady is Miss Snow and the gentleman Mr. Bird, no doubt well known personages in contemporary society. It was published on the 19th of July, 1783.

One of Sayer's most successful caricatures, in regard to the effect it produced on the public, was that on Fox's India Bill, published on the 5th of September, 1783. It was entitled 'Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street,' Carlo Khan being personified by Fox, who is carried in triumph to the door of the India House on the back of an elephant, which presents the face of Lord North. Burke, who had been the principal supporter of the bill in debate, appears in the character of the imperial trumpeter, and leads the elephant on its way. On a banner behind Carlo, the old inscription, "The Man of the People," the title popularly given to Fox, is erased, and the two Greek words, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΝ, "king of kings," substituted in its place. From a chimney above, the bird of ill omen croaks forth the doom of the ambitious minister, who, it was pretended, aimed at making himself more powerful than the king himself; and on the side of the house just below we read the words—

"The night-crow cried foreboding luckless time.
Shakespeare."

Henry William Bunbury belonged to a more aristocratic class in society than any of the preceding. He was the second son of Sir William Bunbury, Bart., of Mildenhall, in the county of Suffolk, and was born in 1750. How he first took so zealously to caricature we have no information, but he began to publish before he was twenty-one years of age. Bunbury's drawing was bold, and often good, but he had little skill in etching, for some of his earlier prints, published in 1771, which he etched himself, are rather coarsely executed. His designs were afterwards engraved by various persons, and his own style was sometimes modified in this process. His earlier prints were etched and sold by James Bretherton, who has been already mentioned as publishing the works of James Sayer. This Bretherton was in some esteem as an engraver, and he also had a print-shop at 132, New Bond Street, where his engravings were published. James had a son named Charles, who displayed great talent at an early age, but he died young. As early as 1772, when the macaronis (the dandies of the eighteenth century) came into fashion, James Bretherton's name appears on prints by Bunbury as the engraver and publisher, and it occurs again as the engraver of his print of 'Strephon and Chloe' in 1801, which was published by Fores. At this and a later period some of his designs were engraved by Rowlandson, who always transferred his own style to the drawings he copied. A remarkable instance of this is furnished by a print of a party of anglers of both sexes in a punt, entitled 'Anglers of 1811' (the year of Bunbury's death). But for the name, "H. Bunbury, del.," very distinctly inscribed upon it, we should take this to be a genuine design by Rowlandson; and in 1803 Rowlandson engraved some copies of Bunbury's prints on horsemanship for Ackermann, of the Strand, in which all traces of Bunbury's style are lost. Bunbury's style is rather broadly burlesque.

Bunbury had evidently little taste for political caricature, and he seldom meddled with it. Like Collet, he preferred scenes of social life, and humorous incidents of contemporary manners, fashionable or popular. He had a great taste for caricaturing bad or awkward horsemanship or unmanageable horses, and his prints of such

subjects were numerous and greatly admired. This taste for equestrian pieces was shown in prints published in 1772, and several droll series of such subjects appeared at different times, be-



Fig. 4.—HOW TO TRAVEL ON TWO LEGS IN A FROST.

tween 1781 and 1791, one of which was long famous under the title of "Geoffrey Gambado's Horsemanship." An example of these incidents of horsemanship is copied in our cut No. 4, where



Fig. 5.—STREPHON AND CHLOE.

bears the inscription "Mas' Hook fecit;" another, entitled 'Farmer George delivered,' has that of "Poll Pitt del." "Everybody delin't," is inscribed on a caricature entitled 'The Lover's Leap;' and one which appeared under the title of 'Veterinary Operations,' is inscribed "Giles Grinagain fecit." Some of these were probably the works of amateurs, for there appears to have

a not very skilful rider, with a troublesome horse, is brought to an unpleasant halt, by the state of the ground. It is entitled 'How to travel on two Legs in a Frost,' and is accompanied with the motto, in Latin, "*Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse finem.*"

Occasionally Bunbury drew in a broader style of caricature, especially in some of his later works. Of our examples of this broader style, the first, our cut No. 5, entitled 'Strephon and Chloe,' is dated the 1st of July, 1801. It is the very acme of sentimental courtship, expressed in a spirit of drollery which could not easily be excelled. The next group (cut No. 6), from a similar print published on the 21st of July in the same year, is a no less admirable picture of overstrained politeness. It is entitled in the original, 'The Salutation Tavern,' probably with a temporary allusion beyond the more apparent design of the picture. Bunbury, as before stated, died in 1811. It is enough to say that Sir Joshua Reynolds used to express a high opinion of him as an artist.

Bunbury's prints rarely appeared without his name, and, except when they had passed through the engraving of Rowlandson, are easily recognised. No doubt his was considered a popular name, which was almost of as much importance as the print itself. But a large mass of the caricatures published at the latter end of the last century and the beginning of the present, appeared anonymously, or with imaginary names. Thus a political print, entitled 'The Modern Atlas,'

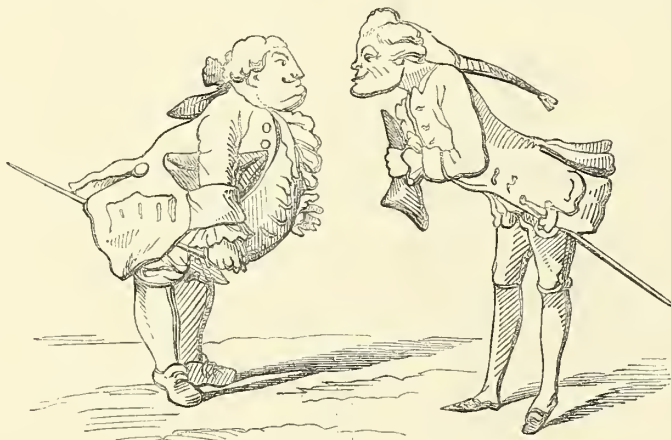


Fig. 6.—A FASHIONABLE SALUTATION.

also some of the best caricaturists of the day published much anonymously, and we know that this was the case to a very great extent with such artists as Cruikshanks, Woodward, &c., at all events until such time as their names became sufficiently popular to be a recommendation to the print. It is certain that many of Woodward's designs were published without his name.

Such was the case with the print of which we give a copy in our cut No. 7, which was published on the 5th of May, 1796, and which bears strongly the marks of Woodward's style. The spring of this year, 1796, witnessed a general disappointment at the failure of the negotiations for peace, and therefore the necessity of new sacrifices for carrying on the war, and of increased taxation. Many

clever caricatures appeared on this occasion, of which this by Woodward was one. Of course, when war was inevitable, the question of generals was a very important one, and the caricaturist pretends that the greatest general of the age was "General Complaint." The general appears here with an empty purse in his right hand, and in his left a handful of papers containing a list of bankrupts, the statement of the budget, &c. Four



Fig. 7.—GENERAL COMPLAINT.

lines beneath, in rather doggerel verse, explain the situation as follows:—

"Don't tell me of generals rais'd from mere boys,
Though, believe me, I mean not their laurel to taint;
But the general, I'm sure, that will make the most noise,
If the war still goes on, will be General Complaint."

There was much of Bunbury's style in that of Woodward, who had a taste for the same broad caricatures upon society, which he executed in a similar spirit. Some of the *suites* of subjects of this description that he published, such as the series of the "Symptoms of the Shop," those of "Everybody out of Town" and "Everybody in Town," and the "Specimens of Domestic Phrensy," are extremely clever and amusing. Woodward's designs were also not unfrequently engraved by Rowlandson, who, as usual, imprinted his own style upon them. A very good example of this practice is seen in the print of which we give a copy in our cut No. 8. Its title, in the original,



Fig. 8.—DESIRE.

is 'Desire,' and the passion is exemplified in the case of a hungry schoolboy watching through a window a jolly cook carrying by a tempting plum-pudding. We are told in an inscription underneath:—"Various are the ways this passion might be depicted; in this delineation the subjects chosen are simple—a hungry boy and a plum-pudding." The design of this print is stated to be Woodward's; but the style is altogether that of Rowlandson, whose name appears on it as the etcher. It was published by R. Ackermann, on the 20th of January, 1800. Woodward is well known by his prolific pencil, but so little is now known of him, that I cannot state the date either of his birth or of his death.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY PROFESSORSHIP OF PAINTING.—Mr. Solomon Hart having resigned this office, the Royal Academy will in due course be called upon to appoint a successor. It is rumoured that Mr. O'Neil is to be promoted to that honour; on what grounds it would be difficult to say. He is an Associate and not a member; but he is not therefore disqualified. The "Forty" have of late years found it difficult to obtain professors who are full members, and, perhaps wisely, resolved to obtain vigour from the younger branches. Mr. O'Neil cannot well claim the onerous and important post as a recognition of his merit as an artist. His paintings are certainly not of the first class. Neither did Mr. Hart occupy the position because of his superior skill in painting. But Mr. Hart is learned in Art: his theories are better than his practice. There are few more accomplished critics or judges of excellence. We have yet to learn that Mr. O'Neil comes before the profession thus recommended. Possibly he may be a scholar and also a teacher; possibly, too, the artists generally may feel justified in tendering to him the homage and honour they withheld from his predecessor.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB.—A feeling, amounting to indignation, has been very generally excited in "the profession," at the rejection by this club of an architect, who had maintained his right to admission by a long career of public usefulness second to that of no man living. That right was based, not only on a series of important public services, the value of which cannot be overrated: the position of the gentlemen in question is a very high one. Possessed of ample independence, and character without a blot, he is universally respected and esteemed; in a word, society owes him a debt which it might be supposed any institution or club would rejoice, though but in part, to pay. He is the author of several books of great public benefit, published with no view to gain; and he has upheld, without fee or reward, for more than a quarter of a century, one of the best of our public institutions—an institution of incalculable service to artists and to Art. He would have honoured the Athenæum more than the Athenæum can honour him. It is to be deplored that a society such as the Athenæum, which was especially founded, and is assumed to be maintained, to confer its modicum of honour upon just such men as the one they have rejected, should be inaccessible to them. In England, men of science have few opportunities of receiving recognition: the artist has still less; but the man of letters has absolutely none. Soldiers and sailors have abundant means of gaining distinctions; the private and the general have their medals; but he who fights and wins in the victories of peace, the nation takes no note of. A shadow of reward for such "warriors" in the battle of life, is supposed to be provided by the Athenæum Club. That supposition is a mistake. A rich man can easier pass through the door in Waterloo Place than can he who has made humanity his debtor for all time.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION will open early in October, as heretofore, under the direction of Mr. H. Wallis. Hitherto it has been one of the most attractive exhibitions of the metropolis, and we cannot doubt its being so again. Moreover it has been very serviceable to artists. Here some of their best works have been seen, and here many younger aspirants for fame have found patrons; some who might have been overlooked in a crowd have been rightly estimated and duly recognised in Pall Mall. Mr. Wallis, we believe, means to continue his plan of awarding premiums to the most meritorious pictures; such, that is to say, as have not been previously exhibited.

MR. BUTTERTY, the eminent picture restorer, has been commanded by her Majesty to "restore" Mulready's admirable painting, 'The Wolf and the Lamb.' He has thoroughly succeeded in accomplishing a task of no common difficulty—a task which Mulready himself is known to have abandoned as hopeless, the work being full of cracks, and having so completely "gone," as apparently to render futile any effort at restoration. When engraving this picture for "the Royal Gallery," the artist found it impossible to copy it

without the aid of a print previously engraved. There were parts that he could not make out. Under the hands of Mr. Buttery, it is not too much to say the painting is as perfect as it was when it left the easel of the artist. No portion of it has been repainted: the cracks have merely been filled up with a brush as fine as a needle; that is Mr. Buttery's peculiar art. This restoration is a very remarkable success. It gives us back one of the best productions of the great master.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—A series of seven "cartes" of the Duke has been issued by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank of Piccadilly. They are perfect examples of the art—admirable in pose, and excellent in execution. They represent the royal sitter as the very model of a genial and robust English gentleman, with a fine head and expressive face, characteristic of the *bonhomie* for which the Duke has always been famous at home and abroad.

THE LATE W. BEHNES.—We much regret to know that the project for erecting a simple monument on the grave, in Kensal Green Cemetery, of this distinguished sculptor, and for placing a bust of him in some public institution connected with Art, is not making the progress it deserves. The sum required is by no means large, and there must be many who appreciated his genius and esteemed the large-heartedness of the man, while they lamented his weaknesses, to whom the fact we now state has only to be known and their aid would be readily granted. Mr. Morton Edwards, 5, George Street, Hanover Square, will gladly receive any subscriptions that may be forwarded to him, or they may be paid into the bank of Messrs. Coutts.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—Among the more recent sales of this collection is Cossin de la Fosse's large picture of the 'Lion Hunt by Arabs,' to which was awarded lately the prize for the best painting by a French artist. The sales in the Gallery this season have now reached the sum of £7,000.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. MORBY, in Cornhill, contains direct from the easel a small picture by Mr. Faed called the 'Shepherd's Ballad,' showing simply a Highland shepherd reading a ballad to a girl. It is generally low in tone, but is the most perfect of all the small pictures of this artist. An 'Egyptian Corps de Garde,' by Jerome, presents two lounging figures in admirably picturesque costume, and all the characters in M. Jerome's works look as if their clothes were made for them, and not fitted on for the nonce. 'The First-Born,' by G. Smith, a mother playing with her child in the cradle, has much of that *finesse* which has made Mr. Smith's reputation. In 'The Honeymoon—First Quarter,' by Mr. Leighton, we see an artist sketching, with his young wife by his side, absorbed in the work he is engaged in. It is always refreshing to look at Patrick Nasmyth: there are by him two small pictures of great beauty in this collection. In Willems (of the Belgian school) we recognise a pupil of Gerard Terburg. It matters not that one lives in 1864 and the other flourished in 1664—the white satin of both is inimitable. 'The Young Serenader,' by Gale, is a fresh and chubby boy tied to an unmanageable Spanish guitar. A brilliant study of two life-sized female figures, by Baxter, has all the sweetness of colour that distinguishes his best works. There are also many pictures which we see again with much pleasure, as 'Dutch Boats off Scheveling,' by Cook; 'The Hayfield,' Linnell; 'Coast Sunset,' by Dawson; 'Billingsgate at Six in the Morning,' G. E. Hicks; and others.

NORTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—It was first intended that this exhibition should be held in the smaller of the Agricultural Halls at Islington, but two thousand applications for space having been made before the end of September, it has been found necessary to cede the larger hall for the purposes of the exhibition, which was, we believe, opened on the 17th of October, Earl Russell presiding. Our sheets were already at press, so that any further notice must be deferred.

A BALANCE-SHEET has been issued by the Treasurers of the Art-exhibition for the relief of the distress in the cotton districts, by which it appears that the large sum of £2,550 has been realised and paid over for distribution. The

receipts for pictures, drawings, publications, and objects of Art, amounted to £2,656 0s. 7d., for catalogues £57 19s. 6d., and for admissions £294 2s. 6d.; making a total of £3,008 2s. 7d. Whence was deducted £450 7s. 5d. for framing, hanging, packing, wages, printing, &c., together with £7 15s. 2d. balance in hand to defray the cost of printing and posting the balance-sheet. The delay in the production of this balance-sheet is accounted for by the fact that the accounts were kept open until recently in order to dispose of the surplus copies of the Lancashire poems and some objects of Art.

The inhabitants of Melbourne are desirous of having a statue of Shakspeare: subscriptions are being collected for this object.

MANY of our readers, in all probability, saw Mr. Holman Hunt's beautiful picture, 'The After-glow in Egypt,' when exhibited this season in Hanover Street. M. Morelli, of Paris, is to engrave it, as a pendant to Mr. Hunt's 'Light of the World.' It may, or may not be, a fancy of the owner to have the work done abroad; but it seems as if line-engraving was at a low ebb in this country, when preference is given to a foreigner. Our line-engravers are not so burdened with work as to compel them to refuse commissions.

THE SCHOOL OF ART proposed to be founded in the north of London district, has met with so little success that the honorary secretary, Mr. Houle, after spending nearly £70 out of his own pocket in endeavouring to carry out his scheme, has been compelled to abandon it. We have ourselves had some experience of the indifference to Art-matters which pervades that region, and are therefore not surprised at the result, however much we regret it.

STATUE OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM.—The Thames Embankment Committee have forwarded to the members of the Metropolitan Board of Works the following resolution:—"That having considered the letter from the First Commissioners of her Majesty's Works, &c., relative to the erection of a statue of Sir James Outram on land reclaimed from the Thames Embankment, they are of opinion that the application should receive the most favourable consideration of the Board; the question of the exact site, and other details, being reserved for future determination." The Board of Works has, it is understood, sanctioned the proposal.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SPEKE.—Sir Roderick Murchison has publicly announced that he, in conjunction with many of his friends who take an interest in geographical matters, purposes adopting measures for erecting a suitable memorial commemorating the services of Captain Speke.—The portrait, by H. W. Phillips, of Captain Speke, which, with that of Captain Grant, and of Timbo, a young native from the country of the Upper Nile (in one composition), was exhibited at the Royal Academy, is now shown at Mr. Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, in a very favourable light.—Mr. Papworth has received a commission from Mr. R. A. Kinglake, a Somersetshire gentleman, who takes much interest in the Fine Arts, to execute a bust of the late Captain Speke, whose premature death has caused such universal regret throughout the country. The bust is to be placed in the Shire Hall.

A MARBLE BUST of the late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, by Mr. Weekes, R.A., has recently been placed in Westminster Abbey. A contemporary very properly enters his protest against the introduction of such a work into such an edifice. Churches, and especially those of Gothic architecture, are altogether unsuited for any sculpture except those of a strictly monumental character: to use them otherwise is to convert them into a sculpture gallery, and thereby to detract from their sacred purposes. But if no other edifice than a church could be found for the bust, why not, it is asked, use St. Paul's? Here is ample room, while the Abbey is overcrowded: the Cathedral is all too barren of sculptured works, and there statues and busts do not present that incongruous appearance which they do within the venerable walls of Westminster. After all, the only remedy for such misappropriations is a national sculpture gallery, in which the figures of the illustrious dead may find, and would have, a fitting resting-place. We want, in fact, an English Pinacotheca.

REVIEWS.

GUIDE DE L'AMATEUR DE PORCELAINES ET DE POTERIES; ou Collection complète des Marques de Fabriques de Porcelaines et de Poteries de l'Europe et de l'Asie. Par Dr. J. G. THEODORE GRAESSE. Published by WERNER, Dresden; WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, London.

A taste for "collecting" is manifestly on the increase, and it pervades all ranks, so that those who cannot afford to collect porcelain, content themselves by collecting postage-stamps. There are aids also at hand for all, by which they may extend their knowledge; costly books like Brogniart for one class, or humbler manuals for the stamp-collector. Hence there is "a meaning in the madness" of such as gather carefully; and it is not simply gathering without a motive large heaps of odds and ends, confusing to all who see them and conflicting in themselves, but, generally, sensible attempts at illustrating the art or custom of a particular period. It is but recently that this correct understanding of the utility of collections was arrived at by the great mass of people, and still more recently that it has been acted upon; but as it is manifestly impossible for private individuals to rival our public collections, they have in many instances done what they are best able to do, that is, take up one branch of the study, and confining themselves to that, end in obtaining small collections more perfect of their kind than larger public gatherings are likely to be. In this way Dresden and Sévres porcelain, Venetian glass, old German pottery, the pottery of the lesser factories, or the exquisite works of Wedgwood, may each become a subject worthy of time and money, and perfectly and beautifully illustrate some branch of the Ceramic Art.

The distinguishing marks on pottery were, a few years ago, known to very few persons; half-a-dozen of the great factory marks were all that in general could be distinguished. Brogniart had led the way in adding to this very important branch of knowledge, but his work was expensive, and in very few English hands. At last came Marriott with a large array of engravings copied from original sources, depicting the various marks used by potters of all countries. His useful labours were added to by others, and ultimately we obtained Mr. Chaffers' valuable volume, in which more than one thousand engravings are given from potters' marks, and some history of the potteries.

It was while this useful work was going through the press that Dr. Graesse was similarly employed with his own. From his position as Director of the Japanese Museum at Dresden, he has had peculiar facilities in the study of the porcelain of that country and of China, and this is the really valuable part of his brochure; here it is abundant in information, elsewhere it is meagre. The examples given of European marks are by no means large, yet they are valuable as presenting varieties from such as have already been published. The work originated in a laudable desire of its author to add to the stock of general knowledge by what he might chiefly obtain from the remarkable collection in the old Saxon city. He does not give any note of the history of factories or professionals, but simply an array of marks and dates, arranged according to countries; it is therefore a book of pictured reference for collectors' use, and is hence very handy and portable, but also very limited in its scope, and with regard to England is singularly meagre, the marks of Wedgwood absolutely being without mention at all. Its author is, however, honestly aware of his own deficiencies, and solicits information. Even Chaffers, in his more elaborate book, does the same; consequently collectors should transmit to such men all new information they may obtain, and so ultimately complete a work of valuable reference.

THE CHRISTENING. Engraved by J. BALLIN from the Picture by Louis Knaus.

MARGUERITE AT CHURCH. Engraved by A. FRANÇOIS from the Picture by Ary Scheffer.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR. Engraved by J. DEMANNEZ from the Picture by Ernest Slingenever.

Published by GOUPIE & Co., London, Paris, &c.

We place these three engravings together, not because the subjects present any similarity of character—their titles are sufficient evidence to the contrary—but because they emanate from one publishing house, the eminent firm of Messrs. Goupil & Co. The English public has of late years enjoyed so many opportunities of studying the works of foreign painters in the various exhibitions which have been opened both in the metropolis and elsewhere, that the style and character of the pictures by many of these artists have become almost as familiar to us as those by our fellow-countrymen. Still we are glad

to have this acquaintance renewed and extended by means of the engraver's *burin*, which brings such productions into our own homes, to confirm and enlarge our knowledge of them. And both artists and lovers of Art cannot fail to derive benefit from the best works of foreigners, not only by comparing them with those which are sent forth from our own studios, but from the new ideas they often convey.

Louis Knaus, the painter of 'The Christening,' is a German, and belongs, we believe, to the Berlin school, but his picture, as a composition, shows much of the Wilkie character. In a room of an old-fashioned German domicile a family party is assembled after the ceremony of the baptism has been performed. Father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, with three or four children of various ages, and various other persons, have congregated in the apartment, where is a large table covered with a clean white cloth, on which the breakfast "things" are laid out. The meal is partly in progress; but the attention of all is fixed on a chubby-faced infant held in the arms of the venerable pastor, who gazes with evident satisfaction on this young lamb of his flock. The composition is well put together, the figures throughout assuming a natural, easy, and unaffected attitude, while the expression of each face is admirably rendered. The old grandfather stands by the side of the minister, and is certainly asking him his opinion of the little one. The mother, in her white christening costume, is seated in a cushioned high-backed chair, looking very delicate, but very lovingly on her child. By her side is her husband, with a youngster on his lap, dipping a long German roll into a cup of coffee. A child six or seven years of age stands on tip-toe in front of the baby, to get a peep at its face, while an urchin of a boy stands by his father, munching a huge slice of bread or cake, and with his pinafore full of fruit. Thus the whole *dramatis personæ* are put on the stage, each taking a more or less prominent part in the festive proceedings of the occasion, which has in it no small amount of humorous material. The print, a large one, is engraved in stipple, with an admixture of line in certain portions of the darker parts. It is rich in tone, very delicate in the flesh tints, and as a whole comes out with much power.

Ary Scheffer's 'Marguerite at Church' is a picture of almost world-wide reputation. It has been beautifully engraved, in pure line, by M. François. The figure of the fair maiden kneeling with her head against the book-rest of the pew—the face indicating intense feeling, her prayer-book on the ground, having fallen from her elapsed, down-stretched hands—stands out in its black vestment solemn, sad, yet grandly, from the other worshippers, and the "white-robed" priests constituting the secondaries, as it were, of this fine picture.

'The Christian Martyr,' by E. Slingenever, will be remembered as one of the most attractive paintings contributed by foreign artists to the Great Exhibition of 1862. Few, if any works, of whatever school, made a greater impression on the minds of the thousands who crowded the picture galleries. We are pleased to see it again in a form which places it within reach of a very numerous class of purchasers, for the print is not large. It is solidly engraved, and, both as a work of Art, and on account of the great popularity of the subject, it must have a large circulation.

THE SEVEN CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL. Published by CUNDALL, DOWNS, & Co., London.

This is a series of photographic pictures, taken from the original cartoons, by Mr. Thurston Thompson. Often as these celebrated works of the "Prince of Painters" have been made public through the medium of engravings, lithographs, woodcuts, &c., there is ample room for other reproductions, such as these large and vigorous photographs, which in tone and in brilliancy of effect are not only admirable as artistic studies of light and shade, but they convey, perhaps, a more faithful idea of the grand originals than do the most highly-finished engravings.

PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR FAMILY. Published by CUNDALL, DOWNS, & Co., London.

Among the pictures already executed, or in progress, at the Houses of Parliament, is a number of portraits of the Tudor family, which decorate the Prince's Chamber. These works are painted by Mr. Burchett, of the Science and Art Department, principally from pictures of the periods in which the illustrious personages lived, as Holbein, Mabuse, Lucas de Heere, Titian, Janet; and where such do not exist, from engravings and other well authenticated sources. The list of portraits contains twenty-eight names, including those of Henry VII.; Henry VIII. and his six wives; Queen Mary, and her husband, Philip II. of Spain; Queen Elizabeth;

Lady Jane Grey; James IV. of Scotland; Mary, Queen of Scots, and the Earl of Darnley; James V. of Scotland; and Francis II. of France; Mary of Guise, and others bearing affinity to the Tudor family. The whole of the series of Mr. Burchett's pictures have been photographed by Mr. Thurston Thompson, and the prints from the negatives are being published by Messrs. Cundall & Co., under the authority of the Department of Science and Art. The prints are ten inches in height, and as they come out well, distinctly in all details of costume and arrangement, they form a valuable historic gallery of portraits.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. Published by S. W. PARTRIDGE, London.

On our table lies a number of little volumes which, we believe, owe their origin principally to that indefatigable champion of temperance, order, and all the other social virtues, Mr. Smithies, editor of the *British Workman*, a publication whose value cannot be overrated, so high a tone does it adopt, and so excellent in every respect is the manner in which it is conducted. There is, unquestionably, no periodical of our time which exercises so salutary an influence over the minds and bodies of the masses as this, which circulates by tens of thousands over the length and breadth of the land, enforcing the truths of pure religion and morality wherever it enters.

In the *British Workman*, or in a kindred serial, the *Band of Hope*,—which, if we are not mistaken, Mr. Smithies also edits,—first appeared some of the stories that we recognise again in the prettily bound books before us; or, it may be, that this order has been reversed, and that "The Little Woodman and his Dog Caesar," "Philip Markham's Two Lessons," and "The Rod and its Uses," &c., were originally published in their present form, and afterwards in the sheets of the periodicals referred to. The matter, however, is of small moment, for in whatever shape these tales are presented, they deserve a hearty welcome. Then we have other stories, all in some way or other pointing good morals;—"THE BREWER'S FAMILY," from the pen of Mrs. Ellis, author of "Women of England," and other books: the narrative is simply yet agreeably written, and has enough of plot in it to interest the reader. The story may be profitably read by, and indeed is intended for, others than the young. The moral of "CROSSES OF CHILDHOOD" is, that it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth; that sicknesses and disappointments in early life are wisely ordained for his profit. "MARIE AND THE SEVEN CHILDREN," by Mrs. Geldart, is called "A Story for Elder Girls." Marie is the eldest of eight children, and on the death of their mother, while she is yet very young, she assumes the part in the household of her father—a poor but well-educated Italian, earning a scanty livelihood as a teacher of languages—of mistress, and manager of his other children. How she performed her duties, and what resulted therefrom, we must leave the reader to find out.

"THE CHILDREN'S PARTY," by Cousin Helen, relates their adventures during a day's visit at "Upland;" three or four poetical narratives are agreeable episodes in the principal story. "HANNAH TWIST" is a young servant-girl, unfortunately possessing a bad temper, which gets her into all kinds of difficulties, even from childhood, and ultimately is the secondary cause of her being apprehended on the charge of murdering the aunt of her mistress, for which she is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to die. But on the very day on which the execution was to take place, a discovery is made that death ensued from the lady having inadvertently poisoned herself.

We may add, that all these books are illustrated with very excellent woodcuts.

JOHN TODD, AND HOW HE STIRRED HIS OWN BROTH-POT. By the Rev. JOHN ALLAN, Author of the "Lentiad," &c. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

A cleverly written, vigorous but not very refined, poem, in a humorous strain, intended to convey a lesson on the evils of intoxication; and perhaps on account of this very comparative roughness it is the better adapted to those for whom it is more especially intended. John Todd, a village blacksmith, while engaged on repairing a broth-pot for the landlady of the ale-house he was accustomed to frequent, receives from her such a stinging rebuke on his vicious habits as leads him to renounce them, and to attend in future to his own broth-pot, which his wife and children too often found empty when their necessities required it to be filled.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1864.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH Volume—the THIRD of a new series—of the ART-JOURNAL, is submitted to the public in humble confidence that, during the past year, its reputation has been upheld—that no means have been neglected which zeal, industry, and capital could supply, to carry out the principle upon which, more than a quarter of a century ago, it was established—to extend and strengthen a knowledge and love of Art, to advance and improve public taste, and adequately to represent the Arts in all their varied ramifications.

There are comparatively few who can recall the condition of Art in England when the labours of the Editor of this Journal were commenced; when sales of pictures by British artists were rare events, and the Art-manufacturer had no means whatever of obtaining publicity: when attempts to obtain circulation for Art-literature were futile; and when the British public seemed to warrant a belief of their Continental rivals, that Art was an exotic incapable of vigorous maturity in England.

Happily, this reproach has been removed; the British artist is now fostered at home and respected abroad, while the manufacturer has found, or made, resources that render him in a great degree independent of foreign aid.

Engraved works of Art are now so general as to be almost universal in periodical literature; they are, for the most part, of great excellence, and cannot but materially contribute to advance and strengthen the power to distinguish what is good from what is bad, that now influences, more or less, every class of the community.

It will not be supposed that the conductors and proprietors of the ART-JOURNAL can be behind competitors in the race for excellence—the only element of success. The energies we have so long devoted to this work will be in no degree relaxed. We are fully alive to the necessity of studying how our duties may be most beneficially discharged.

We refer to the programme of our plans and prospects during the year 1865 for evidence that the ART-JOURNAL may be expected to increase in interest and in value; and while we record our gratitude for the large and liberal support hitherto received, we express an earnest determination to do our utmost that it may be continued.

THE SECULAR CLERGY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

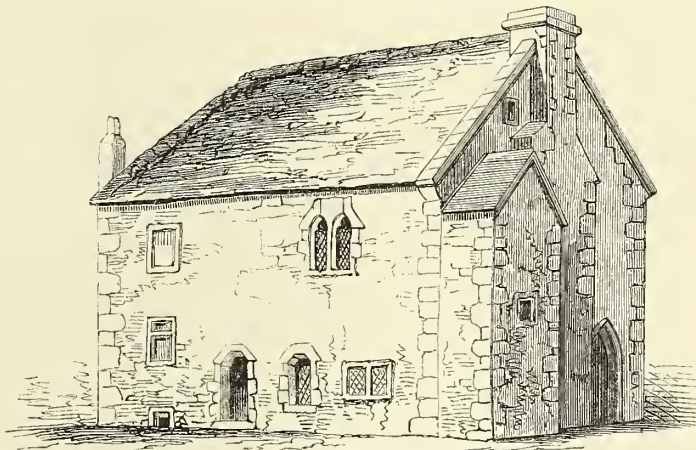
BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART III.

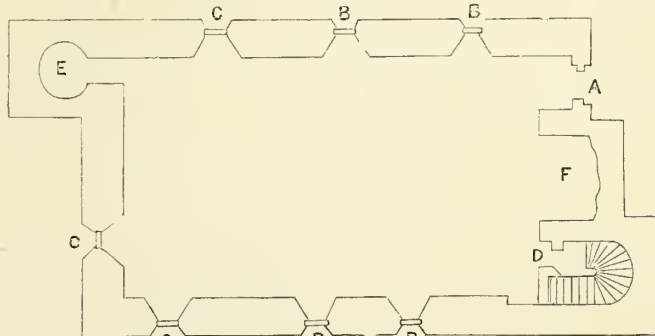
WHEN, in our endeavour to rehabilitate these secular clergymen of the middle ages, we come to inquire, what sort of houses did they live in? how were these furnished? what sort of life did their occupants lead? what kind of men were they? it is curious how little seems to be generally known on the subject compared with what we know about the houses and life and character of the regular orders. Instead of gathering together what others have said, we find ourselves engaged in an original investigation of a new and obscure subject. The case of the cathedral and collegiate clergy, and that of the isolated parochial clergy, form two distinct branches of the subject. The limited space at our disposal will not permit us to do justice to both; the latter branch of the subject is the less known, and perhaps the more generally interesting, and we shall therefore devote the bulk of our space to it. We will only premise a few words on the former branch.

The bishop of a cathedral of secular canons had his house near his cathedral, in which he maintained a household equal in numbers and expense to that of the secular barons among whom he took rank; the chief difference being, that the spiritual lord's family consisted rather of chaplains and clerks than of squires and men-at-arms. The bishop's palace at Wells is a very interesting example in an unusually perfect condition. Britton gives an engraving of it as it appeared before the reign of Edward VI. The bishop besides had other residences on his manors, some of which were castles like those of the other nobility. Farnham, the present residence of the

see of Winchester, is a noble example, which still serves its original purpose. Of the cathedral closes many still remain sufficiently unchanged to enable us to understand their original condition. Take Lincoln for example. On the north side of the church, in the angle between the nave and transept, was the cloister, with the polygonal chapter-house on the east side. The lofty wall which enclosed the precincts yet remains, with its main entrance in the middle of the west wall, opposite the great doors of the cathedral. This gate, called the Exchequer Gate, has chambers over it, devoted probably to the official business of the diocese. There are two other smaller gates at the north-east and south-east corners of the close, and there is a postern on the south side. The bishop's palace, whose beautiful and interesting ruins and charming grounds still remain, occupied the slope of the southern hill outside the close. The vicar's court is in the corner of the close near the gateway to the palace grounds. A fourteenth-century house, which was the official residence of the chaplain of one of the endowed chantries, still remains on the south side of the close, nearly opposite the choir door. On the east side of the close the fifteenth-century houses of several of the canons still remain, and are interesting examples of the domestic architecture of the time. It is not difficult from these data to picture to ourselves the original condition of this noble establishment when the cathedral, with its cloister and chapter-house, stood isolated in the middle of the green sward, and the houses of the canons and chaplains formed a great irregular quadrangle round it, and the close walls shut them all in from the outer world; and the halls and towers of the bishop's palace were still perfect amidst its hanging gardens enclosed within their own walls; the quadrangle of houses which had been built for the cathedral vicars occupying a corner cut out of the bishop's grounds beside his gateway. And we can re-people the restored close. Let it be on the morn-



NORTH-EAST VIEW OF THE RECTORY HOUSE.



A Entrance door.
B Windows.

C Cellar window.
D Entrance to stair.

E A recess.
F Fire-place.

Length of exterior . . . 35 6
Width of interior . . . 14 10

Thickness of wall . . . 2 6
Height of rooms . . . 8 0

ing of one of the great festivals; let the great bells be ringing out their summons to high mass; and we shall see the dignified canons in amice and cap crossing the green singly on their way from their houses to their stalls in the choir; the vicars conversing in a little group as they

come across from their court; the surpliced chorister boys under the charge of their schoolmaster; a band of minstrels with flutes, and hautboys, and viols, and harps, and organs, coming in from the city, to use their instruments in the rood-loft to aid the voices of the choir; scattered

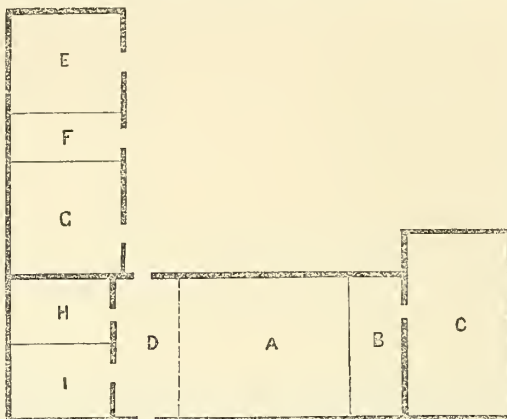
clerks and country clergy, and townspeople, are all converging to the great south door; and last of all the lord bishop, in cope and mitre, emerges from his gateway, preceded by his cross-bearer, attended by noble or royal guests, and followed by a suite of officials and clerks; while over all the great bells ring out their joyous peal to summon the people to the solemn worship of God in the mother church of the vast diocese.

But we must turn to our researches into the humbler life of the country rectors and vicars. And first, what sort of houses did they live in? We have not been able to find one of the parsonage houses of an earlier date than the Reformation still remaining in a condition sufficiently unaltered to enable us to understand what they originally were. There is an ancient rectory house of the fourteenth century at West Deane, Suffolk,* of which we give a ground-plan and north-east view on the preceding page; but the rectory belonged to the prior and convent of Benedictine Monks of Wilmingon, and this house was probably their grange, or cell, and may have been inhabited by two of their monks, or by their tenant, and not by the parish priest. Again, there is a very picturesque rectory house, of the fifteenth century, at Little Chesterton, near Cambridge,† but this again is believed to have been a grange, or cell, of a monastic house.

In the absence of actual examples, we are driven to glean what information we can from other sources. There remain to us a good many of the deeds of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, by which, on the impropration of the benefices, provision was made for the permanent endowment of the vicarages in them. In the majority of cases the old rectory house was assigned as the future vicarage house, and no detailed description of it was necessary; but in the deed by which the rectories of Sawbridgeworth, in Herts, and Kelvedon, in Essex, were appropriated to the convent of Westminster, we are so fortunate as to find a description of the fourteenth-century parsonage houses, one of which is so detailed as to enable any one who is acquainted with the domestic architecture of the time to form a very definite picture of the whole building. In the case of Sawbridgeworth, the old rectory house was assigned as the vicarage house, and is thus described—"All the messuage which is called the priest's messuage, with the houses thereon built, that is to say, one hall with two chambers, with a buttery, cellar, kitchen, stable, and other fitting and decent houses, with all the garden as it is enclosed with walls to the said messuage belonging." The description of the parsonage house at Kelvedon is much more definite and intelligible. For this the deed tells us the convent assigned—"One hall situate in the manor of the said abbot and convent near the said church, with a chamber and soler at one end of the hall and with a buttery and cellar at the other. Also one other house in three parts, that is to say, for a kitchen with a convenient chamber in the end of the said house for guests, and a bakehouse. Also one other house in two parts, next the gate at the entrance of the manor, for a stable and cowhouse. He (the vicar) shall also have a convenient grange, to be built within a year at the expense of the prior and convent. He shall also have the curtilage with the garden adjoining to the hall on the north side, as it is enclosed with hedges and ditches." The date of the deed is 1356 A.D., and it speaks of these houses as already existing. Now the common arrangement of a small house at that date, and for near a century before and after, was this, "a hall in the centre, with a soler at one end and offices at the other."‡ A description which exactly agrees with the account of the Kelvedon house, and enables us to say with great probability that in the Sawbridgeworth "priest's messuage" also, the two chambers were at one end of the hall, and the buttery, cellar, and kitchen at the other, the stable and other fitting and decent houses being detached from and not forming any portion of the dwelling house.

Confining ourselves, however, to the Kelvedon

house, a little study will enable us to reconstruct it, conjecturally it is true, but with a very high probability of being minutely accurate in our conjectures. First of all, a house of this character in the county of Essex would, beyond question, be a timber house. Its principal feature was, of course, the "one hall" (A). We know



CONJECTURAL PLAN OF RECTORY HOUSE AT KELVEDON, ESSEX.

at once what the hall of a timber house of this period of architecture would be. It would be a rather spacious and lofty apartment, with an open timber roof; the principal door of the house would open into the "screens" (D), at the lower end of the hall, and the back door of the house would be at the other end of the screens. At the upper end of the hall would be the raised dais (B), at which the master of the house sat with his family. To make our description clearer we have given a rough diagram of our conjectural arrangement. The fireplace would either be an open hearth in the middle of the hall, like that which still exists in the fourteenth-century hall at Penshurst Place, Kent, or it would be an open fireplace, under a projecting chimney, at the further side of the hall, such as is frequently seen in MS. illuminations of the small houses of the period. There was next "a chamber and soler at one end of the hall." The soler of a mediæval house was the chief apartment after the hall, it answered to the "great chamber" of the sixteenth century, and to the parlour or drawing-room of more modern times. It was usually adjacent to the upper end of the hall, and built on transversely to it, with a window at each end. It was usually raised on an undercroft, which was used as a storeroom or cellar, so that it was reached by a stair from the upper end of the hall. Sometimes, instead of a mere undercroft, there was a chamber under the soler, which was the case here, so that we have added these features to our plan (C). Next there was "a buttery and cellar at the other" end of the hall. In the buttery in those days were kept wine and beer, table linen, cups, pots, &c.; and in the cellar the stores of eatables which, it must be remembered, were not bought in weekly from the village shop, or the next market town, but were partly the produce of the glebe and tithe, and partly were laid in yearly or half-yearly at some neighbouring fair. The buttery and cellar, they who are familiar with old houses, or with our colleges, will remember, are always at the lower end of the hall, and open upon the screens, with two whole or half doors side by side; we may therefore add them thus upon our plan (H, I).

The deed adds, "Also one other house in three parts." In those days the rooms of a house were not massed compactly together under one roof, but were built in separate buildings more or less detached, and each building was called a house; "One other house in three parts, that is to say, a kitchen with a convenient chamber at one end of the said house for guests, and a bakehouse." "The kitchen," says Mr. Parker, in his "Domestic Architecture," "was frequently a detached building, often connected with the hall by a passage or alley leading from the screens;" and it was often of greater relative size and importance than modern usage would lead us to suppose; the kitchens of old monasteries, mansion houses, and colleges often have almost the size and architectural character of a second hall. In the case before us it was a section of the "other house,"

and probably occupied its whole height, with an open timber roof (G). In the disposition of the bakehouse and convenient chamber for guests which were also in this other house, we meet with our first difficulty; the "chamber" might possibly be over the bakehouse, which took the usual form of an undercroft beneath the guest chamber; but the definition that the house was divided "in three parts" suggests that it was divided from top to bottom into three distinct sections. Inclining to the latter opinion, we have so disposed these apartments in our plan (F, E).

The elevation of the house may be conjectured with as much probability as its plan. Standing in front of it we should have the side of the hall towards us, with the pointed door at its lower end, and perhaps two windows in the side with carved wood tracery* in their heads. To the right would be the gable end of the chamber with soler over it; the soler would probably have a rather large arched and tracery window in the end, the chamber a smaller and perhaps square-headed light. On the left would be the building, perhaps a lean-to, containing the buttery and cellar, with only a small square-headed light in front.

The deed of settlement of the vicarage of Bulmer, in the year 1425, gives us the description of a parsonage house of similar character. It consisted of one hall with two chambers annexed, the bakehouse, kitchen and larder-house, one chamber for his servant, a stable, and a hay-soller,† with a competent garden.‡

Of later date probably and greater size, resembling a moated manor house, was the rectory of Great Bromley, Essex, which is thus described in the terrier of 1610 A.D., "A large parsonage house compass'd with a Mote, a Gate-house, with a large chamber, and a substantial bridge of timber adjoining to it, a little yard, an orchard, and a little garden, all within the Mote, which, together with the Circuit of the House, contains about half an Acre of Ground; and without the Mote there is a Yard, in which there is another Gate House and a stable, and a hay house adjoining; also a barn of 25 yards long and 9 yards wide, and about 79 Acres and a half of glebe-land."§ The outbuildings were perhaps arranged as a courtyard outside the moat to which the gate-house formed an entrance, so that the visitor would pass through this outer gate, through the court of offices, over the bridge, and through the second gate-house into the base court of the house. This is the arrangement at Ightham Mote, Kent.

The parish chaplains seem to have had houses of residence provided for them. The parish of St. Michael-le-Belfry, York, complained in its visitation presentment, in the year 1409, that there was no house assigned for the parish chaplain or for the parish clerk. That they were small houses we gather from the fact that in some of the settlements of vicarages it is required that a competent house shall be built for the vicar where the parish chaplain has been used to live, e.g. at Great Bentley, Essex, it was ordered in 1323, that the vicars "shall have one competent dwelling-house with a sufficient curtilage, where the parish chaplain did use to abide, to be prepared at the cost of the said prior and convent."|| And at the settlement of the vicarage of St. Peter's, Colchester, A.D. 1319, it was required that "the convent of St. Botolph's, the impropriators, should

* There are numerous curious examples of fifteenth century timber window-tracery in the Essex churches.

† Soler, loft.

‡ Ingrave rectory house was a similar house; it is described, in a terrier of 1610, as "a house containing a hall, a parlour, a buttery, two lofts, and a study, also a kitchen, a milk-house, and a house for poultry, a barn, a stable, and a hay-house."—*Newcourt*, ii. p. 281.

§ Ingatestone rectory, in the terrier of 1610, was "a dwelling-house with a hall, a parlour, and a chamber within it; a study newly built by the then parson; a chamber over the parlour, and another within that with a closet; without the dwelling-house a kitchen and two little rooms adjoining to it, and a chamber over them; two little butteries over against the hall, and next them a chamber, and one other chamber over the same; without the kitchen there is a dove-house, and another house built by the then parson; a barn and a stable very ruinous."—*Newcourt*, ii. 348. Here, too, we seem to have an old house with hall in the middle, with parlour and chamber at one end and two butteries at the other, in the midst of successive additions.

There is also a description of the rectory house of West Haningfield, Essex, in *Newcourt*, ii. 309, and of North

Bemfleet, ii. 46.

§ *Newcourt's* "Repertorium," ii. 97.

|| *Newcourt*, ii. 49.

* Described and engraved in the *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vii. f. 13.

† Described and engraved in Mr. Parker's "Domestic Architecture."

‡ Parker's "Domestic Architecture," ii. p. 87.

prepare a competent house for the vicar in the ground of the churchyard where a house was built for the parish chaplain of the said church." At Radwinter, Essex, we find by the terrier of 1610 A.D., that there were two mansions belonging to the benefice, "on the south side of the church, towards the west end, one called the great vicarage, and in ancient time the Domus Capellani, and the other the less vicarage," which latter "formerly served for the case of the Parson, and, as appears by evidence, first given to the end that if any of the parish were sick, the party might be sure to find the Parson or his curate near the church ready to go and visit him." At the south-west corner of the churchyard of Doddington, Essex, there still exists a little house of fifteenth-century date, which may have been such a curate's house.

From a comparison of these parsonages with the usual plan and arrangement of the houses of laymen of the fourteenth century may be made the important deduction that the houses of the parochial clergy had no ecclesiastical peculiarities of arrangement; they were not little monasteries or great recluses houses, they were like the houses of the laity; and this agrees with the conclusions to which we have arrived already by other channels, that the secular clergy lived in very much the same style as laymen of a similar degree of wealth and social standing. The poor clerk lived in a single chamber of a citizen's house; the town priest had a house like those of the citizens; the country rector or vicar a house like the manor houses of the smaller gentry.

As to the furniture of the parsonage, the wills of the clergy supply us with ample authorities. We will select one of about the date of the Kelvedon parsonage house which we have been studying to help us to conjecturally furnish the house which we have conjecturally built. Here is an inventory of the goods of Adam de Stanton, a chaplain, date 1370 A.D., taken from Mr. Tymms's collection of Bury wills. "Imprimis, in money vii. s. viii. d. and i seal of silver worth ijs." The money will seem a fair sum to have in hand when we consider the greater value of money then and especially the comparative scarcity of actual coin. The seal was probably his official seal as chaplain of an endowed chantry; we have extant examples of such seals of the beneficed clergy. "Item, iij brass pots and i posnet worth xjs. vjd. Item, in plate, xxijd. Item, a round pot with a laver, js. vjd.," probably an ewer and basin for washing the hands, like those still used in Germany, &c. "Item, in iron instruments, vjs. viijd. and vjd.," perhaps fire-dogs and poker, spit, and pothook. "Item, in pewter vessels, iijjs. ijd.," probably plates, dishes, and spoons. "Item, of wooden utensils," which, from comparison with other inventories of about the same period, we suppose may be boards and trestles for tables and benches, and a chair, and perhaps may include trenchers and bowls. "Item, i portiforium, xs.," a book of church service so called, which must have been a handsome one to be worth ten shillings, perhaps it was illuminated. "Item, j book de Lege and j Par Statutum, and j Book of Romances.* Item, j girdle with purse and knife, vs.," on which we have already commented in our last paper. "Item, j pair of knives for the table, xijd. Item, j saddle with bridle and spurs, iijjs. Item, of linen and woollen garments, xxvijs. and xijd. Item, of chests and caskets, vjs. ijd." Chests and caskets then served for cupboards and drawers.†

If we compare these clerical inventories with those of contemporary laymen of the same degree, we shall find that a country parson's house was furnished like a small manor house, that his domestic economy was very like that of the gentry of a like income. Mathew Paris tells us an anecdote of a certain handsome clerk, the rector of a rich

church, who surpassed all the knights living around him in giving repeated entertainments and acts of hospitality;* but usually it was a rude kind of life which the country squire or parson led, very like that which was led by the substantial farmers of a few generations ago, when it was the fashion for the young farm labourers to live in the farm-house, and for the farmer and his household all to sit down to meals together. These were their hours:—

"Rise at five, dine at nine,
Sup at five, and bed at nine,
Will make a man live to ninety-and-nine."

The master of the house sat in the sole arm-chair, in the middle of the high table on the dais, with his family on either side of him; and his men sat at the movable tables of boards and trestles, with a bench on each side, which we find mentioned in the inventories; or the master sat at the same table with his men, only he sat above the salt and they below; he drank his ale out of a silver cup while they drank it out of horn; he ate white bread while they ate brown; and he a capon out of his curtilage, while they had pork or mutton ham; he retired to his great chamber when he desired privacy, which was not often perhaps; and he slept in a tester bed in the great chamber, while they slept on truckle beds in the hall.

One item in the description of the Kelvedon parsonage requires special consideration, and opens up a rather important point of addition to the domestic economy of the parochial clergy over and above what we have hitherto gleaned. "The convenient chamber for guests" there mentioned was not a best bedroom for any friend who might pay him a visit. It was a provision for the efficient exercise of the hospitality to which the beneficed parochial clergy were bound. It is a subject which perhaps needs a little explanation. In England there were no inns where travellers could obtain food and lodging until the middle of the fourteenth century; and for long after that period they could only be found in the largest and most important towns; and it was held to be a part of the duty of the clergy to "entertain strangers," and be "given to hospitality." It was a charity not very likely to be abused; for, thanks to bad roads, unbridged fords, no inns, wild moors, and vast forests haunted by lawless men, very few travelled, except for serious business, and it was a real act of Christian charity to afford to such travellers the food and shelter which they needed, and would have been hard put to it to have obtained otherwise. The monasteries, we all know, exercised this hospitality on so large a scale that in order to avoid the interruption a constant succession of guests would have made in the seclusion and regularity of conventual life, they provided special buildings for it, called the hospitium or guest house, a kind of inn within the walls, and they appointed one of the monks, under the name of the hospitaller or guest master, to represent the convent in entertaining the guests.

Hermitages were frequently built along the high roads, especially near bridges and fords, for the purpose of aiding travellers. Along the road which led towards some famous place of pilgrimage hospitals were founded especially for the entertainment of poor pilgrims, which were always religious foundations. And the parochial clergy were expected to exercise a similar hospitality. Thus in the replies of the rectors of Berkshire to the papal legate, in 1240 A.D., they say that "their churches were endowed and enriched by their patrons with lands and revenues for the especial purpose that the rectors of them should receive guests, rich as well as poor, and shew hospitality to laity as well as clergy, according to their means, as the custom of the place required."† Again, in 1246, the clergy, on a similar occasion, stated that "a custom has hitherto prevailed, and been observed in England, that the rectors of parochial churches have always been remarkable for hospitality, and have made a practice of supplying food to their parishioners who were in want, . . . and if a por-

tion of their benefices be taken away from them, they will be under the necessity of refusing their hospitality, and abandoning their accustomed offices of piety. And if these be withdrawn, they will incur the hatred of those subject to them [their parishioners], and will lose the favour of passers-by [travellers] and their neighbours."* Again, in 1253 A.D., Bishop Grostete, in his remonstrance to the Pope, says of the foreigners who were intruded into English benefices, that they "could not even take up their residence, to administer to the wants of the poor, and to receive travellers."†

There is an interesting passage illustrative of this subject quoted in Parker's "Domestic Architecture," i. p. 123. Æneus Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., describing his journey from Scotland into England, in the year 1448, says that he entered a large village in a wild and barbarous part of the country, about sunset, and "alighted at a rustic's house, and supped there with the priest of the place and the host." The special mention of the priest in the first place almost leads us to conjecture that the foreign ecclesiastic had first gone to the priest of the place for the usual hospitality, and had been taken on by him to the manor house—for the "rustic" seems to have been a squire—as better able to afford him a suitable hospitality. Sundry pottages, and fowls, and geese, were placed on the table, but there was neither bread nor wine. He had, however, brought with him a few loaves and a roundel of wine, which he had received at a certain monastery. Either a stranger was a great novelty, or the Italian ecclesiastic had something remarkable in his appearance, for he says all "the people of the place ran to the house to stare at him."

Kelvedon being on one of the great high roads of the country, its parson would often be called upon to exercise his duty of hospitality, hence the provision of a special guest chamber in the parsonage house; and in our picture of the domestic economy and ordinary life of a mediæval country parson we must furnish his guest chamber, and add a little to the contents of buttery and cellar, to provide for his duty of hospitality; and we must picture him not always sitting in solitary dignity at his high table on the dais, but often playing the courteous host to knight and lady, merchant, minstrel, or pilgrim; and after dinner giving the broken meat to the poor, who in the days when there was no poor law were the regular dependants on his bounty.

We shall obtain further help to a comprehension of the character and position, and popular estimation of the mediæval seculars—the parish priests, if we compare them with the regulars—the monks and friars. One great point of difference between them was that the monks and friars affected asceticism, and the parish priests did not; the monks and friars had taken the three vows of absolute poverty, voluntary celibacy, and implicit obedience to the superior of the convent. The parish priests, on the contrary, had their benefices and their private property; they long resisted the obligations of celibacy, which popes and councils tried to lay upon them; they were themselves spiritual rulers in their own parishes, subject only to the constitutional rule of the bishop. The monks professed to shut themselves up from the world, and to mortify their bodily appetites in order the better, as they considered, to work out their own salvation. The friars professed to be the schools of the prophets, to have the spirit of Nazareth, to be followers of Elijah and John Baptist, to wear sackcloth, and live hardly, and go about as preachers of repentance. The secular clergy had no desire and felt no need to shut themselves up from the world like monks; they did not feel called upon, with the friars, to imitate John Baptist, neither eating nor drinking, seeing that a greater than he came eating and drinking and living like other men. They rather looked upon Christian priests and clerks as occupying the place of the priests and Levites of the ancient church, set apart to minister in holy things like them, but not condemned to poverty or asceticism any more than they were. The difference told unfavourably for the parish clergy in the popular estimation; for the unreasoning

* George Darell, A.D. 1432, leaves one book of statutes, containing the statutes of Kings Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.; one book of law, called "Natura Brevium;" one Portus, and one Par Statutum Veterum.—*Testamenta Eboracensia*, II., p. 27.

† There are other inventories of the goods of clerics, which will help to throw light upon their domestic economy at different periods, e.g. of the vicar of Waghien, A.D. 1462, in the York Wills, ii. 261, and of a chantry priest, A.D. 1542, in the Sussex Archaeological Collections, iii. p. 115.

* Bohn's Edition, vol. ii. p. 278.

† Mathew Paris, vol. i. p. 285 (Bohn's edition).

* Mathew Paris, vol. ii. p. 193 (Bohn's edition).

† Ibid., vol. iii. p. 48.

crowd is always impressed by the dramatic exhibition of austerity of life and the profession of extraordinary sanctity, and undervalues the virtue which is only seen in the regulation of a life of ordinary every-day occupation. As for the monks, their convents were wealthy and powerful, their minsters and houses were the glory of the land, their officials ranked with the nobles, and the greatness of the whole house reflected dignity upon each of its monks. The lord monks were much greater men in the popular estimation—and in their own—than the crowd of secular priests.

Between the secular priests and the friars there was a direct rivalry and a great deal of bitter feeling. The friars accused the parish priests of neglect of duty and ignorance in spiritual things and worldliness of life, and came into their parishes whenever they pleased, preaching and visiting from house to house, hearing confessions and prescribing penances, and carrying away the offerings of the people. The parish priests looked upon the friars as intruders in their parishes, and accused them of setting their people against them and undermining their spiritual influence; of corrupting discipline, by receiving the confessions of those who were ashamed to confess to their pastor who knew them, and enjoining light penances in order to encourage people to come to them; and lastly of using all the arts of low popularity-seeking in order to extract gifts and offerings from their people.

Chaucer has not forgotten in his description of the friar in his "Canterbury Tales" to tell us how—

"His tippet was aye farsed full of knives
And pins for to given fair wives;

Nor of the great grievance that—

He had power of confessioun,
As said himself, more than a curate,
For of his order he was licenciate;
And pleasant was his benediction.
He was an easy man to give penance
There where he wist to have a good pittance."*

In the Sompnour's Tale he has given us the popular view of the two sides of the question with a great deal of skill and humour; and some brief extracts from the poem will place them before the reader—

"Lordings there is in Yorkshire, as I guess,
A marsh country ycalled Holderness,
In which there went a Limitour† about,
To preach, and eke to beg, there is no doubt.
And so befel that on a day this frere
Had preached in a church in this mannere,
And specially aboven every thing
Excited he the people in his preaching,
To trentals, and to give for Goddes sake
Wherewith men mighten holy houses make."

A trental usually means a mass said daily for thirty days for the soul of a person deceased; and, as we have seen in our former paper, there were priests who earned a livelihood by seeking such engagements, who "lived at rovers on trentals;" but the sense here seems to imply that it meant thirty masses however said, for the friar suggests to the people—

"Not for to hold a priest jolly and gay,
He singeth not but one ‡ mass on a day—

but to engage his convent to say them, on the ground that their numerous body would sooner get through them, and the souls be the sooner out of purgatory.

Then when the people in church had given him what they list—

"He went his way—no longer would he rest—
With scrippe and tipped staff yucked high.
In every house he gan to pore and pry,
And begged meal and cheese, or elles corn.
His fellow had a staff tipped with horn,
A pair of tables § all of ivory,
And a pointel ypolished fetisly,
And wrote always the names, as he stood,
Of all folk that gave them any good."

that the convent might pray for their welfare in return for their alms.

"Give us a bushel wheat, or malt, or rye,
A Goddes cake, or a trippe of cheese,

* See also the "Romaunt of the Rose," pp. 215 and 232. Edited by R. Bell. J. W. Parker, London, 1855.

† A Limitour was a friar whose functions were limited to a certain district of country. A Lister might exercise his office where he listed.

‡ No priest was allowed to say more.

§ Ivory tablets and pencil.

Or elles what you list, we may not chese; *
A Goddes halfpenny, or a mass penny,
Or give us of your brawn if you have any,
A dagon of your blanket, dear dame,
Our sister dear (lo, here I write your name);
Bacon, or beef, or such thing as you find.
A sturdy hireling went them aye behind,
That was their host's man, and bare a sack,
And what men gave them laid it on his back.
But when he was out a door anon
He played away the names, every one,
That he before had written in his tables.
So long he went from house to house till he
Came to a house where he was wont to be,
Refreshed more than in a hundred places;
Sick lay the husbandman whose that the place is;
Bedrid upon a couché low he lay.
'Deus hic,' quoth he, 'O, Thomas, friend, good day,'
Said this frere all courteously and soft.
'Thomas,' quoth he, 'God yield † if you, full oft
Have I upon this bench fared full well;
Here have I eaten many a merry meal.'
And from the bench he drove away the cat,
And laid adown his potent ‡ and his hat.
And eke he scrip, and set himself adown.
'O deare, master,' quoth this sické man,
'How have you fared since that March began;
I saw you not this fourteen § night, and more.'
'God wot,' quoth he, 'laboured have I full sore
And specially for thy salvation
Have I said many a precious orison;
And for our other friendes, God them bless.
I have this day been at your church at messe,
And said a sermon to my simple cost.' "

So that the parish priest was liable to have a friar come into his church any day at morning prayer, and after prayers mount the pulpit—the Pope having given the friars a right to do so—and preach to the people who might happen to be there. After a little more, he says,—

"And there I saw our dame, ah! where is she?
'Yonder, I trow, that in the yard she be,'
Saidé this man, 'and she will come anon.'
'Eh, master, welcome be ye, by St John,'
Saidé this wife; 'how fare ye heartily?'
This friar ariseth up full courteously,
And her embraceth in his armés narrow,
And kisseth her sweet, and cherpeth as a sparrow,
With his lippes. 'Dame,' quoth he, 'right well,
As he that is your servant every deal.
Thanked be God that you gave soul and life.
Yet saw I not this day so fair a wife
In all the churché, God so savé me.'
'Yea, God amend defaults, Sir,' quoth she,
'Algate welcome be ye, by my fay.'
'Grand merci, dame, that have I found alway.' "

And then, while the good wife is gone to get ready the dinner for him, he sets himself to coax a gift for his convent out of the sick man.

An extract from a MS. poem in the time of Richard II. records more tersely the points of character which Chaucer brings out with such humour and skill.

"For thai have noght to live by, thei wandren here and there,
And dele with dyvers marche, right as thai pedlers were
They dele with purses, pyennes, and knives, } ther thai
With gyrdles, gloves, for wenchens and wyves, } are haunted
But ever backward the husband thryves } till.

All that for women is plesand full ready certes have thai;
Bot lytel gye thai the husband that for al shal pay.

Whereto shuld I othes swere
There is no pedler that pak can bere } than a frere can do.
That half so dere can sell his gere }

Thai travel zerne and bysely
To byrnyng down the clergy } and thereof they done
Thai speken thereof ay villany, } wrong.

Thus, monk, and friar, and religious knight, and rector, and chantry priest, played their several parts in mediæval society, until the Reformation came and swept away the religious orders and their houses, the chantry priests and their superstitions, and the colleges of seculars with all their good and evil, and left only the parish churches and the parish priests remaining, stripped of half their tithe, and insufficient in number, in learning, and in social status to fulfil the office of the ministry of God among the people. Since then, for three centuries the people multiplied, and the insufficiency of the ministry was proportionately aggravated. It has been left to our day to complete the work of the Reformation by multiplying bishops and priests, and creating an order of deacons, re-distributing the ancient revenues, and supplying what more is needed, and by a general reorganisation of the ecclesiastical establishment to adapt it to the actual spiritual needs of the people.

* Choose. † Repay. ‡ Staff. § Fortnight.
¶ Cott. MSS. Cleop. B. ii. quoted in the "Monumenta Franciscana," p. 604.

SELECTED PICTURES.

HUNT THE SLIPPER.

F. Goodall, R.A., Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.

HALF a century hence, or perhaps a less time than that, may suffice to include the game of "hunt the slipper" with the manners and customs of a past age; it seems already to have almost died out from among the pastimes of children and youth, and has given place to other sports of a less boisterous and more refined nature, among the better classes of the community at least. Amusements vary with the different changes in our social condition, even as all else varies, and that which was the delight of our grandsires when children is sometimes only known to us by the tales they tell the young ones sitting round the wintry fireside. Artists who put such scenes as we have here on their canvas are handing down to posterity a record of one phase of the society of their own day.

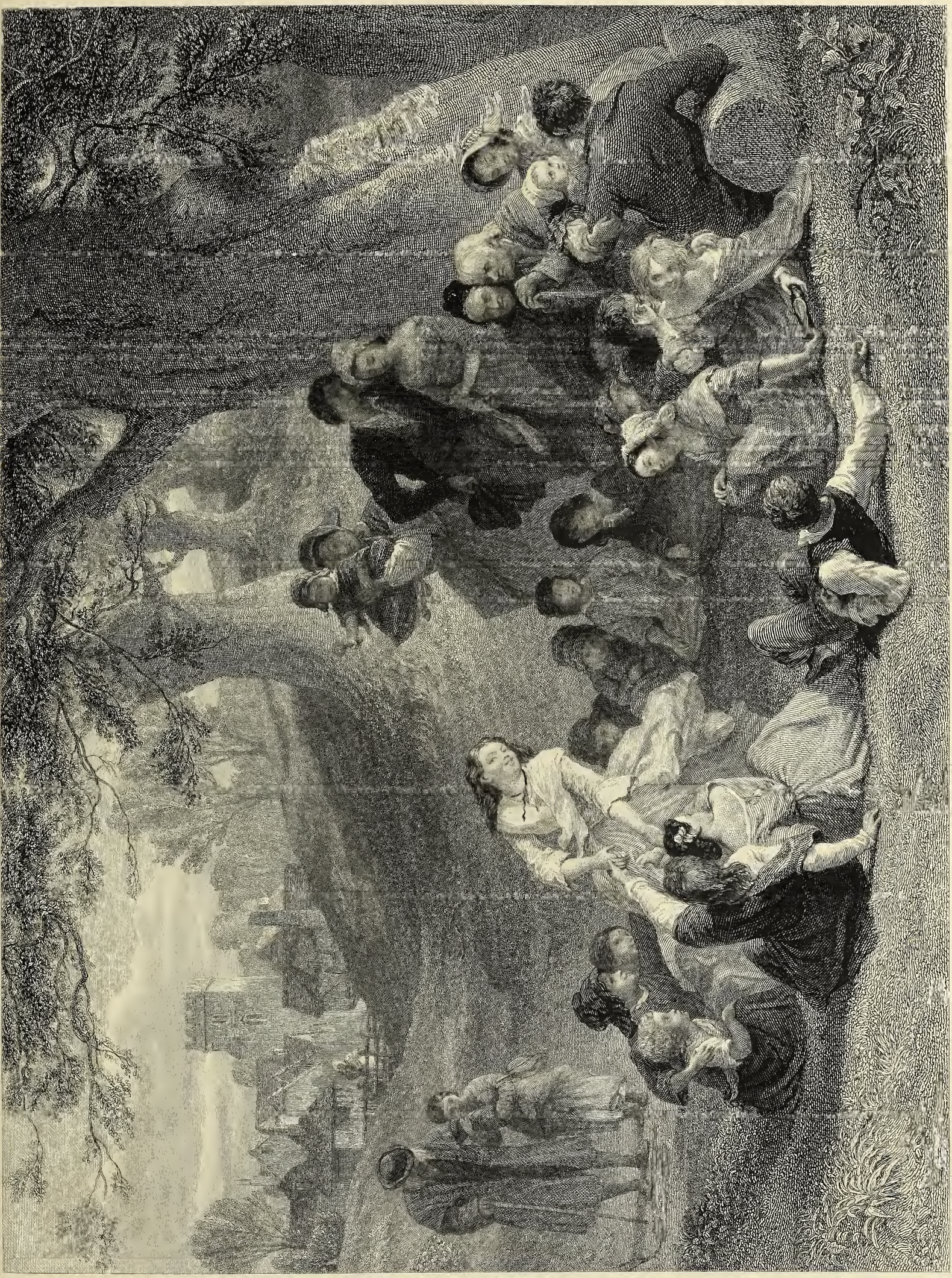
Mr. Goodall's *fête-champêtre* has nothing in common with the subjects painted by Watteau and Boucher, who represented the noblesse of the court of Louis XIV. in the gardens of Versailles and the Tuileries, wasting the hours of their lives in idle and frivolous pursuits, to say nothing worse, instead of rational or healthy occupation. In England we had no contemporary painters to hold up to us the mirror of their times; and perhaps it is just as well, for the writings of historians give scarcely a more complimentary verdict as regards English society, than do the pencils of the French painters of French society. It may be said of Watteau and Boucher—"All the faces each drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which each bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex: all his men were *petits maîtres*, and all his women *coquettes*." No such charge can be brought against Mr. Goodall's picture, for he has not even introduced a single specimen of village coquetry.

It is a kind of holiday in the little hamlet, and a considerable group of its inhabitants has assembled under a wide-spreading tree—a favourite style of composition with this artist, by the way—to take part in the old-fashioned game. There are grown men and maidens, and half a score children, forming the circle round which the slipper is stealthily passed: as a matter of course an episode not strictly canonical is occasionally introduced into the game to heighten the fun and render it more agreeable: these points are too obvious to require special notice. There, too, as spectators, are some middle-aged villagers, and a venerable couple, the latter looking on with as much pleasurable interest as they probably felt when, fifty years before, they themselves participated in the game. Advancing towards the players is a feeble old man, led, we presume, by his grandchild, who, when she has securely seated him, will probably join the circle of slipper hunters. The couple standing against the trunk of the tree have their minds "on other matters bent." The picture was suggested by the following lines—from Cowper, if we are not mistaken:—

"How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed."

Beyond the opportunity afforded to the artist of arranging skilfully and varicely a considerable number of figures, there is not much in the subject to make it one of a high pictorial character: all that could be done to render it so Mr. Goodall has accomplished, and the composition has evidently been well studied. The monotonous round of the circle of figures is broken by the boy in front, who has thrown himself on his back, ostensibly with the design of getting the slipper; and the stout, romping girl on her feet acts in the grouping as a balancing object to the figures on the right: omit her, and the spirit of the composition, the *point* of the picture, so to speak, is at once taken away.

'Hunt the Slipper' was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849.



F. GOODALL, A.R.A. PINXT

HUNT THE SLIPPER

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

THIS is now the twelfth of these annual exhibitions, the institution of which having led to others of a similar kind, there are but a few autumnal months of the year without an exhibition of modern pictures. This was first opened for the display of sketches; now pictures are painted expressly for it, so that works which have already been seen are the exceptions. The collection consists principally of small canvases, and it contains examples of all departments of painting. There are two prizes, £100 and £50, to be awarded by Mr. H. Wallis to the painters of the two that shall be determined as the best performances on the walls. Two hundred and two pictures are hung in the French gallery, Pall Mall, many of which, as will be seen, have been contributed by artists of high reputation.

One of those subjects which Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., paints better than they have ever heretofore been painted, is (39) 'The Dauphiness, daughter of Louis XVI., and Robespierre, in the Prison of the Temple,' an incident in the "Memoirs of the Dauphiness, written by herself." The princess is sweeping the tiled floor with a birch broom, and Robespierre stands at the window, looking at the timid and modest figure before him, who can resent his unbecoming intrusion in no other way than by a seeming unconsciousness of his presence. Between the persons there is no point of common interest, and the separation is widened by the calm and dignified deportment of the Dauphiness. It is a most worthy continuation of the French revolutionary series. There is rather a large picture by Mr. Egley (9), 'Francis I., sick and a prisoner, is visited by his sister, Marguerite d'Angoulême, and the Emperor Charles V., Madrid, Sept. 19, 1525.' When we look into this picture, and consider the variety of costume and material represented in it, it cannot have been worked out in less than the better part of two years. The meeting, under any circumstances, of two such monarchs as Charles and Francis, has great temptations for the painter; but we cannot help thinking our own history could have supplied a theme more interesting to us. It is impossible to overrate the assiduity with which the whole is made out, but there is a certain blackness in the lower tones, arising perhaps from its having been worked too near to the eye. In the picture by W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., called 'Near a Brook, through the Forest of Bohemia' (65), there is a pronounced determination to paint rustic nature exactly as it presents itself; the life of the subject is a boy and girl, the former about to drink from a brazen cruse, the latter seated idly on a piece of masonry. The profession of the study is a close translation of the conditions of peasant life; this is seen in the extremities. The manner of the work is solid, and the effect brilliant. Koller's version of the reconciliation of Ferdinand I. with his daughter-in-law, the wife of the Archduke Ferdinand of the Tyrol (90), is a work of high merit; it is everywhere characterised by well-matured labour, without the appearance of effort; and by Orchardson (190) there is an excellent story of a challenge borne by a cavalier to a Puritan, by whose side stands one of the Roundhead clergy, a man of peace, earnestly dissuading the other from fighting. Like Roger Wildrake of Squattlesea Mere, Esq., the cavalier, in a shabby suit of primrose satin, presents, with a low obeisance, the challenge at his blade's point—a challenge to mortal combat, for it is tied with black ribbon. The cavalier is a fit man for the office—less of a gentleman than the Roger aforesaid, but not less ready with his "tilt-

ing iron!" a roysterer and tavern brawler, long fallen from the spheres of the worthy and well conducted. 'Raising a Church Rate' (178), by J. Morgan, is a scene of every-day occurrence, a fierce debate as to the means of repairing an old church. It is, we believe, an episode of Aylesbury—a very full meeting, wherein is represented every character that has the privilege of being present at such a discussion. The variety of cast of feature can only have been determined by protracted and most patient labour. In such a collection as this (indeed it were the same in any exhibition of the day) Mr. Frost's little picture, called 'The Alarm' (60), a version of a very novel incident touching Diana and her nymphs, looks astray amid the every-day life by which it is encompassed; and being a pale picture, is seen with difficulty through the glare of colour that radiates on all sides. But its forms are charming; we cannot forget them all at once; they will again rise into remembrance, but perhaps not in our time. Had Mr. Frost been a Pompeian artist with such refinement, any reliques of his had now been held up as inimitable. "Love has its little cares, but want its great ones" (103), is a Spanish proverb that has supplied a subject for a rather large picture by E. Long—an opposition of forces effectively carried out; but the proverb is an insufficient title, for we know not whether we are in a palace or a prison. The near figures are some girls seated gossiping; these are in deep shade, and opposed to others in a flood of sunlight. Whether the artist may or may not have succeeded in that most difficult of all things in Art—that is, painting up to his idea, we know not—but it must be admitted that the measure of success he has attained at once attracts the eye and impresses the mind.

'Tam o' Shanter' (24), by J. Faed, R.S.A., is a marvel of minute and patient labour, for which there is full scope, the scene being that in which Tam is described as carousing with the Souter and the landlord. The treatment of the subject is strictly according to the spirit of the verse, and refers more directly to Wilkie than any picture we have of late years seen. 'The Song of a Nubian Slave' (95), F. Goodall, R.A., is a small repetition of Mr. Goodall's presentation picture—that whereby he desires to be remembered by his brother academicians; it hangs upon the wall like a spot of light, the resting place of an abiding sunbeam. In 'Hide and Seek' (83), H. Lejeune, A., there are two children, very prettily painted; by J. B. Burgess is a subject from a Spanish proverb (110), very firmly and unaffectedly worked out; and by D. W. Deane, a group of two Spanish girls (28), more agreeable than his larger works. 'The Writing Lesson,' by Edward Frere (3), although a small picture and a common-place subject, illustrates a most valuable principle in Art. The two landscapes by J. Linnell, sen., 'The Shepherds' (6) and 'The Surrey Hills' (12), are works of a kind not numerous; not being mere local description, they sing to us in strains of their own of the times and seasons, and with their enchantment bear us far away from the hills they propose to represent. Dares Mr. Linnell make his figures more worthy of his lovely scenery? Below these pictures there is (10) by Henry Bright a 'View in Arran,' of infinite sweetness, looking like a virgin solitude wherein time out of mind the sun and winds have been the only visitors; the picture proclaims a perfect mastery of the harmony of tones and forms. In pointed contrast to this is the picture by the late J. D. Harding (189), 'Shipley Mill,' busy with its endless tripping lights that keep the loud purring of the mill ever within earshot. 'The Haunt of the Deer' (198) is

a joint-stock picture by Messrs. Creswick and Ansdell, being simply a piece of park scenery, with deer by the latter of the two painters.

'Riva dei Schiavoni' (66), by E. W. Cooke, R.A., is a small picture, showing principally boats with the distant quays and well marked buildings of Venice; it is one of the best and most brilliant of his Venetian essays. 'The Favourite Walk across the Fields' (113), F. W. Hulme, like all the landscapes of this artist, is remarkable for the simplicity of its colour and the elegance of its forms. A 'View near Nottingham' (8), H. Dawson, though a work of excellent quality, does not show the great power of its author. 'The Bay of Baie' (120), by A. W. Williams, as a picture of the almost burning glow that suffuses both sea and land in and around the Bay of Naples, differs widely from the realities that have hitherto appeared under this name. By the veteran Verboeckhoven, there is (15) an 'Interior with Sheep and Poultry,' a small picture finished with the surface beloved by some of the most famous of the old Dutchmen; then there is, by him whom he claims as a pupil (T. S. Cooper), 'Cattle and Sheep reposing' (171), a remembrance of the pastures below Canterbury. There are also 'The Gleaners' (202), P. F. Poole, R.A.; 'The Barley Field' (156), E. Hargitt; 'The Corn Field' (1), Vicat Cole; 'Ophelia' (16), and 'Olivia' (57), T. F. Dicksee; 'Elaine' (23), E. Osborne; 'The Arrest' (25), Tenkate; 'Roses' (43), Miss Mutrie; 'The Third Volume' (48), G. D. Leslie, with much independent originality in the composition; 'Granny's Helper' (62), Duverger; 'Camber, Sussex' (64), J. W. Oakes; 'Stormy Weather' (85), H. Koekoek; 'The Bandit' (99), E. Lepoittevin; 'Italian Peasant Girl' (101), James Hayllar; 'Fruit and Flowers' (119), T. Grönland; 'An English Homestead' (160), J. Peel; 'The Wreath' (167), W. Gale; 'Scene on the Thames near Streatley' (4), A. Gilbert; 'The Archers' (13), G. E. Hicks, &c. In these winter collections we have been accustomed to see a considerable proportion of foreign pictures, but on the present occasion French and Belgian works are not numerous.

WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. 2.

ANOTHER "Winter" Exhibition (which, in order to distinguish it from the preceding, we must designate as No. 2) has been opened in the rooms of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, 53, Pall Mall. It must be quite evident that the least evil which can accrue from the adoption of the name to a second exhibition must be a confusion in the public mind that will become a source of error and misconception. The catalogue of this collection contains high class and reputable names, all so well sustained by the pictures to which they are attached, that this exhibition, if it is to be annually continued, can well afford to have a name of its own. It includes some works that have been seen before, but also others that appear for the first time. There is 'Robin Adair,' by Alexander Johnstone, touched upon and improved since its removal from the Academy; also Mrs. Ward's 'The Tower, ay, the Tower,' that appears here to greater advantage than it did in the Academy. Among other prominent pictures may be enumerated 'Love's Young Dream,' by J. Sant, A.R.A.; 'Make up your Mind,' R. Redgrave, R.A.; 'Pepita,' J. Phillip, R.A., a Spanish gipsy with a head and expression extremely vivacious, and a novel and effective

arrangement of draperies; 'The Queen's Highway,' James Hayllar; 'The Novel Writer,' Alexander Johnstone; 'She stoops to Conquer,' E. G. Girardot; 'The Family Pew,' T. Roberts, a small picture of much sweetness; 'Rejected Addresses' and 'The Toilet,' J. H. S. Mann; 'The Duet,' R. Dowling; 'The Fern Gatherer,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., one of those rustic figures the characteristic points of which this painter so perfectly understands; 'Life in Arcadia,' F. Wyburd; 'The Chess-players,' Serrure, showing a variety of well-drawn figures dressed in the fashion of the middle of the last century. There are four landscapes by the Linnell family—'Windsor Forest' fifty years ago, and 'The Travellers,' J. Linnell, sen.; 'Landscape,' W. Linnell; 'Landscape,' James Thomas Linnell. 'The Chapel of St. Norbert and Augustine,' D. Roberts, R.A., is a good example of Mr. Roberts's skill in dealing with this kind of subject; the place is darker and less imposing than we see it here. 'A Landscape,' by F. Goodall, R.A., is a novelty; it is, however, as perfect as if landscape were his *genre*. 'On the Beach at Hastings' and 'Spring-time,' E. Hargitt, show great resource and originality in the vivification of ordinary material. The 'San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,' by J. B. Pyne, is a strikingly bright picture, painted with especial care that all the forms shall be definite and true. In a 'View in North Wales,' T. Creswick, R.A., there is more of the higher sentiment of landscape Art than in the road-side scenery of which Mr. Creswick has painted many versions. 'The Island of Galinaria, Corniche Coast,' G. E. Hering, has the interest of being a well-painted scene, from ground not much frequented by painters; and there are two subjects of remarkable freshness by G. Stanfield, 'The Tower of Mount Alban, Amsterdam,' and 'The Castle of Chillon.' Other interesting works are, 'View in North Wales,' F. W. Hulme; 'San Pietro in Castello, Venice,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'Landscape and Castle,' Auguste Bonheur; 'The First Lesson,' George Smith; 'Interior,' G. Provis; 'Landscape and Cattle,' Sidney R. Cooper, A.R.A., &c.

LINE-ENGRAVING.

THE position at present occupied by the art of engraving in *line* is attracting considerable attention on the part of those who are interested in its well-doing; the Art-world of Paris has, in fact, taken the alarm at the comparatively rapid decay of this fine branch of engraving. The recent competition for the grand prize of Rome produced such inferior specimens that the jury was compelled to make no awards. In the Louvre, there is one department assigned to *Chalcographie*, intended for the express purpose of encouraging engraving, but its funds are very limited. A complaint is made that native talent is not supported as it deserves to be. In order, therefore, to get rid, in some measure at least, of this reproach, the civic authorities of Paris have taken up the matter by giving several important commissions, such as the engraving of the principal works which ornament the churches and municipal buildings. As an initiatory step, three engravers have been selected to reproduce the paintings by M. Signol, in one of the chapels attached to the church of St. Eustache. These consist of three grouped subjects and two single figures. The sum proposed to be given for these plates is a thousand pounds for the whole—a very low rate of payment, indeed, if the prints are expected to be of a large size and of a really good character. The plates will remain the property of the city of Paris, and it is probable an arrangement will be made with the engraving department of the Louvre for the publication of the prints, as was done some time since by the

city in the case of the engraved portrait of the Emperor, by Horace Vernet.

The only kind of engraving practised to any extent in France, with the exception of wood-engraving, is etching. There exists in Paris a society entitled *Aqua-fortistes*, similar to our Sketching Society, which has published many admirable etchings. This kind of engraving is taught in the French Schools of Art, and it is to be introduced in the Female School in the Rue Dupuytren.

But it is not only in France that the decadence of *line-engraving* is felt and acknowledged; the same result is manifest in England. If we compare the number of important works now executed in this country with those of twenty or thirty years ago, they will be found few indeed. Photography and chromo-lithography have interfered sadly with engraving of all kinds, and in lieu of line, the highest and purest style of engraving, we now find it, in the great majority of prints, exchanged for mezzotint, or that stipple is incorporated with it. In truth, it is lamentable to know that the Art which conferred so much honour on the names of Morghen, the Müllers, Wille, Simoneau, the Bolswerts, and on our own countrymen, Strange, W. Sharp, Woollett, Raimbach, Heath, Burnet, Doo, Robinson, Pye, Goodall, and others, should be so neglected here as it now undoubtedly is. We are quite aware of what has been done within the last few years, and also of what is still being done by such men as Stocks, C. W. Sharpe, Vernon, Lightfoot, and others whom we could name; but there is still no ignoring the fact that we find little or no demand for works of the highest class; and, what is still more to be lamented, there are no men rising up to take the places of those yet among us, simply because,—with two or three exceptions, perhaps,—those who are fortunate enough to find employment have scarcely more to do than they can accomplish with their own hands, and, accordingly, are unwilling or unable to admit learners into their studios. The consequence is, that line-engraving in this country stands the chance of being, in no great lapse of time, utterly extinguished. It is well known to the majority of those who still practise it, that were it not for the support given it by the *Art-Journal*, small comparatively as this undoubtedly is, no inconsiderable number of line-engravers would have absolutely nothing to do as regards work that can in the slightest degree uphold the dignity of the Art and their own reputation. Nor while the taste of the public continues as it is can there be any hope of a revival.

Line-engraving is a more laborious, more difficult, and, consequently, a more costly style of reproduction than any other; and, as the *public* is always on the look-out for cheapness in Art, as well as in other matters, publishers have sought to meet its requirements by ministering to the wants of the many, rather than of the few, who demand the best that talent can produce. To an extent, this is quite right and proper; but while the one thing should be done, the other ought not to be left undone; both classes should be studied and satisfied. But the "trade" has more to answer for than the encouragement of cheap and popular engravings; instead of keeping the plates of acknowledged excellence in their own hands, and thereby maintaining, in some degree, the integrity of the engraver's original work, the steels or copiers have passed to other owners, who have thrown broad-cast over the land inferior impressions, to the benefit, doubtless, of the public, but to the disgust and injustice of those who patronised by their subscriptions or early purchases the first appearance of the print. This we have always felt to be a grand "mistake" in more ways than one; and it certainly has done much to render almost impracticable a healthy resuscitation of the art. Our principal publishing house has been a large contributor to this evil.

Moreover, as if to deal it a more deadly blow here, several important subjects which might have been entrusted to our own countrymen, and helped to revive their drooping spirits, have been sent over to France to do for French engravers what ours need.* Can anything be more discouraging than

* We may instance, for example, Frith's 'Derby Day,' engraved by M. François; and 'The Railway Station,' by the same painter, which, if we mistake not, is in the hands of M. Blanchard.

this? It is a tacit acknowledgment that we are unable to enter the lists against our foreign neighbours; and it is as much as taking the bread from the mouths of our own children to feed aliens. The reason would be perfectly comprehensible had we none competent to the task, or if they were too much occupied to undertake it, but no such argument is altogether available; and therefore we say, and without the slightest illiberality of feeling towards our foreign rivals, that these should not be preferred to those who dwell among us and have an undoubted prior claim to consideration.

The subject is one of deep importance to a branch, and that a high one, of British Art; it ought not to require the fostering care and patronage of government to keep it from degenerating or falling into positive disuse; but if private patronage is insufficient for the purpose, then it should have all the assistance that can be derived from other quarters.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT ISLINGTON.

ON the 17th of October, according to announcement, this exhibition was opened in the Agricultural Hall, by Earl Russell, who was accompanied by Lady Russell and Lady Amelia Romilly; there were also on the platform many notabilities, promoters and well-wishers of the scheme. The exhibitors are 866 in number, and their productions occupy 5,930 feet of wall, 2,012 feet of counter, and 1,750 feet of floor, classified as follows:—1st, Professional Workmanship; 2nd, Amateur Productions; 3rd, Inventions and Novel Contrivances; 4th, Mechanical Models; 5th, Rustic Objects; 6th, Ladies' Work of all kinds; 7th, Miscellaneous Articles; and the number of articles catalogued is 867—among which are very many that excite a warm interest, and well repay the trouble of examination. When the movement is considered in its direct and indirect bearings, its importance cannot be over estimated. Among ourselves, healthy impulse arises from below and strikes upward, while in other countries it is generated above and penetrates downward. The beautiful has always fascinated men in power so much as to move them to found institutions for its cultivation. We, of all civilised nations, have left our workmen to think for themselves—a comparative evil—yet not without its signal good, as having given to all our objects of domestic and personal utility, convenience, and luxury, a character of excellence and solidity equalled by the similar productions of no other nation. In the infancy of such projects as that of which we now speak, exhibitors have everything much their own way; but when establishment is assured, then very properly is exercised official restriction and adjustment, of which the absence in the present instance is impressed upon the visitor the instant he enters the Hall; and, moreover, it is felt that the place is very much too large for the articles shown in it. But persons accustomed to consider all the conditions necessary to the getting up of a display of this nature, feel at once the necessity imposed upon the directors of making an exhibition, and such an exhibition as shall, if possible, pay its expenses. Hence is found a variety of certainly beautiful and valuable contributions from the Science and Art Department at Kensington, together with what is much less attractive—an extensive assortment of ornamental and fancy work, of a kind which it is to be hoped, without prejudice to the producers, will find no place in future exhibitions. Before seeing the Fine Art examples of the collection, the conviction is not difficult that the exhibition had been better accredited without such contributions. The charity and patience of the committee must have been sorely taxed in the exercise of a duty towards these works which can, it must be believed, only have been received because the arena was thrown open to all comers. The amateur Art of "leisure hours" is a delusion and a snare. There are productions by a few so-called amateur artists that are fit to be placed by the side of those of the most laborious painters; but these amateurs are essentially

students, whose thoughts by day and dreams by night are of Art only, and they are very few, but verily they have their reward,—a small success in Art, if it be real, is a crown awarded only to years of labour. Those who have declared for Fine Art have assembled from the four winds, and live by every vocation that has a name; and the specimens by these enthusiasts will be held up as evidence of the growing popularity of Art. Thus we find contributing in this department, a porter, a gasfitter, a carpenter, a butcher, a letter-carrier, a French polisher, a provision dealer, a hairdresser—but that is enough. A word or two, however, about the work of the last-mentioned person—it is a statue of Lady Macbeth, that was sent in competition for the £600 prize of the Art-Union, which also was an open field, but for which this and similar essays had never met the public eye. We know the time necessary to the modelling of even a bad life-sized figure, and it is much to be regretted that so much valuable time should be thrown away in such attempts.

We confess to disappointment in not seeing some examples of the local manufactures. The exhibition is held in the centre of a population long famous for making the best watches in the world. We are deluged with cheap Geneva watches, the continual repairs necessary to which are the support of the numerous jobbing watch-makers that are now established everywhere. The life of a Geneva watch is from ten to fifteen years, whereas a good English watch will keep good time for a century. The great improvements in watch-making are all English; the horizontal movement was invented by Thompson, the duplex by Dr. Hooke, and perfected by Tyrer, the detached lever by Mudge, and we believe the detached escapement is also English. To this we expected some allusion at least at the very door of the invention and manufacture. Spitalfields again is unrepresented, together with many other ornamental and utilitarian manufactures within the prescribed district, and the absence of such aid we can only attribute to a delicacy on the part of skilled workmen in respect of their position with masters. In the manufacture of very many of the objects intended for exhibition, the producers have thought necessary to their work a great degree of ornamentation, though the things themselves were common utilities. This is an error which will remedy itself. Although there are many objects deserving of detailed description, we can mention only the names of a few of the persons who distinguish themselves by their works, and their greater or less accordance with the spirit of the enterprise. In the class "Professional Workmanship" may be named—W. Bedford, wood-carver; W. Brown, ivory-turner; C. Clay, mason; G. V. Wisedell, jeweller; C. Falkenstein, carver; C. Burch, carpenter; R. S. Marriott, wood-engraver; G. F. Booth, wood-carver; G. Marshall, ivory-turner; J. Williams, brass-finisher; D. Donati, wood-carver; H. Hunt, whitesmith; D. Langmead, carver; W. A. Holden, decorator; T. Winstanley, smith, &c. In the 3rd class, J. Hawthorn, chemist; W. S. Nosworthy, pianoforte maker; T. Myerson, iron plate worker; I. Board, cabinetmaker; A. Sweet, ironmonger; W. Stainton, carpenter; T. Lee, waterproofer; R. J. Langridge, coffee-house keeper, &c. In the 4th and 5th, or Model class, there are, J. Stackbridge, porter; W. Davey, cabinetmaker; Thomas Whitfield, printer; W. James, letter-carrier; E. Körner, boot-closer; T. Dixon, copperplate printer, &c.; and in the 6th and 7th classes there are also many persons who have earned distinction.

There is at the end of the room the breastplate and backpiece of an Italian *repoussé* cuirass of the latter part of the 15th century, which looks like electrotype, but we are not told how it is produced; there is also, numbered 649, a copy of a vase by H. Brodie, looking also like electrotype, but we are not informed how it has been executed: it is, by the way, misnomered Indian, whereas it is *Renaissance*. It is scarcely to be expected that a lengthy catalogue like that of this exhibition can be faultless, and doubtless every exertion has been made for the accuracy of this. The authorities cannot be responsible for improper descriptions, one of which we instance—98, "Carvings in plaster, group of tree foliage for decorating a panel," which is simply a clever plaster cast, and

not a carving; it has been sharpened and undercut, but no more than is usual in such works. This is one of those errors of description which evidently come from the contributor.

Those branches which afford a promise that there are yet better things to come from the same sources are—modelling, engineering, carving in wood and stone, decorative painting, cabinet work, works in leather, castings in bronze and iron, electro-metallurgy, works in terra-cotta, works in glass, &c.; and in many of those departments our artisans are excelled by none.

The exhibition as a whole is a success of that degree which apologises for the absence of something better to come; it affirms one of two things, that either it has not yet the confidence of the working classes, or there is a lamentable deficiency of ingenuity and enterprise in the North London district. But setting all such considerations aside, it is a success also of such a degree as, it is to be hoped, shall induce a continuation of such gatherings, which must, sooner or later, be greatly beneficial to the classes they are intended to represent.

AN ARTIST

AT THE

SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.

PART II.

HAVING a lively hope of obtaining food of some kind, I made my way across the marshy land between Laodicea and Hieropolis; not that I expected even the common comforts of a roadside inn, but a piece of black bread and a draught of water from any human habitation would have been indeed acceptable; this, however, the Fates denied. And now, on approaching the city, a view is before me that banishes, for a time all thoughts of hunger and thirst. A vast expanse of water appears through the mist of the marsh land, looking like a Niagara struck by magic power into perfect stillness; it seems to issue from the summit of the mountain and descends among arches grey with time, but evidently constructed by no mortal hand—a little fancy, and it becomes the palace of Neptune, each course of masonry being, as falling waters, suddenly petrified—and even so it is, only that hundreds or rather thousands of years have witnessed its gradual increase. At a distance one listens for the roar of its waters, but all is still as death, save the hollow sound emitted from the tread of the horses. In the time of Herodotus it was building its fantastic architecture, and so has continued building to the present day. Above and crowning the heights from whence this petrified cataract springs, stand the ruins of the once magnificent city of Hieropolis. Hastening on to the summit, large masses of fallen columns and entablatures of exquisite beauty rewarded me for the privations of the day. The theatre is, perhaps, one of the most perfect in existence; being on the slope of the hill above the city, it has not been choked up by the falling of earth and other *débris*, and the stonework is as sharp and clean in most parts as when the old masons left it. From this elevation the eye was directed to the hot springs, by a delicate film of rising steam. This place formed the ancient baths, and in all probability this luxury was the primary cause of the choice of the site of the city; only the people must have had water for drinking somewhere, but there was none to be found now. Remembering that in taking the indulgence of the hot bath it is especially forbidden to do so immediately after eating, it very naturally occurred to me that I ran very little risk from repletion at the moment; so I plunged into the warm stream among fallen fragments of sculptured marble, which process proved both pleasant and refreshing, enabling me to complete my sketches before sunset.

I had, however, no intention of trying my powers of fasting for another day, so hastened the examination of this curious and interesting place. The water appeared to spread itself slowly over the flat surfaces of the mountain, and wherever it rested for a short time, a series of thin circular walls was formed, and as the water broke over their boundaries another circle was again

formed, and so on till it reached the edge of the precipice. On looking over this to the snowy mass beneath, only a comparatively small quantity of the water appeared to be actually descending its pure white surface.

In some places the water ran through deep gulleys or channels, about six inches wide, and in the neighbourhood of these my horses were standing ready at a moment's notice to hasten back to the village of the previous day. Many objects of interest had kept me to the last moment that I ought to stay, when, just as I was about to mount, the discovery was made that one of the animals had got its leg into a gap, and was as fast a prisoner, and as incapable of locomotion, as the rock itself.

Having many reasons for dreading a late night journey, and knowing that with all speed I should not be able to get into the track of the caravans before dark, my patience was considerably taxed by this untoward incident. Luckily the poor brute took it quite philosophically himself, setting me an example that I was fain to follow; and as we both at last came to view the matter in the same light, half an hour's delay sufficed to get out of the difficulty. After all, the horses had certainly a better time of it than their riders, and now served us well in our haste to get into some inhabited district.

At length a human habitation is seen in the distance, on reaching it we begged for bread and a little water from the inmates, but whether from fear, or dislike of the *infidel*, I do not know, all that could be obtained through the half-opened casement was, that the key of the bread store was mislaid. At last the well-known sign of cultivation is seen in the shape of a small hut on poles covered with rushes, to which a ladder is attached as means of entrance. This is the melon-grower's *parlour, kitchen, and all*, and is supposed to keep him free from the attacks of fever.

Throwing myself on the ground, in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of finding a plentiful supply of melons of all sorts and sizes laid by my side. Cutting huge slices out of the juicy fruit which thus served both for victuals and drink, I thought how much more equally human affairs are balanced than they are generally supposed to be; and how many there were who, living in the midst of luxury, would give much of what they possessed for such an appetite and digestion as I then enjoyed.

Paying the man three times more than he demanded, I now made my way through the darkness, crossing by the way a bridge without parapet, which, as far as I could judge by feeling with my feet, would astonish any one but an Osmanlee, as to how any quadruped was expected to get over it even in the daytime. However, I reached the village late at night—having been seventeen hours in the saddle, and attained the nearest point towards starvation that it has been my fortune to experience.

The way to Ephesus now lay through the beautiful valley of the Meander, and all disagreeables were again forgotten. I had slept in a *hay-loft* a few nights previously, and was, in the approved eastern fashion, about to sleep in a *palace*.

The valley of the Meander is one of the most fruitful and best cultivated districts in Asia Minor. It is indeed the country whence the best figs in the world are exported; and few can have any idea of this fruit unless they have eaten it in Turkey. When in perfection, it is as fine in flavour and as luscious as a peach. The valley must be at least fifteen miles broad, and the river, intersecting it in all directions by its windings, of course contributes in a great degree to the extraordinary luxuriance of its vegetation. The contrast to the country about Laodicea, as well as all the circumstances of the journey, was extreme. Towards the close of the day I found myself at the important town of Guzál Hissar. Here I thought the usual disagreeables were about to arise in obtaining lodgings for the night, but insisting on my *teskery* (or passport) being sent at once to the governor, in about twenty minutes I received a polite invitation to go to him and make myself at home at his palace.

I found my kind entertainer was no other than Namek Pasha, sometime ambassador at our court; he said that he had himself received so many

attentions and kindness in England, that he should ever feel a pleasure in paying any attention in his power to all Englishmen. His name has been unfortunately mixed up with the massacre near the Holy Places, since I had the pleasure of meeting him; but, having stayed for several days at his palace, and having had privately the means of judging fairly his character, also considering his thorough knowledge and respect for Europeans, I can never believe for one moment in the possibility of his having been a party to the atrocities committed on the Christians.

However, at the time I am speaking of, the rest and comfort offered were very acceptable to me. Being led into a small but beautiful apartment, I stretched my weary limbs on the downy sofa. An attendant brought me coffee in a golden cup, set with jewels, and covered with a cloth of gold. A message was brought next day inquiring if I would prefer the French or the Turkish style of dining. As I was about to dine with the Pasha, I said, of course, that I preferred the latter, and was afterwards nearly choked by getting a bit of tough mutton in my throat at the first going off. The Turkish mode of eating is always with the right hand, using only the forefinger and thumb, and each helping himself from the dish in the middle of the table. I had unfortunately, while dipping into the salver, got hold of a bit that had been left rather larger than the rest, and it certainly was not quite so tender as our Southdowns; taught by this to be more cautious, I ultimately made a capital dinner, and indeed some of the dishes were excellent. If his highness had perceived my little dilemma (for I suppose I must have presented the image of one with the bowstring round his neck), he had the politeness to appear not to notice it, and we managed to have a very pleasant conversation afterwards. Excepting the little mishap with the mutton *kybobs*, everything about me was exceedingly pleasant; and the kind and pressing invitation of the Pasha to stay some time was accepted with pleasure; the opportunity for recruiting previous to the renewal of the journey towards Ephesus was, as I made myself believe, not only agreeable but quite necessary.

Of course, as I was now in a palace, nothing was wanting to the fairy-like enchantment of the place but an Arabian charger placed immediately at my command. And indeed *this* want was duly supplied. Talk of Pegasus, he would never have wanted *wings* had he possessed *legs* such as the animal I then bestrode. Now, lest it may be thought I came to grief, as certain other riders have done, it must be recollected that each morning my set of horses had to be changed, and therefore I had by this time considerable experience in the riding of Turkish horseflesh. The hack of the country is generally small, but hardy, bearing an immense amount of fatigue, although, judging from my own observation, one cannot be surprised at the spirit being taken out of him.

The horse I now rode was of another character—large, agile, with nostrils *thin*, ears *small*, full and *fiery* eyes, yet gentle as a lamb. How he bounded up the rise of the mountain, and with the faintest touch of the hand obeyed my will! Who, I thought, can wonder at the affection which the wanderer of the desert has for his horse, when possessing such a friend as this must be at every period of his life?

Having got my own machinery into capital working order by resting on that downy couch, and replenished the exhaustion of my unwilling fast from the well-filled table (the latter article, by-the-by, not having been enjoyed for weeks), I felt like a bird on the wing, as my glorious steed, with easy springs, carried me forward swift as the wind to every object of interest about the place to which I was directed by the attending officer of the Pasha.

At some distance from the town, on a small eminence, rise the ruins of a palace, being the well-chosen site for the residence of the ancient Roman governor of the province. The position commands, as far as the eye can reach, a view of the upper valley of the Meander, with the hazy blue mountains in the distance. Through the rich foliage is seen the winding course of the river, glittering in the sun. As far as regards the savage grandeur of the country I had *passed*

through, "distance lent enchantment to the view," but the way *remaining* to be traversed was rich and beautiful.

In the midst of much that was interesting about this place, in which the eye had a continual feast, there was one drawback as usual, in the prevalence of fever, existing both in and out of the palace; and I learned from the Pasha that so many of his people were suffering he had been obliged to send to Constantinople for medical assistance; indeed, on resuming my journey, no one in health could be found to take the service of guide, and I was obliged to shift with a poor fellow who was scarcely able to sit on horseback. During my two days' sojourn here, my host (who was a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word) had done all that was possible for my comfort; but description must fail to convey any idea of the luxury of repose after roughing it as I had done. And then the dreams of home and of all the little ones! surely dreams under such circumstances are a great blessing.

Taking leave of the Pasha with hearty thanks, I proceeded on the way to Ephesus. As I rode through the gates his Highness appeared at one of the overhanging windows, and with that courtesy which was habitual, bade me a final adieu. My Greek informed me presently afterwards that he had just ordered two robbers (taken in the country we had left) to be hanged. It appears that the *silken* cord, or bowstring, is a delicacy only offered to the great man, for I remember on the first morning after my arrival at Constantinople that a Greek baker and a Turkish woman were both hung up together before the man's shop-window; and in order that the warning to all lovers of intrigue should be effectual, they were left hanging there for two days. My first horror of the plague had not then passed away, and I did not therefore go near them, but saw enough to spoil my dinner for that day.

Following the track of the caravans, the ruins of Ephesus at length lay before me. The main portion of the city appears to have been built on a flat, marshy land, surrounded on all sides but one by high hills. Of course the engraved view from my picture, painted on the spot,* must give a better idea of the place than any *written* description. It was taken from the remains of the theatre in which took place that great commotion against Paul, "When all with one voice, for about the space of two hours, cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And when the town clerk had appeased the people he said, Ye men of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which came down from Jupiter?" Time has, however, not only swept away the image of the great goddess herself, but has destroyed also every vestige of her great temple. There is not a stone to mark the spot on which it existed; probably the materials of which it was composed were too tempting in after times to be allowed to remain. Some suppose the columns in St. Sophie, at Constantinople, to have belonged to this temple; at all events, travellers must deplore the non-existence in those days of such usefully meddling conservators of ancient works as Antiquarian and Archaeological Societies, for, by all accounts, this great temple of Diana must have been a sumptuous and magnificent edifice. The ruins even now are very extensive, tenanted here and there by the jackall, which looks out from his habitation with wondering eyes at the passing traveller, and seems to consider himself the undoubted hereditary owner of the property.

At some distance is seen the village and castle of Aisaluke, with a large aqueduct—but oh! the barbarians they were who built it, for it is constructed in many places with the finest marble carvings and architectural enrichments of ancient Art, inserted as mere stones into the piers.

After leaving this place for Smyrna, the country bore evidence of a much larger and more thriving population than I had hitherto met with; the neighbourhood of Smyrna being studded with the picturesque villas of the merchants and consuls of that magnificent port. These houses have perhaps more of European comfort in and about them than any other habitations in the East.

They are generally situated on some rising knoll, commanding views of the harbour, which is completely land-locked. The mountain on which Sisyphus was condemned to the perpetual labour of rolling up his stone, which as often rolled back again on him, rises to a great height on the opposite side.

Altogether there is a charm in the residences about Smyrna seldom surpassed in any country, for they have just so much undulation of the fertile surface around them as to enable each to command a view of the sea on one hand, with the harbour and its busy population on the other, completed by the extensive mountain range in the distance.

Approaching the city is seen on a considerable elevation, the castle, said to have been built by the Crusaders, and forming a prominent object from every point, as will be easily understood by reference to the view published in the *Art-Journal*.* Not far from this, but nearer to the port, is the caravan bridge, over which pass sometimes as many as 2000 camels a day. This bridge spans the small but celebrated river Meles, near which, it is believed, Homer was born. By the side of the bridge a rather questionable evidence of civilisation was pointed out in the shape of a living tree, upon the branches of which many had made a sudden and unwilling exit from this world. Was it fancy only in thinking there was a careworn appearance about that tree, as if it were conscious of its degradation among its brothers of the forest—drooping its head over those historic waters in mournful recollection of the many victims hurried into eternity by popular tumult, and the unrestrained passions of men?

Smyrna is the only city among the cities of the seven primitive churches that can be called flourishing. It is inhabited by people of all nations, and therefore every kind of accommodation can be had for money. Since I was first in its port a few months ago the plague had disappeared, or was known to exist but in a few isolated spots, and the discomforts were now confined to the mosquitos by night and the dogs by day; some of the latter, seeing a stranger on their domain, amused themselves by biting his heels, amidst the laughter of some very ugly Greek women.

Some small remains were shown to me as the ancient church, but the city is full of mosques and baths, synagogues and cafés, warehouses and wine shops. I here became acquainted with a fair-complexioned young Jew, who invited me to their feast (I believe the feast of Passover), conducting me to the place of honour among the elders of the family, from which I witnessed the ceremonies, the women and children remaining on a lower level. My entertainer had a beautiful family of three fair children.

My notes on the way necessarily relate more immediately to the simple incidents of the journey as they occurred, depending on my sketches for giving the best description of the places themselves. Many of the circumstances of travelling in that region are (in some degree) now changed, for the railway has invaded a part of the country about Smyrna—an invasion which, unlike the invasions of old, brings happiness in its train; and whether Asia Minor remains under Mahometan or Christian rule, nothing can stop its prosperity, when its fertile plains are developed by modern inventions, joined to a strong protecting power of government.

A letter lies before me from Messrs. L—, those builders of the age, who will erect a public work in as many months as it would have taken years for the ancients to complete the same. I am reminded that professional drawings are required, and having given you the memoranda connected with that portion of my journey of which you have published the views, I must hasten to other duties, regretting that I have already been interrupted in the pleasing task of mentally travelling over again ground that possesses so much of beauty and so many historical recollections.

I am, &c.,
THOMAS ALLOM.

Barnes, Surrey.

* Vide *Art-Journal*, Vol. 1863, p. 250.

* Vide *Art-Journal*, Vol. 1863, p. 123.

A YEAR-BOOK.*

A VERY elegant gift-book is "The Months Illustrated with Pen and Pencil," a work entirely got up by Messrs. Butterworth and Heath, whose

names, as engravers on wood, must be familiar to our readers. A few words will suffice to explain its character. The literary portion consists of numerous passages descriptive of, or relating to, the months, judiciously selected from the best writers; and these are accompanied by a



large number of woodcuts appropriate to the subject-matter, from the pencils of artists of well-known taste and skill. Additional interest is given

to the volume by Mr. Noel Humphreys's exquisitely delicate floral initials and other page ornaments. The style in which the illustrations pre-



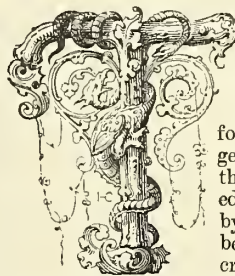
sent themselves is seen in the two examples here

* THE MONTHS ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By R. Barnes, J. N. Lee, J. W. North, and E. M. Whimperis. With Initials and Floral Ornaments by H. Noel Humphreys. The whole Engraved by Butterworth and Heath. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

introduced. The whole will bear comparison with the best works of the class. Messrs. Butterworth and Heath may be highly complimented, not only on the manner in which they have executed the engraving, but on the taste and judgment evidenced throughout.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.*

No. LXXVII.—HENRIETTA WARD
(MRS. E. M. WARD).

ALENT, or genius, is very far, as a rule, from being hereditary; yet it would be strange indeed if it were not sometimes found descending from one generation to another when the individual is surrounded, even from the cradle, by everything that would be able to develop, if not create, it. Such was the case with the lady whose

name appears at the head of this notice. She is granddaughter of James Ward, R.A., whose brother was William Ward, an eminent engraver, and whose sister married Morland, and whose daughter was the wife of J. Jackson, R.A. Moreover, Henrietta Ward is daughter of Mr. George Raphael Ward, the well-known mezzotinto engraver, and at one time a miniature painter in large practice, whose wife was also a very clever miniature painter, and a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy; their daughter was united in marriage at an early age to Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A. It would, therefore, indeed have been singular had she not shown powerful evidence of the influences which have on all sides surrounded her whole existence. Art was her inheritance, and amidst it she has "lived, and moved, and had her being."

Newman Street, a few years ago, was a complete artists' colony: it is comparatively deserted now. In 1832 the father and grandfather of Mrs. E. M. Ward were living there, in houses adjoining each other, and it was in that street, and in that year, the lady was born, on the 1st of June. It was said she could handle her pencil cleverly before she learned to talk; and her chief amusement, or employment, was to colour every picture-book that came in her way. At about the age of six she tried to copy her grandfather's lithographs of horses, and would also sketch animals from nature. One day her uncle left his pony carriage at the door of her home; shortly after his arrival the young artist was missed, and when every room had been searched in vain, she was found seated in her own little chair on the street pavement in front of the house, hard at work with paper and pencil sketching the animal, amid a crowd of lookers-on who appeared to take especial interest in the progress of the drawing. Three or four years later she illustrated "Robinson Crusoe" after her own fashion, and also showed considerable talent for portraiture; the likenesses of the friends who "sat" to her were looked upon as faithful transcripts. Even at the early age of five she gave proof of an "eye for likeness," of which the following anecdote gives proof. Her father was at that time engaged in engraving a portrait of Tom Moore; the child, when walking out one day, happened to see him in the street, and ran home announcing the fact. As he was an utter stranger to her, except through the medium of the portrait, the story was not credited; however, in a few moments the poet arrived to substantiate its truth, and taking the little lady on his knee, asked if she knew his name: "Oh yes," was the answer, "little Tommy Moore;" a reply that, of course, called down the rebuke of the parents, but with which Moore himself was delighted.

From the age of eleven to that of sixteen Miss Ward studied assiduously. In 1848, when she had only reached the latter term of life, she married Mr. E. M. Ward, who had already achieved such distinction as to have obtained the rank of Associate in the Royal Academy. But the love of Art was too great to be entirely thwarted

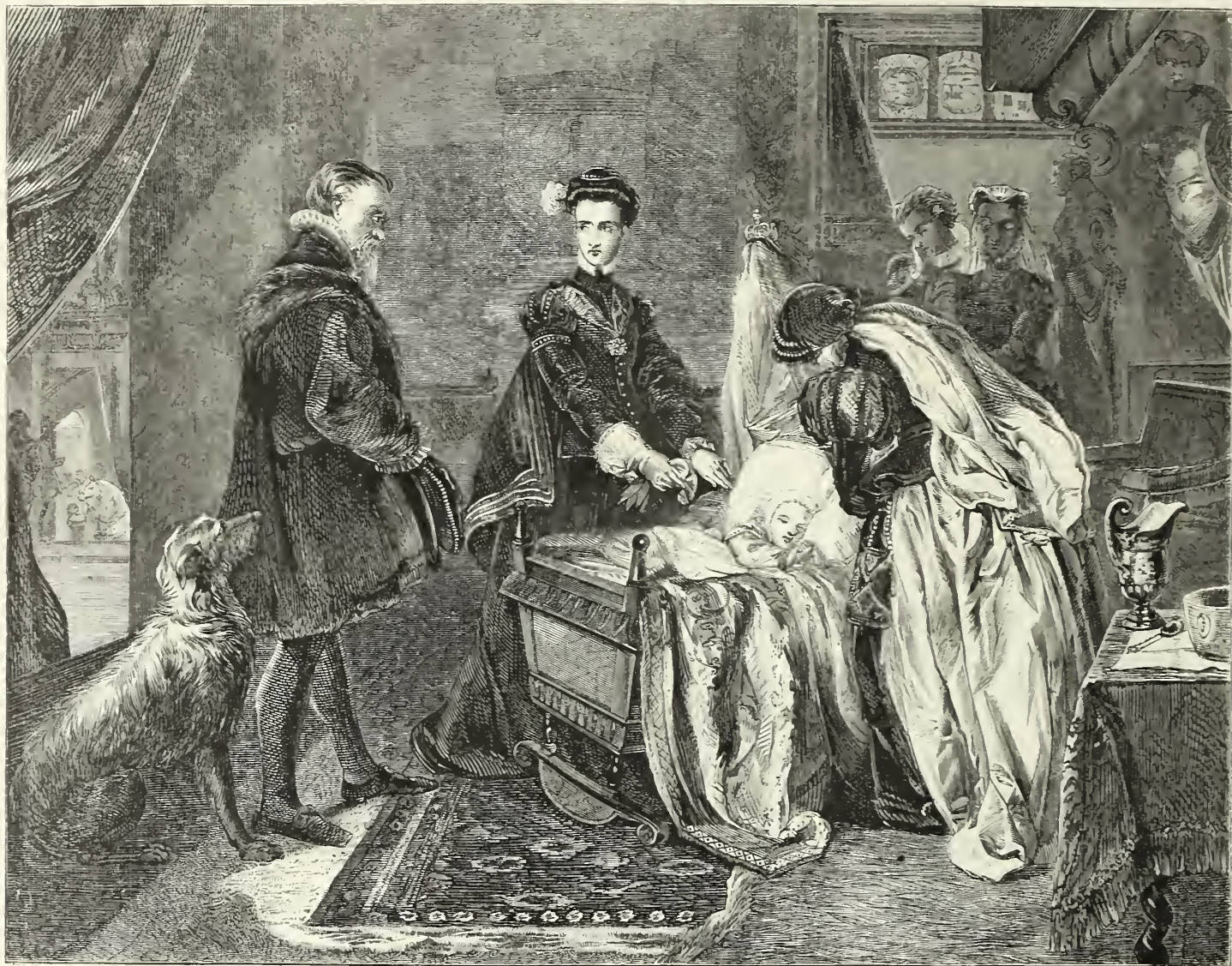
* We have to apologise for the introduction of only two illustrations: in all previous cases we have given three, and had arranged for an engraving of Mrs. Ward's picture of 'The Tower,' but an accident to the block prevents its insertion.

even by marital duties, and after almost abandoning her easel for nearly two years, she, as we once heard her say, "broke out into painting." The first public exhibition of the result was a picture of 'Still Life,' exhibited at the Academy in 1850. In the following year Mrs. Ward exhibited 'The Pet Hawk,' and 'Rowena,' from Scott's "Ivanhoe." In 1852 appeared her first figure-subject, 'Antwerp Market,' a cleverly painted picture. The picture was purchased by Mr. Bashall, of Preston. In order to perfect herself in drawing the human figure, Mrs. Ward, about this time, went through a course of anatomical studies at Mr. Cary's academy in Bloomsbury Street, from which she derived advantages that were impossible to be obtained in any private studio. These, combined with the instruction always at her command from one so affectionately solicitous for her improvement as her husband naturally was, and so anxious to stimulate to that exertion which might advance her career, laid the foundation of her future success.

In a 'Scene from the Camp at Chobham, in the Encampment of the 79th Highlanders,' exhibited at the Academy in 1854, Mrs. Ward gave evidence of maturer artistic powers, both in composition and colour, than in any of her preceding works. The subject assumes more of a domestic than a military character, for though two of the men of the regiment are

introduced, they are in undress, while the wife of one of them is engaged at the wash-tub. The arrangement of the figures is good, and they are very carefully drawn. Her self-imposed maternal duties appear to have suggested a subject for the next exhibited painting, 'The Morning Lesson,' a young mother instructing her child; the "lesson" is not given in the nursery or schoolroom, but in an apartment richly furnished, and with all its "appointments" handsome and in good taste. The composition is elaborate throughout, and every object painted with the greatest attention to detail, as well as with very considerable power. 'The Intruders,' another domestic scene, but of totally different character, was exhibited in 1856; here we see a child and kitten, who have rushed incontinently—the "morning lessons" are now over—into a superbly furnished drawing-room, placing in jeopardy not only the elegant knick-knackeries it contains, but also the really substantial objects. The juveniles have literally broken loose, and play riot amid the costly furniture of the saloon. The artist has in this work treated most successfully a theme of no little difficulty. 'The May Queen,' exhibited at the same time, is a very charming representation of a fragment of Tennyson's poem.

'God Save the Queen,' one of our illustrations, was painted and



Engraved by

QUEEN MARY QUITTING STIRLING CASTLE.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

exhibited in 1857; we may so far reveal the secrets of the artist's home as to announce that the lady presiding at the instrument is Mrs. Ward herself, and the youthful choristers are her children, whom she is teaching, like a loyal woman, our grand national anthem. Mrs. Ward is a skilful performer on the pianoforte, and from a child has been an enthusiastic lover of music; we believe her choice of a husband alone decided her in making painting a more prominent study than music. It is evident from the accessories accompanying the choir—their playthings—that the members have been hastily called together for practice; and, from the action of their preceptor, that they are not singing quite in harmony. It is an amusing and interesting subject very cleverly carried out. Mrs. Ward's next exhibited picture was 'Howard's Farewell to England,' the great philanthropist is seated in the little garden of one of his tenants at Cardington, who, with his wife and children, are listening attentively to the advice and counsels of their kind friend and landlord. This was in every way the most important work the artist had hitherto attempted, and the vigorous manner in which it is brought forward, both in conception and execution, fully justifies the boldness of her undertaking a task requiring great powers of head and hand.

'An Incident in the Life of Frederick the Great' was contributed to the

Academy in 1859. It is a scene of childhood, the future warrior and a juvenile companion "playing at soldiers" in an apartment of the palace. "Little Fritz," as the king was familiarly called in after times by his troops, is beating a drum as he and his playmate march up and down the room. This is a small work, but its merits must not be estimated in the least degree by its size. It was followed, in 1860, by 'The First Step in Life,' another juvenile marching scene, but of quite another kind—a baby child learning to walk, under the conduct of its nurse and in the presence of its delighted mother.

Hitherto Mrs. Ward appears, like the infant in the last picture, to have been "feeling her way" towards the highest point of Art, historical painting; her latest productions bear good evidence of its being reached. These are 'A Scene in the Louvre in 1649,' 'QUEEN MARY QUITTING STIRLING CASTLE,' and 'The Tower, ay, the Tower,' exhibited respectively in the years 1862-3-4; the second is engraved on this page. It may justly be said of the three pictures that there were few works hanging with them in the Academy that claimed more marked attention for the manner in which the subjects are placed on the canvas, with regard to composition, feeling, colour, and effect.

We know of no lady—in our own school certainly—attaining so high a

position as a painter of history as Mrs. Ward has shown herself in these her latest pictures. The selection of the subjects evidences a determination to identify her pencil with great and worthy themes, and her treatment

evidences her ability to grapple with them. We do not refer to them in detail, because they are of so recent date that every observant visitor to the gallery must have them tolerably fresh in remembrance: they show what



Engraved by]

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

an immense advance the artist here made beyond any of her preceding efforts; and they constitute a most auspicious augury concerning the hereafter. Mrs. Ward is still young, both in years and practice; we may

therefore expect her future life to produce even richer fruit than any yet seen from her hands: we see no reason why she should not attain the highest position in historical painting.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



DECEMBER.

1	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
2	F.	
3	S.	
4	S.	<i>Second Sunday in Advent.</i>
5	M.	[First Quarter. 7h. 33m. A.M.]
6	Tu.	Photographic Society. Meeting.— Moon's
7	W.	
8	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
9	F.	
10	S.	Royal Academy Founded. 1768.
11	S.	<i>Third Sunday in Advent.</i>
12	M.	
13	Tu.	Full Moon. 7h. 12m. A.M.
14	W.	Graphic Society. Meeting.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

15	Th.	Antiquarian Society. Meeting.
16	F.	Cambridge Michaelmas Term ends.
17	S.	Oxford Michaelmas Term ends.
18	S.	<i>Fourth Sunday in Advent.</i>
19	M.	
20	Tu.	[5h. 2m. A.M.]
21	W.	<i>St. Thomas.</i> — Moon's Last Quarter.
22	Th.	
23	F.	
24	S.	
25	S.	<i>Christmas Day.</i>
26	M.	<i>St. Stephen.</i>
27	Tu.	<i>St. John the Evangelist.</i>
28	W.	<i>Innocents' Day.</i> —New Moon. 9h. 21m. P.M.
29	Th.	
30	F.	
31	S.	



[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN DECEMBER.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

DECEMBER has come at last, dark, cold, and dreary, as must needs be the case when the sun is above the horizon for so short a time, and rises to so low an elevation. With barely eight hours of daylight, and sixteen of darkness more or less profound, the artist can find but little time for out-door work, even if the sharp frost and chilling winds will permit his fingers to wield the pencil.

I have already mentioned the state of the sky during a March evening, and we will now see the position of the stars in the middle of a December night. Supposing the artist to be drawing a night scene upon the first of December at midnight, he must be careful to dispose the stars as follows:—

Nearly in the zenith blazes Capella, and a little to the southward lie the three brilliant stars that mark the constellation of Taurus, the ruddy Aldebaran, which forms the eye of the bull, being brilliantly conspicuous. Still further south is the glorious Orion, who has nearly reached his meridian. On the eastern horizon Regulus may be seen rising; and the twins, Castor and Pollux, are visible high in the south-east. Just below them is Procyon, and lower still is the bright Sirius, which can scarcely be mistaken for any other star. Arcturus has not yet risen, and the Great Bear is well to the eastward, standing very upright. The Little Bear is exactly on the meridian, and the bright Vega is low in the north-west, Deneb being only a little higher. Cassiopeia is as much to the westward as the Great Bear to the east, and towards the west are the four stars arranged in a square which mark out Pegasus and Andromeda.

Of the moon and other planets I say nothing, because their position depends, not upon the month, but the year. It ought to be mentioned *en passant* that if the artist does insert any of the planets in the sky, he marks the date of his picture as clearly as if he had written upon its face the year, month, day, and hour at which he painted it.

I mention this point, because December is so rich in night scenes, and because during some of its clear, cold nights, the stars shine out with a brilliancy that reminds the observer of clearer and more southern skies.

Duck-shooting is among the many nocturnal scenes which an artist ought to depict—not from taking a sketch of a spot by daylight, and then filling in imaginary stars, planets, and shadows to represent night. As with other sports, so with this. There is much to be seen in duck-shooting, provided the artist takes part in it. He need not trouble himself about taking sketches, for the scenes are sure to fix themselves in his mind, and be photographed minutely in his brain.

There are all the preparations on shore—the examination of guns, the inventory of ammunition, the survey of provisions, and lastly, the donning of great sea-boots, pilot-coats, mitten-gloves, sou'-wester hats, and other contrivances for retaining warmth. Then there is the launch, and the quiet paddle towards the spots where the ducks are known to feed, the long, low, shallow punt with its white sides, being carefully steered, so as to be hidden behind any projecting point of land until it has neared the desired locality. Then are the white sheets drawn over the crouching sportsmen, so that the boat and its contents are almost invisible, the long, bowsprit-like duck-gun being the only dark object on board.

Then comes the cautious approach, the

listening to the ceaseless and peculiar sound of many birds, the anxious aim, the lightning-like flash, the stunning report, the cloud of smoke, and the swish of the shot in the water. Then, as the yet unwounded birds rise in terror, and try to escape by flight, there is the rapid aim, flash, and report of smaller guns, and then a lull that seems almost startling after the hurry and noise of the last few moments.

Then comes the picking up of the dead and capture of the wounded, the latter a task of no small difficulty. No one knows how difficult it is to catch a wounded duck until he tries, and the anxious efforts of the sportsmen to secure their prey are sure to produce a series of picturesque and animated scenes, what with the glare of lanterns on the black water, the occasional flash of a gun as a winged bird is killed, and the energetic gesticulations of all parties.

The spots where ducks love best to feed are anything but picturesque by day, yet at night they are made so by the accessories.

Another December scene which is often drawn, is the appearance of the Waits under the windows. Long may they survive to give the artist many a subject for his pencil; but, oh that they would choose a better kind of music, and play a trifle better in tune! To be awakened by a fine old Christmas carol, or even by a hymn tune decently played, is pleasant enough, but to be roused from sleep by a slang nigger melody, or the latest importation from the music halls, is enough to make any one wish that Waits had never existed.

I recollect one set of Waits, which preambulated Oxford some ten or twelve years ago, who were not only picturesque, but had the advantage of singing good music and doing it well. They consisted of the choir of one of the churches, and one fine night they turned out, and sang some of the magnificent old church hymns, pausing at the house of every one who took an interest in the church. They were nearly forty in number, and nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the grand old music stealing through the stillness of the night, rising and falling as the singers moved along.

There are many other Christmas customs which have often inspired artists' pencils. There is the decoration of churches, a scene which, if rightly drawn, is charming, and if wrongly drawn, is simply repulsive. Last year the British public was inundated with drawings of the latter description, where elegant young ladies are running here and there without hats or bonnets on their heads, and elegant young curates are smiling benignly at them, and never doing a stroke of work themselves, and every one has the daintiest of apparel, and is exhibiting the whitest of fingers, and both the maidens and the curates are evidently thinking of the effect which they produce, and nothing whatever of the church in which they are disporting themselves.

Churches are not decorated in that holiday-making style, which is as like reality as a Dresden china statuette is like the veritable shepherd it is meant to represent. Church decoration is real hard work. There are wires and sticks to tear flimsy dresses, there are holly leaves to prick tender fingers, and however clean a church may be, there is dust in plenty when the decorations are fixed. The oldest and stoutest clothes, which are always covered with dust, and mostly with whitewash, the thickest of leather gloves, and the warmest of boots are in vogue. You would not know the curate from a stonemason as you see him perched on a ladder, busy with hammer, and wire, and cord, and wooden framework. The ladies

are tying up the already made festoons of greenery, or twining wreaths to order, while the gentlemen are doing all the hard work; and every one has his or her own department, and does not go running fatuously through the aisles with bunches of evergreens in both hands. Could sufficient space be spared, I should have much to say on the subject of church decoration, which is a subject but little understood and less appreciated.

The out-door landscape is unpromising. Except when the snow and ice add a temporary interest to the scene, there is very little to do, except, perhaps, to study the characters of leafless trees. How much individually there is in each tree we have already been told, and in order to ensure accuracy and truth in drawing a tree in full leafage, there is no plan so effectual as learning to draw it in its bare and leafless state. Fortunately the photograph comes to our assistance here, and an artist may learn nearly as much from the photographs at home as he would from the trees themselves, while he possesses the additional advantage of a comfortable room and warm fingers.

As to the Yule log, and other Christmas customs, they have been drawn and re-drawn so often that I shall say nothing about them in this place. Moreover, they are customs of the past, not of the present, and it is of this I write. There is scarcely a modern fire-place that would hold a Yule log, and the house-keeper would utter dire remonstrances against the practice of dragging it over the floor of the hall. When carpets were not invented, and rushes strewed the ground, and the dogs gnawed the bones under the tables, the passage of the huge log was rather beneficial than otherwise, because it cleared part of the floor. The Yule log of the present is nought but a sham, a mere scrap of wood that a man can tuck under his arm, and which causes ceaseless alarms in feminine hearts lest it should set the chimney on fire, or throw sparks on the carpet, or disseminate white ashes through the room. But the Christmas festivities of our own time are not without their artistic value.

There is but little vegetation now visible, and very few flowers. The furze, however, is as generous with her golden blossoms and strange perfume as in the milder months, and the sturdy wall-flower exhibits its fragrant petals in every favourable spot. In many places the graceful snowdrops rear their shapely stalks and nod their drooping heads, often flowering with such luxuriance that their white masses look as if a snow-drift had heaped itself upon the ground. Then, there is often the primrose in flower, in spots with a southern aspect, well sheltered from the north wind, and having a tolerable supply of moisture, the delicate petals reposing, as it were, among the soft, woolly green mass of leaves. Even in this inclement year, a few of the hardier insects are generally to be seen near or upon the primrose; and in the spots where the flower is found, gnats are nearly certain to be present, dancing as merrily in the pale wintry sunbeams as if they were rejoicing in the coming spring. In some spots the black hellebore is in blossom. I used in days gone by to wonder greatly why this plant, which has a white flower, should be called the black hellebore, not knowing that the title is earned by the black hue of the underground stem. Here and there, the coltsfoot puts forth its blossoms, and directs the rustic to the spot where he can procure a succedaneum for tobacco, and the pearl of British wild-flowers, the star-like daisy, may still be seen in blossom.

In sese vertitur annus.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The distribution of prizes to the students in the Glasgow School of Art took place in October. The annual report of the committee was read at the same time, and while it recognised the satisfactory condition of the institution as to the number and progress of the pupils, it referred also to the difficulties which surrounded it, stating that "the citizens ought distinctly to understand that the cost of maintaining it was now thrown mainly upon themselves; they must either support it or it must be abandoned. Its safety could only be secured by the inhabitants of Glasgow providing free premises, and if this were done its permanence would be secured, even although government aid should be withdrawn." Mr. C. Heath Wilson, who is retiring from the head-mastership of the school, after filling that position for the lengthened period of twenty-seven years, said, when addressing the visitors—"It had often been asked what good these schools had really effected. If this single fact was considered, that twenty-five years ago drawing amongst artisans was a rare accomplishment, and that since then not only ten thousand, but tens of thousands of students had been carefully trained in these schools in all parts of the kingdom, so that they were able to draw with elegance and taste, with readiness and facility, while many of them had risen to a very high position as professional men, it would surely be regarded as a sufficient reply to the question of what these schools had done." This may be true within a limited extent, but if Mr. Wilson were asked what the schools of Art had done compared with what might have been done in proportion to the vast machinery at work, we know well the answer he would emphatically give.

PERTH.—The statue of the Prince Consort, by Mr. W. S. Brodie, R.S.A., has been erected on the site intended for it, at the foot of the North Inch. The Prince is attired in the robes of the Order of the Thistle; the body dress is the doublet and trunk-hose worn by the ancient Scottish nobles: in his right hand, which rests on a kind of pedestal, he holds a scroll, on which are traced the outlines of the Exhibition building of 1851. The statue is nine feet high, and the pedestal on which it stands is thirteen feet.

BRIGHTON.—The Pavilion, erected by George IV., has been restored to nearly its original state, including the re-hanging of many of the early decorations removed on the dismantling of this curious "pet" palace of the monarch, and recently presented by the Queen to the corporation.

CIRENCESTER.—The drawings executed by the pupils of the School of Art during the sessional year which ended in the spring, were exhibited in the Corn Hall in the month of October, together with a number of models and various other works of Art. At the same time the prizes were awarded to the successful competitors by the Hon. W. L. Bathurst.

LIVERPOOL.—It is proposed to erect, by public subscription, a statue, in the Liverpool Town Hall, of the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, as a permanent memorial of the services he has rendered to the town, and the country at large.

SALFORD.—The Royal Museum of this town has had presented to it, by Mr. David Chadwick, a member of the museum committee, a series of fourteen pictures, copied by Mr. S. Le Resche from the works of Reynolds in the National Gallery.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—Mr. Silas Rice, who has retired from the post of head-master of the Stoke School of Art, has been presented by the students with a valuable testimonial—an exceedingly beautiful copy of the Portland vase, made expressly for the purpose by Wedgwood and Sons, of Etruria; and also a majolica plaque, tastefully designed and executed by Mr. M. R. Eldon, formerly one of Mr. Rice's pupils, and now employed on the decorations at South Kensington.

TAVISTOCK.—The bronze statue of the late Duke of Bedford, by Mr. E. B. Stephens, A.R.A., to which reference was made in the *Art-Journal* of last year, has been erected in the Abbey Yard of Tavistock.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—An exhibition of Industrial Art was opened in this town at the end of September; the contributions are reported to have been both numerous and excellent. The ex-queen of the French was present at the opening, when an inaugural address was delivered by the Hon. F. G. Molyneux.

WINCHESTER.—Chief Justice Erle recently presented to Winchester College a pair of magnificent altar candlesticks of solid silver, upwards of three feet high, and of the most costly and elaborate workmanship, executed by Messrs. Skidmore, of Coventry, in the style of ornament employed in the time of William of Wykeham.

DULWICH COLLEGE GALLERY.

THE College of God's Gift, in Dulwich, founded by old Edward Alleyn, was subject to an inquiry in 1857, and was afterwards reformed in all its details by an Act of Parliament passed in August of that year. Great corruptions were swept away, and the spirit of the old place was relieved of its overgrown body, and made free again to do its good work in the world. Certain governors, partly elected from the vestries of the parishes especially interested in the college foundation, and partly elected by the Court of Chancery, formed the new board, under which, it was hoped, the development of the college would be a thing of rapid and useful growth.

Among other objects contemplated by the Act, was the establishment of an Art-school, where the boys should receive instruction in drawing and designing. The framers of the Act also recognised the bequest of Sir Peter Francis Bourgeois's and Madame Desenfan's pictures as a nucleus already established, round which such a school could be formed. To this end it provided that "the annual surplus income (if any) arising from the said Picture Gallery Endowment, shall be applied by the governors in or towards providing instruction in drawing or designing for the boys at the two schools constituted by this scheme, and until so applied shall be accumulated and invested as part of the surplus income of the said educational branch of the Charity." This showed an intelligent desire to place the new college on a very distinct and sound footing as regards its Art-education; and it might be expected that, with a good master at the head of the Art department, Dulwich College would be distinguished above others for training its students in Art, as well as in other matters.

It was a right step to offer the great advantage of a sound education in Art to the boys of both schools; but it gave evidence of more than usual foresight, when the framers of the Act distinctly connected the picture-gallery with the college—as not only the material fabric of the gallery, or of any additional gallery, must be attached to the college buildings, but *its endowment should also be applied to the purposes of the Art-school*, after the preservation and custody of the pictures had been provided for. It was an experiment to educate boys of the middle and upper classes in an Art-sphere. But so far from this having been done, the governors, in spite of the distinct provisions of the Act of Parliament, have appropriated £88 2s. 9d. of the surplus income above mentioned *for a dinner to themselves and their friends*. Again, the Act provides exhibitions or scholarships for boys who are to be *bonâ fide* students of the fine Arts, with a view to professional practice. No exhibition, however, in any department has been established, although the college has been fully at work for the last six years. Thus, unfortunately, the present spirit of the governors is decidedly not in accordance with the liberal ideas originally set forth; all the expenses of the drawing school are paid out of the sums voted for the educational branch, instead of out of the surplus of the Picture Gallery Endowment Fund. The Art-master cannot use the picture-gallery for instruction in any way, and the plan contemplated by the Act is entirely ignored by the unwillingness of the governors to develop any part of the educational department.

This retrograde tendency has been recently shown by certain proposals of the board, by which the gallery will be left without any responsible keeper; but the *doorkeeper is to receive increased salary to repair the pictures!* What is the meaning of this economy? Is the salary of the late curator spared, that the governors may continue to dine? The picture-gallery is also entirely disconnected from the college to which it was bequeathed, and with which the new Act has yet more closely associated it.

In these times of Art-school failure, we require at least one such as could stand on high ground, and perhaps serve as a lesson for the future. Dulwich Art-school and gallery might have given it. As it is, it seems only a question of time how soon we shall have to chronicle the removal of the Dulwich collection to the National Gallery or to South Kensington.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

BLIGH SAND.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

WHAT a contrast does this picture present to some other marine compositions by Turner, such, for example, as 'Dutch Boats in a Gale,' 'The Shipwreck,' 'Calais Pier,' &c., in each of which the expanse of sea is "rolling in foamy billows:" here it appears almost as tranquil and smooth as a vast plain, while there is nothing in the subject throughout to forcibly arrest the attention. But the picture is very beautiful nevertheless, in its simple calmness, its apparent solitude, the division of light and shade as the sunlight breaks forth and seems to scatter on all sides the gathered masses of clouds, illuminating the far distant waters and the small fleet of fishing-boats, whose owners are pursuing their daily toil, while the low-crested waves,

"As they break with a musical sound on the shore,"

and all the foreground of the picture, are left in shadow, which looks the deeper in contrast with two or three white sea-gulls sailing 'just above them.' The only prominent object in the composition is an ordinary boat, such as are used by the Kent and Essex fishermen, whose occupation is limited to the waters of the lower part of the Thames and a few miles seaward, and which every voyager to those popular marine towns, Margate and Ramsgate, will be certain of seeing almost before he comes abreast of Sheerness.

Bligh, or Blyth, Sand is an extensive track of sand, about six miles in width and one in breadth, near what is called Sea Reach, and between the villages of Cliffe, on the Kentish side of the Thames, and Leigh, on the Essex side. The low range of flat land, called Convey Island, lies between these two places, near to the Essex coast. This Convey Island is a tract of rich pasture of about three thousand five hundred acres, and is supposed to be the *Convonnos* of Ptolemy and other ancient writers. Cliffe is rather a conspicuous object for the notice of steamboat travellers, though it is little else than "an old, old village, with an old-world air about it, and an old church, and some dingy fishermen gathered on the river-path." It stands on a ridge of chalk that juts out into the marshes on the banks of the Thames. In Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Book of the Thames" it is said, "This commanding height was rendered available in ancient times for 'watch and ward' to the river. Beacons were ordered to be erected in the time of Richard II. at Cliffe, and the watchmen who were appointed to take charge of them were enjoined to light them whenever they saw hostile vessels approach, 'and make, beside, all the noise, by horn and cry, that they can make, to warn the country around to come with their force to the said river, each to succour the other to withstand their enemies.'" Though the village itself is now little else than the haunt of fishermen, Cliffe must have been at one time a place of considerable importance, as historical records state that several episcopal councils were held there in the eighth and ninth centuries, when the kings of Mercia were present. The church, moreover, is an imposing structure, bearing evidence of the past prosperity of the place.

The fishing trade is carried on to a very considerable extent within, or contiguous to, the waters represented in Turner's picture. The Medway and the Swale, which fall into the broad stream of the Thames at no very great distance, aid materially in finding employment for the hardy fishermen living round about. Many of these are oyster-dredgers,—whose employment, by the way, is very picturesque,—who pursue their avocations in certain parts of these three rivers, and especially in the Swale.

Mr. Wornum, in his notice of this picture, intimates that the buoy seen in the foreground is probably the Nun Buoy—there are three buoys laid down by the Trinity House to mark the position of the Bligh Sands—off Cowling Marsh, or Cowling Levels. On the slope of the hill overlooking this spot stands the small village of Cowling, which once boasted a castle, erected in the time of Richard II., by John de Cobham.



THE EARLY POTTERIES OF STAFFORDSHIRE.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF SOME OF THE
CELTIC, ROMANO-BRITISH, ANGLO-SAXON, MEDIEVAL,
AND OTHER FICTILE PRODUCTIONS OF THE
POTTERY DISTRICT.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

PART II.

OF the state of the Staffordshire potteries in the latter half of the seventeenth century, to which period I brought down my history in the last chapter, Dr. Plot gives a most interesting and valuable account, showing not only what clays were then used, but also speaking of the glazes, and describing the modes of manufacture. The clays were mostly prepared from the coal measures, and fine sand to temper and mix with them was procured from Baddeley Edge, Mole Cob, &c. The following is Dr. Plot's account:—

"25. Other potter's clays for the more common wares there are at many other places, particularly at Horsley Heath, in the parish of Tipton; in Monway field, above mentioned, where there are two sorts gotten, one of a yellowish colour, mixt with white, the other blewish; the former stiff and heavy, the other more friable and light, which, mixt together, work better than apart. Of these they make divers sorts of vessels at Wednesbury, which they paint with slip, made of a reddish sort of earth gotten at Tipton. But the greatest pottery they have in this county is carried on at Burslem, near Newcastle-under-Lyme, where for making their different sorts of pots they have as many different sorts of clay, which they dig round about the towne, all within half a mile's distance, the best being found nearest the coale, and are distinguish'd by their colours and uses as followeth:—

1. *Bottle clay*, of a bright whitish streaked yellow colour.
2. *Hard-fire clay*, of a duller whitish colour, and fully interspersed with a dark yellow, which they use for their *black wares*, being mixt with the
3. *Red blending clay*, which is of a dirty red colour.
4. *White clay*, so called it seems, though of a blewish colour, and used for making yellow-colour'd ware, because yellow is the lightest colour they make any Ware of.

All which they call *throwing clays*, because they are of a closer texture, and will work on the wheel.

"26. Which none of the three other clays they call *Slips* will any of them doe, being of looser and more friable natures; these, mixt with water, they make into a consistence thinner than a Syrup, so that being put into a buckett it will run out through a Quill. This they call *Slip*, and is the substance wherewith they *paint* their wares, whereof the

1. Sort is called the *Orange Slip*, which, before it is work't, is of a greyish colour, mixt with orange balls, and gives the ware (when annealed) an orange colour.
2. The *White Slip*: this, before it is work't, is of a dark blewish colour, yet makes the ware yellow, which being the *lightest* colour they make any of, they call it, as they did the clay above, the *white slip*.
3. The *Red Slip*, made of a dirty reddish clay, which gives ware a black colour.

Neither of which clays or slips must have any gravel or sand in them. Upon this account, before it be brought to the wheel, they prepare the clay by steeping it in water in a square pit till it be of a due consistence; then they bring it to their beating board, where, with a long *Spatula*, they beat it till it be well mixt; then, being first made into great *squarish* rolls, it is brought to the *wageing board*, where it is slit into thin flat pieces with a *wire*, and the least stones or gravel pick't out of it. This being done, they *wage* it, i.e. knead or mould it like *bread*, and make it into round *balls* proportionable to their work; and then 'tis brought to the wheel, and formed as the workman sees good.

"27. When the potter has wrought the clay either into hollow or flat ware, they set it abroad to dry in fair weather, but by the fire in foule, turning them as they see occasion, which they call *whaving*. When they are dry they *stout* them, i.e. put ears and handles to such vessels as require them. These also being dry, they *slip*, or *paint* them, with their severall sorts of slip, according as they designe their work; when the first slip is dry, laying on the others at their leisure, the *orange slip* making the ground, and the *white* and *red* the paint; which two colours

they break with a *wire brush*, much after the manner they doe when they *marble* paper, and then *cloud* them with a *pencil* when they are pretty dry. After the vessels are painted they *lead* them with that sort of *Lead Ore* they call *Smithum*, which is the smallest ore of all, beaten into dust, finely sifted, and strewed upon them; which gives them the *gloss*, but not the colour; all the colours being chiefly given by the variety of slips, except the *motley colour*, which is procured by blending the *Lead* with *Manganese*, by the workmen call'd *Magnus*. But when they have a mind to shew the utmost of their skill in giving their wares a fairer gloss than ordinary, they lead them then with lead calcined into powder, which they also sift fine and strew upon them as before, which not only gives them a higher gloss, but goes much further too in their work than the lead ore would have done.

"28. After this is done they are earried to the oven, which is ordinarily above 8 foot high, and about 6 foot wide, of a round copped forme, where they are placed one upon another from the bottom to the top; if they be ordinary wares, such as *cylindrical butter pots*, &c., that are not leaded, they are exposed to the *naked fire*, and so is all their *flat ware*, though it be leaded, having only *parting shards*, i.e. thin bits of old pots, put between them to keep them from sticking together; but if they be *leaded hollow wares*, they doe not expose them to the *naked fire*, but put them in *shragers*, that is, in coarse metall'd pots made of *marle* (not clay) of divers formes, according as their wares require, in which they put commonly three pieces of clay, called *Bobbs*, for the ware to stand on, to keep it from sticking to the *shragers*; as they put them in the *shragers*, to keep them from sticking to one another (which they would certainly otherwise doe by reason of the leading), and to preserve them from the vehemence of the fire, which else would melt them downe, or at least warp them. In twenty-four hours an oven of pots will be burnt; then they let the fire goe out by degrees, which in ten hours more will be perfectly done, and then they draw them for sale, which is chiefly to the poor *Crate-men*, who carry them at their backs all over the countrey, to whome they reckon them by the piece, i.e. *Quart*, in *hollow ware*, so that six pottle, or three-gallon bottles, make a *dozen*, and so more or less to a dozen as they are of greater or lesser content. The *flat wares* are also reckoned by pieces and dozens, but not (as the *hollow*) according to their content, but their different *bredths*."

The vessels marbled, mottled, or "combed," in the manner here so well described by Plot, were dishes and other things for domestic use, and were, it seems, carried about the country, as pancheons and other coarse ware are now, by hawkers. The collector will find fragments of this kind of ornamented ware in the museums at Stoke and at Hanley, and others are in my own and other private collections. The lead here mentioned as used for glazing was the lead ore procured from the lead mines of Derbyshire, which was powdered, or "punned," according to the native dialect, and dusted on to the clay vessel before submitting it to the action of fire.

In 1685 Thomas Miles, of Shelton, made a white stone ware, and at the same time brown stone ware was made at the same place. The stone ware then made was probably somewhat akin in appearance to the Bellarmine, &c., then imported in considerable numbers from Holland and Germany.

As many of my readers may not know to what kind of vessels I allude under the name of Bellarmine, I here give an engraving of two examples to show their form and usual style of decoration. The *Bellarmine* or *Long Beard*, as it was commonly called, was a stone ware pot of bottle form, mostly with a handle on one side, and ornament on the front. The neck is narrow, and the lower, or "belly," as it is technically called, very wide and protuberant. They were in very general use at the "ale-houses" to serve ale in to customers, and were of different sizes—the *gallonier*, containing a gallon; the *pottle pot*, two quarts; the *pot*, a quart; and the *little pot*, a pint. These jugs were derisively named after Cardinal Bellarmine, who died in 1621.

The ordinary ale-pots, the pint jugs, were, like the grey beards, principally at first imported, but were afterwards undoubtedly made in Staffordshire, and other places in this kingdom. They were usually ornamented with incised lines, scratched into the soft clay with a sharp point, in form of scrolls, flowers, &c., and then washed in with blue. Not unfrequently a pattern was

impressed from a mould on the front, somewhat in the same manner as those on the grey beards, but consisting usually of a flower or of initials. In the reign of Elizabeth these "stone pots"



were proposed to be made in England, as is shown by the following curious document preserved in the Lansdowne Manuscripts:—

"The sewte of William Simpson, merehaunte— Whereas one Garnet Tynes, a straunger livinge in Acon, in the parte beyond the seas, being none of her maties subjecte, doth buy uppe alle the pottes made at Culloin, called *Drinking stone pottes*, and he onelie transporteth them into this realm of England, and selleth them: It may please your matie to graunt unto the said Simpson full power and onelie license to provyde transport and bring into this realm the same or such like drinking pottes; and the said Simpson will putt in good suretie that it shall not be prejudicial to anie of your maties subjects, but that he will serve them as plentifully, and sell them at as reasonable price as the other hath sold them from tyme to tyme.

"Item. He will be bound to double her maties custome by the year, whenever it hath been at the most.

"Item. He will as in him lieth draur the making of such like pottes into some decayed town within this realm, wherebie manie a hundred poore men may be sett a work.

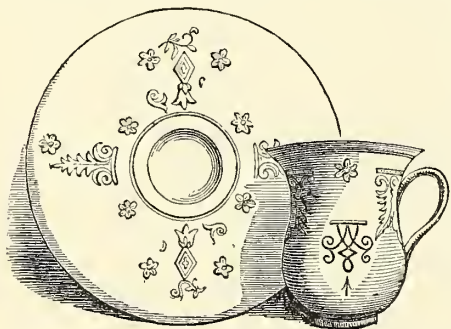
"Note. That no Englishman doth transport any potte into this realm but onlie the said Garnet Tynes, who also serveth all the Low Countries and other places with pottes."

In 1626 a patent was granted to Thomas Rous, alias Rius, and Abraham Cullen, for the manufacture of "Stone Potts, Stone Jugs, and Stone Bottells."

Glazing by salt appears to have been discovered about 1680, and gradually took the place of the lead glaze before used. The account given of this discovery is that "at Mr. Joseph Yates, Stanley, near Bagnall, five miles east of Burslem, the servant was preparing, in an earthen vessel, a salt-ley for curing pork, and during her temporary absence, the liquid boiled over, and the sides of the pot were quickly red hot from intense heat; yet, when cold, were covered with an excellent glaze. The fact was detailed to Mr. Palmer, potter, of Bagnall, who availed himself of the occurrence, and told other potters. At the small manufactories, in Holden Lane (Adams's), Green Head, and Brownhills (Wedgwood's), salt-glazed ware was soon afterwards made." "The ovens employed for the purpose being used only once weekly, and the ware being cheap, were large in diameter and very high, to contain a sufficient quantity to be baked each time, to cover all contingent expenses. They were constructed with a scaffold round them, on which the firemen could stand, while casting in the salt through holes made in the upper part of the cylinder, above the bags or inner vertical flues; and the saggars were made of completely refractory materials, with holes in their sides, for the vapourised salt to circulate freely among all the vessels in the oven, to affect their surfaces." The ware thus glazed, and made from the common clay, with a mixture of fine sand from Mole Cob, was called "Crouch ware," and in this all the ordinary articles of domestic use, including jugs, cups, dishes, &c., were made. At this time, it is stated, there were only twenty-two ovens in Burslem and its neighbourhood. "The employment of salt in glazing Crouch ware was a long time practised before

the introduction of white clay and flint. The vast volumes of smoke and vapours from the ovens entering the atmosphere, produced that dense white cloud which, from about eight o'clock till twelve on the Saturday morning (the time of 'firing up,' as it is called), so completely enveloped the whole interior of the town, as to cause persons often to run against each other, travellers to mistake the road; and strangers have mentioned it as extremely disagreeable, and not unlike the smoke of Etna or Vesuvius. But a smoky atmosphere is not regarded by the patriotic observer, who can view through it an industrious population, employed for the benefit of themselves and their country, and behold vast piles of national wealth enhanced by individual industry."

In 1688, two brothers named Eler, or Elers, potters, from Nuremberg, are said to have followed the Prince of Orange (William III.) to England, and two years later to have settled at Bradwell, and at Dimsdale—two very secluded situations, far from turnpike roads, and scarcely discernible from Burslem or Red Hill—where they erected kilns, and commenced the making of a fine red ware, in imitation of the oriental red porcelain, from a vein of clay which, by some means, they had discovered existed at this spot. Here they produced remarkably fine and good red ware, of compact and hard texture, good colour, and of very characteristic and excellent designs. They were men of much skill and taste, and their productions so closely resemble those of Japan, as to be occasionally mistaken for them. An example, from the Museum of Practical Geology, is here shown. The Elers,



besides the red ware, also produced an exceedingly good Egyptian black, by a mixture of manganese with thin clay; and this was the precursor and origin of the fine black bodies of Josiah Wedgwood and others. "Their extreme precaution," says Shaw, "to keep secret their processes, and jealousy lest they might be accidentally witnessed by any purchaser of their wares—making them at Bradwell, and conveying them over the fields to Dimsdale, there to be sold, being only two fields distant from the turnpike road, and having some means of communication (believed to be earthenware pipes, like those for water) laid in the ground between the two contiguous farmhouses, to intimate the approach of persons supposed to be intruders—caused them to experience considerable and constant annoyance. In vain did they adopt measures for self-protection in regard to their manipulations, by employing an idiot to turn the thrower's wheel, and the most ignorant and stupid workmen to perform the laborious operations; by locking up these persons while at work, and strictly examining each prior to quitting the manufactory at night. All their most important processes were developed, and publicly stated for general benefit. Mortified at the failure of all their precaution, disgusted at the prying inquisitiveness of their Burslem neighbours, and fully aware that they were too far distant from the principal market for their productions—even had not other kinds of porcelain been announced, which probably would diminish their sales—about 1710 they discontinued their Staffordshire manufactory, and removed to Lambeth, or Chelsea (where is at this day a branch of the family), and connected the interests of their new manufactory with those of a glass manufacture, established in 1676 by Venetians, under the auspices of the Duke of Buckingham. Others, however, have stated that their removal was consequent on misunderstanding and persecution, because their oven cast forth such tremendous volumes of smoke

and flame, during the time of glazing, as were terrific to the inhabitants of Burslem, and caused all its (astonishing number of *eight*) master potters to hurry in dismay to Bradwell." I have before, in a preceding chapter, shown how the secret was surreptitiously obtained by two persons named Astbury and Twyford, and it will therefore be unnecessary here to repeat it. It is interesting, however, to add that the oven erected and used by the Elers was in existence as late as the beginning of the present century, and that the place, in an old account book in my possession, is called "the Eller field."

The two potters who had wormed out the secret of the Elers, are said each to have commenced business on his own account at Shelton, and to have made "red," "CROUCH," and "WHITE STONE" wares from native clays, using salt glaze for some of the vessels, and lead ore for others. Of these I have already spoken in a preceding chapter.

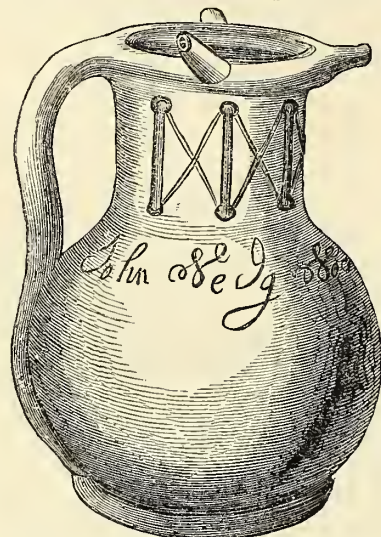
TOBACCO-PIPES had, from many years before Plot's time, been made at Newcastle-under-Lyme, and Astbury, soon after he commenced at Shelton, appears to have begun to use the Biddeford pipe-clay, for coating over and washing the insides of vessels. By constant improvements on this, the white dipped ware, or white stone ware, was soon produced. The maker of tobacco-pipes at Newcastle-under-Lyme, in 1676 and thereabouts, was Charles Riggs.

Long before the period about which I am now writing, the Wedgwoods, as I have shown in my "Wedgwood and Etruria," were potters in Burslem, and produced most of the varieties of wares then in use. The family was then of considerable note, and branches of it were settled in different localities. One of these settled in Yorkshire, as I shall have occasion more fully in a future article to show, and for several generations were potters there. One of the most interesting pieces of earthenware connected with the Wedgwood family which has ever been brought to light, has just been added to the Museum of Practical Geology, and I am enabled, through the courtesy of Mr. Reekes, who has kindly supplied the drawing, to give the accompanying engraving. It is a "Puzzle Jug," of brown ware, bearing the name of an early member of the Wedgwood family. It bears the name incised—

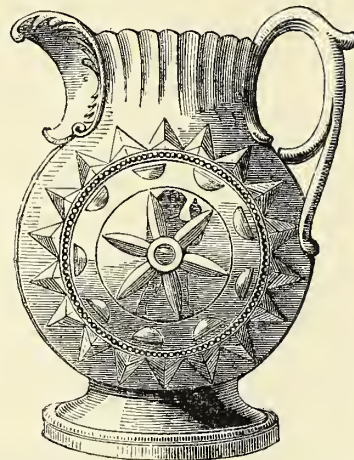
JOHN WEDG WOOD 1691.

The jug is of the ordinary form of "puzzle jugs," of which I possess many examples, but is more simple in construction than many are, the hollow

channel merely passing up the handle and round the upper rim, which has three spouts.



In connection with this I give the accompanying representation of another puzzle jug of Staffordshire make, but of a later period, also



preserved in the Jermyn Street Museum. It is, as will be seen, pierced through the centre.



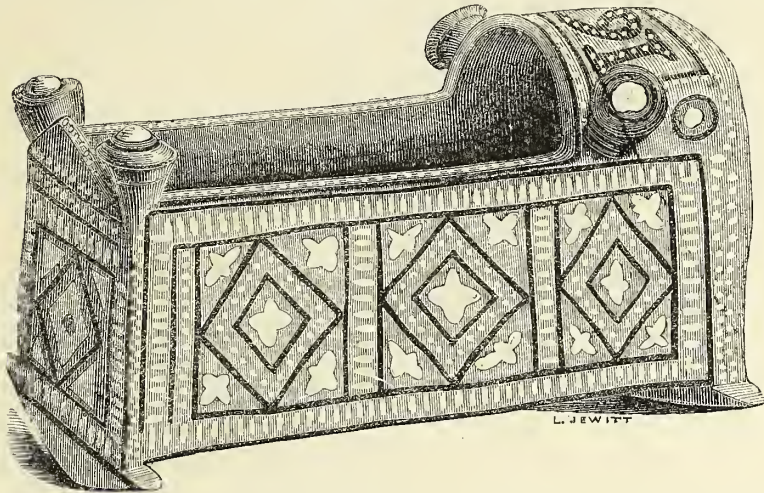
And here let me introduce the engraving, promised in my last, of a large earthenware dish,

belonging to Mr. Mills, of Norwich, which bears the name of RALPH TOFT, or TOFT, which is here

given. It is well also to note along with it that a dish of THOMAS TOFTS is preserved in the splendid museum of my late friend, Mr. Bateman, of Lomberdale House. This dish bears a half-length crowned portrait of King Charles, with sceptre in each hand, and the initials C.R. Below the figure, on the rim, which, as usual, is trellised in red and black, is the name THOMAS TOFT. In the same museum is another remarkably fine dish bearing two full-length figures in the costume of the Stuarts, the gentleman holding in his hand

his hat and feather, and having "petticoat breeches," tied stockings, and high-heeled boots with ties, and the lady holding a bunch of flowers. Between the figures are the initials W.T., and on the rim at the bottom, in precisely the same manner as the Toft dishes, is the name WILLIAM: TALOR.

Of precisely the same kind of ware is the highly-interesting relic which I here engrave from a sketch, like the others, recently made by myself. It is, as will be seen, a small earthen-



ware cradle of excellent form, and elaborately ornamented. It is of brown ware, similar, but of finer quality, to the dishes. The ground is a rich reddish brown, the ornaments of buff and black. It is peculiarly interesting, as bearing the date on its top of 1693. This valuable example of English fictile Art, which is 7½ inches long, and 4½ inches in height, is also in the Bateman museum at Lomberdale House, where there are several other interesting specimens, to which I shall yet have occasion to refer.

In all these pieces, the ware is first coated over with its ground colour, and the patterns then drawn on in "slip," one colour on the other, and then glazed. The outlines are generally of the darkest coloured slip, with dots, or beads, of buff.

DELFT WARE was made in Staffordshire about the period of which I have been writing, and continued to be made until its use was superseded by the other bodies. Examples of English Delft ware from different localities are now and then to be met with, and some excellent specimens are in my own possession. Others, for comparison, may be seen in the museum at Hanley, and the Museum of Practical Geology. In 1710 Mr. Thomas Heath, of Lane Delph, manufactured this kind of ware, and was very successful. His productions were of a good blue-greyish white, and were decorated in the usual Delft fashion, with landscapes and other blue patterns rudely drawn by hand.

So accustomed had the Staffordshire potters become to "blue and white" ware, from the time of the manufacture of "Delft ware" downwards, through the different improvements of earthenware to the introduction of "blue printing," that it became, as it were, almost a part and parcel of their manufacturing creed. I have heard it related of one manufacturer (whose name is well known in the district) of the last century, who was a light-hearted, merry fellow, always fiddling, dancing, and humming tunes, that if any of his potters came to ask him what he was to do with any piece then in progress, he would go on fiddling and dancing, while he sang out the reply—

"Tip it w' blew,
An' then it'll dew."

⚙ This the children of the neighbourhood soon caught up, and it became a popular rhyme about the place.

Another important variety of ware made in Staffordshire was the white ware—a dirty, creamy-looking white—which is usually, though erroneously, called "ELIZABETHAN WARE." Of these a plate, for the purpose of exhibiting the raised border, is shown on the accompanying engraving,

from an example in the Museum of Practical Geology. The centre of this example is, of course, printed, and is of later date than the plain examples. Of this ware I possess some excellent



specimens, and others will be found in various collections. The ware was impressed from metal moulds, some of which, of extreme interest, may be seen in the Hanley Museum.

In 1720, the discovery of the use of flint was made by Astbury, as already detailed in a former chapter,* and to this introduction may be dated many of the improvements which afterwards took place. Soon after this period the "sun-pans," or tanks, in which the clay was allowed to lie until it became fit for use, were superseded by "slip-kilns," in which the clays were prepared.

In 1724 a patent was taken out by Redrich and Jones for "a new art or method, as well for staining, veining, spotting, clouding, damasking, or otherwise imitating the various kinds of marble porphyry and other rich stones, and tortoiseshell, on wood, stone, and earthenware, and all and every such goode wares, utensils, and things as are made, cut, or fashioned thereout, as for the making, marbling, veining, spotting, staining, clouding, and damasking any linen, silks, canvas, paper, and leather."

In 1726, and again in 1732, patents were taken out for methods of grinding flints, &c., which were of much importance. The first of these, by Thomas Benson, is described as "an engine or new method for the more expeditious working the said flint stone, whereby all the said hazards and inconveniences attending the same will effectually

be prevented." It is stated that in the making of "white pots," flint stone is "the chief ingredient," and that the method hitherto used in preparing it "has been by pounding or breaking it dry, and afterwards sifting it through fine lawns, which has proved very destructive to mankind;" and this invention is to obviate it, and is as follows:—The flint stones are first wetted, then crushed as fine as sand by two large wheels, of the bigness and shape of millstones, of iron, and made to turn upon the edges by the power of a water-wheel. This material is afterwards conveyed into large circular iron pans, "in which there are large iron balls, which, by the power of the water-wheel above named, are swiftly driven round: in a short time the operation is concluded, and by turning a tap the material empties itself into casks."

The next one, by the same Thomas Benson, taken out in 1732, was described as—

"A new engine, or method for grinding of flint stones, being the chief ingredient used in making of white wares, such as pots and other vessels, a manufacture carried on in our county of Stafford, and in some other parts of this our kingdom; that the common method hitherto used in preparing the same hath been by breaking and pounding the stones dry, and afterwards sifting the powder through fine lawns, which hath proved very destructive to mankind, occasioned by the dust sucked into the body, which being of a ponderous nature, fixes so closely upon the lungs that nothing can remove it, insomuch that it is very difficult to find persons to engage in the said manufacture, to the great detriment and decay of that branch of trade, which would otherwise, from the usefulness thereof, be of great benefit and advantage to our kingdom; that by the petitioner's invention the flint stones are sprinkled with water, so that no dust can arise, then ground as fine as sand, with two large stones made to turn round upon the edges by the power of a wheel, worked either by wind, water, or horses, which is afterwards conveyed into large stone pans, made circular, wherein are placed large stone balls, which, by the power of such wheels, are driven round with great velocity; that in a short time the flint stones so broken are reduced to an oily substance, which, by turning of a cock, empties itself into casks provided for that purpose; that by this invention all hazards and inconveniences in making the said manufacture in the common way will be effectually prevented, and in every particular tend to the manifest improvement and advantage thereof, and preserving the lives of our subjects employed therein."

In 1733 (April 24th) Ralph Shaw, potter, of Burslem, who, like many other potters of the district, had long adopted the improvements introduced by Mr. Astbury and others, took out a patent for employing "various sorts of mineral, earth, clay, and other earthy substances, which, being mixt and incorporated together, make up a fine body, of which a curious ware may be made, whose outside will be of a true chocolate colour, striped with white, and the inside white, much resembling the brown China ware, and glazed with salt." The secret was merely washing the inside, and forming broad lines on the outside, of the articles, with a very thick slip of flint and pipe-clay. "To keep his process more secluded and secret, he was accustomed to evaporate his mixed clays on a long trough, in a place locked up under cover, beneath which were flues, for the heat from fire applied on the outside. This also kept the clay free from any kind of dirt; and the idea is supposed to have been gained from the tile-makers' method of drying their tiles in stoves. A pair of flower pots, excellent specimens of this person's manufacture, which had been received as a present from the maker by his wife's grandfather, were in the author's possession till very recently. Mr. Shaw became so litigious and overbearing, that many of the manufacturers were extremely uncomfortable, and prevented improving their productions. Not content with the success he experienced, and the prospect of speedily acquiring affluence, his excessive vanity and insatiable avarice incited to proceedings that terminated in his ruin. Unwilling to admit the customary practices of the business, and to brook any appearance of competition, he was constantly objecting to every trifling improvement as an infringement of his patent, and threatening his neighbours with suits in equity to protect his sole rights; till at length self-defence

* Art-Journal for April, 1864.

urged them to bear the expenses of a suit he had commenced against J. Mitchell, to try the validity of the patent at Stafford, in 1736; and very aged persons, whose parents were present, give the general facts of the trial:—All the manufacturers being interested in the decision, those most respectable were in the court. Witnesses proved Astbury's invention and prior usage of the practice, and a special jury of great intelligence and wealth gave a verdict against Mr. Shaw. The learned judge, after nullifying the patent, thus addressed the audience—"Go home, potters, and make whatever kinds of pots you please." The hall re-echoed with acclamations, and the strongest ebullitions of satisfaction from the potters, to the indescribable mortification of Mr. Shaw and his family, who afterwards went to France, where he carried forward his manufactory, whence some of his family returned to Burslem about 1750." This event is thus characteristically spoken of in native tongue, in the "Burslem Dialogue," by Mr. Ward:—

Terrick. Dust moind, Rafe, owt o' th' treyal at Staffurt o' Johnny Mutchil for makkin Rafy Shay's patten ware?

Leigh. Oi just remember, bu oi wur ony a big lad at th' teyme. It had bin mitch tawkt abaht, an when it wur oer, they aw toud'n wot th' judge sed to th' mesters—"Gooa whomm, potters, an mak wot soourts o' pots yoa loiken." An when they coomn to Boslem, aw th' bells i' Hoositon, an Stooke, an th' tahn, wurm ringin loike hey-go-mad, aw th' dey."

The kind of ware just described was sometimes known as "bit-stone ware," from "bits" of stone being used to separate the pieces in the oven. This was, of course, prior to the use of "stilts," "triangles," or "cockspurs."



bear the names of the parties for whom they were made, incised, *i.e.*, scratched into the soft clay with a fine point.

One of the principal potters in Burslem in the early part of last century was Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, junior, who produced imitation agate, marble, and other coffee and tea pots, &c., and made a remarkably fine and good white stone ware, beautifully ornamented with raised patterns, produced from the metal, or "tough tom" moulds, to which I have before alluded. One of the most skilful cutters of these moulds was Aaron Wood, who was apprenticed to Dr. Thomas Wedgwood in 1731. The following is the indenture of this apprenticeship, and will serve to show the wages then paid, and many other interesting particulars relating to the potter's art:—

"This Indenture, made the three-and-twentieth day of August, in the fifth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King George the Second over Great Brittain, &c., Anno Dni. 1731, between Ralph Wood of Burslem, in the County of Stafford, miller, and Aaron Wood his son, of the one part, and Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, of Burslem aforesaid, potter, of the other part; Witnesseth that the said Aaron Wood, with his own free will and consent, and to and with the direction and appointment of his said father, Hath put himself, and doth hereby bind and put himself apprentice unto the said Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, the art, trade, mystery, and occupation of a potter to learn; that is to say, turning in the lathe, handling and trimming (throwing on the wheel being out of this indenture excepted), and with him, the said

One description of vessel made in the pot-works of Staffordshire and Derbyshire—for Chesterfield, in the latter county, produced some of the best—may not be generally known to my readers in other districts, and therefore a few words concerning them may appropriately be introduced. I allude to *posset pots*. These have been made and regularly used in these and some neighbouring counties from an early period until the last few years. Posset, my readers will need to be told, is an excellent mixture of hot ale, milk, sugar, spices, and small slices of bread or oat-cake. In Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and their neighbourhood, this beverage was formerly almost, if not quite, universal for supper on Christmas Eve, and the "posset pot" was thus used but once a year, and became often an heirloom in the family. A small silver coin, and the wedding ring of the mistress of the family, were generally dropped into the posset when the guests were assembled, and those who partook of it took each a spoonful in turn as the "pot" was handed round. Whichever of the party fished up the coin was considered certain of good luck in the coming year, while an early and happy marriage was believed to be the inevitable fate of the lucky individual who fished up the ring. A posset pot, of much the same kind of ware as the cradle before engraved, is in the Bateman Museum, and is dated 1711, and bears the words—

GOD: SAVE: THE: QUEEN: 1711.

For the purpose of showing that the same general form has obtained to our own time, I here give two other examples, the first one bearing the date of 1750, and the next that of 1819. They are both of the hard brown stoneware, made at Chesterfield, and, as is not uncommon,



Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, to worke from the eleventh day of November next, being Martinmas day, for during and until the full end and terme of seven years from thence next ensuing and following, and fully to be compleat and ended, during all which terme and time of seven years the said Aaron Wood, as an apprentice to his said master, will and faithfully shall serve, his secrets shall keep, his commands lawfull and honest everywhere shall do, the goods of his said master he shall not inordinately waste, nor them to anyone lend without the said master's licence, from the business of his said master he shall not absent himself, but as a true and faithful servant shall, during the said terme of seven years, behave and demean himself towards his said master and all his. And the said Ralph Wood shall, during the said terme of seven years, find and provide for his son all sorts of apparell, whether linen, woollen, or other, as also meat, drink, washing, and lodging, fitting and necessary for an apprentice to such trade as aforesaid. And the said Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, in consideration thereof, and of the said seven years service, doth hereby covenant, promise, and agree, that hee, the said Dr. Thomas Wedgwood, shall and will during the said terme of seven years, teach and instruct, or cause and procure to be taught and instructed, him, the said Aaron Wedgwood, his said apprentice, in the business of the said trade aforesaid, so far as turning in the lathe, handling and trimming, as much as thereunto belongeth, or the best way and method he can. And the said Dr. Thomas Wedgwood doth also promise and engage to pay unto his said apprentice, the said Aaron Wood, for every weeke's worke done by the said apprentice in the first, second, and third year of his said apprenticeship,

the sum of one shilling weekly, of good and lawfull money of Great Brittain, and for every weeke's worke done by the said apprentice in the fourth, fifth, and sixth year of his said apprenticeship, the full sum of one shilling and sixpence, and for every weeke's worke done by the said apprentice in the seventh and last year of his said apprenticeship, the full and just sum of four shillings of lawfull money of Great Brittain; and the said Dr. Thomas Wedgwood doth hereby further covenant, promise, and agree that he, the said Dr. Wedgwood, shall and will over and above the weekly wages aforesaid, give yearly to the said Aaron Wood his said apprentice, one pair of new shoes, during the terme of seven years. In witness whereof the said parties aforesaid to these present Indentures, have interchangeably put their hands and scales the day and year first above written.

"RALPH WOOD.

"AARON WOOD.

"DR. THO. WEDGWOOD.

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of

"SARA X WOOD."

her mark.

"JOS. ALLEN.

At the conclusion of this term of apprenticeship, he was engaged as a journeyman, at five shillings a-week, for five years. At the end of this time, in 1743, he engaged himself with John Mitchell, of Burslem, for seven years, at seven shillings per week, and to work by himself. After a time the introduction of plaster moulds, which I have in a preceding chapter spoken of, found him constant employment for different masters, among whom was Thomas Whieldon, who afterwards became the partner of Josiah Wedgwood.

Of the general state of the potter's art at the time when Josiah Wedgwood sprang into existence I have already given a glance in my "Wedgwood and Etruria," in preceding numbers, and it will therefore be unnecessary now to repeat it. I have also shown in preceding articles when the manufacture of china was first introduced into the district, and given a general insight into the progress of the fictile art, as shown in the progress of some of the works.

Sufficient matter for a dozen most interesting chapters relating to the potters and potteries of the last century exist. Some of the more important and curious of these particulars I shall yet have occasion to bring before my readers. For my present purpose I have, however, now written sufficient. My object has been in this one chapter to show, what has never before been shown, a continuous chain of evidence of pottery having been made in the district from the earliest—the pre-historic—times, down through every successive change of periods and of races, to the present, and to bring my narrative down to the time at which I started with my memoir of the great Josiah Wedgwood, and to give a slight—and but a very slight—insight into the state of the art at the time when that famous master of his craft first entered into existence. This I hope I have in some measure satisfactorily done.

I have shown that the art of potting was practised by the ancient British inhabitants of Staffordshire; have given reasons for believing that it was followed in the district by the Roman occupiers of the soil; have shown that the Anglo-Saxons practised it in the neighbourhood, and that through the whole of the mediæval period, and without intermission to the present day, pot-making has continued in the locality. I have given illustrative engravings of some of the characteristic examples of the different periods, for the purpose of enabling the collector to appropriate correctly such specimens as may come into his hands; and having done this, I, for the present, take my leave of the Staffordshire potteries, hoping to resume my subject at no distant date, by notices of some of its leading potters—its Turners, Booths, Woods, Spodes, Mintons, Mayers, Neales, Yateses, and others—and of the important parts they have played in bringing the district to its present flourishing position, and the manufacture to the high state of perfection it now enjoys. In the meantime my present chapter, now brought to a close, may be taken as introductory to my "Wedgwood and Etruria," and to present, together, a more complete notice of the Potteries than has yet been attempted.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Gillray.—His first attempts.—His caricatures begin with the Shelburne ministry.—Impeachment of Warren Hastings.—Caricatures on the king: 'New way to pay the National Debt.'—Alleged reason for Gillray's hostility to the king.—The king and the apple-dumplings.—Gillray's later labours.—His idiocy and death.

IN the year 1757 was born the greatest of English caricaturists, and perhaps of all caricaturists of modern times, whose works are known—James Gillray. His father, who was named like himself, James, was a Scotchman, a native of Lanark, and a soldier, and, having lost one arm at the battle of Fontenoy, became an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital. He obtained also the appointment of sexton at the Moravian burial-ground at Chelsea, which he held forty years, and it was at Chelsea that James Gillray the younger was born. The latter, having no doubt shown signs of artistic talent, was put apprentice to letter engraving; but, after a time, becoming disgusted with this employment, he ran away, and joined a party of strolling players, and in their company passed through many adventures, and underwent many hardships. He returned, however, to London, received some encouragement as a promising artist, and obtained admission as a student in the Royal Academy—the then young institution to which Hogarth had been opposed. Gillray soon became known as a designer and engraver, and worked in these capacities for the publishers. Among his earlier productions, two illustrations of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" are spoken of with praise, as displaying a remarkable freedom of effect. For a long time after Gillray became known as a caricaturist he continued to engrave the designs of other artists. The earliest known caricature which can be ascribed to Gillray with any certainty, is the plate entitled 'Paddy on Horseback,' and dated in 1779, when he was twenty-two years of age. The "horse" on which Paddy rides is a bull; he is seated with his face turned to the tail. The subject of satire is supposed to be the character then enjoyed by the Irish as fortune-hunters. The point, however, is not very apparent, and indeed Gillray's earliest caricatures are tame, although it is remarkable how rapidly he improved, and how soon he arrived at excellence. Two caricatures, published in June and July, 1782, on the occasion of Admiral Rodney's victory, are looked upon as marking his first decided appearance in politics.

A distinguishing characteristic of Gillray's style is, the wonderful tact with which he seizes upon the points in his subject open to ridicule, and the force with which he brings those points out. In the fineness of his design, and in his grouping and drawing, he excels all the other caricaturists. He was, indeed, born with all the talents of a great historical painter, and but for circumstances he probably would have shone in that branch of Art. This excellence will be the more appreciated when it is understood that he drew his picture with the needle on the plate, without having made any previous drawing of it, except sometimes a few hasty sketches of individual portraits or characters scrawled on cards or scraps of paper as they struck him.

Soon after the two caricatures on Rodney's naval victory, the Rockingham administration was broken up by the death of its chief, and another was formed under the direction of Lord Shelburne, from which Fox and Burke retired, leaving in it their old colleague, Pitt, who now deserted the Whig party in Parliament. Fox and Burke became from this moment the butt of all sorts of abuse and scornful satire from the caricaturists, such as Sayer, and newspaper writers in the pay of their opponents; and Gillray, perhaps because it offered at that moment the best chance of popularity and success, joined in the crusade against the two ex-ministers and their friends. In one, by Gillray, which is a parody upon Milton, Fox is represented in the character of Satan, turning his back upon the ministerial Paradise, but looking enviously over his shoulder

at the happy pair (Shelburne and Pitt) who are counting their money on the Treasury table.—

"Aside he turned
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance."

Another, also by Gillray, is entitled 'Guy Vaux and Judas Iscariot,' the former representing Fox, who discovers the desertion of his late colleague, Lord Shelburne, by the light of his lantern, and recriminates angrily:—"Ah! what, I've found you out, have I? Who arm'd the high priests and the people? Who betray'd his mas—?" At this point he is interrupted by a sneering retort from Shelburne, who is carrying away the Treasury bag with a look of great self-complacency, "Ha, ha! poor Gunpowder's vexed!—He, he, he!—Shan't have the bag, I tell you, old Goose-tooth!" Burke was usually caricatured as a Jesuit; and in another of Gillray's prints of this time (published Aug. 23, 1782), entitled 'Cincinnatus in Retirement,' Burke is represented as driven into the retirement of his Irish cabin, where he is surrounded by popish relics and emblems of superstition, and by the materials for drinking whisky. A vessel, inscribed "Relick No. 1, used by St. Peter," is filled with boiled potatoes, which Jesuit Burke is paring. Three imps are seen dancing under the table.

In 1783, the Shelburne ministry was itself dissolved, and succeeded by the Portland ministry, in which Fox was secretary of state for foreign affairs, and Burke paymaster of the forces, and

Lord North, who had joined the Whigs against Lord Shelburne, now obtained office as secretary for the home department. Gillray joined warmly in the attacks on this coalition of parties, and from this time his great activity as a caricaturist begins. Fox, especially, and Burke, still under the character of a Jesuit, were incessantly held up to ridicule in his prints. In another year this ministry also was overthrown, and young William Pitt became established in power, while the ex-ministers, now the opposition, had become unpopular throughout the country. The caricature of Gillray followed them, and Fox and Burke constantly appeared under his hands in some ridiculous situation or other. But Gillray was not a hired libeller, like Sayer and some of the lower caricaturists of that time; he evidently chose his subjects, in some degree independently, as those which offered him the best mark for ridicule; and he had so little respect for the ministers or the court, that they all felt his satire in turn. Thus, when the plan of national fortifications—brought forward by the Duke of Richmond, who had deserted the Whigs to be made a Tory minister, as master-general of the ordnance—was defeated in the House of Commons in 1787, the best caricature it provoked was one by Gillray, entitled 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' which represents the horror of the Duke of Richmond at being so unceremoniously compelled to swallow his own fortifications (cut No. 1). It is Lord Shelburne, who had now become Marquis of



Fig. 1.—A STRONG DOSE.

Lansdowne, who is represented as administering the bitter dose. Some months afterwards, in the famous impeachment against Warren Hastings, Gillray sided warmly against the impeachers, perhaps partly because these were Burke and his friends; yet several of his caricatures on this affair are aimed at the ministers, and even at the king himself. Lord Thurlow, who was a favourite with the king, and who supported the cause of Warren Hastings with firmness, after he had been deserted by Pitt and the other ministers, was especially an object of Gillray's satire. Thurlow, it will be remembered, was rather celebrated for profane swearing, and was sometimes spoken of as the thunderer. One of the finest of Gillray's caricatures at this period, published on the 1st of March, 1788, is entitled 'Blood on Thunder fording the Red Sea,' and represents Warren Hastings carried on Chancellor Thurlow's shoulders through a sea of blood, strewn with the mangled corpses of Hindoos. As will be seen in our copy of the most important part of this print (cut No. 2), the "saviour of India," as he was called by his friends, has taken care to secure his gains. A remarkably bold caricature by Gillray against the government appeared on the 2nd of May in this year. It is entitled 'Market-day—every man has his price,' and represents a scene in Smithfield, where the horned cattle exposed for sale are the supporters of the king's ministry. Lord Thurlow, with his characteristic frown, appears as the principal purchaser. Pitt, and his friend and colleague Dundas, are represented drinking and smoking jovially at the window of a public-house. On one side Warren Hastings is riding off with the king in the form of a calf, which he has just

purchased, for Hastings was popularly believed to have worked upon King George's avarice by rich presents of diamonds. On another side, the overwhelming rush of the cattle is throwing over the van in which Fox, Burke, and Sheridan are



Fig. 2.—BLOOD ON THUNDER.

driving. This plate deserves to be placed among Gillray's finest works.

Gillray caricatured the heir to the throne with bitterness, perhaps because his dissipation and extravagance rendered him a fair subject of ridicule, and because he associated himself with Fox's

party in politics; but his hostility to the king is ascribed in part to personal feelings. A large and very remarkable print by our artist, though his name was not attached to it, and one which displays in a special manner the great characteristics of Gillray's style, appeared on the 21st of April, 1786, just after an application had been made to the House of Commons for a large sum of money to pay off the king's debts, which were very great, in spite of the enormous income then attached to the crown. George was known as a careful and even a parsimonious man, and the queen was looked upon generally as a mean and very avaricious woman, and people were at a loss to account for this extraordinary expenditure, and they tried to explain it in various ways which were not to the credit of the royal pair. It was said that immense sums were spent in secret corruption to pave the way to the establishment of arbitrary power; that the king was making large savings, and hoarding up treasures at Hanover; and that, instead of spending money on his family, he allowed his eldest son to run into serious difficulties through the smallness of his allowance, and thus to become an object of pity to his French friend, the wealthy Duc d'Orleans, who had offered him relief. The caricature just mentioned, which is extremely severe, is entitled 'A new way to pay the National Debt.' It represents the entrance to the Treasury, from which King George and his queen, with their band of pensioners, are issuing, with their pockets, and the queen's apron, so full of money, that the coins are rolling out and scattering about the ground. Nevertheless, Pitt, whose pockets also are full, adds to the royal treasures large bags of the national revenue, which are received with smiles of satisfaction. To the left, a crippled soldier sits on the ground, and asks in vain for relief; while the wall above is covered with torn placards, on some of which may be read, "God save the King;" "Charity, a romance;" "From Germany, just arrived a large and royal assortment . . .," and, "Last dying speech of fifty-four malefactors executed for robbing of a hen-roost." The latter is a satirical allusion to the notorious severity with which the most trifling depredators on the king's private farm were prosecuted. In the background, on the right hand side of the picture, the prince appears in ragged garments, and in want of charity no less than the cripple, and near him is the Duke of Orleans, who offers him a draft for £200,000. On the placards on the walls here we read such announcements as "Economy, an old song;" "British property, a farce;" and "Just published, for the benefit of posterity, the dying groans of Liberty;" and one, immediately over the prince's head, bears the prince's feathers, with the motto, "Ich starve." Altogether this is one of the most remarkable of Gillray's caricatures.

The parsimoniousness of the king and queen was the subject of caricatures and songs in abundance, in which they appeared haggling with their tradesmen, and making bargains in person, rejoicing in having thus saved a small sum of money. It was said that George kept a farm at Windsor, not for his amusement, but to draw a small profit from it. In Peter Pindar he is described as rejoicing over the skill he has shown in purchasing his live stock as bargains. Gillray seized greedily all these points of ridicule, and, as early as 1786, he published a print of 'Farmer George and his Wife' (see cut No. 3), in which the two royal personages are represented in the very familiar manner in which they were accustomed to walk about Windsor and its neighbourhood. This picture appears to have been very popular; and years afterwards, in a caricature on a scene in the 'School for Scandal,' where in the sale of the young profligate's effects, the auctioneer puts up a family portrait, for which a broker offers five shillings, and Careless, the auctioneer, says, "Going for no more than one crown," the family piece is the well-known picture of 'Farmer George and his Wife,' and the ruined prodigal is the Prince of Wales, who exclaims, "Careless, knock down the farmer."

Many caricatures against the undignified meanness of the royal household appeared during the years 1791 and 1792, when the king passed much of his time at his favourite watering place, Weymouth; and there his domestic habits had become

more and more an object of remark. It was said that, under the pretence of Weymouth being an expensive place, and taking advantage of the obligations of the royal mail to carry parcels for the king free, he had his provisions brought to him by that conveyance from Windsor. On the 28th of November, 1791, Gillray published a caricature on the homeliness of the royal household, in two compartments, in one of which the king is represented, in a dress which is anything but that of royalty, toasting his muffins for breakfast; and in the other, Queen Charlotte, in no less homely dress, though her pocket is overflowing with money, toasting sprats for supper. In an-



Fig. 3.—FARMER GEORGE AND HIS WIFE.

other of Gillray's prints, entitled 'Anti-saccharites,' the king and queen are teaching their daughters economy in taking their tea without sugar; as the young princesses show some dislike to the experiment, the queen admonishes them, concluding with the remark, "Above all, remember how much expense it will save your poor papa!"

According to a story which seems to be authentic, Gillray's dislike of the king was embittered at this time by an incident somewhat similar to that by which George II. had provoked the anger of Hogarth. Gillray had visited France, Flanders, and Holland, and he had made sketches, a few of which he engraved. Our cut No. 4 represents a



Fig. 4.—A FLEMISH PROCLAMATION.

group from one of these sketches, which explains itself, and is a fair example of Gillray's manner of drawing such subjects. He accompanied the painter Louthembourg, who had left his native city of Strasburg to settle in England and become the king's favourite artist, to assist him in making sketches for his great painting of the Siege of Valenciennes. Gillray sketching groups of figures while Louthembourg drew the landscape and buildings. After their return the king expressed a desire to see their sketches, and they were placed before him. Louthembourg's landscapes and buildings were plain drawings, and easy to understand, and the king expressed himself

greatly pleased with them. But the king's mind was already prejudiced against Gillray for his satirical prints, and when he saw his hasty and rough, though spirited sketches, of the French soldiers, he threw them aside contemptuously, with the remark, "I don't understand these caricatures." Perhaps the very word he used was intended as a sneer upon Gillray, who, we are told, felt the affront deeply, and he proceeded to retort by a caricature, which struck at once at one of the king's vanities, and at his political prejudices. George III. imagined himself a great connoisseur in the fine Arts, and the caricature was entitled 'A Connoisseur examining a Cooper.' It represented the king looking at the celebrated miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by the English painter, Samuel Cooper. When Gillray had completed this print, he is said to have exclaimed, "I wonder if the royal connoisseur will understand this!" It was published on the 18th of June, 1792, and cannot have failed to produce a sensation at that period of revolutions. The king is made to exhibit a strange mixture of alarm with astonishment in contemplating the features of this great overthrower of kingly power, at a moment when all kingly power was threatened. It will be remarked, too, that the satirist has not overlooked the royal character for domestic economy, for, as will be seen in our



Fig. 5.—A CONNOISSEUR IN ART.

cut No. 5, the king is looking at the picture by the light of a candle-end stuck on a "save-all."

From this time Gillray rarely let pass an opportunity of caricaturing the king. Sometimes he pictured his awkward and undignified gait, as he was accustomed to shuffle along the esplanade at Weymouth; sometimes in the familiar manner in which, in the course of his walks in the neighbourhood of his Windsor farm, he accosted the commonest labourers and cottagers, and overwhelmed them with a long repetition of trivial questions—for King George had a characteristic manner of repeating his questions, and of frequently giving the reply to them himself.

"Then asks the farmer's wife, or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid;
What's in the oven, in the pot, the crock;
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock;
Thus from poor hovels gleaned information,
To serve as future treasure for the nation."

So said Peter Pindar; and in this rôle King George was represented not unfrequently in satirical prints. On the 10th of February Gillray illustrated the quality of 'Affability' in a picture of one of these rustic encounters. The king and queen, taking their walk, have arrived at a cottage, where a very coarse example of English peasantry is feeding his pigs with wash. The scene is represented in our cut No. 6. The vacant stare of the countryman betrays his confusion at the rapid succession of questions—"Well, friend, where a' you going, hay?—What's your name, hay?—Where do you live, hay?—hay?" In other prints the king is represented running into ludicrous adventures while hunting, an amusement to which he was extremely attached. One of the best known of these has been celebrated equally by the pen of Peter Pindar and by the needle of Gillray. It was said that one day while King George was following the chase, he came to a poor cottage, where his usual curiosity was rewarded by the discovery of an old woman making apple dumplings. When informed what they were, he could not

conceal his astonishment how the apples could have been introduced without leaving a seam in their covering. In the caricature by Gillray,



Fig. 6.—ROYAL AFFABILITY.

from which we take our cut No. 7, the king is represented looking at the process of dumpling making through the window, inquiring in astonishment, "Hay? hay? apple dumplings?—how get the apples in?—how? Are they made without seams?" The story is told more fully



Fig. 7.—A LESSON IN APPLE DUMPLINGS.

in the following verses of Peter Pindar, which will serve as the best commentary on the engraving:—

"THE KING AND THE APPLE DUMPLING.
 "Once on a time a monarch, tired with whooping,
 Whipping and spurring,
 Happy in worrying
 A poor, defenceless, harmless buck,
 (The horse and rider wet as muck,)
 From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
 Enter'd through curiosity a cot,
 Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.
 The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
 In this same cot, illum'd by many a cranny,
 Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot.
 In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
 When, lo! the monarch in his usual way
 Like light'ning spoke, 'What this? what this? what? what?
 Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand,
 And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple.
 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed?' he cried;
 'What makes it, pray, so hard?'—The dame replied,
 'Low cursting, 'Please your majesty, the apple.'
 'Very astonishing, indeed! strange thing!'
 Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the king;
 'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—
 It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
 Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
 But, Goody, tell me where, where's the seam?'
 'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she, 'I never knew
 That folks did apple dumplings sew.'
 'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin,
 'How, how the devil got the apple in?'
 On which the dame the curious scheme reveal'd
 By which the apple lay so sly conceal'd,
 Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
 Who to the palace with full speed repair'd
 And queen, and princesses so beautiful, scared,
 All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
 There did he labour one whole week, to show
 The wisdom of an apple dumpling maker;
 And lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
 The palace seem'd the lodging of a baker!"

Gillray was not the only caricaturist who turned the king's weaknesses to ridicule, but none caricatured them with so little gentleness, or evidently with so good a will. On the 7th of March, 1796, the Princess of Wales gave birth to a daughter, so well known since as the Princess Charlotte. The king is said to have been charmed with his grandchild, and this sentiment appears to have been anticipated, for on the 13th of February, when the princess's accouchement was looked forward to with general interest, a print appeared under the title of 'Grandpapa in his Glory.' In this caricature, which is given in our cut No. 8, King George, seated, is represented



Fig. 8.—GRANDFATHER GEORGE.

nursing and feeding the royal infant in an extraordinary degree of homeliness. He is singing the nursery rhyme—

"There was a laugh and a crow,
 There was a giggling honey,
 Goody good girl shall be fed,
 But naughty girl shall have money."

This print bears no name, but it is known to be by Woodward, though it betrays an attempt to imitate the style of Gillray. Gillray was often imitated in this manner, and his prints were not unfrequently copied and pirated. He even at times copied himself, and disguised his own style, for the sake of gaining money.

At the period of the regency bill, in 1789, Gillray attacked Pitt's policy in that affair with great severity. In a caricature published on the 3rd of January, he drew the premier in the character of an over-gorged vulture, with one claw fixed firmly on the crown and sceptre, and with the other seizing upon the prince's coronet, from which he is plucking the feathers. Among other good caricatures on this occasion, perhaps the finest is a parody on Fuseli's picture of 'The Weird Sisters,' in which Dundas, Pitt, and Thurlow, as the sisters, are contemplating the moon, the bright side of whose disc represents the face of the queen, and the other that of the king, overcast with mental darkness. Gillray took a strongly hostile view of the French revolution, and produced an immense number of caricatures against the French and their rulers, and their friends, or supposed friends, in this country, during the period extending from 1790 to the earlier years of the present century. Through all the changes of ministry or policy he seems to have fixed himself strongly on individuals, and he seldom ceased to caricature the person who had once provoked his attacks. So it was with the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who became the butt of savage satire in some of his prints which appeared in 1792, at the time when Pitt forced him to resign the chancellorship. Among these is one of the boldest caricatures which he ever executed. It is a parody, fine almost to sublimity, on a well-known scene in Milton, and is entitled, 'Sin, Death, and the Devil.' The queen, as Sin, rushes to separate the two combatants, Death (in the semblance of Pitt) and Satan (in that of Thurlow). During the latter part of the century Gillray caricatured all parties in turn, whether ministerial or opposition, with indiscriminate vigour; but his hos-

tility towards the party of Fox, whom he persisted in regarding, or at least in representing, as unpatriotic revolutionists, was certainly greatest. In 1803 he worked energetically against the Addington ministry; and in 1806 he caricatured that which was known by the title of "All the Talents;" but during this later period of his life his labours were more especially aimed at keeping up the spirit of his countrymen against the threats and designs of our foreign enemies. It was, in fact, the caricature which at that time met with the greatest encouragement.

In his own person, Gillray had lived a life of great irregularity, and as he grew older his habits of dissipation and intemperance increased greatly, and gradually broke down his intellect. Towards the year 1811 he ceased producing any original works; the last plate he executed was a drawing of Bunbury's, entitled 'A Barber's Shop in Assize Time,' which is supposed to have been finished in the January of that year. Soon afterwards his mind sank into idiocy, from which it never recovered. James Gillray died in 1815, and was buried in St. James's churchyard, Piccadilly, near the rectory house.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Gillray's caricatures on social life.—Thomas Rowlandson.—His early life.—He becomes a caricaturist.—His style and works.—His drawings.—Isaac Cruikshank.

GILLRAY was, beyond all others, the great political caricaturist of his age. His works form a complete history of the greater and more important portion of the reign of George III. He appears to have had less taste for general caricature, and his caricatures on social life are less numerous, and with a few exceptions less important, than those which were called forth by political events. The exceptions are chiefly satires on individual characters, which are marked by the same bold style which is displayed in his political attacks. Some of his caricatures on the extravagant costume of the time, and on its more prominent vices, such as the rage for gambling, are also fine, but his social sketches generally are much inferior to his other works.

This, however, was not the case with his contemporary, Thomas Rowlandson, who doubtless stands second to Gillray, and may, in some respects, be considered as his equal. Rowlandson was born in the Old Jewry, in London, the year before that of the birth of Gillray, in the July of 1756. His father was a city merchant, who had the means to give him a good education, but embarking rashly in some unsuccessful speculations, he fell into reduced circumstances, and the son had to depend upon the liberality of a relative. His uncle, Thomas Rowlandson, after whom probably he was named, had married a French lady, a Mademoiselle Chatelier, who was now a widow, residing in Paris, with what would be considered in that capital a handsome fortune, and she appears to have been attached to her English nephew, and supplied him rather freely with money. Young Rowlandson had shown at an early age great talent for drawing, with an especial turn for satire. As a schoolboy, he covered the margins of his books with caricatures upon his master and upon his fellow-scholars, and at the age of sixteen he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy in London, then in its infancy. But he did not profit immediately by this admission, for his aunt sent for him to Paris, where he began and followed his studies in Art with great success, and was remarked for the skill with which he drew the human body. His studies from nature, while in Paris, are said to have been remarkably fine. Nor did his taste for satirical design fail him, for it was one of his greatest amusements to caricature the numerous individuals, and groups of individuals, who must, in that age, have presented objects of ridicule to a lively Englishman. During this time his aunt died, leaving him all her property, consisting of about £7,000 in money, and a considerable amount in plate and other objects. The sudden possession of so much money proved a misfortune to young Rowlandson. He appears to have had an early love for gaiety, and he now yielded to all the temptations to vice held out by the French metropolis, and especially to an uncontrollable passion for

gambling, through which he soon dissipated his fortune.

Before this, however, had been effected, Rowlandson, after having resided in Paris about two years, returned to London, and continued his studies in the Royal Academy. But he appears for some years to have given himself up entirely to his dissipated habits, and to have worked only at intervals, when he was driven to it by the want of money. We are told by one who was intimate with him, that, when reduced to this condition, he used to exclaim, holding up his pencil, "I have been playing the fool, but here is my resource!" and he would then produce caricatures enough to supply his momentary wants with extraordinary rapidity. Most of Rowlandson's earlier productions were published anonymously, but here and there, among large collections, we meet with a print, which by a comparison of the style with that of his earliest known works, we can hardly hesitate in ascribing to him; and from these it would appear that he had begun with political caricature, because, perhaps, at that period of great agitation, it was most called for, and, therefore, most profitable. Three of the earliest of the political caricatures thus ascribed to Rowlandson belong to the year 1784, when he was twenty-eight years of age, and relate to the dissolution of parliament in that year, the result of which was the establishment of William Pitt in power. The first, published on the 11th of March, is entitled 'The Champion of the People.' Fox is represented under this title, armed with the sword of Justice and the shield of Truth, combating the many-headed hydra, its mouths respectively breathing forth "Tyranny," "Assumed Prerogative," "Despotism," "Oppression," "Secret Influence," "Scotch Politics," "Duplicity," and "Corruption." Some of these heads are already cut off. The Dutchman, Frenchman, and other foreign enemies are seen in the background, dancing round the standard of "Sedition." Fox is supported by numerous bodies of English and Irishmen, the English shouting, "While he protects us, we will support him." The Irish, "He gave us a free trade and all we asked; he shall have our firm support." Natives of India, in allusion to his unsuccessful India bill, kneel by his side and pray for his success. The second of these caricatures was published on the 26th of March, and is entitled 'The State Auction.' Pitt is the auctioneer, and is represented as knocking down with the hammer of "prerogative" all the valuable articles of the constitution. The clerk is his colleague, Henry Dundas, who holds up a weighty lot, entitled, "Lot 1. The Rights of the People." Pitt calls to him, "Show the lot this way, Harry—a'going, a'going—speak quick, or it's gone—hold up the lot, ye Dund-ass!" The clerk replies in his Scottish accent, "I can hold it na higher, sir." The Whig members, under the title of the "chosen representers," are leaving the auction room in discouragement, with reflections in their mouths, such as, "Adieu to Liberty!" "Despair not!" "Now or never!" While Fox stands firm in the cause, and exclaims—"I am determined to bid with spirit for Lot 1; he shall pay dear for it that outbids me!" Pitt's Tory supporters are ranged under the auctioneer, and are called the "hereditary virtuosis;" and their leader, who appears to be the lord chancellor, addresses them in the words, "Mind not the nonsensical biddings of those common fellows." Dundas remarks, "We shall get the supplies by this sale." The third of these caricatures is dated on the 31st of March, when the elections had commenced, and is entitled, 'The Hanoverian Horse and British Lion—a Scene in a new Play, lately acted in Westminster, with distinguished applause. Act 2nd, Scene last.' At the back of the picture stands the vacant throne, with the intimation, "We shall resume our situation here at pleasure, *Leo Rex*." In front, the Hanoverian horse, unbridled, and without saddle, neighs "pre-ro-ro-ro-ro-gative," and is trampling on the safeguard of the constitution, while it kicks out violently the "faithful commons" (alluding to the recent dissolution of parliament). Pitt, on the back of the horse, cries, "Bravo!—go it again!—I love to ride a mettled steed; send the vagabonds packing!" Fox appears on the other side of the picture, mounted on the British lion, and holding

a whip and bridle in his hand. He says to Pitt, "Prithee, Billy, dismount before ye get a fall, and let some abler jockey take your seat;" and the lion observes, indignantly, but with gravity, "If this horse is not tamed, he will soon be absolute king of our forest."

If these prints are correctly ascribed to Rowlandson, we see him here fairly entered in the lists of political caricature, and siding with Fox and the Whig party. He displays the same boldness in attacking the king and his ministers which was displayed by Gillray,—a boldness that probably did much towards preserving the liberties of the country from what was no doubt a resolute attempt to trample upon them, at a time when caricature formed a very powerful weapon. Before this time, however, Rowlandson's pencil had become practised in those burlesque pictures of social life for which he became afterwards so celebrated. At first he seems to have published his designs under fictitious names, and one now before me, entitled 'The Tythe Pig,' bears the early date of 1786, with the name of "Wigstead," no doubt an assumed one, which is found on some others of his early prints. It represents the country parson, in his own parlour, receiving the tribute of the tythe pig from an interesting looking farmer's wife. The name of Rowlandson, with the date 1792, is attached to a very clever and humorous etching which is now also before me, entitled 'Cold Broth and Calamity,' and representing a party of skaters, who have fallen in a heap upon the ice, which is breaking under their weight. It bears the name of Fores as publisher. From this time, and especially toward the close of the century, Rowlandson's caricatures



Fig. 1.—OPERA BEAUTIES.

on social life became very numerous, and they are so well known that it becomes unnecessary, nor indeed would it be easy, to select a few examples which would illustrate all his characteristic excellencies. In prints published by Fores at the beginning of 1794, the address of the publisher is followed by the words, "where may be had all Rowlandson's works," which shows how great was his reputation as a caricaturist at that time. It may be stated briefly that he was distinguished by a remarkable versatility of talent, by a great fecundity of imagination, and by a skill in grouping quite equal to that of Gillray, and with a singular ease in forming his groups of a great number of figures. Among those of his contemporaries who spoke of him with the highest praise were Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West. It has been remarked, too, that no artist ever possessed the power of Rowlandson of expressing so much with so little effort. We trace a great difference in style between Rowlandson's earlier and his later works; although there is a general identity of character which cannot be mistaken. The figures in the former show a taste for grace and elegance that is rare in his later works, and we find a delicacy of beauty in his females which he appears afterwards to have entirely laid aside. An example of his earlier style in depicting is furnished by the pretty farmer's wife, in the print of 'The Tythe Pig,' just alluded to; and I may quote as another example, an etching published on the 1st of January, 1794, under the title of 'English Curiosity; or, the Foreigner stared out of Countenance.' An individual, in a foreign costume, is seated in the front row of the boxes of a theatre, probably intended for the opera, where he has become the object of curiosity of the whole audience, and all eyes are eagerly directed upon

him. The faces of the men are rather coarsely grotesque, but those of the ladies, two of which are given in our cut No. 1, possess a considerable degree of refinement. He appears, however, to have been naturally a man of no real refinement, who easily gave himself up to low and vulgar tastes, and, as his caricature became more exag-



Fig. 2.—THE TRUMPET AND BASSOON.

gerated and coarse, his females became less and less graceful, until his model of female beauty appears to have been represented by something like a fat oyster-woman. Our cut No. 2, taken from a print in the possession of Mr. Fairholt, entitled 'The Trumpet and Bassoon,' presents a good example of Rowlandson's broad humour, and of his favourite models of the human face. We can almost fancy we hear the different tones of this brace of snorers.

A good example of Rowlandson's grotesques of the human figure is given in our cut No. 3, taken from a print published on the 1st of January, 1796, under the title of 'Anything will do for an Officer.' People complained of the mean appearance of the officers in our armies, who obtained their rank, it was pretended, by favour and purchase rather than by merit; and this caricature is explained by an inscription beneath, which informs us how "Some schoolboys, who were playing at soldiers, found one of their number so ill-made and so much under size, that he would have disfigured the whole body if put into the ranks. 'What shall we do with him?' asked one. 'Do with him?' says another, 'why make



Fig. 3.—A MODEL OFFICER.

an officer of him." This plate is inscribed with his name, "Rowlandson fecit."

At this time Rowlandson still continued to work for Fores, but before the end of the century we find him working for Ackermann, of the Strand, who continued to be his friend and employer during the rest of his life, and is said to

have helped him generously in many difficulties. In these, indeed, he was continually involved by his dissipation and thoughtlessness. Akermann not only employed him in etching the drawings of other caricaturists, especially of Bunbury, but in furnishing illustrations to books, such as the several series of Dr. Syntax, the "New Dance of Death," and others. Rowlandson's illustrations to editions of the older standard novels, such as "Tom Jones," are remarkably clever. In transferring the works of other caricaturists to the copper, Rowlandson was in the habit of giving his own style to them to such a degree, that nobody would suspect that they were not his own, if the name of the designer were not attached to

them. I have given one example of this in a former chapter, and another very curious one is furnished by a print now before me, entitled, 'Anglers of 1811,' which bears only the name "H. Bunbury del.," but which is in every particular a perfect example of the style of Rowlandson. During the latter part of his life Rowlandson amused himself with making an immense number of drawings which were never engraved, but many of which have been preserved and are still found scattered through the portfolios of collectors. These are generally better finished than his etchings, and are all more or less burlesque. Our cut No. 4 is taken from one of these drawings, in the possession of Mr. Fairholt;



Fig. 4.—ANTIQUARIES AT WORK.

it represents a party of antiquaries engaged in important excavations.

Thomas Rowlandson died in poverty, in lodgings in the Adelphi, on the 22nd of April, 1827.

Among the most active caricaturists of the beginning of the present century we must not overlook Isaac Cruikshank, even if it were only because the name has become so celebrated in that of his more talented son. Isaac's caricatures, too, were equal to those of any of his contemporaries, after Gillray and Rowlandson. One of the earliest examples which I have seen bearing the well-known initials, I. C., was published on the 10th of March, 1794, the year before

his known style, that we can hardly hesitate in ascribing them to him. It will be remarked that in these acknowledged works he caricatures the opposition, but perhaps, like other caricaturists of his time, he worked privately for anybody who would pay him, and was as willing to work against the government as for it, for most of the prints which betray their author only by their style are caricatures on Pitt and his measures. Such is the group given in our cut No. 5, which was published on the 15th of August, 1797, at a time when there were loud complaints against the burthen of taxation. It is entitled, 'Billy's Raree-Show; or, John Bull En-lighten'd,' and represents Pitt, in the character of a showman, exhibiting to John Bull, and picking his pocket while his attention is occupied with the show. Pitt, in a true showman's style, says to his victim,



Fig. 5.—THE RAREE-SHOW.

that in which George Cruikshank was born, and probably, therefore, when Isaac was quite a young man. It is entitled 'A Republican Belle,' and is an evident imitation of Gillray. In another, dated the 1st of November, 1795, Pitt is represented as 'The Royal Extinguisher,' putting out the flame of "Sedition." Isaac Cruikshank published many prints anonymously, and among the numerous caricatures of the latter end of the last century we meet with many which have no name attached to them, but which resemble so exactly

this I have taken merely the group which forms our cut No. 7. It is dated on the 1st of January, 1800, and is entitled, 'The Triumphant Entry of the Union into London.' Pitt, with a paper entitled "Irish Freedom" in his pocket, is carrying off the young lady (Ireland) by force, with her natural accompaniment, a keg of whisky. The lord chancellor of Ireland (Lord Clare) sits on the horse and performs the part of fiddler. In advance of this group are a long rabble of radicals, Irishmen, &c., while close behind comes Grattan, carried in a sedan-chair, and earnestly appealing to the lady, "Ierne! Ierne! my sweet maid,

"Now, pray, lend your attention to the enchanting prospect before you,—this is the prospect of peace—only observe what a busy scene presents itself—the ports are filled with shipping, the quays loaded with merchandise, riches are flowing in from every quarter—this prospect alone is worth all the money you have got about you." Accordingly, the showman abstracts the same money from his pocket, while John Bull, unconscious of the theft, exclaims with surprise, "Mayhap it may, master showman, but I canna zee ony thing like what you mentions,—I zeels nothing but a woide plain, with some mountains and molehills upon't—as sure as a gun, it must be all behoind one of those!" The flag of the show is inscribed, "Licensed by authority, Billy Hum's grand exhibition of moving mechanism; or, deception of the senses."

In a caricature with the initials of I. C., and published on the 20th of June, 1797, Fox is represented as 'The Watchman of the State,' ironically of course, for he is betraying the trust which he had ostentatiously assumed, and absenting himself, at the moment when his agents are putting the match to the train they have laid to blow up the constitution. Yet Cruikshank's caricatures on the Irish union were rather opposed to ministers. One of these, published on the 20th of June, 1800, is full of humour. It is entitled, 'A Flight across the Herring Pond.' England and Ireland are separated by a rough sea, over which a crowd of Irish "patriots" are flying, allured by the prospect of honours and rewards. On the Irish shore, a few wretched natives, with a baby and a dog, are in an attitude of prayer, expostulating with the fugitives,— "Och, och! do not leave us—consider your old house, it will look like a big wallnut-shell without a kernel." On the English shore, Pitt is holding open the "Imperial Pouch," and welcoming them—"Come on, my little fellows, there's plenty of room for you all—the budget is not half full." Inside the "pouch" appears a host of men covered with honours and dignities, one of whom says to the foremost of the Irish candidates for favour, "Very snug and convenient, brother, I assure you." Behind Pitt, Dundas, seated on a pile of public offices united in his person, calls out to the immigrants, "If you've ony consciences at a', here's enough to satisfy ye a'." A portion of this clever caricature is represented in our cut No. 6.

There is a rare caricature on the subject of the Irish union, which exhibits a little of the style of Isaac Cruikshank, and a copy of which is in the possession of Mr. Fairholt. From



Fig. 6.—FLIGHT ACROSS THE HERRING POND.

listen not to him—he's a false, flattering, gay deceiver." Still farther in the rear follows St. Patrick, riding on a bull, with a sack of potatoes for his saddle, and playing on the Irish harp. An Irishman expostulates in the following words—"Ah, long life to your holy reverenc's memory, why will you lave your own nate little kingdom, and go to another where they will tink no more of you then they would of an old brogue? Shure, of all the saints in the red letter calendar, we give you the preference! och hone! och hone!" Another Irishman pulls the bull by the tail, with the lament, "Ah, masther, honey,

why will you be after leaving us? What will become of poor Shelagh and all of us, when you are gone." It is a regular Irish case of abduction.

The last example I shall give of the caricatures of Isaac Cruikshank is the copy of one entitled 'The Farthing Rushlight,' which, I need hardly say, is a parody on the subject of a well-

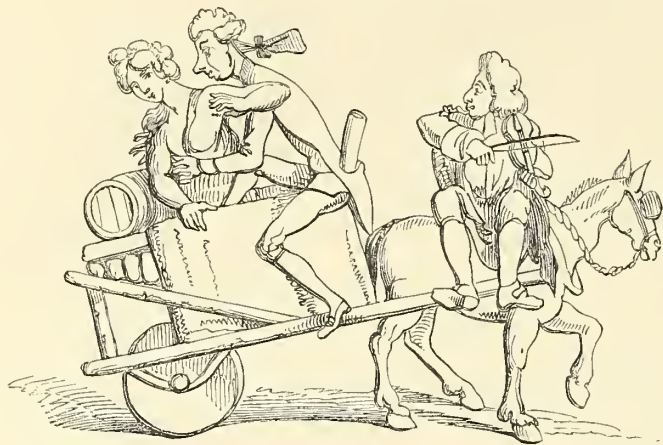


Fig. 7.—A LADY CARRIED OFF.

known song. The rushlight is the poor old king, George, whom the Prince of Wales and his Whig associates, Fox, Sheridan, and others, are

labouring in vain to blow out. The latest caricature I possess, bearing the initials of Isaac Cruikshank, was published by Fores, on the 19th

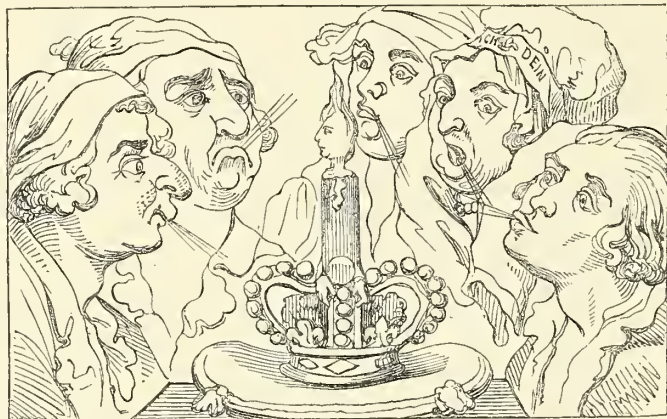


Fig. 8.—THE FARTHING RUSHLIGHT.

of April, 1810, and is entitled, 'The Last Grand Ministerial Expedition (on the Street, Piccadilly).' The subject is the riot on the arrest of

Sir Francis Burdett, and it shows that Cruikshank was at this time caricaturing on the radical side in politics.

ART ON THE STAGE.

ALTHOUGH the theatre is a great living school of Art, wider and more direct in its influence, perhaps, than any other, it is rarely that we feel called upon to draw attention to what is passing on our metropolitan stage.

Enough, and more than enough, has been written in praise of what has been done there in the way of scenic illustration, by scene painters and costumiers, but of that higher Art, which appeals not to the eye merely, but to the mind, it has for some years been impossible to write, for in this direction the metropolitan stage has had well-nigh nothing to show.

The senses have been stimulated by all that could dazzle them, either in magnificence of scenic decoration, or intensity of sensational interest; but the heart, the intellect, the moral nature, have not been appealed to, and it seemed as though "the well-trod stage" were destined to become a thing of tradition.

The public taste, tickled for a while, had latterly shown signs, however, of palling on that sort of food—true to the law that nothing stales so soon as what merely gratifies the senses; and the symptoms have become visible of a healthy reaction in favour of the drama, which deals with the "high actions"

and the "high passions," which have permanent interest for all cultivated men, and in following which they are lifted above the petty and selfish passions and pursuits of common life, and gather nobility of impulse to meet its greater emergencies.

Most happily, to aid in stimulating this reaction, our one great actress, Helen Faucit, has been induced to leave the retirement in which her great powers have for some time been lost to the metropolis, and to assist in the attempt now making at Drury Lane to restore our higher drama to the stage.

It is no secret that it is solely to this lady's love of her art, and belief in its powers of doing good, that we owe her return for a time to the stage, of which she was for some years the greatest ornament. Happily married to one of the most enlightened and accomplished men of his time—a scholar and a gentleman—surrounded by all that can make the home life of a gentle and refined lady attractive, the enthusiasm must be great which induces her "to spurn delights, and live laborious days," in order once again to place "Shakspeare's women" before our eyes in the fulness of life, and clothed with the graces of her richly-endowed nature.

It has become too much the fashion of late years to think that the stage cannot teach,

and that the student may learn more of our greatest poet from his own perusal than from the best representation. All experience belies both these assumptions. The stage can teach, and it does teach; and as most certainly there always will be theatres, it concerns us that they should be such as to teach good, for otherwise they will assuredly be teaching evil. Give them over to the morality of French dramas, the baseness and vulgarity of burlesque, and the predominance of ballet dancers, and the bitter fruit of such a state of things will be felt in the low morality and degraded motives which bring sorrow and shame to many a fire-side.

Again, let no man think he can ever know Shakspeare well, who has not seen his plays in action on the stage. Like all great dramatists, Shakspeare has so written them that they require the living commentary of voice, of expressive feature, and of motion, to bring out their full significance. Who has the imagination so vivid, or so continuously active, that he can, as he turns over page by page, see all the varied beings whom Shakspeare has crowded into any of his great plays, moving hither and thither, swayed by the impulses of living beings, each bringing out by collision with the other characteristics and flashes of meaning which must otherwise have slept?

In an able article on "Imogen in Shakspeare and in Sculpture," which appeared in the October number of *Frazer's Magazine*, the writer says that the stage "has done little towards helping us to a concrete idea of Imogen." If the writer had seen, which he probably had not, the Imogen of Miss Helen Faucit, when she played it during Mr. Macready's able management at Drury Lane, he would scarcely have risked such a remark, or presented his readers with such a meagre and imperfect exposition of Imogen's character as that by which he follows up the remark. This lady's Imogen of those days, although she was then but a novice in her art, was a thing never to be forgotten. Those who previously thought they knew Imogen best, were glad to acknowledge how infinitely their imagination had been enriched by the impersonation—"so moving-delicate, so full of life"—of the young actress. But the remark of the writer in *Frazer* was singularly inopportune; within a few days of the presentment by the same lady of the "divine Imogen" upon the stage of Drury Lane, with every beauty heightened and enriched by all that the knowledge of life, together with the study and practice of years, could give to put the crown and finish upon the exquisite conception to which the instinct of genius and her own most womanly nature had originally led her. For it need not be said that in this lady's art, as in every other—and in this more, perhaps, than any other—to stand still is impossible. If you do not advance, you are most assuredly receding—becoming hardened in mannerism, and narrowing in the range of your perceptions. But to genius this is impossible. Its ideal is ever so far in advance of its execution; its aim at a perfection, which ever eludes its grasp, is so restless, that it is ever gathering fresh suggestions from the world without and the world within for what shall give greater completeness and truthfulness to its work. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that Miss Helen Faucit's Imogen, as now developed—although modelled on the lines of her Imogen of old—should have reached a standard far in advance of the ideal with which she had previously filled our imaginations.

It is a masterpiece of Art, in the perfection of its power; yet was Art so merged in nature, that its presence was not consciously

felt. *Imogen*, in her queenly grace and dignity and sweetness, her strength, her constancy, her charming womanliness, lived before the audience. They followed her fortunes with an absorbing interest, and only when the flood of sympathy on which they had been borne along had passed away, did the reflection arise, how subtle the genius, how great the Art, which had wrought out a conception so exalted, through such complexity of details, where all blended harmoniously in producing what might well be called, in Tennyson's words—

"The Queen of Marriage, the most perfect wife."

It does not lie within our province to deal in detail with Miss Helen Faucit's conception of this character. That duty has been well performed. Writers in most of the leading journals have apparently been inspired by it into writing with a critical power to which their theatrical columns have long been strangers. Our task is rather to call attention to the impersonation, as presenting such a series of studies to the sculptor and painter as has certainly never been seen upon the stage by the present generation, nor, perhaps, is it too much to say, *by the past*. We are old enough to recall the memory of every great actress of the last forty, or it may be fifty years, including Miss O'Neil; and unless that memory be oblivious and ungrateful, there has been no actress of the half century gone by so *perfect* as the actress of whom we write.

The costumes worn by Miss Helen Faucit were selected with peculiar fitness for the character, indicating the refinement and richness of taste on which Shakspeare has been at pains to dwell. The tunic and peplum which formed the first dress, of the most delicate colours, was of the softest and finest textures, and fell around her fine yet slender figure in the most "artistic" folds. Every movement developed some fresh study which the sculptor might have longed to perpetuate. This lady could not be ungraceful if she would. Whatever the situation, the action and motion thoroughly satisfied the eye of taste, for indeed it seemed as if we saw before us in motion all that ancient Art has transmitted to us of the most beautiful in the draped masterpieces of Greece and Rome. Here, indeed, was living Art in its most fascinating form. The painter or sculptor knows what labour he gives to the arrangement of the draperies of his lay-figure, often with but little success. Here, at every motion of the actress, was all that he could have wished, produced so naturally, with such absence of effort, that he must have longed for the power to fix it for his permanent study.

The scenes where *Imogen* appears in the boy's dress, in like manner presented one continuous succession of the most beautiful pictures. The dress itself, a white tunic edged with blue, had obviously been selected, with a fine sense of fitness, to carry out the impression of beauty, somewhat "angel-like," which *Imogen* makes upon *Belarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus*, in their rocky home. As she first appeared to them at the mouth of the cave, the words of *Belarius*—

"By Jupiter, an angel!—or if not,
An earthly paragon!"—

were the very echo of what the vision stirred in the minds of the spectators. This was one of the many points which showed with what a fine artistic feeling the actress had studied all the accessories of the part.

It is to be regretted that no means exist of perpetuating many of Miss Helen Faucit's attitudes in this scene; but this is indeed impossible, for she never poses for effect, nor dwells upon an attitude—each position seeming to be the accident of the minute; and yet no attitude is capable of improvement.

But if the eye was satisfied to the full with the beauty of the forms which this exquisite impersonation presented, the heart and imagination were not less deeply touched by the endless variety and beauty of expression which played over the features of the actress from the moment she entered the scene until its close. The student of expression found here an endless theme for the closest observation, for surely never did emotion paint itself in truer or more impressive lines. There was no effort, no straining at effect. With the words and situation the apt expression kindled in the face and passed away, or melted into some new phase as a fresh wave of feeling rose in the speaker's breast.

In this quality of expression Helen Faucit stands alone of all the actresses of her time.

Her face is naturally susceptible of marvellous play and variety, but here, as in all the other characteristics of her acting, Art has consummated the natural gift, and subordinated its exercise to the laws of beauty and of truth. There is a fitness, an absence of all exaggeration in her performance, which seems simplicity itself; but, like all genuine simplicity, is the hardest of all qualities to attain. The secret which lies at the root of this triumphant power would seem to be this, that *Imogen* has become for this lady a *living reality*, into whose being her own is for a time transplanted; and then, all that so delights us in form, in feature, and in moving, flows from her as naturally and certainly as it would have done from the living *Imogen*. An actress who can do this must, like the poet, be "of imagination all compact," and only in the concurrence of such an actress with the poet can we hope to realise the actual presence of those ideals which the poet's words can do no more than suggest.

The "thoroughness" of the true artist is, in truth, stamped upon all Helen Faucit's performance. No passage is slighted, neither is any overwrought. She manifestly scorns to purchase applause by "effects." She is never more or less than the real *Imogen* would have been. For five acts she surrenders her own identity, and is the woman that Shakspeare dreamed. Such being her principle of action, we note, as a further illustration of it, her resolute refusal to answer the call of the audience at the end of the acts, a practice which is death to all illusion in both actor and spectator, and which has of late become a positive nuisance. It is quite time that an end should be put to it, when we see, as we have seen, a *Juliet* rise from her bed during the potion scene, to smile and curtsy to the noisy brawlers who have mistaken her exaggerated vehemence for power.

What would the great artists of the old time have thought of such a proceeding? How little can the performer be "in his part," or ambitious of truly impressing it on his audience, who can put off and on his personality in this fashion before their eyes? In this, as in the lofty and unwearied spirit in which she has prosecuted her noble and most difficult art, HELEN FAUCIT sets an example to the members of the dramatic profession which they will do well to follow.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN LEECH.

By a singular coincidence, the present number of our Journal, which brings to a close Mr. Wright's "History of Caricature," is destined to record the death of the most distinguished of contemporary caricaturists, John Leech, whose decease took place most unexpectedly on the 30th of October. By this mournful event the community has to lament the loss of a great artist, and

though the galleries in Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall knew him not, there is no painter whose works are eagerly sought after in those localities, who has achieved a greater celebrity or whose productions have circulated so far and wide. For more than twenty years the pages of *Punch*, as well as other publications, have been adorned with the genial, graceful, and humorous sketches from his pencil: his death leaves a void which it will indeed be most difficult to fill.

Mr. Leech was born in London in 1817, and was educated at the Charterhouse. After leaving school he commenced the study of medicine, but soon relinquished this for a pursuit to which he was evidently destined by nature. His first published sketch appeared in *Punch* in 1847; and from that time scarcely a week has elapsed without some example of the exuberant fancy of his pencil, which appeared to be "at home" everywhere, among the old and young, the peer and the pauper, the grave and the gay, the gentle and the simple, the Englishman and the foreigner: all came alike to him. No one of the great caricaturists who preceded him has left behind so complete a picture of the social character of the times viewed from a satirical point, but with the greatest refinement of feeling, as Leech has done. This delicacy of thought and action, this freedom from all buffoonery and burlesque, constitutes the great charm of his drawings: the most scrupulous are never offended, the most cynical and puritanical are amused, by the manner in which his subjects are placed before them. Even those who could scarcely fail to recognise their own foibles or peculiarities in his designs were unable to suppress a smile at the kindly humour presented in their own portraits. The keenness of his satire was ever clothed in a garb that rendered it peculiarly and irresistibly attractive. No artist has done so much to redeem caricature from absolute vulgarity, and to give it an elevated niche in the temple of genuine Art: had he been less gifted with talent than he was, this excellence would alone have demanded our respect and admiration. Whoever aspires to take his place must follow precisely the same path, or he will assuredly fail to win the applause of the public, whom Leech has taught that real humour is not incompatible with great refinement.

It is sad to know that such a man—one whom multitudes recognised as a welcome and pleasant companion, cheering, if only for a few minutes, the toils and anxieties of life—has been taken from us unexpectedly, even while we are enjoying the last fruits of his labours, almost fresh from his hand. Yet this, unhappily, is the case: his death was very sudden, though he had for some time been in an unsatisfactory state of health, arising from almost ceaseless work, and also, it is said, from a peculiar sensitiveness to street noises of every kind, and especially of those disturbers of thought and quietude, the wretched organ-grinders, who, in spite of magisterial authority, and the pains and penalties to which they are liable, are permitted, and even encouraged, to carry on their pursuits.

Peace to his ashes! The memory of John Leech will long be green among us. Of the many thousands whose hearty laughter he has so often called forth, there are few now living who will not lament that he has passed away from us.

MR. THOMAS BATTAM, F.S.A.

WE record with deep sorrow the death of this excellent artist and estimable man. The sad event occurred at his residence, Notting Hill, on the 28th of October; so suddenly, from apoplexy, that he literally died without a moment of warning or of pain. Rarely have we been more impressed by the truth of the line—

"How swift the shuttle flies that weaves the shroud."

Mr. Battam was not widely known by his works: for more than a quarter of a century his energies and abilities were employed exclusively in the porcelain manufactory of Mr. Alderman Copeland: he was content to forego the reputation he might have acquired as a painter, that he might labour to promote a most important branch of Art-manufacture: and there is no man of our time to whom Ceramic Art is more indebted. To his rare gifts of skill, taste, and critical acumen,

aided by thorough knowledge derived from long study and matured experience, we owe much of the advance which that Art has of late years made in England.

His very earliest pursuits were indeed in this direction: for his father was eminent as a painter of porcelain: producing works of high excellence in the very heart of the metropolis, Gough Square, where another son is his successor. Mr. Thomas Battam left his establishment for that of Mr. Alderman Copeland, nearly thirty years ago: and there he remained, as the director of its Art-work in London and at Stoke-upon-Trent, until his premature death at the age of fifty-four.

The loss is a public loss, for he has done much and well. We grieve at the departure of a loved and respected friend—one by whose pen we have been largely aided in the conduct of this Journal. Few men knew better how to treat all subjects connected with Art-manufacture—its capabilities and its requirements. The conception and management of the "Crystal Palace Art-Union" is but one of his many useful works; the public have profited by others, although in ignorance of their source. Pursuing a quiet and unostentatious course through life, his value and worth were known to few beyond the immediate circle in which he moved; there are, however, many who deplore his departure as that of an earnest, wise, and truthful friend, ever anxious to do good, zealous for the advancement of Art, and to preserve and extend its high character and pure influence.

"GO TO SLEEP!"

FROM THE GROUP BY JOSEPH DURHAM.

THERE is certainly something which rather jars on the mind accustomed to contemplate sculpture in its ordinary character—to see it allied, even in the slightest degree, with what appertains to the humorous in subject. This art has ever been looked upon as the severest and most dignified; anything, therefore, which would be opposed to these qualities has, as a rule, been excluded from its practice, and, we think, very properly so. Still, there is no reason why the sculptor should not occasionally extend his range of subject, and compete with the painter in a phase of Art which the latter has hitherto kept entirely to himself. Considering, too, the age and country in which we live, our social condition, and our habits and manners, sculpture, in its generally accepted highest examples, can never be popular among us. A Venus, a Jupiter, a Hercules, are objects which the people have little regard for—they are simply "figures" in the estimation of the multitude, but they tell them no story, and, as a consequence, are unintelligible to those who cannot understand what they are intended to represent, to signify, and to teach. Thus it is that the poetic and ideal give place, in their estimation, to the naturalistic; and a girl seated in a chair reading, a child bewailing a broken drum, and another playing with a poodle dog, become objects of universal attraction, when all the heroes and heroines of Greek and Roman mythology are passed by comparatively unnoticed.

Mr. Durham's 'Go to Sleep!' was one of this class of works which few failed to stop and examine in the International Exhibition of 1862. It is bedtime for the child, who thinks that it is also the fitting hour for his canine playfellow to take rest, and placing the animal on its back, as a mother does her babe, he is endeavouring to hush it to sleep, and enforces the duty by voice and gesture. Dogs, however, like infants, are not always disposed to obey the commands of their nurses—this curly little terrier is fractious, his eyes are wide open, and there is, apparently, but small chance of his doing what is required of him. The group, which is the property of Mr. F. Bennoch, F.S.A., is very charming. The idea, for a sculptured work, is original, and it is well carried out. The attitude of the dog is especially natural, and the manner in which the child "handles" the creature, and expresses to it his authoritative command, is perfectly truthful.

THE WALL PAINTINGS IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

WE have received a small pamphlet* of about a dozen pages, entitled "An Answer to the Report of the Commissioners in respect to Wall Paintings for the Palace of Westminster," wherein the writer deals principally with three points having reference more or less immediate to the direction on the one hand, and the execution, on the other, of the pictures now in progress in the Houses of Parliament. The late session closed with an antecedent of evil presage for the important Art-questions that have now been too long in suspense. If the voting of money for public buildings, which at all hands are admitted to be indispensable public utilities, is made a party question, the public must patiently bide its time. The spirit in which such things have been discussed is not a right one, and the real knowledge brought to bear on the subject has been infinitesimally small. It is with strictures on this manner of discussing Art in Parliament that the pamphlet commences. The contracts between the artists and the commissioners are considered, and then the claim of priority as to the introduction into this country of the water-glass method of wall-painting. The adoption of water-glass painting, as a substitute for fresco, by those artists whose experience of the latter method has been more extensive than that of any others of our school, is entirely due to the perhaps universal failure of their efforts to paint abiding pictures in the ancient method. The circumstances of the supersession of fresco by stereochrome must be so fresh in the remembrance of every one at all interested in the matter, that we should have thought it unnecessary to recapitulate them, however briefly. It becomes necessary, therefore, to bring forward a few dates and facts that will settle the question as to who introduced water-glass painting, since an impression prevails, according to the pages before us, that Mr. Herbert assumes to have been the first to practise it in this country. Without the least desire to detract from any merit which is legitimately due to him, it is only right we should state the exact truth.

It was in the autumn of 1858 that Mr. Maclise, at the express desire of his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, went to Berlin to see Kaulbach's famous water-glass pictures in the New Museum; though before going to Berlin he had made himself acquainted with the nature of the fixing liquid by practice, even as early as 1856. Mr. Maclise visited also Munich and Nuremberg, where Herr Kaulbach had painted a large picture in the cloisters of the Dominican monastery. In short, a reference to Mr. Maclise's paper in the Appendix to the "Twelfth Report on the Fine Arts," shows that he spared neither labour nor inquiry to master not only the theory, but the practice, of water-glass painting, during his visit to Germany; and in order to make the most of the advantages that presented themselves there, he painted, we believe in Berlin, on a piece of movable lath and plaster, a small picture, which is still in his possession. Before going to Berlin he had commenced, in fresco, his Waterloo picture in the Royal Gallery; but on his return he caused that commencement to be cut out, and had the wall prepared for water-glass, and painted in that method a picture of an order so high as to reduce to feeble and vulgar common-place, with a very few exceptions, the theatrical and pretentious battle painting now so popular in almost every school. Mr. Maclise was occupied with his great picture from the end of 1859 and throughout the whole of 1860; for water-glass painting may be continued throughout the year, whereas fresco waits upon the seasons, and cannot be carried on safely during more than four months in the year. The Twelfth Report on the Fine Arts is dated February 1861, in which Mr. Maclise is complimented on his "unremitting industry" in advancing his Waterloo picture. In the next paragraph we are told that "the method has also found favour with Mr. Herbert, who having, after repeated experiments, modified it according to his

* An Answer to the Report of the Commissioners in respect to Wall Paintings for the Palace of Westminster. By a Silent Member. Vickers.

own views, professes his entire satisfaction with it," and this some fourteen or fifteen months after Mr. Maclise had been earnestly studying and carefully practising the art. In the face of these facts, Mr. Maclise has, on the platform on which he now works, been congratulated on his successful adoption of *Mr. Herbert's method of painting*. (?) The compliment effectually silenced Maclise; he had after that no information to offer to his admirers, and his honest and sterling nature has not condescended to make any sign save by a very modest letter in the *Times*, drawn from him, as he says, by the pamphlet above mentioned. Can it be possible that Mr. Herbert claims the merit of having introduced stereochrome for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament? It can scarcely be believed that he would risk the credit of his *status* in a challenge which he cannot in anywise sustain. It is, however, stated in the pages before us that "Mr. Herbert may be periodically seen mystically illustrating to admiring groups the process he has, without acknowledgment, adopted from Mr. Maclise. . . . The spray from the syringe, squirted over 'Moses' in the eyes of a gaping audience, mystifies the very simple stereochrome, or water-glass process itself, until the gapers believe it to be 'the art of painting with a squirt.'" If Mr. Herbert is pleased thus to explain to *dilettanti* visitors the stereochrome fixing, that is entirely a matter of feeling on his part; but if his friends innocently assume for him the credit of enterprise to which he is not entitled, he must be grateful to those who assist him in disclaiming a very damaging assumption.

The chief point, however, to which the pamphlet calls attention, is the cancelling of the contracts according to the last Report, in which it is set forth that, whereas Mr. Herbert covenanted to paint nine pictures in ten years, there is but one finished after a lapse of fifteen years. And in the case of Mr. Dyce; that artist undertook to paint in all thirty-five pictures in seven years from 1848, of which only five have been completed. As a contrast to the dissatisfaction which has been officially expressed at the disregard of contracts on the part of Mr. Dyce and Mr. Herbert, Mr. Maclise has conscientiously fulfilled his engagements, and is, accordingly, eulogised. In the Twelfth Report, the commissioners think it their duty "to make especial mention of the unremitting industry of Daniel Maclise, R.A.;" and in the last Report, "they are satisfied that Mr. Maclise has applied himself with uninterrupted diligence and energy to the accomplishment of the work he has undertaken." But nevertheless—and here is the inexplicable inconsistency of the proceeding, if the cancelling of the bonds is to be regarded as a visitation for breach of faith—what is the charge against Maclise that he should be comprehended in the same sentence as those who have utterly disregarded their engagements? At the end of his letter to the *Times*, Mr. Maclise, in speaking of this injustice, says, "I cannot but think I ought to have been made exempt from the rebuke in the last paragraph of the late Commissioners' Report, and the stigma that may be supposed to attach to their recommendation, that the very work which his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort did me the honour to request me not to decline, should now be abandoned and its agreement cancelled."

There is no question—there can be none—that Mr. Maclise has added very largely to his previously high reputation by the two grand works he has produced in the new Palace at Westminster—one finished, the other on the eve of finish. He has fulfilled his contract as far as it was possible to do so, and it is most unjust to confound him with those who are described as defaulters; he is a gentleman of irreproachable integrity, as well as a great painter; and to punish him, even by *inuendo*, would be a wrong not to him alone, but to the public—for he is not even charged with offence. We trust we need have no apprehension that, if Mr. Maclise chooses to complete the work, he will be barred from doing it—the loss would be a national loss. The remainder of the century may pass—as unquestionably the first half of the century has passed—without producing another British artist capable of executing such an undertaking, so as to satisfy all who can appreciate true Art.



"GO TO SLEEP"

ENGRAVED BY E. W. STODART, FROM THE GROUP BY J. CORHAM

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—A fine *tempera* picture by Carlo Crivelli has been presented by Lord Taunton to the National Gallery; it is signed and dated 1481. To the artist who consults the tastes of the day such pictures have little interest, but in aid of the design which it is gratifying to observe is being steadily pursued,—that is, of making the National Gallery illustrate as perfectly as possible the history of painting,—this ‘Annunciation,’ for such is the subject, is a most valuable acquisition, because it is in the variety of perfect and well-authenticated examples of early practice that most galleries are deficient. The fame of John Van Eyck’s discovery had spread half a century before the date of this picture, and surprise may be felt that the seduction from *tempera* by the fascinations of oil painting had not been universal. But the new method had its difficulties, and a successful *tempera* painter like Crivelli was not likely to give up the practice in which he had so much distinguished himself. The picture is mentioned in the ‘Guidia di Ascoli,’ a town in the States of the Church near the Neapolitan border, which was its abiding place for centuries. Like all Crivelli’s works, much of the composition is architectural. The Virgin is seen kneeling in an oratory, through the window of which a ray of light falls on her. The archangel is without, and near him kneels St. Emidius, the patron saint of Ascoli, holding in his hand a model of the city. There are beneath the picture three shields of arms, those of Pope Innocent VIII., the city of Ascoli, and of Bishop Caffarelli, with the inscription, ‘Libertas ecclesiastica.’ It is satisfactory that the history of the picture is well known.

THE STATUE OF FATHER MATHEW, which has just been placed in Cork, will be regarded as one of Mr. Foley’s best works; it is as great a success with drapery as his ‘Goldsmith’ is without it. But the drapery in the case of this statue is not an idle expedient for masking difficulties, but a representation of the actual cloak worn by Father Mathew, who is presented as he appeared about twenty or more years ago, when he was in this country. He stands with the right hand extended before him, as if in the act of blessing those kneeling before him who have taken the pledge. It will be remembered that upon those occasions he extended both hands, stooping slightly forward; but such an attitude is certainly less becoming than that chosen by the sculptor. The left hand gathers up the folds of the cloak on the left breast, and holds the medal sold for a small consideration to those who made the profession of abstinence from strong drink. The figure is, therefore, that of a young man, but yet so like ‘the apostle of temperance,’ both in youth and age, as at once to be recognised by any who may have seen the good man, even but once. Having the power of dealing in a manner strictly personal with his subjects, the sculptor discards what, in the cant of the day, is called conventionality. Beneath the cloak is seen the priest’s close coat, with pantaloons and Hessian boots, which Father Mathew habitually wore. The statue is of bronze.

THE PAINTERS’ COMPANY.—The fifth annual distribution of prizes awarded by this guild for the best specimens of decoration was made at Painters’ Hall in the month of October. The successful competitors were:—Mr. F. Stuart, for graining, silver medal; Mr. W. J. Hoodless, for marbling, silver medal; Mr. D. O. Haswell, for writing, silver medal; Mr. J. Rodgers, for decoration, silver medal; Mr. J. Smith, for graining, bronze medal; Mr. W. J. Cloake, for marbling, bronze medal; Mr. G. Longley, for writing, bronze medal; Mr. S. Burnby, for decoration, bronze medal; Mr. G. Croker, for graining, certificate of merit; Mr. A. Coggan, for marbling, certificate of merit; Mr. W. Gray, for writing, certificate of merit; Mr. F. W. Burford, for decoration, certificate of merit; and Mr. H. W. Homann, for decoration, Mr. Laing’s £5 prize. The day of distribution was that on which the company elects its master and wardens for the ensuing year, and the prizeholders were invited to the banquet which followed the business proceedings. This society is acting in a truly liberal

spirit, and its laudable efforts to improve the taste and reward the skill of the practical workman are most encouraging and successful.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—The medallions, medals, and prizes awarded to this school were distributed to the students by the Rev. R. Gregory, the chairman, on the evening of the 27th of October. Additional prizes for original compositions of figures and designs were awarded at the same meeting.

IMPERIAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTISTS.—A short time since the Emperor and Empress of France ‘entertained’ at St. Cloud the artists who gained this year the *Grand Prix de Rome* for painting, sculpture, architecture, and musical composition, respectively. The honoured guests were MM. Maillart, Delaplanche, Descamps, Guadet, Dutert, and Sieg. Among those invited to meet them were, Marshal Valiant, Minister of the Beaux Arts; Count de Niewerkerke, Superintendent of the Beaux Arts; Count Baciocchi, Superintendent General of Theatres; M. Auber, Director of the Conservatoire, and others. The imperial host and hostess gave the most gracious encouragement to the young artists, and during the evening the Empress presented to each of them a photograph of the Emperor, one of herself, and another of the Prince Imperial, signing each card with her own name. ‘In the course of another century or so,’ says one of our contemporaries, ‘similar things will, perhaps, be done in England;’ and certainly the example set in Paris is worthy of imitation on this side of the Channel, though we do not expect to live long enough to see it followed.

NATIONAL MEMORIAL OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.—The models of the sculptures intended for this object have been sent to Buckingham Palace for the inspection of the Queen. The figures representing the four quarters of the world are Europe, by P. MacDowell, R.A.; Asia, by J. H. Foley, R.A.; Africa, by W. Theed; and America, by John Bell. At each of four other angles of the building will be placed respectively, Agriculture, by W. Calder Marshall, R.A.; Manufactures, by H. Weekes, R.A.; Commerce, by T. Thornycroft; and Mechanics, by J. Lawlor. The statue of the Prince will be the work of Baron Marochetti, and the friezes and other sculptured ornaments are to be executed by Messrs. Philip and Armistead.

NEW SOUTH WALES INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—The gold medal awarded as a prize at this exhibition in 1862, is, as a work of Art, most creditable to the colony. The obverse side has a profile portrait of the Queen, the only objection to which is the rather fantastical arrangement of the hair; this differs very materially from that on our own coins and medals, and from all the authorised portraits of her Majesty. The inscription on this side is—‘NEW SOUTH WALES. TO THE PRIZE EXHIBITORS, 1862.’ The design of the reverse represents a female figure, emblematic of the colony, presenting her offerings at the feet of Britannia: in the background is seen a part of the exhibition building. The motto surrounding it is—‘HINC LAUDEM PORTES SPERATE COLONI.’ The medal was designed and engraved by M. Kullrick, of Berlin, and was struck at the Sydney Mint. The copy that has been submitted to us was awarded to Mr. Craven, of Thornton, near Bradford, for the excellence with which he manufactured from the wool of Australia.

MESSRS. DELARUE have issued their diaries, pocket-books, &c. for the year 1865. These are, as they have always been, by much the best publications of the class, remarkable not only for taste and elegance, but for accuracy and abundance of information. Few works have been compiled with more attention and care; they are, therefore, as they ought to be, favourites with all orders, for they are cheap as well as dear,—dear, that is to say, by comparison with the plainer issues, although, we believe, the only difference between the two consists in the binding; for those that have come under our notice are of equal merit as concerns paper and type, both of which are of the very best.

WHITBY JET.—A set of very elegant jet ornaments has recently been presented to the Maharajah Bamba, whose marriage with the Maharajah Duleep Singh excited so much attention long since, from the romantic and interesting circum-

stances which led to the union. The gift is a present from the inhabitants of Whitby, to testify their high appreciation ‘not only of the Maharajah’s private character, but of the great benefits received by the town during the residence of his highness at Mulgrave Castle, and the lasting advantage conferred upon the town and district by his spontaneous liberality in the formation of a new road to the North, which secures accommodation and pleasure to the public,’ &c. The ornaments are of the scallop shell pattern, beautifully executed and richly set in gold by Messrs. G. and J. Speedy, of Whitby.

OPERATIVE CARRIAGE-BUILDERS.—A project has been started for holding, in the month of February, 1865, an Industrial Exhibition of works of every kind connected with carriage-building and harness-making. The prospectus issued bears the names of some of the most prominent persons engaged in the respective trades; it invites contributions of drawings, plans, designs, herald-painting, coach-painting, wood-carving, iron-work, trimming, harness, &c., the especial object of the exhibition being to give to the various artisans the opportunity of illustrating in theory and practice their own ideas of design and construction, as well as their skill as workmen. It is hoped that the London guild of ‘Coach and Coach-harness Makers’ will grant the use of their hall for the purposes of the exhibition.

THE ‘BELL’ PICTURES.—A correspondent of the *Builder* calls attention to the long-continued absence of some of the ‘Bell’ Collection from the National Gallery: the pictures in question being Landseer’s ‘The Maid and the Magpie,’ Frith’s ‘Derby Day,’ and Madlle. Rosa Bonheur’s ‘Horse Fair.’ These works were long in the hands of engravers, but the prints have been published a considerable time; in the case of the ‘Horse Fair’ two or three years: so far then there is no excuse for debarring the public from the pictures. The writer observes:—‘The original ‘Horse Fair’ was said to have been sold in the United States, and that the late Mr. Bell’s picture was a reduction by the fair artist. But such a reduction has been exhibited at the Canterbury Hall and in the City. Recently I heard in Paris that Madlle. Bonheur was now painting this subject for the National Gallery. Perhaps I was misinformed.’

A GOTHIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN has been executed by Mr. Earp, after a design by Mr. Bentley, for Bridgetown, Barbadoes. It is of Portland stone, of an elevation of twenty-four feet. The four faces contain impersonations of Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude. At the corners are columns of green veined marble, and the panels are ornamented with enamelled plates of different colours.

THE COUNCIL of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society has forwarded a protest to the proper authorities against the proposed demolition of Heston Church, near Hounslow, which contains many features of great archaeological interest.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—The forty-fourth session of this institution was opened on the 31st of October, when Mr. R. Westmacott, R.A., delivered an address on the subject of Art, at the school in Queen Square, to the pupils and their friends.

THE SAVOY CHAPEL, which was destroyed by fire a few months since, will shortly be rebuilt under the superintendence of Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., whose designs have been submitted to the Queen, and approved by her Majesty. We believe that there will not be much deviation from the old chapel.

CLEANING OIL PAINTINGS.—The *Builder* says—‘A new method of restoring oil paintings is said to have been invented by Pottenkofer, a famous Bavarian chemist, and which a friend of his, Carl Vogt (himself a man of European repute as a natural philosopher), has brought to London, and lately exhibited in a practical example before Charles Eastlake. The process, it is said, requires no chemical preparation whatever, is very simple, and can be applied and acts in about an hour. It may be used, also, by a reverse application of it, to give the appearance of a newly-painted picture. The inventor has received a considerable sum for his discovery from the Bavarian government.’

REVIEWS.

HOME THOUGHTS AND HOME SCENES, IN ORIGINAL POEMS AND PICTURES. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE, London.

We have been accustomed for the last three or four years to expect at this season some beautiful volume or other from the studio and printing-press of Messrs. Dalziel: such a work—their "Gift-Book for 1865," as they term it—has made its appearance under the title of "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes;" the former being poems by Jean Ingelow, Dora Greenwell, Mrs. Tom Taylor, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Amelia B. Edwards, Jennett Humphreys, and the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The "Home Scenes" are drawn by A. B. Houghton, and engraved by Messrs. Dalziel.

It is a child's book: the poems are for children, the pictures of children; but children's fingers, unless they have undergone recent and thorough ablution, must not handle its splendid covering of purple and gold, nor touch these delicate pages of soft cream-coloured paper, even to point out what may especially please them: it is a book to be shown and read to them only; and so far alone we could wish it less beautiful than it is; for a volume adapted to the drawing-room table, as this unquestionably is, cannot justifiably find a home in the nursery and school-room, for which both poems and pictures are pre-eminently suited. Neither pen nor pencil ever produced truer phases of child-life than are found here;—life in the play-room, in the closet where sweets are kept and eaten; life in the nursery, in the fields, the garden, by the sea-side; life, in fact, everywhere where boys and girls most do congregate; now scrambling for conifits, now covering a favourite dog which pretends to be dead with spadefulls of sea-sand; here setting out Noah's ark; there playing at coach or rail with the dining-room furniture; in one picture building up the Tower of Babel, which puss overturns by way of showing its instability; in another, a mischievous boy doing execution with a new saw on his sister's doll, which he designates Mary Queen of Scots. Such are some of the scenes presented by Mr. Houghton's vigorous pencil, the truth of which, however peculiarly used, and his designs are undoubtedly peculiar, must be universally admitted, even with its exaggerations, and occasionally with its redundancy of matter.

There is, as might be expected, much wonderful work in Messrs. Dalziel's engraving; freedom of cutting, great solidity, and forcible expression. The poems are what such ought to be, simple in thought and language; a kind of talking to or of children, in verse, or the recital of what the young ones may be talking to their playmates. The book will gladden many a young heart this coming Christmas.

CHILD'S PLAY. By E. V. B. Published by S. LOW, SON, AND MARSTON, London.

This, like the book just noticed, is much too handsome a volume to be entrusted to the hands of those for whom it is especially published. The letterpress is made up of such old nursery songs as "Little boy blue," "Tom Ticker's ground," "Draw a Pail of Water," &c., &c.; infantile rhymes which, we imagined, were almost, if not quite, out of date by this time, and that are scarcely worth reviving, and illustrating, as they are here, by some clever woodcuts printed in the gayest colours. We presume E. V. B., whose initials are not unfamiliar to us, to be the designer of these cuts, and they are very creditable to the artist. They appear to be printed by Mr. Dickes's process, but there is no information on this point given on the title-page or elsewhere: this omission ought to have been supplied, in justice to whomsoever executed the work.

THE QUEEN:—1864. Engraved by W. HOLL, from a picture by A. GRAEFLE. Published (by command) by J. MITCHELL, London.

A most interesting, yet very saddening portrait of her Majesty, who, seated by the side of a bust of her late Royal Consort, appears lost in the contemplation of her own melancholy thoughts. The black dress of the royal widow, over which is the ribbon of the "Garter," is relieved by an ermine shawl, lined with,

white silk, thrown carelessly over the back of the sofa on which the Queen sits. The face is an excellent likeness, but its expression so deeply sorrowful as to be painful. The engraving is executed with great delicacy.

BIBLE PRINTS. By PROFESSOR SCHNORR. With Explanatory Letterpress by the Rev. H. J. ROSE, B.D., and the Rev. J. W. BURGON. Published by S. W. PARTRIDGE, London.

There is a grandeur in these designs which cannot fail to be fully appreciated by the artistic observer, as it must inevitably impress those for whom they are more especially intended, the untutored cottager and children of every degree. They are not overlaid with what is popularly known as the German style, commonly hard and dry, but the figures are especially easy, graceful, and, in all other respects, most attractive. The prints are twenty-four in number, and are slightly tinted: the accompanying letterpress is highly satisfactory so far as the descriptions of the subjects are concerned, but it may be questioned whether they could be made easily intelligible to children.

CAMPION COURT; or a Tale of the Days of the Ejectment Two Hundred Years ago. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE, Author of "The Lillingstones of Lillingstone," "Lottie Lonsdale," &c., &c. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

An impartial historian is almost a *lusus nature*; so also is an impartial novelist who makes history the subject of the story. The lady who has written "Campion Court" is no exception to the rule; she is an unflinching partisan of the ejected ministers of Charles II.'s time; a staunch advocate of the Non-conformist cause, a Puritan of the first order: all her friends are saints, the Cavalier party all sinners; not one, or scarcely one of these last characters introduced but is walking in utter darkness, if not something worse. Now there is no special objection to Miss or Mrs. Worboise—for we know not by which title to speak of the lady—taking her own view of the matter; only she cannot hope to bring others to the same way of thinking, neither can she expect to find her book popular unless among those of her own side. But the question of the Ejectment is not fairly stated, and when the author attempts to argue it theologically and ritually, she undertakes that to which she is not competent, and gets beyond her depth. As our Journal is not the fitting organ for such discussions we must decline even the attempt to set her right.

The title of the book is the name of an ancient mansion in the west of England, the residence of an old knight and his three daughters, all of whom have faithfully embraced the side of the ejected ministers, though professing to remain members of the Established Church. The youngest of the daughters, who is the heroine of the story, falls in love with a gentleman of similar religious opinions, marries him when imprisoned for his fidelity to the cause, and comes up to London to obtain an interview with Charles II. to intercede for his release. Her beauty attracts the marked notice of the monarch, by whom she is forcibly detained at court, and afterwards transferred to a quiet spot in Epping Forest, in the hope that he may induce her to become one of those favourites of the king whose portraits Lely has left us. The young Puritan matron, however, contrives to escape out of "the snare of the fowler," aided by that singular prophet of the period, Solomon Eagle; and soon after her husband dies in Newgate from his long imprisonment.

There are, of course, numerous other personages whose histories are more or less connected with that of Muriel Falkner, the heroine of the tale: for example, that of her sisters and their husbands, one of whom is the companion of Charles in all his unhallowed pursuits; Muriel's brother, and "good Master Robert Franklyn," vicar of the parish in which Champion Court stands. These characters are well drawn and strongly marked, and the whole story is a cleverly painted picture of the times, seen under one aspect. Much matter of a religious nature is necessarily brought into it; and though we cannot see with the same eyes as the author's, there are not a few who will doubtless find pleasure from the perusal of another version of "The Puritan's Daughter."

JUVENILE LITERATURE FOR 1865.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN's publications, as a general rule, are both early and excellent, and we can but repeat what we have often said, that their books for the young are well "got up," and charmingly illustrated, "the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard" maintaining its character as the best emporium for Young England's amusement and instruction. Occasionally other houses in the trade "bring forth a tale" by some well-known author—a book of exquisite and refined illustration—that eclipses the steady light of the ancient "corner," but there is no establishment so consistently good in all its departments as that of Griffith and Farran.

The "top book" of the pile now on our table is the PRIMROSE PILGRIMAGE, by Mr. Betham Edwards, illustrated by Mr. Macquoid. The poems in this pretty volume are full of interest. "The Swallow's Story" is already a favourite with a little girl who, with the freedom of childhood, peeps into our "Christmas books," and with laudable frankness proclaims what she thinks "best." Mr. Macquoid's illustrations are charming transcripts of nature. We would give this book of "Primroses" especially to a town child.

THE ECHOES OF AN OLD BELL, by the Hon. Augusta Bethell, is illustrated with much grace and spirit by Mr. F. W. Keyl. THE OLD BELL is the thread upon which a number of fairy tales are hung, and as there is an evident "revival" in fairy literature, these tales will be read with avidity during the Christmas holidays.

PICTURES OF GIRL LIFE recall to us some of Mrs. Holland's best tales. The moral of each is unexceptionable, and, though steadily kept in view, is so skilfully draped that the young reader is beguiled into thoughtfulness while thoroughly interested and amused. Miss Howell's style is much improved since she wrote "Pages of Child Life."

Miss Emma Davenport, who wrote that pretty book called "Live Toys," has contributed to Griffith and Farran's *résumé*, a well digested volume, called HAPPY HOLIDAYS, which is enriched by a frontispiece by F. Gilbert.

Mr. Charles H. Bennet copiously illustrates a collection of Poems, or more properly speaking, Rhymes, called FUN AND EARNEST, that will create much mirth in many a nursery.

A WEEK BY THEMSELVES, by the late Captain Marryatt's daughter, Mrs. Norris, is very pleasantly and cleverly constructed, and should be studied by all young gentlemen who seek to play at Robinson Crusoe without a stock of good temper and much consideration.

HACCO THE DWARF, and other Tales, by Henrietta Lushington, has the great advantage of very artistic illustrations from the pencil of Mr. G. J. Pinwell, and were it not that another volume, by a lady who is a most pleasant caterer for the amusement of our juvenile friends, is peeping forth in a quaint dress of green and gold, we should choose "Hacco" as a gift-book in preference to any we have yet seen.

Frances Freeling Broderip and her brother, Thomas Hood, have—the one with pen and the other with pencil—produced what cannot fail to be the best child's gift-book of the season; but while pleased to enjoy the fruits of this literary and domestic union, we must say the pen has the best of it. Mr. Hood's drawing is greatly improved, but it is not equal to his sister's writing. Mrs. Broderip blends fact and fancy, humour and pathos, art and nature, mortals and fairies, so admirably together, that they form a most delightful whole. Her nonsense is the nonsense of a clear head and a kind heart, and her folly is so often transformed into beauty, that we cannot tell where folly ends and beauty commences. She is free of the natural as well as the fairy kingdom; she is mistress of the language of bird and bee; she is quaint yet graceful; and withal, no matter how grotesque, obliges you for the moment to believe in the actuality of the cricket who works such miracles in the cabin of Crosspatch. Hans Andersen has a formidable rival in this gentle English lady, whose "Dissolution of Partnership," though very different, is quite as good as the "Ugly Duck" of the excellent Dane. "Restless among the Earwig-Dwarfs" is the best of Mr. Hood's illustrations, which are sometimes sadly "out of drawing." He does too much to do it well. But however scratchy and careless, his illustrations tell their story.

FINIS.



